GOOD WORDS

1902

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little"

HERBERT

LONDON

ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED

15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

W. & D. Downey, photo, London *Eng. by H. F. Davey*

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre

Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

CHAPTER I

PERRANCOVE TOWERS

And sudden close before them showed
His towers . . .
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows.
Marmion.

KINGSTAWTON was at its very sleepiest stage. It was three o'clock on a blazing August afternoon many years ago.

Heat simmered in the air amongst the green meadows. Red Devonshire kine lay under the old elms, or stood ankle-deep in the stream flowing smoothly by. The road outside the "Stag's Head" was deserted; only a sandy mongrel lay half asleep under the wooden seat of the old inn porch. He looked, with his tongue hanging out, as if he were at the last stage of exhaustion; but when the horn of the distant coach sounded, he bounded to his feet and stood in an instant erect and alert. A good shake of his wiry body, a deep bark, and life began to dawn around the "Stag's Head." An ostler struggled into his coat, and came out, rubbing his eyes after his afternoon nap; the landlord, with an ill-concealed yawn, planted himself with some dignity in his porch. Two old rustics came hobbling out of the bar—one to go on to the next village with some dairy produce for a customer, the other in hopes of earning a few pence by carrying parcels for a possible passenger. A few minutes later and the coach appeared. Only two passengers alighted, but these caused considerable commotion by the amount of baggage that belonged to them, and the landlord seemed perturbed and uneasy at the sight of them.

The travellers were both men; one considerably older than the other, but both had that bronzed, weather-beaten appearance, that carelessness in dress, that betokened foreign wanderings, and their baggage was of all shapes and sizes.

The landlord stepped up to them respectfully.

"Glad to see you back, sir. We heard you were coming, but did not think it would be to-day. No carriage is here. Will you have ordered it, sir?"

The elder of the two men, whose hair was plentifully besprinkled with grey, and whose face was a keen, resolute one, with perhaps a little cynicism discernible in the thin cleanly-shaven lips, turned round carelessly.

"Good-day, Somers. Hope you and your family are well. Carriage? No, I have ordered none. I have come down sooner than I thought. We must borrow a trap from you. Do not tell me you have none in, for custom is never brisk in these parts! And give us a good horse, for we want a rest badly, and must be home before nightfall. Do not keep us waiting longer than you can help; there's a good fellow."

The landlord disappeared, and the old rustic hobbled after him, muttering as he did so:

"Ay, Mr. Endicott do wear well to be sure! 'Tis ten year come Monday nex' that he went off on his travel to them haythen parts, and his voice do seem as hearty as ever!"

Mr. Endicott had by this time seated himself on the shady wooden bench; his companion, a broad-shouldered, long-limbed man, with crisp brown hair and thick moustache, was still occupied in superintending the removal of the luggage.

He came up in a minute, looking tired and heated. "What a sweltering little place,

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Endicott! No wonder these poor beggars take their time over putting out their hand to anything!"

Mr. Endicott stretched out his legs, and pulling a pipe out of his pocket commenced to fill and light it.

"This is the land of leisure," he said, looking at the impatience of his friend with an amused smile. "If we start on our way from here in an hour's time, we may think ourselves fortunate."

"It is a comfort yours is a bachelor's establishment," said Cuthbert Gregson, following Mr. Endicott's example, and smoking as vigorously as his elder was lazily.

There was silence for a minute. Mr. Endicott looked away over the sunny meadows with a dreamy, absent gaze; then he said suddenly:

"Perhaps you will not find it such bachelor quarters as you imagine, Cuthbert. My sister keeps house for me."

"You have never mentioned her."

"No; I am not one to talk of my belongings. She is all I have left, and is a good soul. She has been taking charge of a child ward of mine; the daughter of a first cousin who used to be much to me when I was young, but she married a man I could not stand, and it was only at her dying request I promised to bring up her daughter as my own."

"And what age is this young lady now?" asked Cuthbert, a blank look of dismay crossing his face.

"Oh! just a child; a wild little harum-scarum when I left; but I am experimenting on her. She has been left to grow as nature intends. My sister is not one to form or restrain; I have forbidden it. Do you believe in the laws of heredity?"

"I haven't given the matter much thought. I—rather think I do."

"Her father," said Mr. Endicott slowly and thoughtfully, "was a frank, generous, hot-tempered, thorough-going scamp; weak as to virtues, strong as to vice, and yet kind-hearted with it all. Her mother had an ice-cold, Puritan nature; no heart, and more brains than a woman ought to have. I am curious to see how the child will develop, and that is why I would not make my will last week as you urged. I doubt if she is old enough to be sufficiently formed; and my will must wait. I intend her to have my property, if she will be capable of managing it wisely; if not, I have other intentions."

"And your sister?" Cuthbert could not refrain from asking.

He had known Mr. Endicott for the last five years. They had travelled together through mountains and wilds. At the peril of his own life the elder man had rescued the younger from a cruel death at the hands of a savage hill-tribe, amongst whom he had fallen. Their friendship deepened as time went on. Both were lonely men with no home ties; both were fond of intellectual research; and were reserved and silent by nature. Through the five years of their daily intercourse, Mr. Endicott had never confided as much of his home life as he was now doing on the wooden bench outside the "Stag's Head." Cuthbert listened and wondered, and yet understood how the old associations of the place could unlock the most silent tongue. There were other reasons too that perhaps had helped to rouse Mr. Endicott from his usual taciturnity. He had come home in ill health, and had been in the hands of a London doctor. Specialists at this time were very rare, but the doctor was a clever one, and he had to break the tidings to his patient that his case was incurable, and that in all human probability he had only a few months to live. Such tidings must at all times be a shock to the calmest and most phlegmatic temperament. Mr. Endicott received them quietly and said little, but he thought much. He was now "travelling home to die," as he put it to his friend, and the only words that Cuthbert said to him were:

"I will stay with you as long as you want me."

"My sister?" repeated Mr. Endicott, in reply to Cuthbert's question. "Oh, she has money and a house of her own in the North. She would not thank me for bequeathing her Perrancove. These last ten years have been times of self-denial to her, I fear. Its wildness does not suit her gentle nature."

Cuthbert said no more. They sat on and

smoked, and at length a heavy, lumbering trap appeared, their luggage was stowed away in the back, and they set off for a good two hours' drive.

Through shady Devonshire lanes, with high ferny banks on either side, up and down hill, across a bit of wild moorland where the salt scent of the sea for the first time met them, and then the country grew more wild and bare and less wooded.

"We are getting close to the Cornish coast," said Mr. Endicott. "My place is more than half on Cornish soil, though we call ourselves Devon."

After a steep ascent, with the blue ocean on the right, they at length stopped before some heavy iron gates. A short avenue of rather stunted oaks led them up to an old grey stone house, a building which seemed to defy the raging elements that so often threatened to sweep it into the ocean below. On one side the rocky cliff on which it was built descended precipitously to the sea some hundreds of feet beneath, whilst an ivy-covered turret stood up sturdily like a weather-beaten sentinel, and seemed to shelter the rest of the house from the windy quarter. Green turf and a few bright flower-beds before the massive front door somewhat softened the sombre ruggedness of Perrancove Towers. In the golden afternoon sunshine it looked a pleasant spot; but Cuthbert found himself wondering if its aspect would be as cheerful in the grey, dark days of winter, and he shuddered at the thought.

A large rough hound sprang forward with a deep bark as the trap came to a standstill; and a very old man, opening the door rather hastily, seemed quite overcome at the sight of his master.

"You didn't expect me so soon," said Mr. Endicott, holding out his hand kindly to his old servant. "Why, Baldwin, be a man! Do you think you see a ghost?"

"Whist, master, I do be brave glad to see 'ee back to the place agen; but I've had dreams three nights a-runnin' that I shouldn't like to utter."

Mr. Endicott passed him by a little impatiently; and a shadow seemed to fall on his face.

"Come, Cuthbert," he said; "I will introduce you to my sister. I know where to find her."

He led the way through a dark square hall past a stone staircase, and pushing aside a heavy curtain at the farther end of it, opened a door, and Cuthbert found himself in a quaint oak room with stained windows. A small frail-looking little woman, with white hair, rose with tremulous dignity to receive them. She was working at a small table in a deep window recess, and the sun streaming through a yellow pane of glass above her, illuminated her with a golden radiance.

Very quiet was the greeting between her and her brother. Nothing ever ruffled Miss Endicott's serene composure. She lived in an atmosphere of her own, and if difficulties barred her path, she quietly glided round them, leaving others to settle and solve them.

"This is a surprise, George! I did not think you would be with us till next week. How are you?"

"Rather tired with the heat of a midday journey," said Mr. Endicott. "Now, Matilda, let me introduce Mr. Gregson to you, of whom you have heard, but never seen."

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance," Miss Endicott said, with a graceful little curtsey.

"And where is the child?" inquired Mr. Endicott, after some further conversation.

"Out of doors. She is rarely in. You will find her grown, George."

A short time afterwards, Cuthbert was taking a stroll through the grounds. A keen sea-breeze was blowing inland; he felt the salt spray on his cheeks as he walked, and the break of the waves against the rocks below almost tired him with its obtrusive roar. From the upper terrace of turf and flowers he descended some stone steps to a sheltered kitchen garden, where, in spite of salt breezes, the vegetables and fruit seemed to thrive. An old oak door, studded with iron nails and fully two feet thick, led through the grey stone wall surrounding it, down a winding path along the cliff, and as he sauntered leisurely down, voices from below arrested his attention.

"Can you be my guardian, Mr. Endicott?" she asked

"Peter Trevannon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Give the poor thing to me this minute!"

"'Twasn't I that caught 'un, Missy; 'twas David Shelly, an' he knows how to zet his legs a-runnin' afore you'm in zight. Her leg be right broken, zo it be. 'Tis a puzzlement zurely what I'll be doin' with 'un."

"Give her to me, and I'll mend her leg, and see that she goes back to her nest again; and if either of you boys dare to climb up this part of the cliff again, I'll—I'll prosecute you!"

A minute after, and Cuthbert was face to face with a young girl, who came hastily and breathlessly up the path, carrying a struggling seagull in her arms. He knew instinctively who it was. The clear, fresh young voice, the upright carriage, and proud little poise of the head, proclaimed Una Carteret to be a thorough little gentlewoman. She was in the shabbiest attire. The stained and torn blue serge dress reaching only to her ankles, the faded blue worsted cap on her head, and the stout nail boots on her feet, might have belonged to the roughest fisher-girl. Yet Una's strong personality claimed attention before her clothes. Her slender little figure had a sturdiness and resolute intrepidity about it that was almost boyish. Her small oval face, with its clear, rosy complexion, and soft dark-grey eyes, fringed by heavy black lashes, was an attractive one, from the frank guileless look of fresh innocence about it; but even in the short moment of time that Cuthbert let his eyes rest on her, he noted the strength of will and purpose that characterised her little mouth and chin. Her bright brown hair was flowing in the wind, and he noted with amusement that her first instinct on seeing him was to raise her hand to her head, and hastily try to confine it in the coils from which it had escaped. She looked up at him in pretty confusion.

"Can you be my guardian, Mr. Endicott?"

she asked. "You must have come before your time."

Cuthbert smiled and shook his head.

"He is in the house. I am his friend."

"Oh, Mr. Gregson. I have heard about you. I can't make my curtsey, for this poor gull is suffering so. Those wretched boys have found her nest, and stoned her out of it, and lamed her. Are you good at doctoring? Will you help me? I'm afraid her leg is broken."

Cuthbert took the wounded bird in his hand and looked at it gravely.

"Yes, I think I can set it," he said.

"Come this way quickly, for if Mr. Endicott is here I ought to make myself tidy for him, only I cannot leave the poor thing in its misery. I will take you to my room; you must not mind its untidiness."

She led the way with rapid steps through the kitchen garden, and then taking a path almost overgrown with shrubs and rank grass, came to a standstill before one of the old stone turrets of the house.

She thrust open a door, and Cuthbert, following her, found himself in a strange room for a girl of that period. There was a thick matting over the floor; at one end was a carpenter's bench with its tools. On a sheepskin beside it lay a sleek greyhound, who rose to his feet and regarded the stranger with suspicion in his soft eyes. A bookcase stood against one wall, a large cage of doves against the other. Upon a square table in the centre of the room was a work-basket with needlework, a plate of fruit, and a case of trout and salmon flies. Fishing-rods, a shrimping-net, and a small rifle adorned one wall, and on the floor near the carpenter's bench was the framework of a small boat. With the exception of the basket of needlework, the room was hardly fitted up as a young lady's sanctum. It was long before our present-century girls had proclaimed such boyish proclivities, and Cuthbert Gregson looked and wondered.

Una was hastily opening a small cupboard, and producing rag and ointment.

"The skin is scratched and broken," she announced. "This is my surgical cupboard. I doctor all the animals here. You will want some splints. I will get them ready."

For the next ten minutes or so they were very busy with the wounded gull. When the broken leg had been successfully set, Una produced an old wooden cage from a corner and popped the bird into it.

"The last inmate was a white owl with a broken wing," she said. "I call this cage my hospital. Now I will give her something to eat, and then she must stay there till to-morrow."

"You are a young lady with varied pursuits," said Cuthbert, looking round the room.

"Yes," she said carelessly. "I always find plenty to do."

Then, a spark of pride kindling her eyes, she pointed to the boat.

"I have made every bit of that myself, and I mean to finish it alone. Tom Tanner helped me with one, but I'm determined to have no help with this."

"You're an uncommon good hand at it, I should say," said Cuthbert, regarding her handiwork with interest.

"We must go," she said, a little imperatively. "Miss Endicott will be wanting me."

She opened another door, which led into the entrance hall, then sped away up the stone stairs, and Cuthbert did not see her till dinner time. Dinner was at six, and when Una came in shyly and quietly behind Miss Endicott, and was introduced to her guardian, Cuthbert looked at her in wonder.

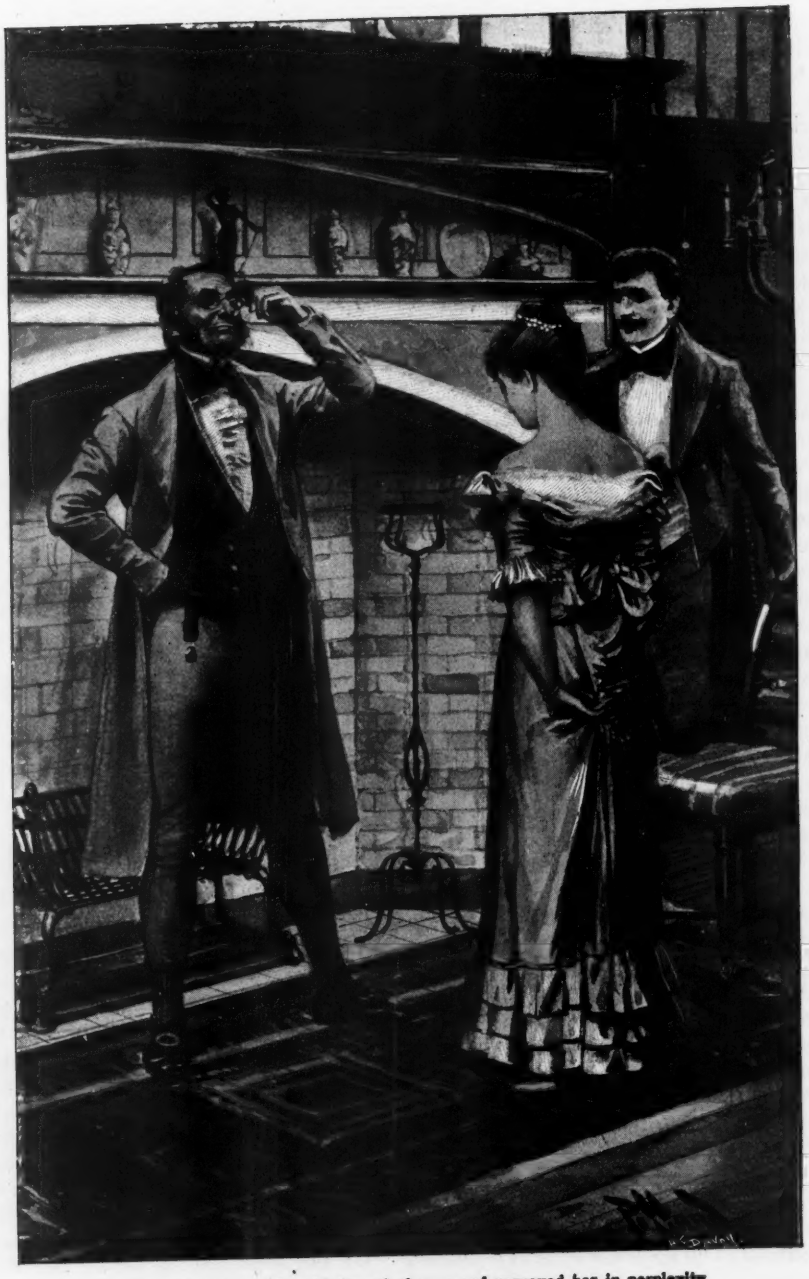
She was dressed in the fashion of the day, with low neck and short sleeves. Her gown of dark blue velvet touched the ground, old point lace adorning neck and shoulders. Her brown hair was caught up with a string of pearls, and the roughly clad fishermaiden was metamorphosed into a sweet and gracious little princess.

Mr. Endicott put on his gold-rimmed glasses, and surveyed her in perplexity.

"This is not Una?" he questioned.

"Yes," Miss Endicott replied. "As you see, she is a child no longer. Her birthday was last month. She came of age then."

"The child twenty-one!" Mr. Endicott exclaimed in a dazed fashion. "I have been dreaming indeed."



Mr Endicott put on his gold-rimmed glasses and surveyed her in perplexity

Una looked at her guardian with a sparkle of mischief in her eye, then she dropped him a demure curtsey.

He took her by the hand and drew her gently to him. Then, with lowered eyebrows, he put one hand under her chin, and turned her face up to him.

Una met his dark, frowning gaze with steady frankness.

"A child no longer," he repeated in a murmur to himself.

"But if I may speak, sir, I do not feel at all grown up. It is only a question of clothes; and this attire always wearies me. If it is not pleasing to you I will gladly change it for short petticoats. May I do so?"

"Una, be discreet and quiet!" said Miss Endicott in warning tones. "Dinner is served. Let us come into the dining-room."

Mr. Endicott offered his arm to his sister, Cuthbert did the same to Una, and conversation flowed on evenly at the dinner-table, personal topics not being touched upon again. Yet every now and then a low murmur would escape the lips of Una's guardian.

"A child no longer! I have been dreaming!"

CHAPTER II

UNA CARTARET

An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.
The Princess.

THE next morning Una was summoned to her guardian's presence in the old library.

As Mr. Endicott leant back in his black oak chair, surrounded by books, the duskiness and sombre furniture of the room seemed in fit keeping with his mood.

His face was lined and worn. Suffering and anxiety had accentuated the sternness of his rugged features, but had not dimmed the eagle glance, the keen flash in his dark eyes.

When Una tripped in, the personification of youthful freshness and beauty, the contrast seemed to strike him.

"She is on the threshold of life—just stepping over it—I am leaving it, and am stepping over another and darker threshold. Would I change places? I think, on the whole, I would not."

Then with a cynical smile on his lips he proceeded to put his ward through rather a strange catechism.

"I know nothing about you," he commenced abruptly. "Sit down and listen to me. I have, for reasons of my own, allowed you to grow up absolutely unchecked and unfettered in your young life. What pursuits you have chosen, you have been allowed to follow without any hindrance. We are naturally isolated here, for we have never entertained, and there is no society within reach of us. I conclude you have no friends of your own class. You have had to form your own ideas and gain your own experience. My sister has carried out my instructions, and has not interfered with you. She tells me the old vicar and she have educated you between them. That is to say, they have given you the orthodox teaching that girls are supposed to need to make them good and capable housewives. Barring this, you have been allowed to go your own way. Am I correct in these statements?"

Una sat looking at her guardian with a little wrinkle of perplexity and awe between her eyes. His concluding question was put so sharply that she started, then replied composedly:

"Yes, sir."

"Now give me your undivided attention. I wish to know a few things about you, and my sister suggests that you can tell me better than she can. What are your favourite pursuits?"

"Do you mean, what do I like doing best? I think rowing, and making boats."

Mr. Endicott elevated his eyebrows, then took a note-book out of his pocket and jotted down this answer.

"Have you any other likings?"

"Oh, yes, a great many. I think," the girl went on, looking up at her guardian with a winning smile, "I like everybody and everything except cruelty and lies."

"And what do you fear? Young girls are full of fears, I believe."

Una knitted her brows, then again raised

her eyes, and there was a proud light in them as she replied:

"I am afraid of no one—I fear nothing."

Mr. Endicott gazed at her contemplatively.

"What are your ideas of life—its pleasures—its duties? Do you ever think at all?"

Una met the mocking gleam in her guardian's eye with a twinkle in her own.

"It wants thought to answer these questions. Life to me is delightful. Summer brings pleasure, winter duty. At least I think it seems so to me. In winter I have to be indoors sewing with Miss Endicott, reading aloud, and listening to the storms she does not like me to be out in. But summer brings me perfect liberty. I love it."

"Life begins and ends with self," murmured Mr. Endicott, jotting that conclusion down in his note-book.

Una caught the words, and looked a little startled.

"And your opinion of your fellow-creatures—your dependence on them, or independence of them?"

"I think," said Una slowly and thoughtfully, "that I like men better than women; they do things straight away with no fears, and they like the things I do, and women don't. Most of my best friends are men."

This calm statement startled Mr. Endicott in his turn.

"What kind of men?"

"Oh, the fishermen. There are no others in the village. I like some of the women, but there is only one girl that is any good. Kathie Petterick and I brought in one of the smacks that got adrift in the teeth of a gale. She and I had a rowing race one day. I beat her. She has splendid muscle, but nothing to mine. Kathie lives with her grandmother, and has a boat of her own. I like old Mrs. Petterick. Next to men I like old women, and then children. The old people aren't treated very well in our village. When they get past work they are looked upon as burdens even by their children."

"You believe in honouring one's parents?"

"Yes; for even if they drink themselves to death it's the duty of their children to look after them. I told Tom Wace that, only yesterday. If I had a father who was like old Samuel Wace, I would feel nothing could make me leave him or refuse him what he wanted. Samuel worked for Tom when he was an idle boy at school, so Tom ought to work for Samuel now he is drinking himself to death."

Mr. Endicott shot a keen glance at the girl before him. Then a heavy frown preceded the next question.

"And what is your religion? In what do you believe? I don't mean your profession of religion. That, I suppose, is the same as my sister's. But what is your personal experience of religion?"

There was silence. Una looked at her guardian rather vaguely. At last she said:

"I go to church, and read a chapter of the Bible every Sunday night before I go to bed. I say a short prayer, morning and evening."

"In what do you believe, I ask you?" Mr. Endicott's tone was fierce. "What does your religion do for your life, your heart, your soul? What would it do for you on death's borderland?"

The answer was long in coming.

"Nothing."

The frown relaxed; and the next question was mildly put.

"Your chief faults?"

Una had been looking puzzled and anxious, but now a smile shone out.

"I don't think I know what they are. I am not patient. I like my own way, and if I can't get it I am furious; but then my way always seems right to me. If it isn't, I don't think I often want it. That is, if I see quite clearly that it would do harm to others if I persisted in it. What I dislike is to have to give way when I know I am right and others are wrong."

There was another silence. Then—

"Your ideas of money and of property?"

"I should like as much money as I wanted."

"How would you spend it?"

Una smiled, then nodded her little head mysteriously.

"I have plans for it all. I have to begin

so many things and leave them unfinished for want of money. I should like to be able to give wherever I saw it was really needed, but I would never give it unless it was. A man, an artist, came here last summer and stayed at Cliff Farm; he used to throw pennies to the boys for want of something better to do, and he was always giving money to the men. The idle, worthless ones got most, and there was more drunkenness while he was here than we have ever had before. I spoke to him about it, but he only laughed, and said he believed in equal rights, and was trying to get rid of his surplus."

"Do you believe in equal rights?"

"No; I believe I could spend money on people better than they could spend it themselves."

"But do they think so?"

Una laughed a little.

"I should think not. George Treggann did three days' work for me and I bought him a new pair of boots instead of giving him the money. He was quite put out—said he had promised three other boys some pipes and tobacco and a meal of sausages and potatoes with beer at the 'Blue Lobster.' I told him I wasn't going to pay his three friends for what he had done, but he did not seem to see it."

Mr. Endicott shut up his note-book.

"You are happy here, child? Can you be content to live and die here? Have you any thoughts about your future?"

"Only thoughts of what I would do here if I could," responded the girl.

"I should like to hear those thoughts."

But Una shook her head.

"You would laugh at them. You would not understand. I am quite content to live and die here. I don't think I could live anywhere else."

"You can leave me," her guardian said, with a shade of sadness in his tone; and Una disappeared at once.

She went straight to her sanctum, pushed aside a concealed door behind a curtain, which door she had not shown Cuthbert, and sped down some steep, rough steps which wound down and down to the very bottom of the cliff on which Perrancove Towers was built. She was breathless when she at last found herself on the beach in a sandy cove which contained two small boats. In a very few minutes she had, with the strength of a fisher-lad, run the smallest of these boats down the shelving bank into the sea. Then jumping lightly in, she took her oars and was soon shooting out upon the blue ocean, rowing with long, even strokes and raising her fair, flushed young face to the open sky with a little happy sigh of delight. White gulls flew round her and skimmed the waters with careless freedom. As she looked up at the grey old building on the top of the cliff her thoughts shaped themselves into words. In common with many lonely people, Una had acquired the bad habit of uttering her thoughts aloud. "He is as grey and dark as his home. But I like him! He seemed to think my opinions might be heard, and he listened as if he were taking note of them. Now, Miss Endicott listens, but shakes her head, or sighs, or what is worse still, smiles at me! What curious questions he did ask me! And how fierce he was about religion. I wonder what I do believe in. Why ought religion to be part of one's life?"

She pulled in her oars and let herself drift. The sea was unusually calm that morning; the sky cloudless. Una generally did a lot of thinking when out alone; but her thoughts were taking a fresh direction now.

"Well," she continued, after some moments' hard thinking; "the Creed will, after all, answer that question best. 'I believe in God the Father'—of course I do—and I believe He is good, for isn't the world lovely? And I believe in His Son, and in His death and resurrection, and ascension. I should never think of questioning the truth of it; but it has nothing to do with my life. Religion does nothing for me at all. It makes me a little uncomfortable to have to sit up on Sundays when the weather is hot, in my best clothes, and listen to Mr. Preston for more than an hour. He never tells us religion ought to be a personal experience. He argued, I remember, last Sunday that the Bible was true, but I never thought it wasn't. I think, as far as I am concerned, I should live just as happily if

there were no religion of any sort in the world."

"Marnin', Missy!"

Una started and slipped her oars into the water again. Another boat was passing her. In it were a grey-bearded fisher, and Cuthbert.

"Where are you going?" she demanded, bending to her oars with such a will that the other boat, though abreast with her, could not pass her.

"Anywhere," said Cuthbert lazily; "I want to see the coast a little."

"Take him to Eagle's Head, Martin."

"Nay, Missy, the tide be turned, and the current too strong."

Una laughed a little mockingly.

"You are too lazy, Martin. I am going there. It only wants an extra oar."

"Will you take me with you?" asked Cuthbert, thinking that the girl's bright, animated face would be a pleasant exchange to the rather surly demeanour of his boatman.

"Yes, if you will take an oar. I was going to call for Jim Tanner."

"Jim be out in his smack," said Martin, looking rather relieved than otherwise when Cuthbert slipped a silver coin into his hand and prepared to leave him.

The boats were brought together, and in a few minutes Cuthbert and Una, bending to their oars, were making the small boat shoot along through the blue water at a speed which astonished old Martin. He looked after them with a shake of his head.

"All to no purpose! Waste o' wind! And no profit in 'un!"

They passed the fishing village with the little white houses up the edge of the cliff, and the small bay that was now bereft of its red-brown fishing smacks; for the fishermen were not yet back from their nightly toil; and then rounding a high jutting crag, they came in sight of some rocky coves, and pulling ceased to be an easy matter.

"The current is a little strong here," said Una; "but when we get round that jagged bit of the cliff, we are all right. That is the Eagle's Head, and below are Condy's Cave and the Witches' Hole. None of the fishers like passing them, for they're supposed to be haunted. Martin wouldn't row by the Witches' Hole if you gave him ten pounds! The Tanners are the only people that have no fear of it. They live right above. Do you see that little house on the top of Eagle's Head?"

"Rather far from the beach, is it not, if they get their living by fishing?"

"They have a little boat-house at the bottom of the cliff, and get down to it by steps. They're different from the rest. To begin with, they are not natives of the place, and I don't think they are very popular. They have been here about twenty years. Old Eli Tanner married Susan Crane, the daughter of the richest farmer in our neighbourhood. She met him at Plymouth when she was staying with an aunt; and persuaded him to come and live at Perrancove. He was a boat-builder by trade. Her father was very angry, for the Cranes had never married out of the neighbourhood, and he wished her to marry a farmer, not a fisherman. They built themselves that little house, but she died when Tom was born. Eli brought Tom up without a woman near the place. When Tom grew up he married a girl in service. She was kitchenmaid to Mr. Endicott's mother. She lived only a year after Jim was born, and now the three men live together, and do for themselves entirely. People say there's a curse on those marrying out of Perrancove. You see, Tom's wife didn't belong to these parts. I tell Jim he mustn't marry at all. I don't see why he should. They are all very comfortable, and the grandfather is a hale and hearty old man. Marriage is rather foolish, don't you think so?"

Cuthbert had not been following this family history with much interest. He now started at Una's concluding words. "Yes, of course," he said a little absently; "marriage is very foolish. Ah, this is grand! Is this Condy's Cave? Can we venture nearer?"

Great columns of granite rock formed an entrance to a gigantic cavern, the sides and roof of which were of the richest colouring, from sapphire blue and amber green to deep blood red; and the waves dashed up the dark, narrow inlet with a dull roar of defiance.

"No, we cannot land here, we should be dashed against the rocks. The Witches' Hole is the safe landing place; but I—I don't think we will land there to-day."

"Why not? You are not afraid?"

The bright, indignant glance that was flashed up at him made Cuthbert smile.

They had passed Condy's Cave now; and after a little more rowing past some very wild bits of cliff, they again came in sight of a small cove. It looked gloomy and dark enough for its name. The sun was entirely hidden behind the masses of rock which surrounded it, and the very air, as they passed, seemed to be damp and mouldy.

Cuthbert drew in his oar and gazed contemplatively into the dark recess under the cliff.

"I should like to land for a few minutes," he said; "it looks interesting."

"We can't land this morning," said Una, a little curtly.

"Why not?" persisted Cuthbert.

Then with a swift-rising blush, Una turned upon him angrily—

"Because I don't choose to!"

Cuthbert raised his eyebrows in amused astonishment at this outburst.

"Then perhaps we had better turn back," he suggested very quietly, after a few minutes' silence.

Una turned the boat without a word. Presently she looked up and laughed.

"I am sorry I was cross," she said. "Do you always like your own way?"

"I am not sure that I have one," was the slow reply.

"No, we cannot land here, we should be dashed against the rocks"

"I have, and I like to get it. I think—I nearly always do."

"It is very bad for you."

"So Miss Endicott always says. I don't see why, unless it does harm to any one else."

"But it often does. It tries their tempers, if they want another way."

Una looked up into his face meditatively.

"So it does mine."

Cuthbert smiled.

"It is too warm to argue," he said lazily.

When they reached the little fishing bay again, Una said :

"I am going to take the boat in here; and if you like to walk up the village with me, I will point you out any places or people of interest."

"Thank you," said Cuthbert meekly. "May I ask if all the coast is as grand round here as the bit we have been along to-day?"

"Yes, quite as grand, and it is all very dangerous, unless you know the currents and rocks. In stormy weather, ships sometimes get driven towards us, and if they do, they are wrecked at once!"

"Is there no lighthouse?"

Una caught her breath.

"Oh, if there were!" Then she added quietly, "I don't know how one could be built. And we are very conservative at Perrancove. We don't like innovations. We are wonderfully quiet and unmolested. I think the coastguardsmen consider us lambs of innocence and purity, for they hardly ever show themselves in these parts. Smuggling has never thriven here, for the coast is too dangerous. And as we don't smuggle, we are left alone."

Cuthbert looked at her. There was hidden meaning under her words, which he failed to catch. She seemed sometimes to be older than her looks. A couple of men ran down to the beach directly they saw her boat. Evidently she was well known and liked by every fisher in the village. As they made their way up the steep cobbled lane, she narrated in easy, assured tones the history of each family and individual who inhabited the different houses. She left Cuthbert when they reached the top of the cliff; and he, turning to a little knot of men lounging round a telescope which was mounted on an old gun, was soon engaged in conversation with them.

"Come to stay at the Towers?" asked a stalwart, weather-beaten old man. "'Tisn't often us have visitors here. That's a fine lass, eh?"

"Do you mean Miss Carteret?"

"Ay—Missy us calls 'un. Her be a brave one for boatin' an' sich like."

"There be two on 'em comin' in," said an old man, peering through the telescope. "'Tis Tom Tanner first this time."

"Ugh!" grunted a man standing close to Cuthbert; "Tanners be foremost anywhere—worse luck to 'un!"

"Why?" asked Cuthbert curiously, remembering the name. "Aren't those the three men who live out at Eagle's Head?"

"Iss. Missy will have let on about 'em. Jim Tanner, for all his dumb doggedness, finds his tongue to she!"

"Ay, but he have a call to be civil like sin' Friday week."

"What happened then?" asked Cuthbert again.

"'Twas like this," said one eagerly. "Jim be a brave 'un to swim, an' he were takin' a header from his boat out near Condy's Cave. Missy, she an' Martin were in her bit o' sailin' boat; and sudden like Jim gives a call. Just one call for help, it were, an' Martin he laughed. 'Tis to 'tract our notice, Missy,' says he. 'Jim wouldn't call for nothin',' says she; 'we must go to him.' 'Wind and waves is contrary,' says Martin. 'This'ere cockle-shell dursn't go nigh Condy's Cave.' Jim's head had disappeared. Missy says no more; her kicks off hern boots, and into the water her splashes. 'Twas a brave struggle; an' Martin said his prayers four times backerds an' forrards, for he never thought her would weather through it. Her brought Jim to the boat. Jim had the cramp, an' were nigh gone when her clutched hold on 'un. He were onsensible when her got 'un in, and didn't come to till the doctor worked 'un like a windmill; an' when he opened his eyes he hadn't a chance to thank Missy, for her were gone like a flash o' lightnin'. Jim have no words for any folks; us never ha' heard 'un speak his thanks, but 'tis a rayther ongreeable event to be beholden to a maid in sich a manner!"

"Ess fay! The Tanners be sure to meet they fate. Them that trifle wi' bewitched corners, an' marry outlandish maids, must surely suffer. Jim be only saved fur worse to foller!"

"But why?" asked Cuthbert persistently.

An old man grasped him by the cuff of his sleeve,

"Do 'ee see th' Eagle's Head over yonner?"

"Yes, I have just rowed past it."

"Was ee nigh the Witches' Hole?"

"Yes, a gruesome-looking spot."

There was an assenting groan through the little group.

"Las' summer," said the old man, impressively gazing up into Cuthbert's face with blinking, awe-struck eyes — "las' summer a boat o' careless, mockin' lads rowed in. Us warned 'em, us told 'em to bid they sweethearts good-bye afore they were destructed!"

"And what happened?"

"Th' old boat were washed in, wi' a black mark o' five fingers on the gunwale!"

The old man lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Were they all drowned? What is the story of the Witches' Hole?"

No one answered.

Cuthbert's tone was too flippant for such a solemn subject; and finding his question would remain unanswered, he sauntered back to the Towers.

'Do'ee see th' Eagle's Head over yonner?'

CHAPTER III

A STRANGE PROPOSITION

Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new,
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

Merchant of Venice.

It was a wet day. Mr. Endicott sat in his library at his writing-table, surrounded by books and papers. Cuthbert, with his pipe in his mouth, was lounging upon the window seat, gazing into the sodden, wind-swept garden, and listening abstractedly to the sea-gulls' screams and the dull roar of the waves below.

Presently a knock at the door was heard, and Una, bearing a message from Miss Endicott, appeared. She was still in her short shabby serge gown, but a voluminous white apron with big pockets, and a bunch of keys dangling at her side, proclaimed the fact that she was in the midst of housewifely duties.

Her fresh young face and voice seemed like a ray of sunshine to the two men. Mr. Endicott raised his tired eyes, and a gleam of amusement shot into them.

Laying down a book, over which he had been poring, he said very drily:

"Una, my dear, you seem, for a woman, to have strong opinions of your own. Have you any on matrimony?"

"May I sit down and think before I speak?" the girl asked, a mischievous smile coming to her rosy lips.

Then after a pause she added:

"I think Miss Endicott would say such a question ought never to be discussed by me."

"Miss Endicott is not here. You may give me your views on the subject."

"I really do not know much about it," responded the girl, meeting her guardian's keen gaze with calm, unruffled eyes. "I suppose it is most women's lot. If I ever marry, I hope that my husband will be too busy to be much with me; and then I can go my own way; and I am sure we should get on very comfortably together. I think, on the whole, I should prefer to be without him—but if I wanted a home, and some one to talk to occasionally, I should not mind having him."

"You require very little," observed Cuthbert, gazing at the pretty little figure with some interest.

"I would never require a husband at all," retorted Una, with a slight toss of her head.

"But you could tolerate one?" said Mr. Endicott with a smile. "There, run along, and do not trouble your little head with such questions yet!"

She left the room, and there was silence again between the two men.

Presently Mr. Endicott spoke.

"Cuthbert, do you ever intend to settle down and have a home of your own?"

"I have dreams of it sometimes," replied the younger man, looking across at his friend with a faint surprise in his glance."

Mr. Endicott got up from his chair, and began to pace the room restlessly.

"It is hard lines," he said with knitted brows, "that after all these years of labour and research, when at last I was congratulating myself upon having material and information that will make no small stir in the literary world, to be baulked by ill-health, and——"

He faltered. Cuthbert spoke hastily.

"You will live to write your book. There is no reason why you should not."

"Twelve months will scarcely be long enough to do it thoroughly, and my time is limited to three."

"Oh, Endicott, you don't mean it?"

Awe and pity were in the young man's tones. His friend smiled sadly.

"I am going up to town again very shortly. I must be within reach of medical aid, and I shrink from this country practitioner. Still, the best of them can only relieve, not cure. My sister wishes to come with me. I have broken it to her."

There was silence. Then Cuthbert said slowly, "Life is an enigma. We are but puppets, utterly unable to resist an unseen foe."

"Religion—our creed—would give us better comfort than that. And much as I love my books around me, the one that will be my chief guide now will be an older one than any of them. But do not let us touch on serious topics. I want to ask a favour of you. Will you undertake the writing of my book for me? We have travelled together. I have your papers, which are valuable in themselves. Will you, if I bequeath to you the results of my ten years' wanderings, put them together and bring out something for the good of mankind? It will need persevering toil, but you are the only man who can do it."

Cuthbert was much moved. After a little hesitation he acceded to this request, and for some time they were busily engaged in discussing the material for publication.

But Mr. Endicott had still something weighing on his mind.

"I asked you if you were likely to settle down just now," he said. "I know you are not a marrying man, and yet I wonder if it is circumstances or inclination that has made you such a wanderer as myself?"

"Inclination, I think," said Cuthbert, with a slow smile. "I am not very young now. I did have a vision once, but it was dispelled. My ideal was shattered, and I sickened of

civilisation. Now my views are broader, mellower, and on a lower level. I have learnt to expect less, and be satisfied with less, and if I ever come across one whom I feel would be suitable and—comfortable, I may change my state."

Mr. Endicott stopped pacing the room, and fixed his gaze earnestly on his friend.

"You have seen my ward, Una. What do you think of her?" he said abruptly.

"A nice little girl," Cuthbert responded, looking at Mr. Endicott with some perplexity.

"I want," said the latter, as he turned and paced the room, "I want to find a husband for her before I die. I have reasons —strong reasons—for doing so. I have been wondering if you could solve my difficulties, and take her off my hands. Now, don't speak—listen. I think she has the makings of a good wife if managed wisely. She is a revelation to me. I have only seen her for a short time, but I have had one satisfactory interview with her, in which I fancy I have gauged her character pretty accurately. Let me give you the substance of my notes on that occasion."

Cuthbert rose from his seat; he watched his friend produce a note-book from his pocket, and, squaring his shoulders against the wall, took a long whiff at his pipe, and listened in imperturbable silence.

Mr. Endicott glanced at him nervously, then began reading:

"UNA'S CHARACTERISTICS.

"Boyish proclivities.

"Childish affection, and liking for most of her fellow-creatures.

"Dislike of mean vices.

"Absolute fearlessness.

"Strong filial feelings.

"Religion a mere form.

"Her life begins and ends with self.

"Impatient, wilful, passionate, but open to reason.

"Self-confident, generous, but also cautious."

He paused, and Cuthbert gave a short laugh.

"A man does not generally choose a wife like a servant. Her character may be all that can be desired, but——"

"Stay! Hear me to the end. My property here is a large one. I am leaving it all to her. I have always intended to do so. But she is an inexperienced, thoughtless girl. My sister is no adviser for her. And the real difficulty is that, though she is in perfect ignorance of it, her father is still alive, and is as great a scoundrel as ever!"

Cuthbert gave a low whistle. Mr. Endicott continued:

"I am morally certain that in the event of my death, and of her becoming my heiress, her father will turn up, obtain complete influence over her, and spend my money and waste my estate, she being utterly powerless to prevent him. I want to marry her to a man who will protect her and my property; one whom I can trust to help her to carry out my wishes. And Cuthbert, if I knew that you would be that man I think I could die happy."

"And is your ward to have no voice in the matter? We are not in France, Endicott. English girls are accustomed to look upon marriage in a different light to that *de convenance*. Is the young lady to be married whether she wills or not?"

"You heard her views on matrimony this morning. She is a happy, careless child, and would be content with any one whom she trusted."

"It is because she is such a child, and has seen so little of the world, that it would be unfair in the extreme to tie her for life to one whom she might grow to dislike."

Mr. Endicott moved his head impatiently.

"If I have been happy in your friendship for these years, I think Una might and would be."

"You have not exactly the same tastes," said Cuthbert, with a grave smile.

"Now look here," Mr. Endicott said irritably. "I have shown you the wish of my heart. I have explained the reason for it. Of course you and she are perfectly free in the matter. If you can win her affection and make her your wife, you will have my blessing. If you don't care to try, no harm is done. Let us change the subject."

Cuthbert gave an involuntary sigh of

relief; and the bell ringing for the mid-day meal had a welcome sound in his ears. Such a novel and unexpected proposal from his old friend perplexed and staggered him.

Yet during the next few days he found himself watching Una furtively. There was something very winsome in her bright, eager young voice and manner. She seemed always interested; always occupied; and to the tired and jaded traveller her very presence was invigorating and refreshing. She treated him very much as she did her guardian; talking perfectly freely and naturally of all her home interests, and Cuthbert soon discovered that though Miss Endicott had been nominally the mistress in her brother's absence, it was Una who in reality ruled and managed the household.

One morning as he was taking an early ramble along the beach, Una pulled in from the open sea in her boat.

"Where have you been so early?" he asked.

"Setting my lobster-pots. One has to watch the tide for them."

"You ought to have been a fisherman's daughter," said Cuthbert, as, throwing off his coat, he helped her to land her boat.

"I live by the sea. I should hate not knowing how to live by it and on it," she responded quickly. "Don't you think one is supposed to study one's surroundings? If I lived in the Scilly Isles I should make flowers the business of my life. Here it is not earth, but water, that interests every one."

"Then you are entirely dependent on your surroundings for interest? I think I am perfectly independent of them. I should not alter my life for climate or atmosphere. A blaze of flowers, an ocean's roar, a city's bustle, are all the same to me."

"Yes; you and Mr. Endicott are quite engrossed and happy in a library amongst piles of books. I am not a great reader."

Her voice had a shade of wistfulness in it.

"What books do you like?" asked Cuthbert with interest.

"Oh, books of travel and biography. But they always make me so sad, for they're generally written about people who are dead. I seem to know them so well before I finish the book, that it is just like losing a dear friend. I shut it up, and say, 'That's one more person I have known.' And I wonder sometimes what it would be to see them alive and well before me. We see so few people here, that most of the men and women I have ever known are in books."

"Do you like seeing people?"

"Yes, I like seeing you and Mr. Endicott here. I haven't seen any men before except the fishermen to talk to. I like watching you two together; and I wonder sometimes what you are going to say next. Your conversation is so different to what I am accustomed to. Things that seem so important to me are nothing to you. Things that interest you are utterly meaningless to me."

"We are travellers," said Cuthbert, with a smile; "that ought to interest you."

"But you hardly ever talk about your travels. I wish you would. I should like to hear about them."

"Take me out for a row this afternoon, and I will talk travel as much as you like."

Una promised this with much delight, and both she and Cuthbert spent a very enjoyable time on the water in consequence.

He was a good talker, and she was a good listener. As they came home together she said naïvely:.

"I don't know how it is, but I enjoy talking to you much better than to Miss Endicott; I often wonder if she thinks of things at all! But I suppose she does not consider her thoughts fit for me to hear."

"Have I told you my thoughts?" asked Cuthbert.

"I can imagine what some of them are from what you say."

"You cannot imagine my thoughts now. Guess!"

"You are wanting some food."

"Nothing so commonplace."

"If they are very nice thoughts you might tell them to me."

"They are about you."

Una's wondering gaze checked Cuthbert's levity at once.

"Have I said or done anything wrong?" she asked rather anxiously.

He shook his head.

"I was only mistaken about you."

"How?"

"I could not tell you."

Una said no more. Silence lasted till they entered the house. Then Cuthbert muttered under his breath as he went upstairs to his room:

"Whatever she is, she is not a fool. I wish there was no money in the question. I would like her better without it!"

"In Manus Tuas Domine."

By A. Frewen Aylward

Author of "Adsum," &c.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR; SUGGESTED BY THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURE

I

"INTO Thy hands Great Captain!"—This was the knight's calm cry
When at the dawn of rosy morn
He rode to do or die,—
"What day may bring not mine to see,
In manus tuas, Domine!"

II

"Into Thy hands, O Father, whatever may betide;
Though all around grim foes abound,
Dangers on every side,
Thy power from harm can keep me free,—
In manus tuas, Domine!"

III

"Into Thy hands, dear Saviour, when fall the shades of night;
No need to fear, if Thou art near,
Darkness, with Thee, is light;
Through life, in death, my guardian be,—
In manus tuas, Domine!"

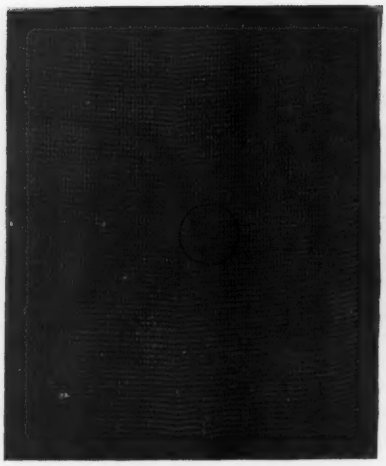


Fig. 1. Portion of palate of edible snail, showing its numerous teeth.

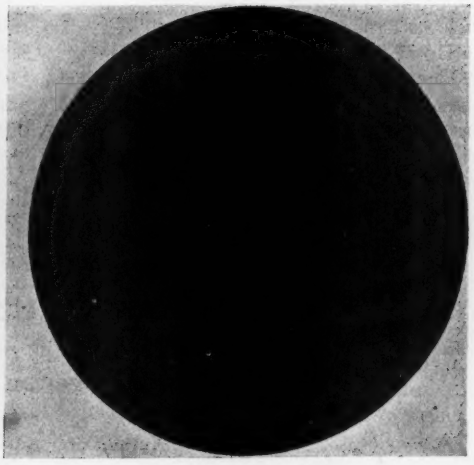


Fig. 2. The small circle on fig. 1 contains these teeth.

Minute Marvels of Nature

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

THE mouth of a snail is hardly the place where the seeker after beauty would expect to have his desires gratified. Yet we propose to make a little investigation in this apparently curious direction.

That all people have not an insuperable prejudice to snails is evident from the fact that on the Continent (and it is said in some parts of England) the largest and fattest specimens of the edible or Roman snail, which we are about to discuss first, is considered a great delicacy when carefully cooked. We are told by our scientific friends that the creature possesses 140 rows of teeth, each row containing 151, thus giving a total of 21,140 teeth in the complete set. What an order for a dentist! But, unlike human beings, snails can altogether

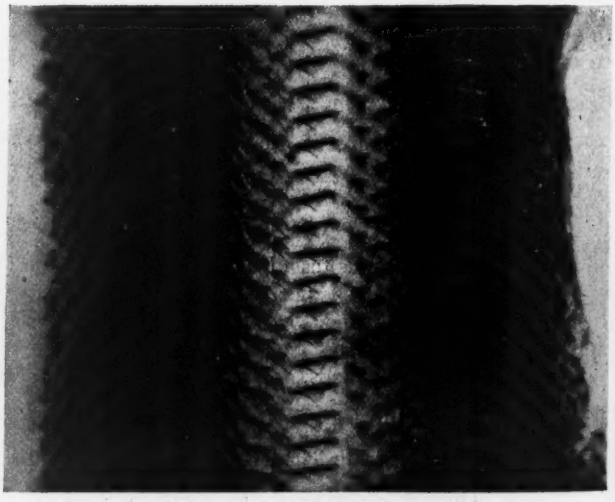


Fig. 3. Palate of snail showing different forms of teeth

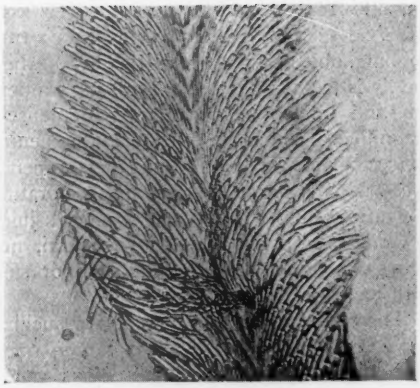


Fig. 4. Palate, or tongue, of a slug that eats worms

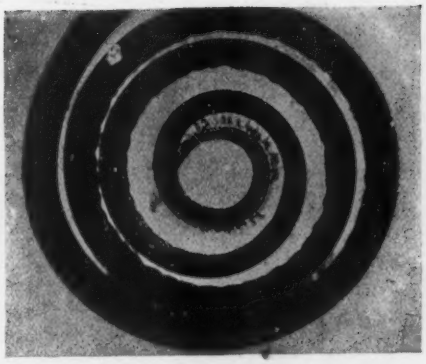


Fig. 6. Proboscis, or tongue, of a butterfly

dispense with artificial aid; for as the front row of teeth wear away, the next in order supply their place, new teeth being formed at the back to succeed the others.

Lest any incredulous reader should disbelieve the statement as to this vast number of teeth, I would ask him to study the photograph (Fig. 1) of a portion of the palate or tongue of a snail with its numerous rows of teeth, as seen by the microscope. This ribbon of teeth serves as a sort of rasp whereby our vegetables can speedily be cut down, as every gardener knows.

By means of these tiny and wonderful teeth the individuality of the different genera and even species is recognised; such differentiation of structure being found in the palates of the various molluscs. The contents of the small circle on Fig. 1 I have photographed under considerably greater magnifying power (Fig. 2) to show the structure and arrange-

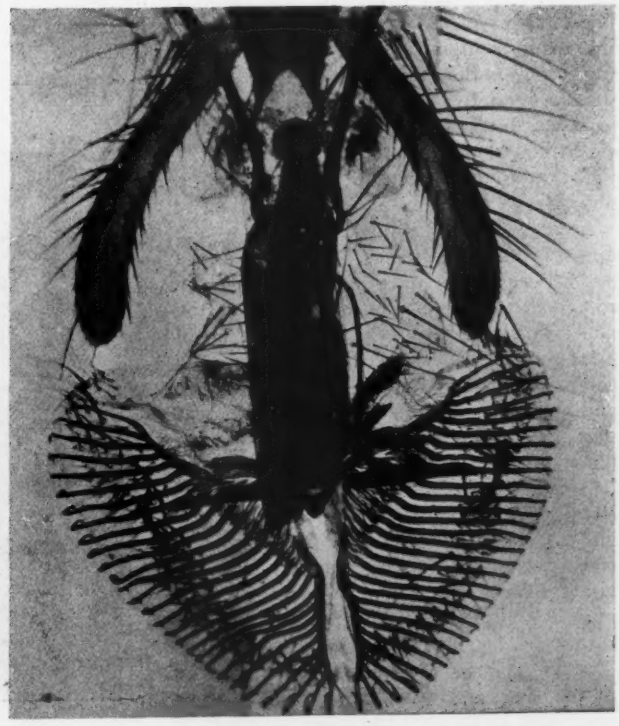


Fig. 5. Proboscis, or tongue, of common blow- or meat-fly

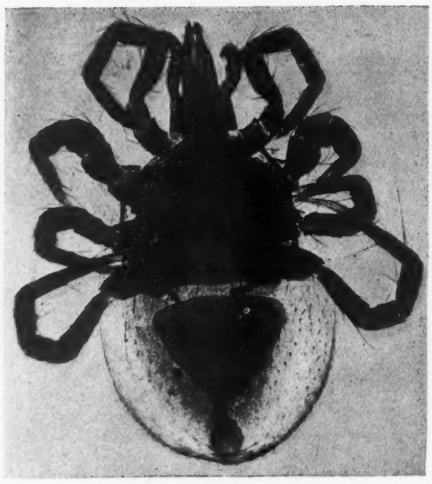


Fig. 7. Parasite from a humble-bee, one of seventy-four taken from one bee

ment of this marvellous dental display. These teeth are translucent, silicious, glossy, and beautiful to look upon when illuminated and seen under the microscope. Some species remind you of row upon row of bayonets, needles, spikes, &c., while many are barbed along their trenchant edges. In Fig. 3, a beautiful example is given, showing several rows of teeth on the same palate.

Here we leave the snail family, and take up one of the slug species. Our illustrations have been hitherto of palates specially adapted for vegetable mastication; but the illustration at Fig. 4 is from a slug of carnivorous habits, which feeds on the common earth-worms. Worms, being tough and tricky, require a somewhat different digestive apparatus. On looking at our illustration, it will be seen that the teeth are long, slender, barbed and curved, with their sharp points pointing inwards towards the gullet. The hopelessness of the return of a worm when once engulfed in this tube of about 2500 curved spines furnished with muscles to exercise these on its victims, can readily be imagined.

Having considered the palates or tongues of the slug and snail, I pass on to some specimens of insects, and take the common blow-fly, or blue-bottle fly as it is sometimes called, for my first example. Fig. 5 represents that wonderful organ which can often be seen by the unaided eye as a tiny bobbing object underneath the head when the fly is feeding; but here with its wonderful and marvellous structure immensely magnified. The dark portion in the centre conceals some very fine horny lancet appendages which serve the insect for perforating the various substances which promise a juicy reward; for the fly feeds by suction, not being accommodated like the snail or slug with teeth unlimited.

The complex series of channels or sucking tubes converging to the two larger ones, each tube kept open by numerous horny half rings, just visible on the photograph, constitute together with other internal parts a marvellous mechanism for facilitating the flow of fluid substances by capillary attraction towards the mouth. The two bristly club-shaped organs on each side are termed by scientists the *maxillary palpi;* their exact function is, however, doubtful without further evidence. They undoubtedly are organs of a sensitive nature, and may be associated

Fig. 8. Another of the bee parasites more highly magnified.

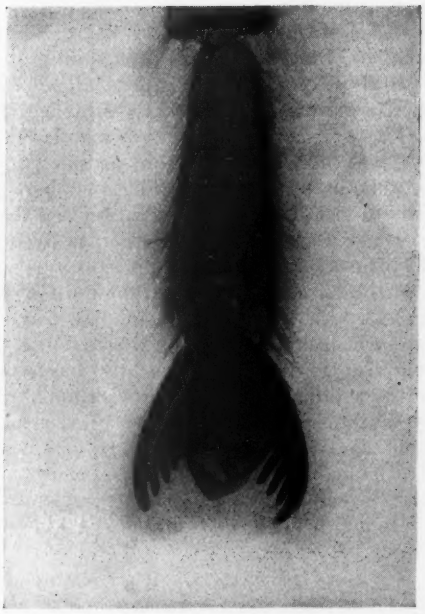


Fig. 9. The foot of an insect that steps on caterpillars

with the sense of taste, or smell, or may perhaps indicate a sense of which our human experience tells us nothing. Below these palpi is the spot where the proboscis unites with the more internal parts. Such is the wonderful proboscis or tongue which the much-abused meat-fly possesses.

Just one other example of a sucking proboscis but with a different arrangement. The coiled, watch-spring-like form in Fig. 6 is the tongue of the common and beautiful peacock butterfly. This represents the tongue of butterflies generally, and is the organ which when unrolled seeks and gathers the sweet nectar or honey from the flower-blooms of summer. The small projections observed at the tip of the proboscis are generally supposed to be organs of taste, to aid in sampling the various drinks produced so abundantly by the flowers or the ripe fruits of our gardens. The thickness of this sucking-tube may be estimated roughly as about the same as a fine horse-hair. It consists of two complex tubes side by side capable of being separated and joined again at the insect's pleasure. The tubes are so firmly and perfectly united by minute hairs or bristles as to make an air-tight surface; the two tubes then acting as one.

Perhaps the story of how the curious parasite (Fig. 7) came to be honoured with a likeness in this magazine may prove interesting. In the workroom of the writer a humble-bee alighted on the window-frame; being accustomed to the habits of these insects it took little time to realise that something was amiss. The bee was performing some extraordinary gymnastics; it seemed to be endeavouring to place its hind feet in the centre of its back, which for the bee is the most difficult portion of its anatomy to reach comfortably. Those who study bees will know that a bee does not perform antics of this kind without a cause. So we must find the cause.

On taking up the bee and examining it with a magnifying lens, near to where the wings unite with the body, could be seen a small patch of pale yellowish colour, which I at once recognised as the cause of irritation

Fig. 10. Scales, or dust, from the wing of a moth

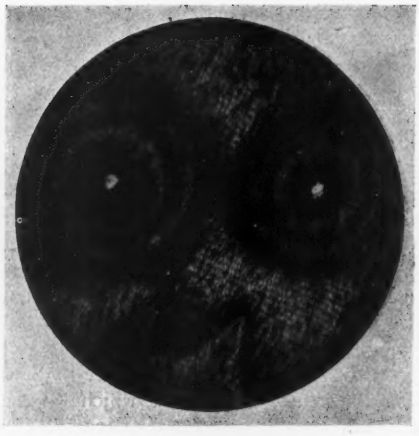


Fig. 11. Markings on wing of butterfly, showing scales *in situ*

and of the bee's gymnastics. The bee was without a doubt unwillingly entertaining a large number of very unwelcome guests. Next I washed the victim free from its irritating visitors, after which I counted these torturing mites, the family of which gave a total of seventy-four in all. Some of these I prepared for microscopic observation, and two of them I have photographed for the benefit of the reader. It will be seen that the two beak-like mandibles at its head have a fuzzy appearance. On examining these organs under high magnifying powers, it is found that each opens at its end after the manner of pincers, revealing several teeth which fit tightly together when once they have gripped their prey. Their fuzzy appearance is due to their still retaining a portion of their victim in their grip. In Fig. 8 these mandibles will be seen to better advantage, being considerably more magnified. These mandibles or jaws can be withdrawn separately, or together, into the interior of the body, and, I have good cause to believe, play an important part, combined with their curious, clawed feet, in making a holdfast while the bee is making its flight and entering flowers.

While mentioning clawed feet we may glance at the curious foot of an Ichneumon fly magnified and depicted at Fig. 9. The fly possessing this remarkable foot has the atrocious habit of depositing its eggs in the bodies of living caterpillars, where they hatch, and the young grubs thrive and grow fat at the expense of the caterpillar, whose fate is a short and sad one; for although it has an awful appetite and feeds ravenously, yet it gets more feeble and thin as time goes on, while its boarders are getting plump and ready to make their transformation into the next stage towards becoming a perfect fly, by which time the caterpillar is no more.

This brief note will explain the purpose of this foot with its pad and comb-like pair of claws which, if any objection is raised by the caterpillar to the egg depositing business, can by a little extra muscular exertion with six of these feet on the body of the soft caterpillar do enough to secure complete submission. If the caterpillar is a hairy one this foot becomes a very useful implement in placing the hairs nicely and taking a firmer footing.

Perhaps some readers may possess microscopes and like to examine some of the marvels of minute nature, yet think perhaps snail and insect dissection beyond their capabilities. But there is no need for despair: Fig. 10 gives a photograph of a speck or so of the dust often left on the fingers after killing or handling a moth as most readers will have noticed, simply laid on a glass slide and put under the microscope. The particular moth from which the scales were removed for the purpose of this illustration is the common gold-tailed moth frequent in our gardens during summer.

These scales of moths and butterflies are spread on each side of the colourless membrane of the wings, giving them their gorgeous colours, which are so attractive to the eye; they overlap like the scales of a fish and make beautiful objects for the novice to examine *in situ*, or otherwise. At Fig. 11 an example of markings on a butterfly's wing is given, showing scales *in situ*, this being taken from the underside of the wing of the common wall butterfly. It may also be said of these scales that, although of almost immeasurable thinness, they are found to be composed of several layers, plain and ornamental; and have markings of

such delicacy and beauty that opticians use them as test-objects for obtaining accuracy in microscopic lenses. The last photograph (Fig. 12) represents the head and shoulders of the common flea. The upper portion of the first and second pair of legs show their wonderful muscular structure. The sharp objects with the dark line down their centres in front of the head consists of the flea's lancets; these are two long knife-like organs with teeth on both edges, and on these blades it is estimated there are about 600 teeth. It is with this organ it punctures our epidermis whenever the craving for blood takes possession of the creature; and that is pretty often, to say the least of it. By the way, this flea was a remarkably small specimen, some being double its size; but I think any enthusiastic amateur photographer who undertakes to photograph even a live small flea—in endeavouring to subdue the lively habits of this creature and persuading it to assume a demeanour proper for the occasion, together with the required pleasant smile—will find the difficulties of the ordinary photographer very much intensified.

Fig. 12. Head and shoulders of the common flea

The Shanghaied Shipowner*

By Frank T. Bullen

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

ON a certain morning in June 18— (the precise year need not be specified for many reasons), Mr. John Marchant sat in his palatially furnished offices in Fenchurch Buildings turning over, with a corrugated brow, some foreign-looking letters. Not that his brow was at any time very smooth, for ever since the day when he entered his father's office and commenced to learn the details of the complicated business of shipowning and shipbroking which the old man had spent the best years of his life in building up, he had cultivated a stern and frowning expression of countenance for the purpose of terrifying all those who might unhappily be dependent upon him for their livelihood, into a complete subjugation of their wills to his. And he had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Not only were his clerks and messengers so dominated by his frown that a summons to his presence gave the boldest of them a creepy sensation at the pit of the stomach, but stalwart, bearded skippers, accustomed to ruling their crews with fists of iron and crushing all opposition as if by the impact of a Nasmyth hammer, found themselves trembling in the presence of this coldly scowling man with the pendulous cheeks, thin lips, and deeply lined forehead overhanging his steely blue eyes. Their voices, accustomed to hoarse epithets of command, became curiously soft and entreating; their bronzed countenances took on a mild, almost supplicating, expression, and they occasionally made furtive attempts to moisten dry lips with leathery tongues.

But this morning Mr. Marchant was alone with his correspondence. Occasionally he lifted his eyes as if seeking some one upon whom to expend a portion of the anger that was evidently consuming him. There was no one, however, and, more aggravating still, he could find no pretext for calling any one to suffer vicariously for the sins of his correspondent. It must be admitted that he had now really much cause for dissatisfaction, if not for rage. He had just read a detailed statement (the fourth of the kind received within the previous three months) of the charges incurred in San Francisco in connection with the engagement of a crew for one of his ships in consequence of the wholesale desertion of those who had manned her on her passage thither. Its items infuriated him and led him to feel sure, as he had often before suspected, that the tried and trusted men whom he had placed in charge of his vessels were engaged in a deep-laid scheme to rob him of the legitimate fruits of his outlaid capital. £250 clean gone, simply for the purpose of obtaining a crew—it was monstrous, utterly unbearable, especially in these days when a broker's modest commission upon everything earned by a vessel owned by innocent shareholders was liable to be scathingly criticised in the columns of financial and shipping papers. And he remembered bitterly, too, how his proffered donation of £5 to a Seamen's Mission had been politely refused on account of his evil reputation in dealing with his men, the Directors of the said mission having had the exceedingly unbusiness-like bad taste to hint that money obtained from such a source was liable to do their cause more harm than good.

His application to the various Government departments had, of course, been unavailing, would have been so had his hands been as clean as they were—well, the opposite, and consequently he was almost at his wits' end to know what to do. Then his brow cleared a little as an idea gradually took shape in his mind. The 'Frisco trade of his ships was developing rapidly; he had his doubts about the capability, to say nothing of the fidelity,

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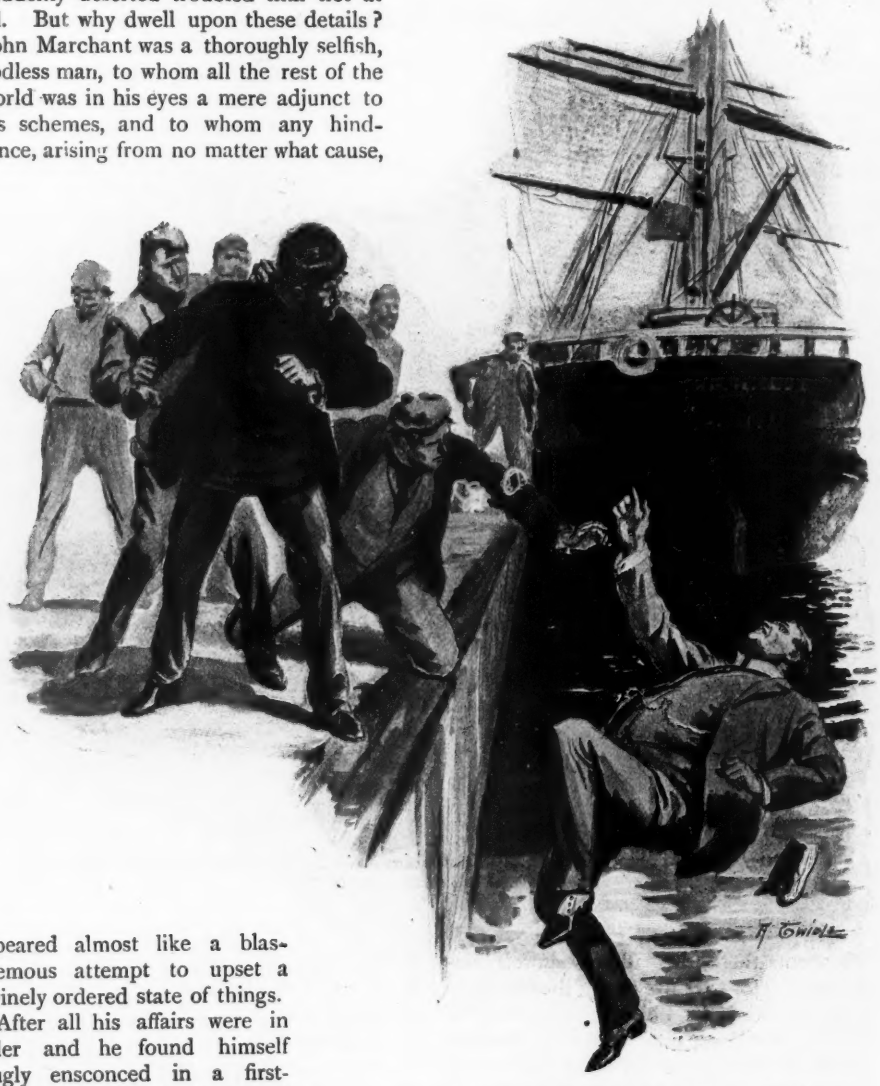
Bearded skippers accustomed to ruling their crews . . . found themselves trembling in the presence of this coldly scowling man

of his agents there ; he had not allowed himself a holiday for over five years ; the *Sardegna* was on the berth for Philadelphia. Yes, he would go and look into things for himself. And then—well, there would be an excessively bad quarter of an hour for some people he could lay his finger on, even now, he believed, had he but sufficient proof upon which to proceed.

John Marchant's worst enemies—and they were appallingly numerous—never accused him of not knowing his own mind or hesitating to act upon that knowledge. In one hour after he had decided to see into matters at San Francisco for himself, all his personal preparations were made, the skipper of the *Sardegna*, grimy and worried with the perversities of shippers on board the ship in the Victoria Docks, was stricken dumb by the intimation that its owner was about to sail with him, and that august passenger was just making everybody in the office feel that their whole future depended entirely upon the way they behaved generally during his absence.

His wife, poor lady, never obtained or expected any consideration from him, so that what her feelings might be upon being thus suddenly deserted troubled him not at all. But why dwell upon these details? John Marchant was a thoroughly selfish, godless man, to whom all the rest of the world was in his eyes a mere adjunct to his schemes, and to whom any hindrance, arising from no matter what cause, appeared almost like a blasphemous attempt to upset a divinely ordered state of things.

After all his affairs were in order and he found himself snugly ensconced in a first-class carriage speeding from Fenchurch Street to Tidal Basin station, he was conscious of a certain complacent feeling of enjoyment coupled with a dim sense of wonder that he had never thought of such a comfortable holiday before. With that strength of will which characterised him, he had put away all thoughts of business at the office and bent his mind resolutely to the task of assimilating all the new impressions which he was about to receive. Unfortunately he reached the *Sardegna's* side at an unpropitious time.



He found himself hurtling through space over the side of the jetty

The skipper and officers were busy endeavouring to coerce a recalcitrant majority of the crew into coming on board and taking up their duties, while the sober minority were sulkily obeying the orders of a none too sober boatswain. Into this essentially commonplace *fracas* Mr. Marchant must needs thrust himself, forgetting most culpably that although he was as well known in London shipping circles as the P. and O. office in Leadenhall Street, a partly intoxicated sailor was utterly unlikely to have any knowledge of him. Therefore it was a tremendous shock to him when, going up in his usual blustering manner to one of the swaying gang who seemed to be more pertinaciously opposed to going on board than all the rest, and seizing him authoritatively by the arm, he suddenly received a swinging blow between the eyes, and with a sensation as if the solid earth had suddenly exploded beneath him, he found himself hurtling through space over the side of the jetty. There was a resounding splash and the filthy accumulation of *débris* closed over that august head. Only momentarily, however, for Mr. Marchant's adipose tissue was plentiful. In a second or two he reappeared, was grabbed by willing hands, and with utmost celerity hauled on board the ship, changed in one brief minute from his wonted appearance of a highly prosperous British citizen to that of one of the most disreputable scalawags it is possible to imagine. And as he retired into the somewhat gloomy interior of the *Sardegna's* saloon the last sounds he heard were the highly gratified chuckles of his assailant, as that truculent Briton was being assisted forward to the forecastle by his less drunken shipmates.

Now, Mr. Marchant's indomitable will had doubtless been stiffened into its present condition by a long course of uninterrupted domination over others. And this made his present state of mind a most unenviable one. Fortunately for the poor skipper, his employer's injuries were sufficiently disabling to keep him below until the *Sardegna* was sullenly plunging into a heavy head-sea off Beachy Head, and sea-sickness then completed his undoing physically. Captain Crick was a good fellow, somewhat rough in manner, loud voiced, and fond (as was only proper in his position) of asserting his authority. And with these attributes it can hardly be wondered at that when climbing to the bridge in the grey wintry noon off the Lizard and noting the grim set of the westerly sea his eye brightened with satisfaction. Turning to his mate, who, sextant in hand, was anxiously watching a pale luminosity at the edge of a vast cloud bank, he said: "This is juist a speychul deespensashin o' Proveedence for's, Mr. McDoogal, is't no?" "Aye, it is that," murmured the mate. "Aam speyshly thankfu' masel." That was all, but it meant a great deal. No gratitude could be too great to feel at the disabling of the man whom they could not face in the restraint of his office, and who, they knew, would be just unbearable on board one of his ships, provided he felt physically fit so to be. And they fervently hoped that the weather would persist as it was and keep him where *he* was until they made Cape May, at any rate.

As if in mercy to them, as well as in part payment to Mr. Marchant for his previous ill-behaviour, their unuttered hopes were almost fulfilled, for it was not until the tenth day out that the much-reduced form of the shipowner made its appearance on deck attended by the steward, and was safely deposited in a deck chair. It was characteristic of the man that as soon as he recovered his breath he sent for the seaman who had struck him on sailing day. Being accustomed to consider himself above all law save his own will in the management of his business, he did not pause to consider how grave a breach of immemorial sea-etiquette he was committing in not issuing such an order through the master, but before the offender could be brought before him the news of his mistake had been spread and, commented upon all over the ship. With a careless slouch the seaman appeared and, leaning in an extremely easy attitude against the rail, confronted the magnate. "Stand up, sir, and take your cap off, don't you know I am the owner of this ship"! gasped the furious man. "Don't care a mouthful o' cold water who y'are," drawled the fellow. "What d'ye want?" "I'll pretty soon show

Don't care a mouthful o' cold water who y' are, drawled the fellow

you, you disgusting brute. Call the captain, somebody, and have this beastly fellow put in irons." At this the offender laughed long and shamelessly. But when the captain came, with a curious air of struggling to keep his independence while obeying his employer, Mr. Marchant was so infuriated he could hardly speak intelligibly. Captain Crick soon made out his meaning though, and when he did he stammered: "I'm vera sorry Aam sure sir, bit the mahn's coemitteed nae offence that I can punish him for here. It's a maetther belongin' to the shore a'thegither. An' besides, sir, Ah know that if Ah wis tae pit thon mahn in airns Ah'd hev the haill o' th' crew up in mut'ny at ance. Tak' ma advice, sir, an' lat 'm alane. Mak' th' best o' a bad job." "Yes, I will," shouted the owner. "I'll discharge you the instant the ship gets to Philadelphia." "Deed ye'll no," calmly replied the skipper. "Gae forrut Broon," to the grinning man. "Ah'll take my dischairge when th' voy'ge is up in the reg'lar way. An' noo that the men are awa, Ah'll tell ye somethin', Mr. Marchant, ye'll maybe no like tae hear. Ye're a passenger on board the ship 'at Ah command, and if ye interfere agen Ah'll confine ye t' ye'er cabin and if necessary pit ye in airns for endangerin' the safety o' th' ship."

It was a bitter, an almost terrible lesson, and although it almost killed him from the violence of his impotent rage, John Marchant had to learn it. But he vowed that his revenge should be commensurate to his degradation. Nothing more transpired during the rest of the passage; not a word was exchanged between the owner, the captain, and officers, and only the most absolutely necessary remarks made to the cringing steward. As soon as the ship arrived Mr. Marchant went ashore, sought the brokers who represented him there, and, soothed by the deference with which so good a customer was received, gave him a great many minute instructions relating to the disposition of

matters concerning the *Sardegna*. That night he departed overland for San Francisco, anxious to complete the mission upon which he had come. He had his own ideas as to how he should perform this self-imposed duty, ideas which, unhappily for him, he did not think fit to communicate to anybody. Therefore, upon arrival at San Francisco, instead of going to some well-known hotel and communicating with his representatives there, he sought an obscure lodging near the water-front, and, dressing himself in a semi-nautical garb, immediately set about frequenting the shipping offices. His first day's attendance taught him many useful things, such as he could have learned in no other way, and a quiet, gentlemanly looking fellow who accidentally stumbled against him and apologised, gave him a great many valuable hints as to the prime necessity for being cautious in so very free-and-easy a city as 'Frisco. So rapidly did their acquaintance mature that the same evening Mr. Marchant accepted an invitation to a quiet meal with his newly found friend, who informed him that he was a shipowner in a small way just down from Portland, O., to look up a crew for a vessel of his lying there.

It was a very pleasant evening, but the end of the entertainment was, and is, for John Marchant wrapped in profound mystery. His next conscious perceptions were of being violently pummelled and dragged at by some invisible person, who was also assailing him with a perfect storm of profanity. Gradually, with returning faculties, he realised that he was lying on a sort of shelf in a low-roofed, heart-shaped apartment, very gloomy and foul-smelling, also that he was certainly at sea. He had just discovered that his surroundings were those of a big ship's forecastle when he was hurled violently outside on deck, and striking his head against a stanchion, became again insensible.

When he recovered he was drenched with salt water and was being invited in the same forcible terms as before to "get a move on him if he didn't want his neck broken." Feeling that if his neck was whole it was about the only part of his body still sound, he made an attempt to struggle to his feet and reply, but his cracked lips refused their office. And in this miserable condition he was driven aloft, clinging with an energy that awoke even in his present condition a faint sensation of wonder as to where it came from, and blindly endeavouring, not to do what he was told, for he did not know what that was, but to escape from the shocking brutality he was being subjected to. Suddenly his feet slipped, his legs slid between the ratlines, he turned a back somersault, and jammed his head between another pair of ratlines lower down. There he hung helpless, suspended now above the roaring waters alongside and now over the merciless-looking decks as the vessel rolled, a man in as evil case as ever man was in this world. Dimly through his tormented brain passed the long procession of nameless ones who he felt had in the earning of his wealth suffered in some such manner as this, the recital of whose woes when read by him or listened to at the mouth of humane men he had always received with contemptuous indifference. And he felt that his experience was of precisely the right kind to fit him for the influential position he had so long unfitly occupied.

Relief came through the captain ordering the unfortunate man to be taken down—no easy matter, from his complicated entanglement and his thirteen stone weight. But it was accomplished with no worse harm to him than the rending of most of his garments off his lacerated shoulders, and he was laid on deck, a swab put under his head, and presently some one held a glass of brandy to his lips. The fiery stuff called up his reserves and presently he was able to struggle to his feet, having been left to himself a little while.

The captain saw him get up and shouted: "Here you, come here. What in thunder's the matter with ye? Why don't ye get about yer work same's the rest? I tell ye what it is, I can't afford no loafers aboard this ship. There's none too many of you, an' you've all cost a heap of dollars in 'Frisco, so if you don't do what you're aboard here for, you'd better make haste and die at once, you'll be better off." Vainly the unhappy man essayed to reply; the words would not come, and wearily he was turning away when the

Invited in the same forcible terms as before to get a move on him

captain's harsh voice stopped him with: "Stay, what's yer tally, what d'ye call yourself?" Ah, that was it! The note he had been groping for. "John Marchant," he replied, in a voice that surprised himself, so full and resonant was it. "Say, 'sir,' you low-down trash, when you speak t'me 'r any of my officers, 'r I'll polish up yer memory with a holystone. John Marchant, eh! Why that's the name of the owner of this ship." A furious string of oaths against the said owner followed, which seemed to relieve the skipper's mind of a long-endured burden, and then he said: "Oh don't I wish you were him! I'd make you cuss the day you ever used my father and my brother as you did. I'd pay you back with full interest." And to Marchant's amazement, the burly fellow burst into tears. "There, git forrud," he said at last, "and pull yourself together. You ain't so young as you was, but I paid good money for ye and you'll have to earn it."

Now it would be perfectly easy to write a long story about the events of that passage

home to London, perfectly easy to trace the education of John Marchant in sympathy with those to whom he owed so much. But it would be hard reading for all except seamen. It must suffice to say that in spite of his fifty years, the temperate life and great will-power of John Marchant stood him in good stead during that stern five months' trial. He learned at first hand how bitter the lot of the foremast hand can be made by a hard-hearted shipowner, remembered too with great benefit to himself the many remonstrances made to him by other shipowners who were greatly ashamed of him and his dealing. He learned also something of the bitter lot of the officers who, for scanty pay and hard life, were so faithfully doing their duty to him; also the root of the bitterness troubling their present skipper who, promoted from mate on the death of the former skipper in Melbourne, where he (the mate) had joined, had never seen his employer. And he understood in the plainest way what God expected of him.

When he came down to Green's Home to pay off, and appeared by the side of the shipping master, there was a curious shudder ran through all hands. But his face, beaming with kindness, re-assured them. As he paid each of them double wages, he told them that the lessons he had learned he would never forget. That in future, as far as lay in his power he would do his duty by those who had served and were serving him so well, and although his way among them had been thorny indeed, he thanked God he had been permitted to tread it. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that the captain of the *Sardegna* did not get discharged after all.

At Cool of Day

HIGH swaying boughs, and lowly waving grasses
Glow with the glory of departing day;
Swiftly it pales, and silently it passes
Out of the world, and leaves it still and grey.

Now, while we watch the tender twilight falling,
Stealing the landscape from our dreamy eyes,
Softly we hear the birds about us calling,
Dimly we catch the faint, far-off replies.

Slight breezes rustle, and around us rises
Earth's evening fragrance, born of flower and sod,
Filling the dusk with sudden, sweet surprises
Going, like incense, up the air to God.

This is the hour, when once, to Eden's garden,
God came and walked—in saddest anger then;
Surely at evening still He comes—with pardon,
Walking earth's gardens with the sons of men.

KATHARINE A. BROCK.

The Marquis of Salisbury

By Frederick Douglas How

Author of "Bishop Walsham How, A Memoir"; "Bishop Selwyn, A Memoir"; "Noble Women of Our Time" &c.

I. Ancestry and School Days

DAY by day Lord Salisbury's name is on the lips of thousands of English men and women. Day by day his movements are followed and his actions noted by a large part of the civilised world. His plans are guessed at, his policy is praised or criticised, and his every utterance carefully weighed and examined. His appearance is familiar, for no figure is more frequent in the window of the vendor of photographs or in the pages of the illustrated paper. Yet there are few public men about whom less is known. The ordinary person who is neither in the swim of politics nor of that set in society which would bring him into personal contact with Lord Salisbury has a twofold feeling about him. First of all he has, whatever his politics, a sense of the Prime Minister's absolute sincerity and probity, coupled with a pride in the knowledge that in him England has possessed the greatest Foreign Secretary of modern times. Secondly he has a mysterious idea of him, looking upon him, and indeed frequently speaking of him, as something of a sphinx. This impression has been caused by Lord Salisbury's anxiety to keep his home-life, and indeed everything that is no part of his public duty, as simple and retired as possible, as well as by that absorption in thought and appearance of pre-occupation which has always set him a little apart from other men, and has acted as a kind of barrier between him and the passing world.

(Bradshaw & Sons, Photographers, Newgate Street, London)

William Cecil, Lord Burleigh

English people have much sympathy with the privacy of family life. It is one of the things of which the country is specially and rightly proud. But in the case of the leaders of the nation it is well that something should be known a little more familiarly than in the brief notices of going and coming or the detailed reports of speeches in the daily press. The mysterious may be admired, may be trusted, may even be a little loved, but there must be at least some measure of revelation before a people can give their full affection even to the greatest of their benefactors. It is with the hope that the personality of Lord Salisbury may become a little better known that the present papers have been written.

It is a remarkable thing that the three great Prime Ministers of quite modern times, *i.e.*, the three whom the middle-aged man of to-day regards as such, can none of them be described as a typical Englishman. Who can conceive Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Salisbury taking his own line over a stiff country with the Pytchley or the Quorn? Where is the bluff, quick-tempered, rosy-gilled country gentleman in breeches and gaiters, so dear to the novelist and play-

(Bradshaw & Sons, photographers, Newgate Street, London)

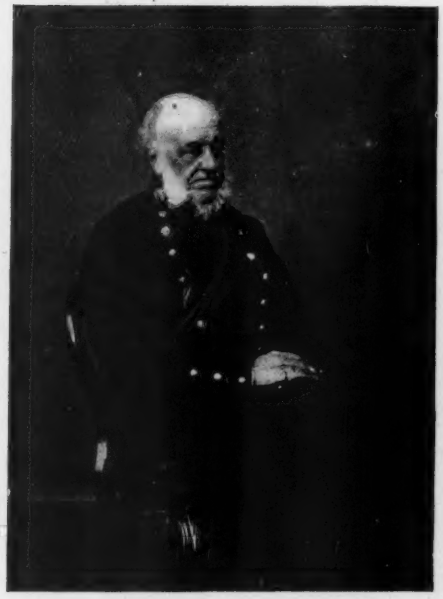
William Cecil, Lord Burleigh.
By Marc Gheerards

wright, and the first idea to some of us, who are country-bred, of what an Englishman ought to be? No, somehow or other, we have entrusted the fortunes of our country to other hands. The scholar, the diplomatist, the man of scientific interests, these men have led, and led successfully, where the "typical Englishman" might have blundered and failed.

But in Lord Salisbury we have got something more. In him we have a great inheritance of statesmanship. His is no new name in the roll of England's leaders. Founded in the days of William Rufus by Robert Sitoilt, a distinguished fighting man, whose services were rewarded by a gift of land in Herefordshire, the family of Cecil has from time to time given statesmen of historical fame to the service of the country.

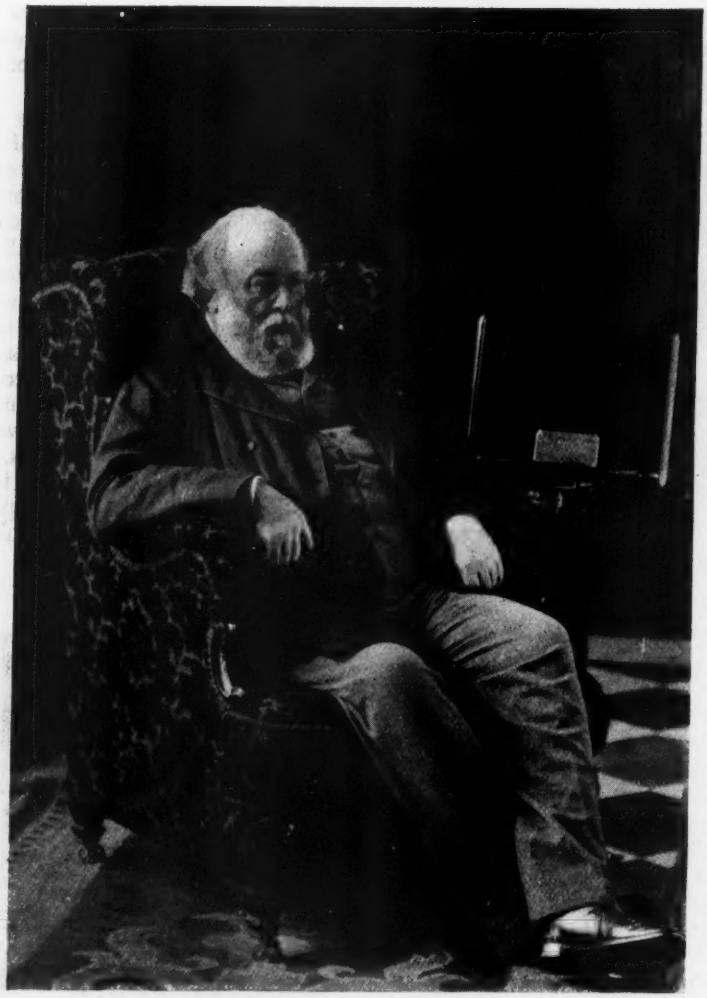
It is impossible here to tell of all of these. We must pass to the days of Elizabeth, when the Cecil of the day was appointed to be her Secretary of State. Curiously enough, this occurred at Hatfield, then a possession of the Crown, on the occasion of the Royal lady being informed of her sister's death and her own accession. This ancestor of Lord Salisbury was William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, whose two sons were also famous men, the elder becoming Earl of Exeter and founding the family of the present Marquisate of that name, and the second, Robert, becoming Lord Cecil of Essendine, then Viscount Cranborne, and finally, in 1605, Earl of Salisbury. He, therefore, was the first of the noble line of the House of Salisbury. The second Earl was also a well-known man, but his notoriety had a less satisfactory cause. He was a famous turn-coat, changing sides according to the apparent success of Royalist or Roundhead, and even sitting in some of Cromwell's Parliaments.

The next ancestor who must be noticed is the seventh Earl. He sat in the House of Commons from 1783 to 1804, and was afterwards Lord Chamberlain. But he was



(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

The second Marquis of Salisbury, father of the present Marquis



(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

The Marquis of Salisbury

more than this, for it is recorded of him that he was a student of history, that he gave much time to the pursuit of science, and that he was a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was raised to be marquis in 1789, and from him, no doubt, the present Lord Salisbury inherits many of his tastes and qualities of mind.

His son, the father of the present marquis, was a different man altogether. It is true that he took considerable part in political affairs and twice held important office. He was Lord Privy Seal in Lord Derby's Cabinet of 1852, and when the same Prime Minister again took the reins of Government in 1858 he obtained the Lord Presidency of the Council. But he was beyond everything a country gentleman of the old school, rather

behind than before his time. He hated the idea that any common people should obtain the merest peep at what lay within the boundary walls of Hatfield. He had the iron-work gate at the old entrance at the top of the town boarded up, and he even went so far as to have a cupboard put against the window of the tennis-court room, though this was far enough from the house and was merely used as a kind of ante-room to the tennis-court, and although the said window is high up above the outer archway of the entrance. Then again he detested railways, and it was a bitter pill to him when the Great Northern was constructed through his property and close to his park, although he was sufficiently shrewed to obtain excellent terms from the company. Needless to say, he himself invariably, or almost invariably, drove in his own carriage on his journeys to and from London. In this he was more consistent that many of the original opponents of railroads, who quickly repented of their mistake. A former owner of a large place on the Great Western line between Oxford and Banbury opposed the formation of the railway with might and main, and then, when a small station was erected not far from his house, became so much interested in the enterprise that he spent a great part of each day on the platform delightedly watching the arrival and departure of the trains! It was left to the son of the second Marquis of Salisbury thoroughly to appreciate the boon of a conveyance which would take him in the greatest comfort and in the short space of half an hour to King's Cross. The present Lord Salisbury more than twenty years ago made the excellent new approach to Hatfield House with large iron gates exactly opposite the station. Thus the steep hill up the town is avoided, and a beautiful drive through part of the park is obtained. The cost of this work must have been very great, for it entailed the erection of a viaduct over the low-lying ground between the station and the park, and indeed almost over the chimneys of some of the nearest houses of the town. The magnificent iron gates, too, which it is almost a surprise to learn were cast at St. Albans in the immediate neighbourhood, must have run into a large figure. Iron gates are a great feature at Hatfield. Besides those at the entrance there are beautiful specimens of this kind of work on either side of the terrace in front of the house leading into the gardens on either hand. They are obviously designed by the same artist as those already mentioned, but are rather more ornate. The little Cupids swarming up the perpendiculars are exquisite, and no visitor to Hatfield should pass them by unnoticed. The most beautiful specimen of all is, however, to be found in the parish church, but this must be left until it is time to speak of that most interesting building, for this article is getting on too fast and must return to the days of the second Marquis.

The name of this nobleman was James Brownlow William, but when he married the daughter and heiress of Mr. Bamber Gascoyne he added his wife's maiden name to his own, and so it comes that the present Lord Salisbury, his son, is called Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil. This lady, Lord Salisbury's

Lady Blanche Balfour, sister of Lord Salisbury and mother of the Leader of the House of Commons

F. M. Balfour. C. C. Balfour. G. W. Balfour. Miss A. B. Balfour. E. J. A. Balfour.
Mrs. H. Sidgwick. Lady B. Balfour. Lady Rayleigh.
A. J. Balfour.

Lady Blanche Balfour and her children

mother, had pronounced views on the management of her household and family. It is even said that she dieted her children with such extreme care that every particle of food given to them was exactly weighed out, the result being that a healthy and unabated appetite was the rule among the young Cecils, and slices of bread and butter sprinkled with sugar, or indeed any gifts of the kind which might be offered them on their frequent visits to the various lodges &c., on the estate, were highly appreciated!

There were five children in the family, three sons, and two daughters. The eldest son, Lord Cranborne, was extremely charming and cultivated, but was unfortunately a great invalid and totally blind. There are at least two fine portraits of him on the walls of Hatfield House. They give the impression of much-gentleness and refinement, and there is on the face in both pictures that curious blending of sadness and happiness which is so often found in the blind. This elder brother of Lord Salisbury took what share he could in the affairs of the world and was by no means a recluse. He travelled abroad from time to time with a friend, and was always glad when chance brought him a talk with some fellow traveller of intellectual attainments.

Lord Robert Cecil, the present marquis, was the second son, and the youngest was Lord Eustace, who held a commission in the Coldstreams, was Surveyor-General of Ordnance for six years, was Member for South Essex and then for West Essex for twenty years, and for a time was one of his brother's private secretaries. The two daughters were both married, the elder to the late Mr. Beresford Hope, the Member for Cambridge University, the younger to Mr. J. Balfour, thus becoming the mother of the present leader of the House of Commons, and of Mr. Gerald Balfour.

It may be mentioned in passing that after the death of the mother of the present Lord

Salisbury and his brothers and sisters, his father married again. His second wife was a daughter of the fifth Earl Delawarr, and by her he had several sons and daughters.

But to return to the days when Lord Robert Cecil (as he then was) was a little boy. It is said that he was a serious little fellow, giving small promise of the large proportions which have characterised his later years. Curiously enough, almost the only description of him as a child comes to us from the late Mr. Gladstone, who once said that he never could think unkindly of him since the day he first saw him, "a bright boy in red petticoats playing with his mother." Perhaps those who have known his youngest son, Lord Hugh Cecil, will have the best idea of his personal appearance at that time, for Lord Hugh is considered to be very much like what his father was before him.

There are very few reminiscences to be obtained of the early years of the young Lord Robert Cecil. His first school was one kept by Dr. Faithful, at that time Rector of Hatfield. This worthy lived at the old rectory, a country house outside Hatfield, lying some way from the high road and approached by a considerable drive. One can picture the little lad with his bundle of books going out of the old red gateway and finding his way along by the park wall, past where the National School now stands, and so to the rectory and lessons. At the present day the drive to this house is bridged by the railway, and, whether from this cause or because of the distance from the church, the rectors of Hatfield have elected to live elsewhere.

There is just one little story connected with these early school days. It is interesting as showing how soon in his life a disregard for the exigencies of dress (to some extent a family trait) began. Probably Lord Robert was a very little boy at the time, for boys went to Mr. Faithful at the tender age of seven. A schoolfellow remembers that an old nurse, Betty by name, was kept there to look after these little fellows, and that Lord Robert came into the nursery one evening saying: "Oh Betty, I wish I was a cat!" "La! Lord Robert," she replied, "how can you wish yourself a beast?" To which came the answer: "When I think of the many times I must dress and undress before I die, I wish my clothes grew on my back!"

Somewhere about the year 1840 the young

(Elsden & Sons, photographers, Hertford)

The old rectory where Lord Salisbury went to school. The house has of late years been restored, but the view given here shows few of the alterations. It is much the same as in Lord Salisbury's school-days

Lord Robert Cecil was sent to Eton, being then ten years old, an age slightly below that at which boys are usually sent at the present day. The inquirer who goes to Eton expecting to hear traditions of the learning or precocity of our present Prime Minister will come away sadly disappointed. He seems to have left no mark at all, if we except that of his name, which is carved "Robert G. Cecil" on one of the panels of the upper school.

He was in the house of the Rev. W. G. Cookesley, a school character whose reputation survives as an extremely clever but eccentric House Master. He was also Lord Robert's tutor, and it may be partly owing to this fact that he (Lord Robert) did not specially shine as an Etonian. It is more than possible that Etonians of a later day will hardly realise which was Cookesley's house, and for their benefit we may say that it was that rather ugly building at the end of Baldwin Shore now in the possession of Mr. Heygate. Mr. A. C. James had the house for a considerable number of years, and later on Mr. John Carter and Mr. Rawlins. In Mr. Cookesley's day a dame had part of the building, and in her portion it is said that Mr. W. E. Gladstone boarded some years before his future antagonist arrived under the same roof.

The Provost of Eton writing about Lord Salisbury's school-days says: "I was at Eton from 1839 to 1845, and his time would be about 1841 or 1842 to 1847–8. He must have been at the last Eton montem, which was in 1844. The Provost at the time was Dr. Hodgson, and the Head Master, Dr. Hawtrey. Among his contemporaries were (certainly) Lord Justice Chitty, Mr. Justice Stephen, Sir Robert Herbert, Lord Cottesloe, and (I think) Lord Dufferin then Mr. Blackwood."

Probably more could be learnt at Eton about any one of his celebrated contemporaries than about himself, though he was destined in a few years' time to occupy a position of greater influence and prominence than they ever reached. No doubt games were not half a century ago of such importance as at the present day, and from all that is known of his after-life one would not have expected to find the young Lord Robert Cecil a proficient at any one of them.

Probably Eton did not offer many attractions to him. Some men have greatly preferred their school to their college days, but to a mind like Lord Salisbury's there were opportunities at a university, opportunities of indulging in his taste for scientific matters, for metaphysics, and for debate, which no school life could have afforded him. His connection with Oxford has been so long and so important that it must be left to another chapter to describe the early days of his university career.

Cromwell

An address delivered at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire

By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice

On the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of Cromwell by Mr. Pomeroy. Erected by public subscription.

IT was my privilege the other day to read the account of the unveiling of the statue of King Alfred at Winchester. I could not help mentally contrasting some of the circumstances with those of to-day connected with the statue which I have just unveiled. King Alfred is not the subject of modern controversy. I think that even the Danish Minister might have been present with unruffled feelings on the 20th of last month in the ancient capital of Wessex. But the name of Oliver Cromwell, in this respect almost alone of English historical characters, is still able to arouse political animosities of the fiercest character, and even to excite the passions of Parliament to fever pitch. We may have divergent views about the doings of Henry VIII.; but we do not make him the subject of debate in the House of Commons and take a division about his numerous marriages. Our feelings about Queen Elizabeth may be mixed, but the House of Lords is not to-day asked to take sides in a controversy about her virtues, and Convocation accepts her "as a bright occidental star." The great names even of Pitt and Fox are passing more and more out of the region of political controversy into that of purely historical discussion. Not so Cromwell. A debate in the House of Commons about a proposal to erect a statue to him near the Palace of Westminster was one of the contributory causes, I am told, of the fall of a recent Ministry. The House of Lords only the other day prayed the Crown to be relieved of the neighbourhood of that same statue. One Prime Minister has publicly consoled himself by reflecting that if the statue has after all been erected, it has at least been erected at the bottom of a pit. Another Prime Minister has come to the rescue, and has consecrated that pit with the adornment of his eloquence. While these debates have been raging about the statue which has been placed outside the walls of Parliament, a bust has silently and mysteriously appeared inside those walls, and is, I believe, regarded by some members with the same feelings as those which filled the breasts of the theologians of the Synod of Dort, when, it is said, an owl appeared on the floor of that learned assembly.

Bearing these controversies in mind, I feel how necessary it is to-day that I should remember the warning of a great living German author, that in history there is no such thing as an absolute judgment, and that any attempt to pronounce such judgments is only a subtle form of self-deception, because it is based on a desire to apply the accurate and complete methods of scientific investigation to the elusive facts and imperfect knowledge, which is all that we can possess about the events of the past and the motives of the actors in those events, and to give to what is after all only a subjective mental process an authority to which it is not entitled. Once we acknowledge this to be so, it is easy, I think, for men of different parties and various opinions to be here to-day without either claiming to be panegyrists of everything done by Cromwell, or to possess the key of every historical problem of the seventeenth century. Without believing that the last word has been spoken, or ever will be spoken, in the great controversies of that day, we can nevertheless, I think, put in an unanswerable plea for the commemoration of Cromwell by a statue, and, above all, by a statue in his own county, and ask men of different political and religious opinions to unite on such an occasion. Your time to-day does not admit of a full statement of all the reasons. I can only try to give a few of

(W. E. Drivet. photographer, Huntingdon)

Unveiling of the Cromwell Statue at St. Ives, erected by public subscription

them. In the first place, with Marlborough and Wellington, Cromwell makes up the great trio of Englishmen who have been prominent both in war and in peace: great as generals and great as statesmen. "Your General," said Queen Christina of Sweden, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, to Whitelock, Cromwell's Ambassador, "hath done the greatest things of any man in the world; the Prince of Condé is next to him, but short of him." Condé destroyed the hitherto unconquered Spanish infantry at Rocroy in 1643, and thereby opened up a new chapter in the history of Europe. When in 1644 Cromwell at Marston Moor first routed the Royalist right wing, then carried his cavalry round the rear of the enemy, and thus routed their left wing by an attack from outside, he opened up a new chapter in cavalry tactics and he also practically decided the Civil War. If there is any Scotchman present in my audience, I hope I shall not be understood by these observations as in any way underrating the share of General David Lesley in that great operation, a share to which full justice has been done in the recent "Life of Alexander, Earl of Leven," by Mr. Terriss, a book of learning and authority. As with Cromwell's tactics so with his strategy. "Cromwell," says a military critic quoted by Mr. Firth, in his "Life of Cromwell," "was the first great exponent of the modern methods of war. His was the strategy of Napoleon and Von Moltke; the strategy which, neglecting fortresses and the means of artificial defence as of secondary importance, strikes first at the army in the field." The careers of Monk, Blake, Rupert, and others, will remind you how common it was in those days for naval and military command to be shared by the same person. It is true that to this list the name of Cromwell is not to be added, but his Government restored—nay, almost created—our Navy in the modern sense of the term. He discovered our greatest admirals. If the West of England can claim Robert Blake, whose statue at Taunton we also owe to the

skill of Mr. Pomeroy, you in the East gave him Edward Montague, whose career is so intimately associated with the affairs of the Protectorate; whose death at Southwold in 1672 is one of the most glorious pages of our naval records. His name is still among you. Cromwell even anticipated the ideas of naval and military defence, which in our own days we have at last agreed upon. "You have accounted yourselves happy," he said to one of his Parliaments, "in being environed with a great ditch from all the world besides. Truly you will not be able to keep your ditch nor your shipping, unless you turn your ships and shipping into troops of horse and companies of foot, and fight to defend yourself on terra firma." That might have been said yesterday.

Cromwell's active career may be said to have extended from 1640 to 1658. The first part of it was more connected with military than with political action. That is why I have touched on it first. Did the second portion, which was more connected with civil and political action, add as much to the inheritance of the nation as the first portion? Did Cromwell go further than Condé, who was a great general but a political failure, as Queen Christina lived to see. In the concluding sentences of his work on this period of history, Monsieur Guizot says that Cromwell's career was a failure because he left behind him "the two things he hated most: the Stuarts and anarchy." Up to a certain point this is true, but it is not a statement of the whole case, but only a criticism of part of it. A statesman is not to be judged merely by the actual edifice he builds and leaves behind him erect and standing. A living and fruitful idea put into a working shape is as good a claim on posterity, even if the full fruition of it is delayed. Cromwell—and Monsieur Guizot had this no doubt in his mind in the observation I have just quoted—Cromwell combined in a marked degree the two salient features of what we now recognise as constituting the English political character: the love of liberty and the love of order, and he left what I may call the common denominator of those two factors to the people of this country as his legacy. The first of these characteristics is seen more distinctly in the struggle with the King; the second in the contest which began with the dismissal of the remains of the Long Parliament and continued till his death. It is not inconsistent with this to believe it possible that Cromwell may not have been infallible in his judgment, when at the most momentous crisis of his life he had to choose, as he thought himself obliged to choose, between sacrificing either liberty to order, or order to liberty. It is not the least of the many services rendered by Mr. Firth to the history of the subject, that he has shown that in the opinion of his contemporaries, Cromwell was often influenced by passion and acted on sudden impulse. Naturally and constitutionally, Cromwell had a firm desire to reconcile the liberties of his country with the ancient constitution in which the Crown had its place. He finally and suddenly broke with the King only when it flashed upon him as beyond question that the King had made a breach unavoidable. This seems to me the reasonable interpretation of the most momentous chapter of his life when, after the end of the first Civil War, the King had been removed from Holmby to the part of England in which we now are; and those negotiations took place for the restoration of Royalty with constitutional limitations, which cover the period from June 1647 to November of that same year. It would be beyond the limits necessarily imposed on to-day's proceedings to do more than indicate this as the turning point of Cromwell's career, or to try to discuss the wisdom of Cromwell's final decision in this and the other great crisis, when he dismissed the Long Parliament to save the business of the nation from obstruction by what was a mere fragment of the House of Commons. I can only once more say that I am not trying to lay down an absolute judgment on past events, or trying to apply the measuring rod of the quiet times in which it is our privilege to live, to the stormy epoch of Cromwell's days. It is sufficient for my purpose if I can convince my audience that Cromwell loved liberty and loved order; that he aimed at combining them; that he struck heavily only when he believed that whether at tyranny or at anarchy a blow had to be struck outside the limits of constitutional

(W. E. Driver, photographer, Huntingdon)

The Cromwell Statue at St. Ives

practice, in order to save liberty or order as the case might be; and that therefore, although the Stuarts and anarchy survived him, and it required the events of 1688 to settle matters, it is untrue to say that Cromwell's career was a failure merely because the final settlement was not with him. He left behind him a clear guidance as to this; that neither in the unlicensed power of Royalty introduced into France by Richelieu, which the Stuarts sought to introduce into England; nor by making the Rump of the House of Commons into the sole legislative and executive power in the country, could a proper distribution of political forces be found. From both those dangers Cromwell was determined at all hazards to save the country. And he saved it by grasping the great idea of the union of liberty and order which he left as a legacy to be worked out by a subsequent generation. If he failed to find a permanent solution, it was because the times were not yet ripe. The people of England found it only after thirty years of trouble from 1658 onwards. This is perhaps the best vindication of Cromwell. "The question involved in the King's trial," says Ranke, "brings to light the opposition of the two powers which move the world: the inherited, historically formed

power, interwoven with existing laws and prevailing social ideas, and that which ascribes to the representation of the people, even though as in this case highly imperfect, an unlimited authority, before which all historical rights vanish. The idea of the sovereignty of the people and the divine right of kings enter as it were into a bodily struggle with each other." And the same observation, subject to but slight alteration, might be made to apply to the struggles between Cromwell and his own Parliaments. You cannot deal with situations such as these some two hundred and fifty years afterwards by quoting extracts from Hatsell and Erskine May about constitutional practice.

There is an often-quoted passage in "Pepys' Memoirs," in which he tells us how at a time when the Dutch fleet had entered the Medway, and was threatening London, and a corrupt court was trying to find out what had become of the old Cromwellian seamen, "everybody was reflecting upon Oliver and commending him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbouring princes fear him." What was the secret which he had carried to his unknown grave? the secret which was not with Clarendon or Monk, nor yet with Ludlow or Haselrig. They were practical men, and so was Cromwell. But Cromwell was also something of the mystic and the idealist, which they were not. As they worshipped, so did he also worship, at the shrine of his country, but he pictured to himself the national glory as intimately connected with the glory of God and the spread of liberty and religion not only at home, but also in foreign lands. His alliance with France against Spain was a means to this end. Oddly enough, it is precisely this element in which some critics, from whom it may, I fear, seem almost presumptuous in me to differ, have seen the weak point of Cromwell's foreign policy. It is said that the policy was itself an anachronism, because the era of religious wars had ended with the peace of Westphalia; and that the alliance with France caused the preponderance of that country, which it afterwards cost England so much blood and treasure to combat. I am, however, encouraged by finding myself in agreement with Mr. Firth, to say that the whole of this criticism is an illustration to me of what is a fault in historical method; for if it is true, it is only so because we are able to judge by the standard of subsequent events which we know, but which Cromwell could not possibly have known. Is it, however, true that religious motives ceased to operate as a great factor in politics after the peace of Westphalia, even if they became more mixed with purely dynastic or national motives in the next fifty years? Is it true that it was the co-operation of Cromwell and not the infamies of the Treaty of Dover which encouraged Louis XIV. in his European enterprises? My reply would be in the negative. Be that as it may, this appeal to the ideal gave the distinguishing note to the policy of Cromwell. Owing to it he possessed the art of inspiring those who served with him in the same manner as the elder Pitt did afterwards, in an age far less susceptible of enthusiasms. Whether we think or not that such inspired politics conduce to the peace of the world or to prosperity at home, or that they ultimately advance the good of the human race, the fact remains that the statesmen who represent idea and action combined, who have the "divinum aliquid" in their composition, which stirs up their contemporaries to immortal deeds, are the men whose names get fixed in the historic imagination of the people and are enshrined in the traditions of the human race. Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, survive for this reason above the welter of centuries and the lapse of time. For similar reasons the name of Cromwell lives and will live; and that is why the people of this country, and you in particular in Cromwell's own county, have resolved to perpetuate his memory in the bronze that breathes and the stone that speaks; though even were I to think that the stone might perish, and the monument decay, I would remain equally convinced that the name of Cromwell would survive in the imagination and tradition of the people of this land.

The Story of Boy-Beloved

By William Canton

Illustrated by H. R. Millar

EVERYTHING in the world seemed to change after Boy-Beloved died. Little Barbara wondered how it was that the fields were so empty, and the heath so still; and for the first time she felt that the woods were very lonely.

She was now bird-alone, and all day long she thought of her little brother; and oh, if some one would tell her the way he had gone, she would seek and seek for him over the Three Heaths and through the darkest dingle of the Mirkwood, and far beyond, to the blue hills on which the first snow of the white winter falls.

On the heath near her home there was a little sandy hollow among the tufts of ling, and a winding track led to it; and here they loved to play. For when they were sitting in the hollow they could see nothing but the purple clusters of the ling around them; and no one could see *them*, except perhaps the whinchat, which perched on a prickly bush of gorse hardby and pretended that it was chipping stones by the roadside.

Many a day Barbara went to the hollow, in a wild hope that somehow it would happen that Boy-Beloved would be there, playing by himself, and waiting for her. And as she drew near she heard the whinchat busy at its work; but all that she found was the empty "house," the rooms marked out in the sand with bits of stone, the pieces of glass and china which had been their play-things, and the withered flowers of red and yellow which they had put for a make-believe fire in the fireplace. And Barbara clasped her hands and wept bitterly: "Boy-Beloved, little lost brother, come back to me!" and gazing through her tears over the moorland, she cried, "Oh, dear grey track, winding far away, you knew the tread of his little feet, how light and happy they were, did he go this way?" But the grey track, winding and dipping and rising as it wandered among the broom and gorse and bright heather, had no word of comfort to give her.

Now it happened that one evening at the beginning of the harvest, Barbara was sent on an errand to the home farm of the Manor, in the combe on the further side of the Ridge. She had to go down over the heath, and cross the brook near the mill, and ascend the long hundred-acre which slopes up to the pine-wood on the Ridge.

As she followed the footpath through the high corn in the great field, the moon was rising, round and silvery, on one side, and on the other the sun was setting; so that all the corn was coloured with a strange and lovely blending of eastern and western light. It seemed to Barbara as though she were walking in a land of dreams. The fresh breeze of the twilight was blowing from the Ridge, and shadowy ripples ran down the long field, swaying the ripe ears and passing with a sound of ghostly footsteps and of voices whispering.

It all looked so lonely and so unearthly in the double light that one could have easily believed that the dark waves were not made by the wind at all, but by the invisible Mother of Corn, who tries to spirit away little children when in the evening they venture too far into the fields, seeking for poppies and corn-flowers. But Barbara, though she felt her heart beginning to beat quickly, was not afraid; she only hastened her steps towards the narrow glimmer of daylight which looked like a little door into the pine-wood.

Suddenly on the path, nearly half-way between herself and the little door, there appeared a childish figure running up the field. Oh, the red cap, and the blue tunic belted at the waist, and the little stout legs naked to the knee.

"Boy-Beloved, Boy-Beloved!" she cried

standing still in amazement; "oh, darling mother's son, wait for me!"

The child paid no heed, but ran on sturdily and never turned his head. Instantly she was flying after him, with her eager cry, "Wait for me, wait for me!"

Without a pause she slipped through the green door of the pine-wood, but when she too had reached the tall shadowy trees he had vanished.

She held her breath and listened, but nothing moved in the bracken. She strained her eyes in search of the red cap, but all was dim and grey between the tall trunks. Again and again, and yet once more, she called his name, till the sound of her own voice frightened her; and there was no answer.

It was with a bitter heartache, and yet with a strange feeling of hope, that she went on to the farm in the combe. She knew now what she had not been able to discover before—she knew the way Boy-Beloved had gone; and she would follow him, she would follow him through the world till she found him.

In her dreams that night it seemed to her that Boy-Beloved was always running on before her, yet so near her that she could hear him laughing to himself, as though he were taking a delight in teasing her. Sometimes his little red cap danced among the broom and the green feathers of the fern; sometimes she saw him completely as he darted from behind a tree-trunk; but always, always he was running on before her.

The grey dawn was just beginning to redden when she awoke. She rose and dressed herself very quietly, and after putting some bread in her satchel—for she knew not how far she might wander before she found her heart's desire—she stole out of doors.

All the heath lay hushed and slumbering in the heavy dew. As she went up the hundred-acre, the first crow, high in the morning air, sailed slowly over with a "Caw, caw!" to his favourite field. She entered the wood, and at the spot where Boy-Beloved had disappeared she paused, and waited with eager eyes and heart beating wildly; but no red cap danced among the green bushes.

"Oh, you wise trees, so old and fatherly, be good to me and tell me which way Boy-Beloved went. And you, happy little creatures who live under grass and leaf, help me to find him!"

As she spoke the sunlight flashed into the wood, golden and warm; a fresh breeze tossed branch and spray with new life; the dew glittered on every crinkled leaf and ribbed blade, filling the place with magical brightness. Out of his drey in the fork of the fir a squirrel ran along a bough, and chattered to her excitedly; then it darted down the trunk to the ground, glanced up at her with sharp, knowing eyes, and whisked away to another tree.

She followed, and still it ran on from tree to tree till she had got through the wood; and before her spread the rugged waste of the Warren, with its countless tracks crossing and recrossing in all directions. On the spire of a juniper a throstle was singing, and she knew—though how she knew she could not have told—that he was calling to her. And he, too, guided her, flitting from perch to perch, piping his clear strain, and waiting for her to overtake him.

So, across the Warren, and along the sandy lane with its foxgloves, and on and on, till she reached one of the forest glades near the ancient Manor-house. And these glades are very old, and the pines are hoary with lichen. Here a dragon-fly flickered in the sunshine; and she knew that she must follow it wherever it led.

Like a living jewel it glided before her through flowery dingle and shady coppice, till she came to a hollow way between high banks of sandstone rock. The banks were topped with great trees, the roots of which spread down the face of the rock and interlaced with each other in such a way as to form a rustic ladder from the lane to the high ground; and these roots were clustered with honeysuckle, and Old Man's Beard, and trails of ivy.

In this lonely spot the dragon-fly went glimmering up into the foliage of the overhanging branches and left her. She was still wondering what she should do next when she heard the faint jingling of bells and the music of a far-away Pan's-pipe. The sounds seemed to issue from among the twisted roots beside her; and, eager to dis-

Sitting on a clump of moss on the floor of the cavern, there was the quaintest red-bearded mannikin. . . . He was blowing into the reeds of a Pan's-pipe

cover what might be the cause, she began to climb the ladder.

Half-way up she perceived a cavern scooped out of the sandstone, on the inner side of the roots, and well-nigh hidden by the tangled creepers. Sitting on a clump of moss on the floor of the cavern, there was the quaintest red-bearded mannikin, with a face puckered and coloured like a walnut shell. He was dressed in fern-green and wore a yellow convolvulus hat hung with tiny silver bells, which tinkled at every movement of his head. He was blowing into the reeds of a Pan's-pipe, but the moment he saw Barbara he rose and bowed to the ground, with a jingling flourish of his hat.

"If you wish to pass through the Three Doors," he said, "come in quickly, for the hour is nearly completed."

Barbara slipped into the cavern without a moment's hesitation, and he led her through the Three Doors, the first of which is of moss, and the second of wild-wood with the brown bark on it, and the third of the living rock; and out beyond spread fields and woods and waters more bright and beautiful than she had ever gazed on before; and over all there shone a dreamy light which reminded her of the mingling of sunset and moonrise in the hundred-acre.

"Which way am I to go now?" Barbara asked, as the mannikin closed the door of living rock.

"Yonder," he answered, pointing to a huge blue rock, "you will find the Well of Wishing and the Seats of Longing, and there you may rest if you choose. Beyond the rock you will hear the Singing Tree; next you will come to the shelter of the Woman with the white hair and the starry eyes. She will tell you what it would be best for you to do."

Barbara thanked the mannikin, and went down into the shining fields; but she did not linger at the well, though she saw that there were seats hewn out of the blue rock in a half-circle, so that the weary might rest. Then she heard the Singing Tree, and in a little while she saw that it was a tall pine of ruddy gold beside a pool of blue water. Gently it swung to and fro, and shook from its branches a music so sweet that for any

Barbara told her of her quest for Boy-Beloved

one listening to it there was an end of all dread and care and despondency. Barbara would have gladly stayed there longer, but she was anxious to find the Woman with the white hair and the starry eyes.

When the sound of the Singing Tree had died away, she came to a grove of trees all lit up with coloured blossoms; and in the midst of them there was a shelter of woven boughs. Near the door a woman sat on a log, and though her hair was as white as hoar-frost, her face was still beautiful with the flower of youth.

At the sound of Barbara's footsteps she sprang up, and gazed at her as though she recognised some one for whom she had waited long. Then she sighed sorrowfully, "So like, so like! yet not the same"; and she beckoned her to approach. "Come, little earthly child," she said, "and tell me what you seek. It may be that I can help you."

So Barbara told her of her quest for Boy-Beloved, and of all that had happened to her; but the Woman shook her head and replied: "Seven years have I sought as now you are seeking; but it may be that you will fare better, being a child."

And she told her how she should go to the village of the Elves; and in the middle of the village there is a lake in which hundreds of little blue birds with gold and white wings love to bathe and sport; and while they are in the water they cease to be birds, and become little babes, hardly more than a thumb long. "Now, if you can catch one of these, and return with it through the Three Doors into the light of the earthly sun, you will have won a little brother."

"Will it be Boy-Beloved?" asked Barbara.

"That I cannot promise you," said the Woman, "for I do not know; but perhaps—perhaps it might be."

"Oh, if there was any chance of its being Boy-Beloved!" cried Barbara; "I would risk any danger to find him again."

"Be bold and resolute, and there will be no danger that you need fear. The Elves will not hinder you or hurt you, for they love the children of the earth, and they long to have souls like theirs. And now, before you go, eat and drink!" and the Woman brought bread, and dipped it into a pitcher, and gave it to Barbara.

"The bread is pleasant," said Barbara, "but the water is bitter to taste."

"It is the bread of hope and the water of sorrow," the Woman replied; "those who seek for lost footsteps have no other food. Now, farewell, dear child, and be fortunate."

Then Barbara arrived at the village of the Elves, which is fenced with saplings and arrow-thorns to keep out things evil, and hung round with garlands of flowers, wherein all sweet and gracious things may rest. And there is a small green wicket, and through it Barbara entered unquestioned.

On all sides were mounds of moss overgrown with flowers, and out of these elfin houses peered droll, bright-eyed faces as she tripped past, but no one spoke to her.

Around the lake flights of blue birds with wings of white and gold were chasing each other, like swifts on a summer evening; and when she reached the shore she saw scores of the tiniest and merriest children frolicking in the water and dancing on the green lily-pads. But how was she to catch one of this nimble and gamesome band?

She sat down on the shore and watched them at their play, and behold! as she was thinking how hopeless her task was, there came drifting towards her over the rippling water a single lily-cup, and in that silvery cradle, curled up and fast asleep, lay the loveliest of pigmy babes.

The breeze blew the flower within reach, and she knelt and caught it with both hands. Trembling with wonder and joy, she peeped between her fingers at her sleeping prisoner, and then, springing to her feet, she fled.

With shrill whistles and cries they gave the alarm, and . . . rushed in an angry tumult after her

She had barely started, however, when the birds missed their playfellow. With shrill whistles and cries they gave the alarm, and in an instant, from the water and from the shore, from the reeds and the floating lilies, flights of birds streamed up into the air, and, whirling and screaming, rushed in an angry tumult after her.

Holding the water-babe to her breast, she

flew at her utmost speed towards the green wicket. The Elves, aroused by the uproar, looked out from their mounds, and called to her cheerily, "Run, little earthly child! Good-speed, little sunbeam!"

But already the flying cloud had darkened above her, and as she drew her breath in painful sobs, the whiff and whir of their innumerable wings closed round her head; she felt the feathers brush her face and hair as the birds passed her. In another second she would reach the wicket, but before she could get through she tripped, fell, and became unconscious.

When she came to herself, Barbara was lying in a sunny hollow on the edge of the pine-wood, and beside her among the bloom of the ling lay the elfin-babe—no longer a rosy diminutive creature that could sleep in a lily-cup, but a beautiful year-old child, with laughing eyes and bright hair like those of any earthly child. How she had got there she could not understand; it all seemed a dream—all but the fairy babe, the little brother won from elfin-land, her new Boy-Beloved. Whatever else might be a dream, he at least was real. She caught him up in her arms, and kissed his rosy mouth and sunny hair.

Wheresoever Boy-Beloved had come from, he was unclaimed and apparently unsought for. Did Barbara quite believe that it was her own Boy-Beloved come back to her? I do not know; but whether at any time she doubted or not, no sister ever loved brother more dearly than she loved him.

He grew quickly, and was soon a bright sturdy little fellow, whose pretty ways, sometimes roguish, sometimes tender, it was a delight to watch. Shrewd and sharp as he was in many ways, there were days when he would seem to be lost in a long silent reverie from which it was impossible to rouse him. When spoken to, he would look up with great wistful eyes, and answer as if he could not understand the words that were said to him. At these times he liked to be left alone among the bracken on the heath, or to lie curled up under a bush in the garden.

He was always delighted to be out of doors, and to play with every kind of creature, wild or tame. Nothing in feather or fur, in shell or scale came amiss to him; but he was most curiously taken up with the birds. He learnt their notes and cries, so that one could not distinguish between his mimicry and the reality. And they appeared to recognise something bird-like in him, for instead of showing any fear they would answer his call from bush and tree, and even drop down on ground or grass beside him. And he would imitate the actions and tricks of the birds for Barbara's amusement, hopping like the sparrow, whose legs are tied together with an invisible thread as a punishment for its selfishness, or standing like a fowl on one foot with the other drawn up under his wing.

They often played in the sandy hollow on the heath; and now when they came the whinchat no longer flitted away, but went on chipping stones by the wayside; and very soon Boy-Beloved was able to chip stones as well as he.

It was an endless delight to him to watch the swifts chasing each other with shrill voices in the summer evenings, but often after observing them at their sport, he would stand in a brown study till Barbara would say: "What is the matter, Boy-Beloved? What are you thinking about?" and he would answer: "I don't know what I am thinking about; I think I want to remember something that has quite gone away."

What interested and perplexed him most, however, was the sight of the birds dusting themselves on the road in the hot weather. After looking at them a long while he would be restless and unhappy, filled with silent longing for he knew not what. He felt in some strange way that, long and long ago, he too must have played like that; and yet somehow it was not like that but quite different, for he disliked the touch of dust.

"What ails you, mother's son?" Barbara would ask; and he would answer with a sigh: "I don't know, but I seem to be longing to play in the dust with the birds; only I know that really it is not *that* I want."

Then Barbara felt in her heart that he was longing for the lilies and the bright water of the village of the Elves, which he had forgotten; and though she was glad that he

A woodman had met him

had forgotten these things, she grieved that the loss of them should trouble and pain him.

One day when Boy-Beloved was more than four years old, they were on the heath, and a smoke of rain was drifting everywhere. In the thin drizzle the sheep were bleating among the dripping heather, and the birds were chattering and chirming in the shelter of the trees and bushes, and on the top of a sapling arch a thrush was pouring out his song.

Suddenly they came upon a rainpool, and in the pool a robin was bathing. Boy-Beloved watched it breathlessly as it dipped its ruddy breast and flirted the water over its back. Just then a rainbow appeared, and through one end of it they could see their cottage; and far away among the rain-smoke and the flying showers there was a small field yellow with sunshine; and at that moment the thunder rolled long and loud over the woods.

Boy-Beloved was weeping. Barbara's heart melted with pity for him, and drawing him close to her she whispered: "Do not cry, dearest, and I will tell you of something more lovely than rainbow and sunlit field, and of birds more wonderful than the robin"; and in her eagerness to console him she told him of the elfin-country, and of the little lake on the shore of which she had found him.

As she spoke the wild elfin-heart was born again in his breast, and the recollection of the happy elfin days came back, accompanied by a longing which he now understood, and which was more unappeasable than ever. Whatever may have been in his thoughts when he heard that story he spoke no word of it, and Barbara was pleased with his silence, for, she told herself, "My love has at last changed him into a human child."

One morning a little after this, Barbara awoke and found his place beside her empty. Little Boy-Beloved had gone.

In the early dawn the miller had seen him crossing the stile into the hundred-acre. A woodman had met him in the glade where Barbara had seen the dragon-fly. But all search was fruitless; no further trace of Boy-Beloved was ever found.

Many a time Barbara tried to discover the cavern by which she had entered the elfin-land; many a ladder of twisted roots she climbed in the sunken lane; but never again did she hear the Pan's-pipe or the silver bells on the convolvulus hat of the mannikin.

Only once in life is it given to any one to pass through the Three Doors, to find the Well of Wishing, and to be guided by the Woman with the white hair and the starry eyes.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for January

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

INTRODUCTION

WE are commencing a new year. It is well that we should commence a new study. Our Bible reading needs to be thoughtful, continuous, and earnest. It is a good thing to take up a single book, and endeavour to master its contents, to study it in its drift as well as in its details; to consider the scope of its teaching as well as the beauty and force of single texts and passages. This being so, I submit for our study one of the Epistles of the New Testament. It is short; it is compact; it contains a wholesome philosophy of life; it is full of teaching; it is vigorous; it is practical.

Let us take it up and study it. Let us believe that some good will come from our study, if we strive to reach the living principles which find expression in it, and if we look for the guidance of that Divine Spirit who alone can give to us the moral sympathy needed to perceive these living principles. In this spirit let us turn to our book.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE LETTER AND THE MAN

THE LETTER

Here is a little book, consisting of six chapters. Have we realised how small it is? It would barely fill a column and a half in the *Times* newspaper; it could be all printed in less than three pages of GOOD WORDS. It is about as long as an essay in the *Spectator;* it is not so long as De Quincey's beautiful story of the Daughter of Lebanon. It is written by a remarkable man; it deals with matters of deep and abiding life-interest, yet how little is it studied! How few have read it quietly through! How few have intelligently studied it! People who would give considerable time and attention to a play or a poem, and show an anxious desire to master its contents and meaning, are tempted to leave this letter of St. James unread. They are under the impression that it is long, tedious, uninteresting. I have shown that it is not long when compared with certain pieces of prose. Shall we measure its length by some well-known poems? It is only half the length of Goldsmith's "Traveller" or his "Deserted Village." It is about as long as Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" or Milton's "Lycidas." It contains less than three thousand words.

But a letter may be tedious without being long; and the letter of St. James has been flouted even by thoughtful and pious people. Luther called it an epistle of straw; and why should we trouble ourselves about a letter which failed to attract even pious men? If it lacks the spiritual force which enables us to take an interest in the letters of St. Paul, if in spite of its brevity it is not popular among the New Testament epistles, must we not allow that it suffers from tediousness?

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I do not think that we shall find it tedious. If we intelligently realise the personality of the writer, if we can appreciate his intellectual quality, if we can catch something of his moral spirit, we shall change our minds; for we shall find that we have come into contact with a man of great force of character, quick to observe men and things; shrewd, humorous, earnest, passionately philanthropic, and uncompromisingly loyal to right. He does not enlarge upon inward Christian experiences, but this is not because he has not felt them: it is because he possesses a spiritual reticence which, when it is understood, gives a depth and force to his allusions and phrases.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE WRITER AS SHOWN IN THE LETTER

How then shall we best realise the personality of the writer? We can do so by recalling briefly what we know of his history; but there is another way in which we may do this. We may gather something of his personal character and mental qualities from his own time. Few men can wholly conceal themselves behind their writings. The dramatic poet may do so; but even so great an artist as Shakespeare is believed to have betrayed himself now and again in his dramas; and careful students have written essays descriptive of the true Shakespeare as betrayed in his works. If the dramatist, who may be said to speak from behind a mask, runs the risk of betraying himself, other writers must run even greater risks; and most of all the letter writer, who practises no concealments, and writes out of the fulness of his heart, bringing into use for illustration the objects, and customs, and people who are most familiar to him. Such a man discloses the range of his reading, the direction of his observations, the current of his thoughts. Can we cross-question this letter and form some idea of the writer, even before we ask what history has to tell us about him? I think we can.

Suppose we say that the writer is fond of nature. Natural objects—the sun, the earth, the rain, the sea, grass, fruits, and flowers have a charm for him; he has studied them; he delights in their colour, form, and movement; he has noticed the processes of nature, and has derived from his observation interesting and far-reaching subjects of thought. Observant as he is of nature, his keen eye has watched human life and its fashions; he has studied the occupations and the achievements of men; he has measured their characters, and he has tracked their thoughts through the narrow labyrinths of their conceit, their pride, their overweening confidence, their paltry and pitiable self-deceptions. He is a man well acquainted with life and its aspects, nature and human nature. Let us see if we can make good our supposition.

SECOND SUNDAY

HIS OUTLOOK ON NATURE

THE WRITER AS AN OBSERVER OF NATURE

His letter is, as we have said, a short one. It consists of five brief chapters, containing together only 108 verses; but in these five chapters we meet with eleven illustrations drawn directly and consciously from nature. Let us realise what this means by comparing this letter with the other letters in the New Testament. The eleven illustrations are scattered throughout the five chapters, *i.e.*, there is an average of two such illustrations to each chapter, or one in every ten verses. With this in mind we turn to other New Testament writers.

In his Epistle to the Romans, with its sixteen chapters and its 433 verses, St. Paul only three or four times employs a nature-illustration. In his Epistle to the Ephesians, which is a little longer than the letter of St. James, there are not more than three or four nature-allusions, none of which can be regarded as intentionally employed illustrations from nature. In the First Epistle of St. Peter, which is about the same length as the Epistle of St. James—105 verses, there are about three or four such allusions. It may be safely said that no New Testament writer, except perhaps the author of the Apocalypse, shows anything like the same responsiveness to the witness of nature. He sees the work of the wind upon the sea—the great fickle ocean lashed into fury, and the unstable waves flung hither and thither, and he sees in it an image of the man whose spiritual purposes lack steadiness and persistency. He notes the action of the fierce rays of the Eastern sun upon the grass or the wayside flower. In the cool morning the grass looks fresh and green, and the wayside flower lifts its head in pride of colour; but the great sun creeps surely towards its noonday throne; the flower begins to droop; the grass is soon parched, for the hot and moistureless wind breathes its merciless breath on vegetation. The sun ariseth with the scorching wind, and withereth the grass; and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. Even so is the man of wealth

dried up by the very access of his prosperity. He recalls how swiftly in the dry season fire spreads in a forest (iii. 6), and quickly blasts and ruins tree after tree; and he sees in the forest fire the image of the scandalous tongue which wrecks reputations and destroys the shelter which love spreads over men's characters. He sees the sweet consistency of nature; the spring may be trusted, if it be a sweet-water spring, to yield sweet water (iii. 11); but man is a mass of inconsistency, and even otherwise amiable people will let their tongues spit out injury and mischief. He looks round and feels secure in the fidelity of nature (iii. 12). The vine will yield grapes, the olive its berries, the fig its figs; but man is constantly betraying his brother man by his weakness, waywardness, thoughtlessness. "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing" (iii. 10); the man that is a kindly-spoken man to-day, to-morrow launches out words which fling ruin abroad. He wonders at the false security of man; he marvels that beings so short-lived seem incapable of understanding their own frailty. He thinks of the solid and stable earth, and of the fleeting crowds of men. He sees the vapour rising from the earth and dissolving into the surrounding air; it is the image of life, that "appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away" (iv. 14). He notes how slowly the harvest seems to grow. Sun and rain and soil must do their work. The farmer who knows the laws of growth patiently waits upon the seasons. Even so should faith wait patiently upon God, who knows all times and rules all seasons.

Thus the writer draws from all quarters his illustrations: he has noted how nature carries on her processes; he has learnt lessons which are open to every observant eye, and he seeks to make men learn in like manner. He has watched the wind, the rain, the sun; he has seen the growth of grass and flower, the upspringing of the corn as it responds to the early and the latter rain; he has stood upon the shore and seen the huge waves driven hither and thither, or battering against the sides of the great ships (iii. 4); he has rejoiced in nature, which gives to man drink from her thrifty bosom, and yields her various fruit from olive, vine, and fig. He has gone through the world with open eyes, and has marked the processes of the heavens and the earth. The writer was clearly an observer of nature.

He is an observer of life and fashion. He draws his illustrations not alone from ordinary natural objects, but from things of human use and fashion. He notes the ring which sparkles on the hand of wealth (ii. 2) and the mirror before which fashion arrays itself (i. 23); he sees the restraining power which man can exercise upon wild animals and timid things (iii. 7), the horseman ruling the horse with a bridle (iii. 3) and the steersman governing the great ship with the little rudder (iii. 4).

THIRD SUNDAY

HIS OUTLOOK ON MEN

He is observant of men's characters not less than of their powers. He recognises the relationship of various classes—the rich and the poor (i. 9, 10), the employer and the employed (v. 4); he notices various shades of character, and he sketches them with a few masterly strokes. He pictures ostentatious and patronising piety stalking into the house of God, splendid and self-conscious; he recalls the servile eagerness of the church officers towards such a worshipper, and he contrasts it with the haughty arrogance shown towards the shabbily dressed (ii. 2-4). He sketches the shallow-souled self-deceiver, who has clear perceptions of right, and no moral resolution towards it (i. 22-24), the empty talker, exuberant of religious phraseology and destitute of religious principle (i. 26, 27), the man who throws the blame of his failures on circumstances (i. 13), and the other man who throws the care of the needy upon chance (ii. 15, 16).

In short, here is a writer who is observant of nature, life, and character. He is possessed of quick intellectual responsiveness to every aspect of nature's beauty and order. He knows the fashions of the world, and he notes with unerring clearness and humorous shrewdness the characters of men; he sees their superficial goodness, their indolent

selfishness, their vulgarity and the mischief of their untamed thoughtlessness. He can see clearly, and can speak with passionate indignation, but he has the saving sense of humour, and can laugh at the inconsistencies of men; but he is never cynical, for his moral earnestness seeks practical improvement among men; and his strong faith gives him confidence that at the fitting season God will accomplish His own work.

Thus, from a rapid survey of this letter we can gather something of the powers and character of the writer. He is no dull, commonplace man; he possesses mental alertness, a clear vision of men and things; he is widely observant; he has a capacity for laughter, for tears, and for passion; he has a central, steadying power of good sense; he has a vigorous and sturdy faith; and, above all, a loyal, if reticent, love of One whom he regards as his Master and whom he calls the Lord of Glory (ii. 1). He has not the tumultuous enthusiasm of St. Paul, nor the serene elevation of St. John; but he is a clear-sighted, practical, shrewd, observant man, humorous, just, and earnest. He is a man who would be sure to fill a place which neither St. Paul, with his wide-ranging zeal and exhaustless inward experience, nor St. John, with his terse and highly centralised philosophy could occupy. He would be eminently the man whose good sense would fit him for a central position among men of violent views or exuberant enthusiasms, and we are not surprised to find, when we turn to history, that the writer of the letter held an honoured place in the early Christian community, and was regarded as a pillar in the Church (Gal. ii. 9).

Such are some of the intellectual qualities of the writer. It will be well now to note some of the moral traits which disclose themselves in his letter.

We are struck at once by his moral courage. There is a resolute facing of facts. Life is not a pleasure garden or a place of dreams. Trouble is a stern and inevitable reality (i. 3, 12). As real as trouble should be man's religion. He has no fear of the religious charlatan; and if he has no fear of him, neither has he patience with him. He speaks frankly and pointedly against the shallow and pretentious religion of some professed Christians. He rebukes ostentation, servility, arrogance (ii. 2–7). He does not hesitate to expose inconsistency. He tells them that self-will and selfish desires are the cause of their want of harmony (iv. 1–5). He denounces the oppressors of the poor, and the landowners who withhold or delay the payment of wages to their labourers (v. 1–7). Whatever evil this writer sees, he bravely and clearly declares and rebukes it.

This vigorous attitude is due to the sound moral quality which the writer displays, viz., his keen sense of right. He is imbued with faith in righteousness. He cannot endure crookedness, cruelty, mercilessness. Still less can he tolerate superficial loyalty to moral right; hence he is full of scorn of the religion which is on the lip and not in the life. He is passionately earnest for honesty of purpose and whole-heartedness in right. The man who pretends to be good and does no good is no good. Good wishes will not feed the hungry or clothe the naked (ii. 15, 16). Cleverness and shrewdness may be successful weapons in worldly contests, but they are not of the armoury of heaven, whose wisdom is of a nobler quality altogether (iii. 13–18). We cannot listen to his fervent words without feeling that we are in the presence of one who is an ardent believer in righteousness and in the righteous order, by which God rules His worlds.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE SPIRITUAL MAN

But is the writer a deeply religious man? We may concede his moral courage and his passionate devotion to righteousness, but does he reveal the deeper qualities of the religious man, the spiritual qualities, for instance, which are so evident in St. Paul? St. Paul has clear views of righteousness, but the stream which bears him along is that of a strong personal affection and loyal devotion to his Lord. He would say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20). He felt that the spiritual forces of his life were those which came to

him directly from Christ—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. iv. 13). "That life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me." (Gal. ii. 20).

This ardent personal attachment is seen in St. Peter, who could write, "Whom not having seen ye love; on whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter i. 8). To St. John, the personal Christ was the very life of his own life. The knowledge of Christ was a secret power which gave fulness, reality, and permanence to all life. He tells us how our Lord said, "This is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent (John xvii. 3), and he makes the thought his own, when he says: "The life was manifested, and we have seen and bear witness and declare unto you the life, the eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us" (1 John i. 2).

But do we find the same clear declaration of personal love and affection in St. James? Does he declare as these deeply spiritual writers did the great law or principle of spiritual communion? Did he realise as they did that secret of exchanged personality which was so sacred a joy to them? Was he transfused with the spirit of Christ as they were?

At first sight his letter in this respect sounds cold. He has none of the effusive ardour of St. Paul; he does not overflow with personal emotion, and fall into raptures over the love which has captivated his life. There is no utterance in the letter which is parallel to that jubilant outburst of St. Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Even as it is written, for Thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 35–39). After reading this, it must be allowed that St. James' words sound cold and tame, and we are not surprised that people should ask whether the deep personal love to One who was the Life of his life finds any expression in his letter.

It is easy to reply that men differ, and that as their temperaments are so will their utterances be; and if the question asked were one of degree, it would be enough to answer that where St. Paul is ardent and exuberant, St. James is self-restrained and reticent. But the question asked is whether St. James realises in even the slightest degree the meaning of that personal love of his Lord which is so conspicuous in St. Paul.

THE EMOTIONAL SELF-REVELATION.

We have said enough to show that it is admitted that the temperament of St. James is not given to much speaking, to the overflow of phrases or to the affluent expression of emotions. With this admission before us, we must remember that brief outbursts of emotion from such a reticent character are more significant than the effusive utterances of more communicative natures. A word, a phrase, even a hesitation in speech from a silent man has a value beyond the longer utterances of a man of many words. We are not undervaluing the eloquence of the weighty letters of St. Paul: his very exuberance of thought and feeling probably constituted his charm; his full heart must speak, and he spoke with warm, rich, and redundant speech. His overflowing earnestness and his self-identification with what he wrote and said contributed to his influence. He must have been a very lovable man. But it is not given to every man to reach this happy point of thought and emotion or that fearlessness of utterance which is only possible to very great or very simple natures. There are others who hold a jealous guard over their feelings, and to whom it is an instinct, if not a necessity, to exercise a sort of secrecy in regard to their most sacred emotions. Such men, however, may

be surprised into a betrayal of the depth of their feelings, and the strength of their affections may be revealed by a single word. There is one illustration of this which comes with almost startling force upon us as we read this letter of St. James. The writer has been carrying us along in his calm and self-restrained fashion, but saying what he has to say in simple, necessary words, when he suddenly throws in an epithet, splendid and suggestive, a hint, an unfinished utterance, all the more striking because of its incompleteness. He is proceeding to warn his hearers against partiality or interested servility, against that respect of persons which is anything but a token of true respect. "My brethren," he writes, "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons" (ii. 1). But the moment he has named the Lord Jesus Christ he breaks into a pregnant but incomplete phrase, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory." So it stands in our version, but in the original the word *Lord* is not repeated — our Lord Jesus Christ — "of glory." The thought seems to be, Have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ—yes, Jesus Christ our Lord I said, and such indeed He is, but He is the Lord of glory also. The thought of the splendour which belongs to his Master comes like a bright cloud before his vision as he is giving the simple counsel against respect of persons. The appropriateness of the phrase is clear enough. Those whose faith is in Jesus Christ, the glorious Lord, need not lose their presence of mind before the tawdry splendours of the man with ring and gaudy apparel. The writer had not, like his namesake, seen his Master transfigured on the Mount and clad in the radiance of a glory of heavenly whiteness that no fuller on earth could equal; but he had seen in his Master a glory so great that he could no longer be dazzled by the fictitious glories of this world. Thus the appropriateness of the word "of glory" is clear enough; but it is something more than the appropriateness of the utterance to the line of thought which should claim our attention, it is the self-revelation of St. James. He lets us see in what way he thinks of his Master: the single word "of glory" (it is one word in the Greek) is enough; his soul is filled with the thought of his Master's glory; it eclipses all else; it is a glory which excels; it is no mere exhibition of pomp; it is the moral splendour of the love and wisdom which was pure, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy (iii. 17). This is the glory which is of heaven; in this he had seen his Master arrayed during His earthly pilgrimage; and evermore his Master was to him the Lord of his life and the Lord who had unfolded the true meaning and the true glory of life. It is something to realise that Jesus Christ is Lord, but it is far more to realise wherein the glory of His Lordship consists. It is only those who have entered with ethical sympathy into the aims of Jesus Christ who can appreciate the nature of His glory. No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. xii. 3); but when we can do this we begin to realise how far different from any wordly glory is the spiritual glory of our Master. Only when we have His spirit can we share His view of the world and its destiny. As we grow one with Him in spirit we can share His aims, and look out upon things from the vantage ground upon which He stands. When we are with Him where He is, then and then only can we behold His glory (John xvii. 24).

The "Newspaper Woman"

By John Pendleton

MRS. OLIPHANT and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett frankly confessed that they began writing for a livelihood. Many other women are confronted with similar necessity; but they are more fortunate in the new century than their predecessors, inasmuch as the position of the fair sex with regard to occupation has greatly improved. Marriage is not obsolete, and one hears now and again, the earnest question: "Has she done well?" But notwithstanding Mrs. Creighton's assertion that "men and women, as a rule, reach their fullest development through married life," the wedded state is not the sole objective of every woman's existence. The modern woman has other interests beyond household duties and cares. She is treading new paths that lead from the fireside into the world. She has already become physician, barrister, architect, sanitary inspector, teacher, artist, musician, cookery lecturer and demonstrator, typist, and telegraphist, and if the poet's estimate of a woman's tongue be accepted, she is certainly in her element at the telephone.

Journalism also is particularly attractive to her active mind, tireless tongue, and nimble fingers, and the "Newspaper Man" is shouldered by the "Newspaper Woman." After snub and ridicule she is steadily making a position for herself, and for the past few years has been recognised on the weekly press as a useful worker. With one or two notable exceptions, she has not yet invaded the ranks of daily journalism, for though a large number of women are obtaining a livelihood, or striving to obtain a livelihood, by writing for the papers, the first all-round woman journalist—the woman prepared to undertake any work on a morning newspaper—has not appeared.

Her diffidence may be partially accounted for by the fact that the barbarous notion still lurks in the editorial mind that woman's place is at home. An editor who holds this sardonic view said recently at a press gathering: "I have never been able to reconcile myself to the lady journalist. These (pointing to the ladies in the room) are our lady journalists. They keep their vigil through the night when we are wrestling with the problems of the earth, and they chase the housemaid off the staircase, and do battle with the organ-grinder when we are snatching a few hours' sleep. In doing that they are better employed than in going to a milliner's shop and getting a bonnet to review." But it should not be forgotten that humorous rhetoric brings scanty consolation to a woman on the look-out for a livelihood. Her courage, no doubt, is quite equal to the swift pursuit of housemaid, and even to battle with organ-grinder; but her chance of getting a husband to safeguard in slumber may be remote. Nay, her individual trend may be averse from this novel athletic vigil, especially if she dissents from the Russian proverb: "Home is a full cup."

The woman without opportunity of marriage, or disinclination to it, is justified in adopting any honourable profession, and journalism affords her one of the readiest openings. She can enter it whenever she pleases, and if she is a woman of ideas, with ability and detetmination to carry them out, if she has journalistic aptitude and a quick pen, she will by original suggestion, or actual work, inevitably attract the notice of the editor.

James Payn, the novelist, though an experienced publisher's reader, admitted that he rejected the MSS. of a brilliant writer. But the editor of a daily journal will not reject any communication, brilliant or mediocre in style, if there is anything new in it. The most jerky paragraph giving the latest news, rushed into the "stop-press" edition of the paper at two o'clock in the morning is of infinitely greater value than the long leading article, which may be cleverly written, but simply comments upon what

everybody knows. The news hunger of the British public is insatiable; and the journalist sharp enough to get hold of a "good thing," whether it be Cabinet secret, political move, or any happening that is unexpected, thrilling, and more than usually interesting in the vortex of human life, should not tarry on the doorstep of the newspaper office. No editor or sub-editor would decline to accept such news, if authentic, whether brought in by "newspaper man" or "newspaper woman." For instance, the smart lobbyist of the *Times* was enabled to announce exclusively in that paper the exact amount of the king's yearly grant from Parliament. The leading journal was threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties for its divulgence of the information, even to the exclusion of its representatives from the House of Commons; but the outraged dignity of honourable members subsided into admiration of the enterprising pressman who was first in the field with intelligence to which the nation had a perfect right.

There is abundant opportunity of obtaining special information outside the ordinary news channels; and the man or woman who can do this correctly and speedily is exceedingly useful on the staff of a daily newspaper. The director of morning or evening journal is mainly dependent on the agencies for his news. He fidgets at the sameness of the supply. His paper differs from that of his opposition contemporary in title and in political leaning; but the news it contains is, in paragraph and long special telegram, very much the same as his opponent's. The nightly heap of "flimsy" bears the same impress, and deals with the same events. The Press Association, the Central News, or Reuter dominate nearly every column in the paper, and the editor is secretly dissatisfied with the arrangement that collective enterprise has established, and newspaper economy encouraged. Every editor worth his salt is intensely selfish—on duty. He wants all the news to himself; and if he can by bold stroke, either of policy or expenditure, secure a "really good thing" in the way of special and exclusive news, he has it double-leaded, with a conspicuous heading. His paper is lifted out of the ruck, and he is happy—till his rival, stung to desperation, succeeds in forestalling him and chuckles in turn.

It is rather by the process of news-getting than by writing articles on what to wear, and how to wear it, that the "newspaper woman" will soften the heart of the obdurate editor. If she can bring news that will sell the paper, and get it talked about, she can obtain employment without begging and praying, however strong the editor's prejudice against the woman journalist. When she gets a footing her career will depend entirely upon her ability to initiate and execute, and to some extent on her capacity to bear the physical and mental strain of newspaper work, which is done at all hours and often under the most difficult and trying conditions.

One writer says: "If a woman cannot do night work, and regular night work, the prizes of Fleet Street are not for her. I do not say that a woman may not make a living; but she will have to content herself with a kind of journalism far removed from literature—with the chatty article, or the woman's paper, or the hundred and one scrappy periodicals which have so successfully hit off the taste of the rising generation." If by the prizes of Fleet Street the writer means appointment on the Parliamentary reporting corps, or in the sub-editor's room, or to the editorial chair of a London morning newspaper, the woman journalist is likely to be debarred from these engagements for some time. It would be useless, at present, to give a woman, however expert as a shorthand or a descriptive writer, a position on the gallery staff of a daily journal, because the Sergeant-at-Arms would not permit her to enter the House in that capacity. She may, possibly, have the opportunity of night sub-editing; but night sub-editing on a London or provincial morning paper is a very different task from the sub-editing of a weekly journal devoted to dress, fashion, and cookery; and she will be wise if she puts on her "considering cap" before she attempts it. There is no prize in such drudgery. It is improbable, even if she is prepared to face regular night work, that she will be offered the editorship of a London

daily. She is, at present, untried; and it is doubtful whether, even if the position were gained, she could occupy it long, for the responsibility, annoyance, and wear and tear, tax the energy and forbearance of the strongest man.

But there is a great variety of work on the weekly and daily press that a woman can do. Several papers have women on their literary staffs, and experience has proved that they are as expert, and in some cases more expert than men. They act as interviewers, as special correspondents, as chroniclers not only of society functions and smart weddings, but of political and industrial developments. They have greater patience than men in recording the proceedings at gatherings held in the interests of women. They describe, more or less trenchantly, the struggle of woman for emancipation from the thraldom in which man has kept her since the heathen age when the "Lord of Creation" believed:

> A dog, a wife, and a walnut-tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be.

They write articles on any subject touching upon home life, from the nursing of babies to the complex domestic servant problem. They tell us all about feminine culture, occupation, and recreation, and how some women, as a variant from the monotony of home life, busy themselves in distant parts of the empire, and with exploration in remote lands. They assert that woman, whose lot hitherto has been to be loved and cherished, or beaten and kicked, according to the varying mood of her lord, has, after all, a strong individuality—that she is, at all events, the mental equal, and sometimes the physical superior of man; that she is capable of almost any toil of which he is capable, and that she is not necessarily a "blue stocking" because her life to-day is full of new activity, and infinitely more useful than it was half a century back, when maid and matron were content with an uneventful existence, and had scarcely any relaxation from the daily round of domestic duty.

There are, some writers contend, natural restrictions to a woman's career as a journalist; but if she decides to be a recorder of events, rather than a literary or mechanical putter together of the paper, these restrictions will probably turn out to be more sentimental than real. The days of election riots are over. A football match, with the tendency of the crowd to horse-play, is perhaps the roughest engagement she would be called upon to describe; and her athletic training in the shin-barking game of hockey has possibly prepared her for any eventuality, even to the mobbing of the referee.

The *Daily News* has gone through many editorial vicissitudes; but it has at least one distinction—it introduced the lady journalist. Nearly half a century ago Harriet Martineau was asked by the then editor to contribute to the paper. She did so, writing two, four, and finally six leading articles a week. "Her peculiar genius," says one writer, "stamped itself on all these articles. She was probably the most remarkable woman in an age which brought forth such women as Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Elizabeth Browning, Mrs. Somerville, and Christina Rosetti." For eight years she contributed leading articles and obituary notices to the daily journal Charles Dickens founded, and she also proved that there are few natural restrictions to the pursuit of journalism by women, for she acted as special correspondent to the paper during a two-months tour in Ireland, describing "all that she heard and felt in her keenly observant wanderings." The "newspaper woman" has not yet taken the fullest advantage of Harriet Martineau's example. She works zealously for such journals as the *Gentlewoman*, and the pile of fashionable and homely papers that bewilder the newsagent; but with a few notable exceptions she is not yet altogether acceptable as a regular member of the staff on influential morning papers. Specially gifted women have now and again been accredited by London and provincial papers as correspondents at home and abroad, and they have done the work well;; but though the "newspaper woman" has become a valuable contributor to "the woman's page," and occasionally writes leading or special articles, she has hardly touched the fringe of toil on the daily press.

Editorial prejudice is often the slave of circumstance, and she may brush it aside with the offer of exclusive news, or of articles that he thinks indispensable; but to succeed in journalism the "newspaper woman" must be diplomatic and indomitable. She should also be able to specialise; and the subject she selects need not necessarily be the tedious one, to the male editor, of dress and fashion.

Dot's Christmas-Tree

By the Rev. Victor L. Whitechurch

Illustrated by Gordon Browne

IT was just a poor little house in a row of half a dozen shabby buildings like itself. Little the landlord cared whether they were clean or dirty, whether the rain came in at the roof or the winter winds blew coldly through the cracks in the ill-made doors, so long as the rent was ready when he came round every Monday morning. This particular cottage, however, was clean if mean. But that was not the landlord's doing. If there was a word he hated it was "repairs." So Bennett, himself, the humble tenant, managed it himself. It might be that the walls were papered with odds and ends of many-coloured and many-patterned wall-paper that he had bought for a few pence, but then it was clean, and there was an unending delight for the children in waking up early in the morning and watching the queer patterns and patches. It meant variety, especially when they were interspersed with bright pictures picked up from time to time out of old illustrated periodicals. And the kitchen was always cosily warm, despite the little fire, for Bennett had patched up all the cracks in the back door effectively, if not artistically. As for the front "parlour," a tiny room about ten feet square, it was a genuine "paradise" to the children, with its bit of shining linoleum, its patchwork hearthrug, its four antimacassared chairs, its three startling-coloured pictures of Scriptural scenes, its gaudy blue glass mantelpiece ornaments, and the wonderful big Bible on the table that had belonged to Bennett's grandfather—a room only to be entered on Sundays and with slippered feet.

The family was poor, but not needy, and Bennett thanked God like the Pharisee, but with the spirit of the Publican, that he was not as other men were, who drank and had slatternly wives accordingly. He knew they generally went together, though sometimes the former was the cause of the latter, and sometimes it was the other way about. At all events, it meant anything but "home, sweet home," and ready money for the baker. He couldn't expect to be rich with the eighteen shillings he pocketed on Saturdays—his wages as a platelayer—for three children and a weekly rent of five-and-ninepence do not allow of much saving, but at all events he and his wife "paid as they went," and were happy, though they had to "go" carefully. And generally, when the week's expenses were reckoned up, there was a copper or two over for the children's money-boxes, which was a delight to all—more especially to the children, who were saving with a mighty purpose in view.

These children were a sweet little trio. There was Peter, aged nine, the hope of the family, a bright little chap with a merry smile and a great capacity for wearing out boots. Next came Lizzie, a quiet, solemn little thing of eight, with deep blue eyes that beheld the tiny universe around her with

It was a sight to see them start for school every day

wonder, and took school exceeding seriously, even when she repeated the funniest of the funny little rhymes they taught the occupants of the gallery in the infants' room. And, youngest and much loved, was "Dot," a fat-faced cherub of six, for ever tumbling down in mud puddles and laughing thereat, even though her "pinny" was ruined for the time being.

"Mother mus' wash it aden," she would remark gleefully.

It was a sight to see them start for school every morning, Dot in the middle, hand in hand with her brother and sister, who deemed the safe transit of one so enormously their junior a matter of the most sacred trust, and on the return journey Lizzie would invariably announce to her mother the all-important fact:

"We've brought Dot back, mother. She ain't tumbled down."

Of course she never tumbled down when she had hold of the hands of her elders. It was when she was alone and unprotected that calamities happened. And thereby hangs this tale.

It has already been stated that the children were hoarding up wealth with a great end in view. And this was the secret of it Christmas was coming!

It was Peter's idea in the first place. Ever since he had seen one in a shop window the year before the subject had grown upon him. At length he announced it to Lizzie.

"Lizzie," he said, one day, some two months before Christmas, "I know what I'm going to spend my money on."

"What?"

"A real Chris'mas-tree!"

"Oh, I say!" replied his astonished sister.

"And you'll have to help too. We'll buy an awful lot o' things to put on it—little shiny balls, and trumpets, and candles, and —oh, I know what we'll do!"

"There must be a dolly," said Lizzie emphatically.

"Yes, we'll have a dolly, and we'll do it like this. We'll all give each other presents."

"And father and mother too?"

"Yes! I'll give father a pipe."

"And I'll give mother a frying-pan. She said she wanted one."

"That 'ud be too heavy to hang on."

"I know, Peter. I'll give her a fimble."

"Yes; and Dot must have something. Let's tell Dot about it."

So Dot was called into the committee.

"We're goin' to have a Chris'mas-tree, Dot!" announced Peter.

"What's dat?"

"A big tree with a lot o' things hanging on to it."

"What sort o' fings?"

"Toys, and sweets, and candles."

"Where does dat tree gwow?" asked Dot. "It ain't in our back darden."

"It'll grow on the table," said Lizzie.

"Oo!" replied the astounded Dot. "'Ow'd it get dere?"

"You'll see," replied Peter, "and there'll be somethin' on it for everybody."

"Sumtin' for me?"

"Yes."

"What's dat?"

"Oh, a dolly!"

"Don't want dolly. I wants a ickle wooden 'ouse on wheels."

"Well, p'r'aps you'll get one. I say, Lizzie, we shall want a lot o' money."

"I've got 'eaps—I've got four pennies and seven 'apennies."

"I dot some fardens," said Dot, but then all coins were "fardens" to her.

"We'll ask father to bring us home a tree," said Peter. "He can get one in the railway cuttin', so we shan't have to pay for it. But I didn't want him or mother to know. It ought to be a secret."

Lizzie pondered for a moment, and then solved the problem.

"We can tell 'im we wants a tree," she said solemnly, "but we won't tell 'im what for, nor what we're a-goin' to put on it."

So it was definitely settled that a Christmas-tree should be procured, and now it was only a fortnight to the great day, and they spent their spare time counting their coppers and flattening their noses against the toy-shop windows on the way to and from school.

There was much debating as to the presents. Dot wanted to buy an immense rocking-horse for her father, but it was pointed out by the other two that fivepence three-farthings would scarcely pay for it, and that father couldn't exactly ride it to work, whereat Dot sighed over the illusions of life.

And then the catastrophe happened. They were all three coming home from school one day and had stopped in front of a particularly gaudy toy-shop. So engrossed were Peter and Lizzie over the contents of the window that they both let go of their precious charge and did not see that Dot turned from them to investigate the contents of the gutter behind.

A cry roused them. It was all over in a moment. Dot had suddenly seen something glittering in a shop across the street, and had started to run over. And then the poor little thing stumbled in the very middle of the road, and before the driver of a cart could stop his wheel had passed over her leg.

A kindly passer-by carried her home, followed by the two awe-struck children. And then the doctor was sent for. He did what he could that evening; he called every day regularly, and then at the end of a week he took Bennett aside and said to him:

"I'm afraid the child's leg is seriously hurt. Will you take the advice I am going to give you?"

"What is it, sir?"

"For the sake of the little one I want you to let her go into the hospital. The treatment will be a long one, and she will have

Oo! dere's a wooden 'orse! Oo! dere's a dolly, an' a Noers Sark. Oo!

the care there that it is impossible to give her at home."

Poor Bennett was silent for a minute. Then he said:

"You knows best, sir. I'll speak to the missus about it and see if she'll be willin'. But 'tis hard to have to send the little 'un away."

"It would be harder still to have her a cripple for life, my man!"

"You're right, sir. It's very kind of you to think of it."

So little Dot was sent to a London hospital. Peter and Lizzie cried bitterly when they said "Good-bye." And Dot, who realised dimly that she was going far away from her beloved home, cried too and said:

"I shan't see the tree growin' on the table, and I shan't have no wooden 'orse."

"What tree?" asked her father.

"The Clis'mas-tree. Peter and Lizzie said it 'ud grow on the table."

And the secret was out!

It was the day before Christmas Eve that Dot's father took her to the hospital. Her little brother and sister were very quiet all that day, and held a serious consultation among themselves. The end of it was

that, when Bennett got back, Peter said to him:

"Please, father, will yo ı bring me home a Chris'mas-tree to-morrow?"

"I wonder you can as'c for such a thing, Peter, now little Dot's gone away," said his mother sadly.

"That's why," replied Lizzie, "me and Peter want to keep it till she comes back—all ready. We shan't take nothin' off it till Dot sees it."

And the next day they went out and expended their money. They bought the pipe for their father and the thimble for their mother, but they carefully avoided getting presents for each other. They laid out their money on half a dozen little toys that Dot had expressed a wish to possess, including the "wooden 'orse," and the few pennies that were over they spent on some shining ornaments and coloured candles. And their father brought back a little tree in the evening, a real tree—not a mere branch or tree-top—with roots. They put it in a pot, and then took the great Bible off the table in the front room and stood it thereon. And then father and mother and Peter and Lizzie hung all the presents and ornaments upon it, and there it stood, a genuine, bright little Christmas-tree!

They all went in and looked at it the next morning, but no one was allowed to touch anything. It was to stand there for Dot's return.

. . . . .

Week after week went by, and still the Christmas-tree stood on the table. It grew, too, in a way—at least it began to bear more fruit, for from time to time odd pennies dropped into the possession of Peter and Lizzie, and there would be a visit to a shop for "somethin' for Dot's Chris'mas-tree."

And so the months went by, and fair spring drove frosty winter before her and beckoned the summer onward. News came from the hospital, better and better reports, until at length one day Bennett received a letter which gladdened his heart, for it told him that Dot was quite cured now and that he might fetch her home.

It was a beautiful warm day in June when he brought her back. Peter had stationed himself at the end of the street to catch the first glimpse, and when he saw his father coming he rushed back to the house crying:

"Light the candles, Lizzie; here she comes!"

In five minutes' time that tree was lighted up. But it did not look like Christmas a bit, for the bright rays of the sun were pouring in through the window.

And so Dot was brought home—the back way. They had stipulated for that. And after they had all kissed her, and her mother had laughed and cried, Dot up and spoke and showed the true feminine curiosity.

"Did de tree grow on de table when I went away?" she asked.

"Yes, Dot," exclaimed Lizzie, "and it's been growing there ever since."

"Oo! Is it dere now?"

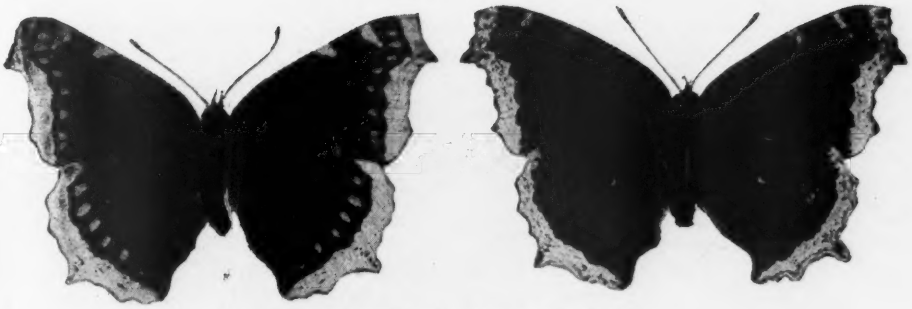
"Yes."

"Oo! Let me see!" she cried, clapping her hands.

Then they threw open the door of the parlour and carried her in.

"Oo! dere's a wooden 'orse! Oo! dere's a dolly, an' a Noers Sark, Oo!"

And so, on that bright summer afternoon, Dot had her first Christmas-tree, and all was joy in that humble little home. And Peter and Lizzie never let go of her hands when they take her to school now.



The Camberwell beauty, upper and under sides

Winter Butterflies

By E. Kay Robinson, Author of "To-day with Nature"

BUTTERFLIES at Christmas seem scarcely more seasonable than snowballs at Midsummer; but the glorious uncertainty of the British climate provides both sometimes. So whenever December or January gives us a few warm days in succession you may confidently expect to learn from your morning papers that some butterflies have been emphasising "the abnormal mildness of the season" by reappearing prematurely in public.

For it is a mistake to suppose that frost and snow kill off all the butterflies. There are no fewer than eight kinds of British butterflies whose routine of existence includes living through the winter; and they are all kinds that could ill be spared. Some of them are the most gorgeous of British insects; and three—the red admiral of velvety black, tip-spotted with white and barred with scarlet; the peacock, of dark damask, eyed with azure and mauve and jewelled in many holes; and the small tortoiseshell, amber and gold, orange and black, edged with embroidered tracery of blue—are the very kinds which have been selected by "the authorities" for encouragement in London as ornaments to our public parks.

But another of our winter butterflies deserves public encouragement more than they. The brimstone, with its brilliant yellow, midway between the hue of primrose and buttercup, flickers most conspicuously of all the British butterflies in spring and summer sunshine; while its caterpillar feeds upon a graceful native shrub, the buckthorn, which would be far more welcome in abundance in our parks than the nettle that the others need.

A fifth winter butterfly, almost more striking than any, is the rare Camberwell beauty, whose broad dark-crimson-shaded wings are edged all round and splashed with ivory, framing a row of spots of light lilac-blue. It matters less to us, whether this grand butterfly survives our winters or not: for it comes over to us every year from the Continent, when strong east winds blow in August and September. In some years it has thus been almost common; but happy at any time is the collector who has his "series" full.

The painted lady makes the sixth of the winter butterflies; and probably every one who has looked at this handsomely but delicately shaded butterfly—with its subdued orange-pink wings, marbled with black and spotted near the tips with white—has wondered why it should have a name suggesting meretricious adornment. The fact is, I believe, that, as with some old-fashioned carnations, still known as "painted ladies" in cottage gardens, the original name was "dainty lady," which our vulgar modernity found too mawkish for common use. The red and white admirals are also butterflies whose names have undergone vicissitudes: for in the old "Book of Butterflies and

Moths," the white admiral is described as the "white admirable butterfly," and the red admiral as the "alderman butterfly," although its scientific name of the period, *Ammiralis Atalanta*, shows whence the "admiral" came.

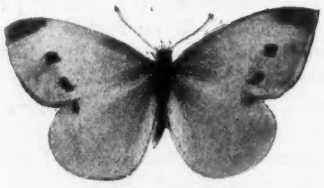
The seventh winter butterfly is the large tortoiseshell, which is duller as well as larger than its small namesake, showing brown, russet and tawny where the other is black, orange, and gold; and the eighth is the quaint-winged comma, so jagged and slashed

The comma with wings folded, showing the sombre under side

in outline as to seem at first sight a very rag of a butterfly. It was once common, but is now rarely taken except in certain places in the west. Which is a pity, because, although its orange-tawny wings marbled and spotted with shades of brown and black are not brilliant, still it is a handsome insect, while the curious outline of its wings and the silver-white C-mark on the underside give it special distinction among British butterflies.

These eight butterflies are all that live through the winter, or "hibernate," in Britain, as a regular thing: and one of them, the small tortoiseshell, only does so in alternate generations. For in its case the butterflies which have survived the winter lay their eggs on the growing nettles in spring. The caterpillars which are hatched from those eggs produce a brood of June butterflies, which again lay eggs; and it is the second brood, appearing in August, that "hibernates." The comma might seem also to be double-brooded because it emerges in June and again in September; but the caterpillars are only to be found from July onwards to the end of the year, so it is evident that in this case the June butterflies are not the children of those which have lived through the winter, but only a deferred brood of the same generation.

There is a ninth butterfly which, to a certain small extent, hibernates on the same system as the comma: for about one in five hundred of the pale clouded yellows lives through the winter and lays its eggs in spring, instead of in autumn. But such are merely belated specimens which have emerged in late September, instead of July or August, and have been caught by the winter; and the continued existence of their race by no means depends on them. Of still less importance is a tenth kind of winter butterfly which might be added in the small cabbage white—a creature whose caterpillar the least scientific would be lucky never to have met with, cooked or raw. But the appearance of this garden pest at Christmas, when the garden is not in a fit state to receive it, is entirely an accident. It was the insect's intention to spend the winter as a chrysalis. For this purpose it had ascended some wall or post near the cabbages which it had helped to spoil and slung itself up with a silken waistband for its long winter sleep. But now and then it makes the mistake of choosing the chimney-wall of a greenhouse or the inside of a garden frame for the purpose; and the result is that, when the greenhouse fire is lighted, or when the December sun or a hot pipe warms up the frame, the chrysalis



The small cabbage white

ripens prematurely and out comes the butterfly. It finds its way into the papers like the others, as evidence of the "abnormal mildness of the season"; but it does not find a mate. It has, in fact, made a mistake, and nature does not forgive mistakes. So it dies. The same fate, it is to be feared, overtakes many of the truer "hibernating" butterflies when they have been prematurely tempted

from their winter quarters. But they have the instinct to seek a secluded spot again as the air grows chilly in the winter afternoon; and I have known several small tortoiseshells, which were improperly awakened by fire heat from their winter's sleep, to find safe quarters again, where they remained undisturbed and took their flight in due course in spring.

The red admiral with wings expanded and closed

But the most interesting point about these hibernating butterflies is the perfect adaptation of their colouring to the purpose of hiding through the winter. Of course with wings expanded the red admiral or peacock would always be a conspicuous object at five yards; but with wings closely shut, antennæ laid back and legs closely appressed to the surface on which it rests, either might escape even the practised eye of an entomologist at five inches. For nothing is visible but the underside of the underwings and just the tips of the upper wings; and these, in both the large and small tortoiseshell, the peacock, red admiral, and Camberwell beauty are so coloured, grained and shaped, as exactly to resemble the projections of blackened wood that are common inside every dry, hollow tree. This colouring admirably suits, too, the summer habits of the large tortoiseshell, which is fond of settling on the shaded trunks of trees, and of the red admiral and Camberwell beauty, which haunt tree trunks where the goat-moth caterpillar is feeding inside, in order to suck up the juice that exudes from its strong-smelling tunnels. My first Camberwell beauty was thus engaged when I caught sight of him; though, had it not been a tree at which we looked daily to watch the red admirals and hornets fighting, I should have passed the prize unnoticed.

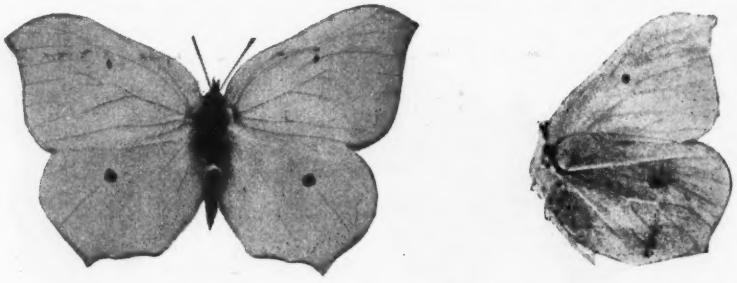
The peacock with wings expanded and closed

We may be sure, however, that the protective colouring of these butterflies has been acquired by escaping detection during the winter sleep; for this is their period of great danger and the nature of the markings shows that the butterflies have escaped this danger by resembling jagged projections of

discoloured wood. Not that the butterflies themselves are aware of the utility of their disguise. Indeed I doubt if it is possible for any of them to see their own undersides and thus learn what they look like. So it is not folly on their part to settle for the winter, as they often do, on some whitewashed ceiling, where they are as conspicuous as a canary on a lawn. It is not even an aberration of instinct; for instinct is only the wisdom that is based upon the collective experience of the race in ages past; and this particular instinct of hiding in dry and hollow "interiors" was perfected long before man learned to glaze his windows and whitewash his ceilings. All the dry interiors known in nature's woodlands were dark and discoloured; but no doubt she is now hard at work eliminating from the minds of these butterflies the inclination to hibernate upon whitewashed ceilings. How does nature do this? Well one of her most potent arguments is the housemaid's broom, which generally ensures that a butterfly which makes this mistake shall not survive to perpetuate the habit in its children.

The protective colouring of the under side of the comma, unlike that of the foregoing butterflies, varies greatly in its shades of greenish-tawny, umber, and russet; but through all the variations the cause is plain, namely that the comma has survived to the present day by hiding among withered and decaying leaves, which vary through the same range of colours. This is the cause also of its jagged and tattered outline. Even the conspicuous white C-mark which gives the butterfly its name of *C. album* in Latin, and "comma" in English, adds to the general disguise. For there is always danger lest an insect, however accurately it mimics the colour of its surroundings, may be detected by its general shape; and the effect of a small and conspicuous, but not unnatural, marking, at a distance, from the outline, is to attract the eye of the enemy and prevent it from dwelling upon the general aspect. Thus a wren, foraging among withered foliage, might

The painted lady with wings expanded and closed



The brimstone with wings expanded and closed

glance quickly at the white **C** on the sleeping comma's folded wings and, seeing that it was only a mark on "one of the leaves," would pass on without looking again to see what shape the leaf had.

You have only to glance at the underside of the painted lady to see that she hides for the winter neither among withered leaves nor inside dark tree trunks. With her wings fully expanded the underside of the painted lady is her more beautiful aspect; but when the wings are closed in rest, all the delicate orange pink with its contrasting black spots is shut from sight, and only confusedly mottled shades of stone colour remain visible, although great beauty of design and variety of tint are revealed to close inspection. This close inspection, however, is exactly what the general effect renders improbable; for when the painted lady takes up her winter quarters in a rock-crevice or a stone wall she seems more emphatically a "bit of stone" than anything around her and quite unworthy of minute examination.

But the most perfect defence in winter—if my theory thereof stands the test of future investigations—is that of the brimstone. The underside of this insect, when its wings are closed for its long winter sleep, is irregularly oval in shape ending in slightly hooked points, and of a whitish green hue with rather conspicuous semi-parallel ribs. It is obviously the result up to date of the insect escaping discovery by being mistaken for a pointed leaf; but what leaf of that whitish-green colour with conspicuous ribs and capable of sheltering so large a butterfly, is found in winter in England? This was the question which I had often asked myself in vain, until the coincidence of two premature appearances of the brimstone at Christmas gave the clue. In one case the butterfly appeared in a dining-room on Christmas Eve, having evidently emerged from the Christmas decorations, and in the other it was caught flying about a shed in which a number of florists' men were engaged in making holly wreaths. Then it flashed upon me that the sleeping butterfly closely resembles the underside of one of those half-formed holly leaves which are common in the middle of the thickest clumps. These when viewed from beneath are always

The large tortoiseshell with wings expanded and closed

"irregularly oval in shape ending in slightly hooked points and of a whitish green hue with rather conspicuous semi-parallel ribs"—exactly the words used above to describe the butterfly.

And mark the seeming soundness of the reason why the sleeping brimstone should resemble the underside of the holly leaf. The arrangement of the holly's clustered leaves, presenting spines outwardly in every direction, suffices to compel birds or animals which desire to investigate the inside of these prickly defences, to enter from below and not above. And from below, the inside of a holly bush seems so clear and simple with its straight clear stalks and its multitude of leaves showing their whitish-green undersides, that the wandering bird or mouse can see at a glance that there is "nothing else" there, although one of the

leaves may be exactly the same on both sides—be in fact a butterfly, and not a leaf at all.

Thus even our few winter butterflies may give us object-lessons on the wonderful adaptability of nature to her helpless creature's needs: none the less wonderful if we read it as the effect of ages of gradual change, rather than the deliberate purpose of a creative moment.

(All the butterflies used for the illustration of this article were lent for the purpose by Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster of 36, Strand, London.)

"Oot o' the World and into Kippen"

The village of Kippen, in Stirlingshire, is so sequestered that a common saying of the country folks is as above. The following lines are supposed to be spoken to his wife by a native of Kippen dwelling in New York.

"Oot o' the world and into Kippen,"
Eh! Jean, d'ye mind the braes
That rise sae bonnie frae the carse?
D'ye mind the summer days
When you and I were bairnies there,
And never thocht we'd be
Sae far frae hame in this far land,
Across the saut, saut sea?

"Oot o' the world and into Kippen,"
The folks wad laugh and say,
Losh keep me! lass, hoo things come back,
It seems but yesterday
Since you and I forsook the braes
And owre the waters came,
To settle in this weary land,
Sae far, sae far frae hame.

"Oot o' the world and into Kippen,"
Eh! Jean, that that could be!
There isna ocht I hae on earth
But I wad gladly gie
If only we could tread again
The paths where aince we ran,
Where the heather grows on Kippen Muir
And the braes abune Boquhan.

Oot o' this world o' noisy streets
Into that place o' calm,
Where to the hills men lift their eyes.
D'ye mind they sang that Psalm
The Sabbath we were kirkit there?
Aye, fifty years are gone,
But ye were then the bonniest bride
'Tween Kippen and Balfron.

Oot o' this world o' unkent things,
Oh! that we baith could win!
And hear the peeweep on the hills,
And see the yellow whin,
And see the bonnie gowans smile
As if they kent us a',
And welcomed us to oor ain land,
The best land o' them a'.

"Oot o' the world and into Kippen,"
Jean, lass, it ne'er will be,
The burnie's waters ne'er run back,
Nor buds the uprooted tree,
The fecht o' life for us is past,
Forfochen wi' the fray,
Oot o' the world and into—rest,
Ere lang we baith shall gae.

STEWART A. ROBERTSON.

Announcement—The Coronation.

During the next few months there will appear in GOOD WORDS a series of Articles dealing with various aspects of the *Coronation Ceremonies* which will be of peculiar interest; but, as complementary to these articles, there is one thing which we need, namely,

The Coronation Ode.

We are confident that in Great Britain and "The British Dominions over Seas" there are many writers who can produce an Ode which will be worthy of the great subject which it is intended to celebrate—an Ode that will live always among the historic pieces of English poetry.

As an inducement to these writers, whoever and wherever they may be, we offer prizes to the value of **£75** for the three best Odes submitted to us, the money being divided as follows:

For the First Prize - - -	**Fifty Pounds.**
For the Second Prize - - -	**Fifteen Pounds.**
For the Third Prize - - -	**Ten Pounds.**

For any other Odes submitted which are considered worthy of publication we will pay **One Guinea each.**

There are no restrictions as regards either the length or form of the compositions, but the following rules must be observed:

RULES.

Odes submitted in competition must be received at our office in London not later than noon of the 10th day of April 1902.

They must be addressed "Coronation Editor, Care of Isbister & Co., Ltd., 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London."

The real name of the writer must not appear on the paper on which the Ode is written. The Ode must be signed with a pseudonym only, and the same pseudonym should appear at the top of the first sheet, above the beginning of the Ode. A *sealed* envelope must be enclosed with the Ode, in which both the pseudonym and the real name and full address of the author are given.

The Odes submitted will be judged by a committee of judges, who will not have access to the sealed envelopes until the awards have been finally made.

The award of prizes will be announced and the winning Odes will be published (with such others as may be considered worthy of publication) in the June number (1902) of GOOD WORDS.

Office of GOOD WORDS,
15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London.

Among the Contributors to

Good Words in 1902 will be

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Warren
Giving His Early Experiences in South Africa.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice
On Cromwell.

Mr. W. G. Collingwood
On Ruskin.

Rev. J. M. Bacon
Giving His Experiences as a Balloonist.

Sir Norman Lockyer
On Scientific Subjects of Popular Interest

Mr. Stopford A. Brooke
On Browning.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen
In Short Stories of the Sea.

Mr. Phil Robinson
In Stories and Nature Sketches.

Also

Some remarkable features of the Magazine will be

A Life of Lord Salisbury
By Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW (in six or seven parts)

The Coronation of King Edward VII. and His Queen Consort
By the Sacrist of Westminster Abbey (in several chapters)

A Daughter of the Sea
A Serial Story by Miss AMY LE FEUVRE (throughout the year)

Minute Marvels of Nature
A Series of Facsinating Studies of Microscopic Life by Mr. J. J. WARD

The Epistle of St. James
Monthly Readings throughout the Year by the Bishop of Ripon

In addition to which

There are to be sketches in Natural History by **Mr. E. KAY ROBINSON** (Author of "To-day with Nature"); stories by **Mr. WILLIAM CANTON** (Author of "The Invisible Playmate," &c); tales of the Australian Bush by **Mr. F. J. DAVEY**, and many other interesting things.

All of this

Will be illustrated by the best available artists, including **Miss FRANCES EWAN, Mr. A. S. BOYD, Mr. H. R. MILLAR, Mr. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, Mr. ARTHUR TWIDLE, Mr. A. D. M'CORMICK, Mr. GORDON BROWNE, &c. &c.**

There will, we believe, be no better magazine published (though there may be some that are noisier) in 1902 than **Good Words**—a clean, sound, thoroughly high-class magazine for good people's reading.

It can be obtained through any bookseller at **6d.** a copy or **6s. 6d.** a year including the extra Christmas number.

As the poet Herbert said:

"Good words are worth much and cost little."

In 1902

The leading Magazine devoted to Religious Topics and adapted to Sunday Reading will be

The Sunday Magazine

It will be almost indispensable for the Sunday reading of an English household, and no clergyman or minister of the Gospel who once reads it will, we believe, be willing to do without it. Very much enlarged and

MODELLED ON ENTIRELY NEW LINES,

It will be an epitome of all that is good and worthy of record in the events and thought of the month. Special departments will be devoted to

(1) A general survey of the progress of the world during the month, viewed from the Christian standpoint;

(2) The men of the month—men, that is, prominent in church, missionary, and charitable work;

(3) The women of the month—with talks to women on spiritual and domestic topics by one of the best-known women writers of the day;

(4) Parish, club, and social work ("Workers Together with God" is the title of this department), in which whatever is noble in such work—whatever makes for righteousness and the helping of others—will be brought to the attention of all interested in such work;

(5) The literature of the month—giving a digest of all helpful books, of whatever is praiseworthy in periodical literature, and of the most suggestive sermons delivered during the month;

(6) The interests of children—to entertain and inform them, and, above all, to teach them to be tender to dumb creatures and gentle to each other.

THERE WILL BE

An unusual amount of excellent fiction—in particular, a serial story by the Rev. Victor L. Whitechurch, of Maidenhead, entitled "The Course of Justice," and short stories and miscellaneous articles, by the best writers of the day, on topics connected with religious work and suitable to the attention of a Christian household for Sunday reading.

THERE IS NO SUCH MAGAZINE

Now published as this will be, and whether you take it for your own reading, or as a gift to others, you will all the year round be glad that you decided to subscribe for it.

It can be ordered through any bookseller, the annual subscription being 6s. 6d., including the special Christmas number.

Have you any spare time

Which you would like to turn to profitable account? If you have not, perhaps some member of your household has.

The Publishers of GOOD WORDS and the SUNDAY MAGAZINE are anxious to extend the circulation of the Magazines, particularly in the smaller provincial towns and in rural districts where a bookseller is not easily within reach. There is not a country house in the British Isles—no, nor a home of any kind in town or country—where one or other of these Magazines ought not to be taken regularly. One would be taken—perhaps both would be taken—if only somebody would present the subject to the proper member of the household in the proper way. The Magazines are not subscribed for, because the opportunity of subscribing has not been offered. And it is impossible for us to offer the opportunity direct to every household in the land.

We need helpers

We need five thousand helpers; and we are prepared to make very generous terms to every one who helps. There is no neighbourhood in which a few pounds cannot easily be made without any expenditure of time.

THERE ARE THREE REASONS

Why you may care to take this matter up:

(1) The "few pounds" may be very useful to you—at least as pin-money. Or, if you wish, you can devote the money to some charity in which you are interested.

(2) If you prefer not to take money we will convert it for you into books, and you can build up a good library at no expense. Or, again, you can enrich your local public library with the books if you prefer.

(3) You may like to help, for the sake of the cause itself, in spreading wholesome Christian literature which cannot fail to make better men and women of the people who read it.

If

On any of these grounds you care to take the matter up, kindly write to us and we will send you full particulars.

Address "Circulation Department, ISBISTER & CO., LTD., 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London."

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors

GOOD WORDS proposes to try a new plan of literary criticism. It is a very simple plan—viz., to let the public—our readers themselves—be the critics.

The *modus operandi* will be as follows:

The critiques must be in the form of open letters addressed to the author selected for the month. They must be forwarded to the office of GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, so as to be received not later than noon of the 25th of the month. A letter must under no circumstances exceed 1500 words in length, and may be as much shorter as the writer pleases. The author to whom the letters are to be addressed this month is

MR. HALL CAINE.

The letters must be addressed to him *as an author only*. GOOD WORDS has no concern with Mr. Hall Caine as a personality apart from his writings. Any semblance of anything libellous or ill-mannered in a letter will at once bar it from consideration by the judges.

In estimating the merits of the letters submitted the judges will consider chiefly: (1) the soundness of the critique as an estimate of the author's work—whether that estimate be laudatory or otherwise; (2) its moral value, and (3) its literary quality as a composition.

The letters must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than noon of January 25, 1902.

For the letter which is adjudged the best of those submitted, a prize of £5 will be given; for the second best a prize of £3; for the third best a prize of £2.

The awards will be announced and the winning letters will be published in the March number of GOOD WORDS.

The publishers reserve the right to publish any other letters received (in addition to the three prize-winners) which may seem suitable for publication, and will pay for them at their regular rates.

No appeal from (or argument about) the award of the judges will be entertained. Competitors, by sending in their letters for competition, are understood *ipso facto* to signify their willingness to accept as final the verdict of the judges.

A True Shark Story

IN 1799 an American brig, the *Nancy*, was on her way to Curaçoa when, as she was passing the island of Hayti, she was pounced upon by the British cutter, *Sparrow*, and carried to Jamaica as a prize. A protest against the legality of her seizure was put in before the Prize Court and, the papers of the brig having opportunely disappeared, it looked as if the protest would hold good, and the *Nancy* get to Curaçoa after all. But, as it fell out, a certain Lieutenant Fitton, R.N., happened, about a fortnight after the seizure, to be amusing himself, at his Majesty's expense, by catching sharks off the coast of Hayti—and thereby hangs the tale.

To commence it in the words of his sworn affidavit:

"Michael Fitton, Esquire, being duly sworn, maketh oath and saith that, cruising off the island of San Domingo on the 13th day of August, he discovered a dead bullock surrounded by sharks, which he had towed alongside the tender for the purpose of catching the said sharks, and this deponent saith that having caught one of the said sharks and hoisted it on board the said tender, he ordered one of the seamen to separate its jaws and clean them, as the said shark was larger than common, which the said seaman did, while others opened its maw, and therein discovered in the presence of this deponent a parcel of papers tied up with a string."

The said deponent then proceeded to read the said papers, so found as aforesaid, and perceiving that they referred to a brig of the

name of *Nancy*, and knowing that a brig of that name was then in dispute in the Prize Court, and "supposing that the said papers taken from the shark might be useful at the trial of the said *Nancy*," he intelligently forwarded them to Jamaica.

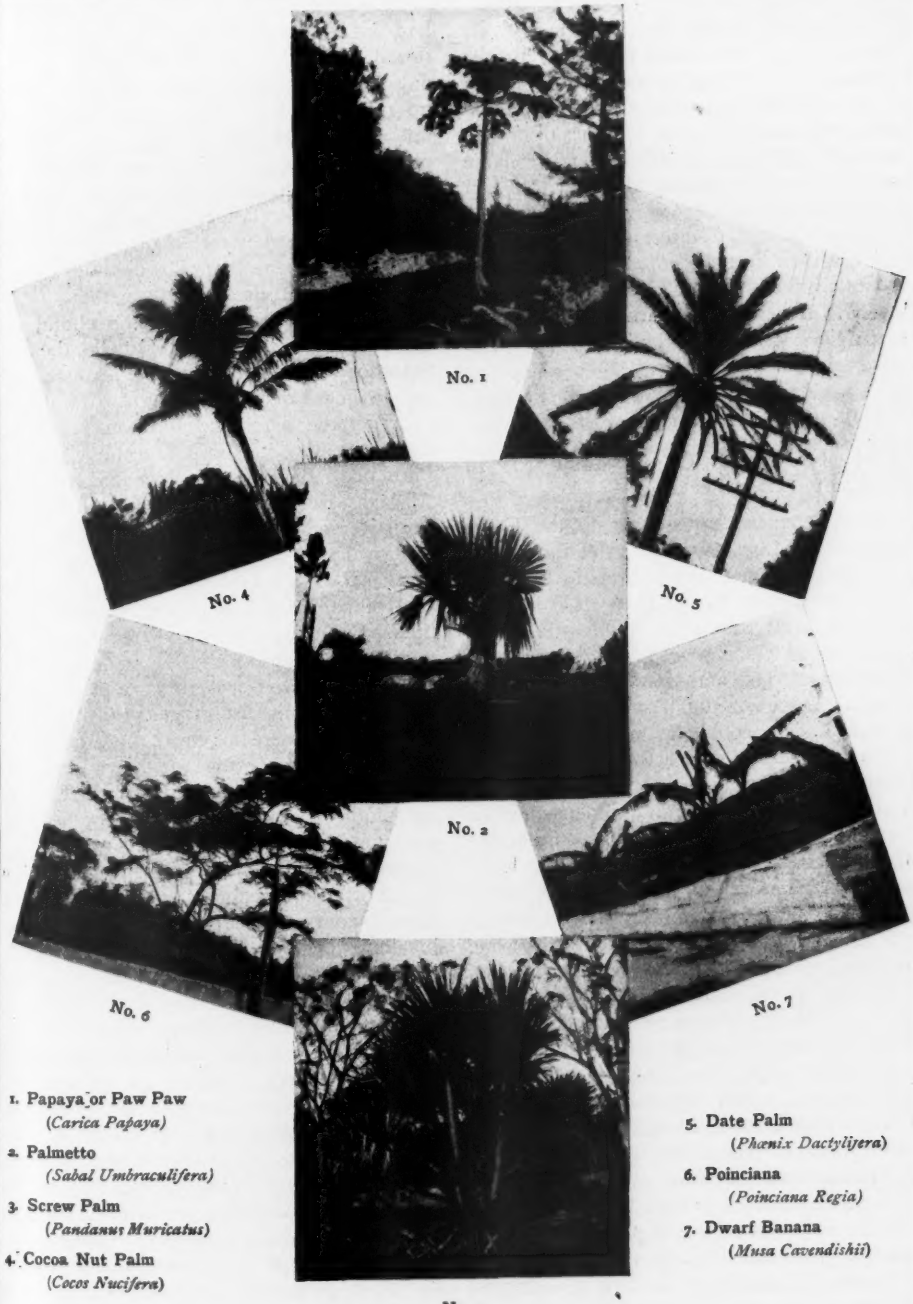
Meanwhile, some of the brig's papers had been found in a barrel of salt pork, and the case had dragged along without any verdict, for though not conclusive they were incriminating, when, in the very nick of time arrived "the shark papers." Together with those already found, the case against the *Nancy* was made completely convincing, and the trial that had been going on for three months closed with a sudden conviction in as many minutes!

The original papers and part of the maw of the shark are preserved to this day in the Museum at Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, and are known as "The Shark Papers."

P. S. R.

Some Bermuda Foliage

SINCE it became a receptacle for Boer prisoners Bermuda has suddenly acquired an interest in the eyes of hundreds of thousands of British subjects who, a year ago, hardly knew in what quarter of the world the island, perhaps the loveliest in all the British Empire, was situated. The accompanying group of photographs of Bermudan foliage gives some idea of what the character of the land must be. They show the trees just as they are at this time of the year, for the photographs were all taken between Christmas Day and New Year's Day of a year ago. At first view, the coast of Bermuda shows like no other coast in all the world—for the "earth" is all white coral which rises out of water so marvellously clear and brilliant in its hues of turquoise and emerald that the bluest of the Mediterranean is dull and opaque in comparison. The coral coast itself at first sight seems to be but sparsely covered with vegetation, and from the seaward the foliage looks to be of two kinds only—"cedar" and palmetto. The cedar (in truth more nearly allied to the junipers) is the standard timber of the island, a charming wood, sweet-scented and durable; and no visitor comes away from Bermuda without some knick-knacks—picture-frames, pen-holders, or paper-knives—made of the beautiful material. Growing, as it does, from the bare white coral the cedar has a curiously Northern look, strangely out of harmony with the dazzling sun and the brilliant colours of the sea and sky; but still more strange is the contrast between it and the tropical palmetto which here grows cheek by jowl with its arctic-looking neighbour on every crag and corner of the rocks. This first contrast, moreover, the visitor soon finds to be typical of the whole island for, while the indigenous species of vegetation in Bermuda were probably few, almost everything that has been brought there has grown. The result is a flora more varied than can be found, probably, in any other similar number of square miles in the world—an amazing wilderness of the leafage that grows from the snow line to the equator, all jumbled together, rioting in fruit and blazing with blossom, so that every acre of the woodland is a bewilderment to the botanist and every new vista on the road a delight. From so inexhaustible a variety of foliage to select less than a dozen to illustrate the trees of the island is an ungracious thing, but they will serve to give some idea of what the Boer prisoners see as they look across the narrow strip of water in the bay from Darrell's Island to the shore. The bananas (not such as give the great coarse bananas of our London markets, but the "dwarf" tree with its pungent fruit which is the only one which those who live in banana countries consider worth the eating) nodding over the coral wall (Fig. 7); the broad leaves shredded, as they *will* shred themselves, even on a still summer day, to tatters; the graceful coronals of the date (Fig. 5) and cocoa nut (Fig. 4) palms; the paw-paw (it is a young tree shown in the photograph, Fig. 1) with its strange ribbed fruit that is equally pleasant as a fruit, a vegetable, a pickle, or a medicine; the palmetto (Fig. 2), already referred to, out of the fibres of which the Bermudan negroes make wonderful hats and fans and baskets and



1. **Papaya or Paw Paw**
   (*Carica Papaya*)
2. **Palmetto**
   (*Sabal Umbraculifera*)
3. **Screw Palm**
   (*Pandanus Muricatus*)
4. **Cocoa Nut Palm**
   (*Cocos Nucifera*)
5. **Date Palm**
   (*Phœnix Dactylifera*)
6. **Poinciana**
   (*Poinciana Regia*)
7. **Dwarf Banana**
   (*Musa Cavendishii*)

what-nots; the screw palm (Fig. 3), with its curious cork-screw method of growth and its rough-rinded fruit as big as a man's head; the Poinciana (Fig. 6), with its beautifully feathered foliage and great splashes of orange blossom, which win for it its name of "flame tree" in America and "gold-mohur tree" in India—these are only a very few of the beautiful trees that help to make Bermuda (the island of lilies, of onions and arrow-root—of pomegranate, calabash and mangrove) as lovely as it is. But they are enough to show that it is not a very bad place to which we have sent our prisoners.

H. P. R.

Wild Fowl and Game as Food in the Early Tudor Period

The Venetian Ambassador to the Court of Henry VII. was struck by the abundance of stock and game of all kinds in England, and the richness of the living. We always have had this reputation. Our merchants lived like princes, it was said, and our nobles like kings. The ambassador observed that an abundance of the best wines were imported, and he spoke favourably of English ale, which needed only a few trials before it recommended itself to the palate. We consumed, then, as we do now, immense quantities of beef, mutton, venison, goat's-flesh, salt fish and fresh fish, and last, but not least, wildfowl. The variety of fowl that appeared at table seems to have been the peculiarity of English diet, and it is worth while noting the more remarkable features of English diet in the earlier part of the Tudor period. The reader must understand that nets were used to collect this abundance of fowl and that many of them were fattened after being caught. Herons or hernsues, cranes, swans, and even bitterns, were taken young and fed in cages or rooms. "The room for the hernsues" occurs among the items of the extraordinary expenses of a Norfolk account. The breeding-grounds of these birds were approachable, but it is curious to find "knottes" being fed. In 1555, a certain G. St. Paul sends "Tooe dozen of fedd knottes with other fowl." A writer of 1540, Thos. Seyntaubyn, laments because a raven had killed the hernsues and also above a dozen "sygys" (cygnets probably). A few days later he sends a dozen puffins, to make up perhaps for hernsues which he could not send. The care and herding of these more or less tame fowl is often specified in grants, under the terms, "swannery," "keeper of the swans," "cranege," "heronry," alongside the familiar "warren of coneys." To be "keeper of the swans" sometimes constituted a grant in itself, worth perhaps 1*d.* to 2*d.* a day. We can realise the abundance of fowl in England when Capello, the ambassador whom we have quoted above, says he saw flocks of a thousand to two thousand swan on the Thames; and very beautiful they must have looked before the "London Particular" developed its peculiar dirtiness. All lakes, rivers, and moats had their herd of swan, remember, beside the wild-fowl, mallard, widgeon, and teal, &c., which resorted to them. Lord Leycester's fowl sanctuary at Holkham was a common enough sight then. Swans were expensive birds, and seem to have risen in price 3*s.* a piece in 1520; the statute fixing prices in 1572 places them at the head of the list with 8*s.* 4*d.* Peacocks and peachicks were not cheap, nor were storks and herons, according to the "Pulletria" accounts of the Household at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" in 1520. The peacock was not often eaten; the "peacock in amber" was the kind of dish to head a king's or an archbishop's table with. In the second course of Henry VII.'s wedding-breakfast (1487) there is a "Pekok in hakell"; the tail was really the principal part of the bird. Other interesting dishes at this banquet were: "Crane with cretney," "Heronsewe with his signe," "Swan with chawdron," and "Egrets in beorwetye." The birds had their own carving terms. The heron, as affording sport for kings, was an honourable bird. You "displayed" a crane but you "dismembered" a heron: just as you would "dismember an empire," according to the late Mr. Gladstone. Carving is a lost art nowadays, and most of us would be likely to dismember a crane as well as a heron. The list of fowl in table use is too long to give, and we may wonder if some of them were worth eating. The puffins Seynt-

aubyn sent to Lady Lisle in June were almost certainly young ones. A young puffin is possible, but gulls and mews do not seem appetising. There does not seem to have been a close time. Pheasants and partridges were netted in July. Pheasants were rare. A pheasant breeder was a person of importance then—just as he is now. It was a favourite pastime to drive partridges into green nets with a stalking-horse. Partridges were much appreciated, and made an acceptable present. (Christmas-tide was the time for making presents of wild-fowl.) Lady Lisle, in October 1537 sent a partridge-pie to the family steward, and he wrote back: "I think the ladies liked the partridge-pie, though its fashion was marred by the ship which brought it lying almost a tide under water in the Thames." Two years later he writes to her that there are no quails to be had in London. These were sent alive, though they did not always stand the journey. At the Cloth of Gold celebrations 46½ dozen quails are among the items. The cage of joined wood for them cost *2s. 2d.*, line and cord to hang it by, *14d.*, and Margery Bennett had *14d.* for fanning and washing a quarter of hempseed for them. Larks, of course, were eaten, and even sparrows. "Red schankkes" were eaten at the bridal feast in 1487. Our neighbours across the water eat them now, often out of season, as *Chevaliers aux pieds rouges*. Lapwings, or "wypes," were eaten —when they could be caught. One is surprised that the common wild duck, or mallard, is not oftener mentioned; probably it was too common.

M. C.

Dogs and other Pets in Henry VIII.'s Time

When one considers the adaptability of the English climate to the constitution of animals from all parts of the world, it is not surprising that our forefathers should have kept some strange pets. They had not the variety we have because they did not ransack the globe, but Londoners saw some queer creatures as far back as Plantagenet times. The menagerie at the Tower for lions and bears was for hundreds of years a familiar feature. The keeper of the lions held an official post. The Tudors perhaps were fond of animals and Henry VIII. was continually receiving gifts from abroad. In the Privy Purse expenses for 1532 "an almayn" is given £6 13*s.* 4*d.* for bringing a lion to the King, and in the same year is the item "To the master of the bears, 40*s.*" The water baily of London brought a "quick" seal to court receiving *26s. 8d.* (1530) and in the same year the item, "for bringing a cele" 15*s.* occurs. Seals were eaten, though they may have been kept as a curiosity. One was presented to Cromwell, Wolsey's successor in Henry's favour, though it died before he could have derived much pleasure from it. Perhaps he ate it. At Henry VII.'s wedding-feast in 1487, one of the dishes was "Seyle in fenyn, entirely served richly," and very rich it must have been. In Cromwell's accounts for 1537 William Wodehouse's servant brings a porpoise, and porpoises we know were eaten. Three costing £4 figure in the Guisnes celebrations of 1520. But the most interesting creature that came into England about this time was doubtless the leopard. Sir J. Wilsher writes to Henry VIII. that the Duke of Ferrara is sending by a gentleman some horses and a "lebard," a marvellous dangerous beast to keep. "The keeper saith a will kill a buck or doe or roe and an hare which is marvellous thing if it be so." This must have been a cheetah or hunting leopard. It could not by any chance have been the same "lybart" which figures in Cromwell's accounts for February and April 1539. "Richard Purser for meat of the 'lybart' at *4d.* a day, 15th February to 23rd April, *22s. 6d.*" A less dangerous pet was a canary. A cage of these birds was once brought to Cromwell; perhaps they were for his little son, the young Lord. There was a dawkeeper belonging to the Royal Household so we suppose that there were tame jackdaws. Rats are not usually regarded as pets, but we may as well mention that the King's Rat-taker had *4d.* a day. Dogs of course were a necessity for hunting and hawking. The spaniel was part of a falconer's equipment, and their bread and milk is sometimes specified in payments though generally "cost of keeping spaniels" is all we known about their food. An ordinance of Henry VIII. forbade the keep-

ing of dogs in the court except small spaniels belonging to the ladies. "Cutte" the King's spaniel seems to have been fond of hunting for rewards were paid to various people for "bringing Cutte again." "Ball" another of the King's dogs was lost in Waltham Forest and brought back. Nor was he the only dog lost in Waltham Forest it seems. Next to hawks, greyhounds, are the most frequently mentioned accessories of sport in household accounts and correspondence and the number used in hunting deer and coursing was enormous. A common courtesy of those days was the interchange of horses, hawks, greyhounds, and spaniels between monarchs and nobles. Henry had mastiffs and their collars and muzzles were an expensive item. They were used for baiting bears. Band dogs are mentioned too. There were also Beagles and Otterhounds. The keeper of the Beagles monthly wage was 5*s*. Were they anything like the modern beagle, or the "southern hound" the true strain of which is extinct? In 1539 two gentlemen were granted in survivorship the office of the King's Otter-hunters, from which grant we learn that the fees of the office were 3½*d*. a day, 4½*d*. day for the keep of six hounds, 1½*d*. a day for a page, and 9*d*. a day for the keep of twelve hounds, and other profits. There was a pack of Harriers in 1513, the mastership being worth 12*d*. a day, and then there were the Royal Buckhounds now alas no more, after an existence of eight hundred years. The poodle (barbet) was not unknown. Lady Lisle sends one to Mme. du Bours in 1540, "he is very good" says she, "in retrieving the head or bolt of a crossbow, both in water and on land, and will fetch a tennis ball or a glove put on the end of a stick, and other tricks." Parrots were well known. Writing to Lady Lisle from Tournehen in 1539, Thomas de Harchie says: "I send you by Peronne, a parrot. I wish it was much finer for your sake. It does not speak yet, but is young and can be taught, as you have one which talks already." Tame deer were probably common enough. Henry had to pay a woman a few shillings for shooting at a tame buck. As a fox was once brought to the court we may infer that some one tried to make a pet of it. M. C.

(Photograph by J. J. Ward, Coventry)

A Curious Ice Formation

THE frost of last November was very severe at Coventry. A bucketful of rain-water, left out in the open one night, was found to be frozen in a curious manner the next morning. The bucket being needed, an attempt was made to break the ice in the ordinary way by giving it repeated blows; but the only result was that small fragments were chipped off. It was then sought to press one side down with the idea of raising the other side, as the sun had thawed the points of contact with the pail sufficiently to allow of a little play in this direction. But it was impossible to remove the ice thus.

Finally the bucket was overturned, when it was discovered that a thick mould of ice had been formed, the only opening being in the bottom, which had not quite frozen over. After being removed from the pail, the mould of ice still retained the water which had not frozen; and the depth of this may be seen by the dark line in the photograph.

(*F. Hollyer, photc., Pembroke Square, W.*)

LADY MOUNT TEMPLE

From a Chalk Drawing by G. F. WATTS, R.A., 1894

Ruskin's "Isola"

By W. G. Collingwood

"I GAVE her that name," he said once, "because she is so unapproachable."

When he was a very young man he saw her first in Rome. He had been sent there for the winter because it was supposed he was going into a consumption. He had certainly been working very hard at Oxford—not only doing the necessary reading for honours, which need kill nobody, but all manner of literature, art, antiquities and science into the bargain, as his manner was; and he had taken terribly to heart the loss of the pretty French girl, on whom his boyish affections had been set for years. So he was in Rome as an invalid, restless and discontented; and he didn't like Raphael, and he didn't like the other things people ought to like. It must have been a difficult time for his parents; but then one can't expect to bring up a genius without a certain amount of trouble.

In a while he took a turn, and condescended to go with them to musical services. They were energetic anti-Romanists; but they went to St. Peter's to see the show, and to hear the singing. They thought he was beginning to develop an interest in music. But it was just the old story.

There was a beautiful Miss Tollemache in Rome that winter; "a fair English girl," he says, "who was not only the admitted Queen of beauty in the English circle of that winter in Rome, but was so, in the kind of beauty which I had only hitherto dreamed of as possible, but never yet seen living; statuesque severity with womanly sweetness joined. I don't think I ever succeeded in getting nearer than within fifty yards of her; but she was the light and solace of all the Roman winter to me, in the mere chance glimpses of her far away, and the hope of them."

It was very like Ruskin, and it says very much for the reality of the romantic ideal he preached, that a few glimpses of a far-away beauty, whom he had neither the chance nor the intention of approaching, should have made a man of him, out of a pining, love-sick boy. Open-air sketching helped him out of his consumption, or whatever the disease was; but the moral stimulus and re-awakening of healthy imagination, and power to work were given him by this pure enthusiasm for a beautiful face, fifty yards away.

He never saw her again for about ten years, not until she was a wedded wife. She had married a younger son of Earl Cowper and his wife, daughter of Lord and Lady Melbourne, and by second marriage wife of Lord Palmerston. The Hon. William Cowper was one of the most shining examples of the type—one does not see much about it in newspapers or histories, but private memoirs describe it in all ages and no doubt it exists even in this—the type of good men in great positions, men who are in the world and very actively engaged in it, but quite unspotted. He began life as aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1830, and went into Parliament in 1835; he was a Lord of the Treasury in 1845, then a Lord of the Admiralty, then President of the Board of Health, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Paymaster-General, Chief Commissioner of Works, Vice-President of the Education Department of the Privy Council, Chairman of Mr. Fawcett's Committee on the Enclosure Acts; it was he who saved Epping Forest in 1871, and was prime mover in the preservation of open spaces and in granting allotments to the poor; he passed the Medical Bill in 1858, the Thames Embankment Bill in 1862–3, and the Courts of Justice Building Bill in 1863; the "Cowper-Temple Clause," securing the reading of the Bible in Board Schools was his; he was the great reconstructor of the London Parks and invented the scheme for distributing the Park flowers to Hospitals, Workhouses and Schools. It would be long to tell how he made politics philanthropic and brought art into the public

Lady Mount Temple, when Mrs. Cowper-Temple. Under the beech-trees at a Broadlands Conference

From a painting by EDWARD CLIFFORD about 1876. Much liked as a portrait by Mr. Ruskin

service. After 45 years in Parliament he was raised to the peerage as Lord Mount Temple, and died in 1888.

All these things are known, or knowable to the public; but what is more to the point, Histories of Our Own Times don't tell us: how the lively Eton boy, always in scrapes, occasionally flogged, had according to Gladstone's reminiscence "the stamp of purity, modesty, gentleness upon him in a peculiar degree:" how the dandy officer in the Blues wanted to go into the Church "as a means of escaping," he wrote, "the imminent dominion of the sins which it seemed so difficult to avoid:" how the busy M.P. and official, Palmerston's step-son and favourite, kept through all distractions a perfectly holy and saintly life, a sense of nearness to God and devotion to His will, that should put much professional piety to shame.

For instance, in his diary he noted Queen Victoria's coronation, which, of course, he had attended—he had dined with the Queen a couple of days before—and continued, "The main object to be pursued in life is communion with God. It is a good method of testing any way of spending my time to ask, does it render me more ready for communion with God?" At twenty-seven he had long known all that evangelical piety at its best can teach; and he always kept the faith. Ten years later, his young wife—the Miss Tollemache of Ruskin's admiration, and the Lady Mount Temple lately laid to rest by her husband's side—asked him, at a large party at the Palmerston's, what interested him most. "Oh, nothing," he answered, "compares in interest with communion with my Master, and work for Him." "This," she added, in her privately printed volume of *Memorials*, "this was the spirit of his life, through all the blessed years I lived with him."

So after a long interval during which Ruskin had become a famous writer, and the girl at Rome had become the true help-mate of such a man, they met once more. It is rather curious to compare their two separate accounts of the meeting. The lady says, referring to the earlier part of her married life, in the fifties and sixties, "Another great delight to us at this time was going up occasionally to Denmark Hill for a happy day with Mr. Ruskin. It seems that, quite unknown to myself, he had noticed me when we were in Rome together in 1840! I was then eighteen. It was rather humiliating that when we met again, after about ten years, he did not recognise me. We became great friends: I was fond of his cousin Joan"—Mrs. Arthur Severn. Ruskin's way of putting it was rather different, and the mere man doesn't quite see where the humiliation comes in. He hated going to parties, he says; but one evening was introduced to a lady who was "too pretty to be looked at and yet keep one's wits about one:"—that is very characteristic of him: so he talked a little with his eyes on the ground. "Presently, in some reference to Raphael or Michael Angelo, or the musical glasses, the word 'Rome' occurred; and a minute afterwards, something about Christmas in 1840. I looked up with a start; and saw that the face was oval—fair—the hair, light-brown. After a pause I was rude enough to repeat her words 'Christmas in 1840!—were you in Rome then?' 'Yes,' she said, a little surprised, and now meeting my eyes with hers, inquiringly. Another tenth of a minute passed before I spoke again. 'Why, I lost all that winter in Rome in hunting *you!*' It was Egeria herself! then Mrs. Cowper-Temple. She was not angry; and became from that time forward a tutelary power, of the brightest and happiest. Egeria always had her own way everywhere, thought that I also should have mine, and generally got it for me."

By the kindness of Mrs. Arthur Severn I have by me the long series of Ruskin's letters to Lord and Lady Mount Temple. To any one who knew the people and circumstances touched upon, they would be most interesting; delightfully amusing for the most part, but sometimes intensely painful, where the fiery genius poured out his woes and disappointments, public and private, into their kindly ears. She was his confidante in all that unhappy love-story which ended so tragically for his later life: she was his sympathetic adviser in much of his work. Mr. Cowper-Temple, too, was a kindly and helpful friend. In the early days he intro-

Lady Mount Temple

(From a photograph taken in 1886 by Rose Durrant & Son, Torquay)

duced Ruskin to Palmerston, and smoothed the way for various plans connected with the National Gallery and public art-works, many of which owed their promotion to Ruskin in the first instance. I cannot trace his direct influence in the philanthropic labours of Mr. Cowper-Temple and the politicians of his circle; but Ruskin was personally admired and loved by many of them, and certainly had an indirect share in much that was done for the help of the people. When he attempted to found his Guild of St. George Mr. Cowper-Temple was one of the Trustees; not with great faith in the scheme, but with much affection for the schemer.

After some years of "Mr. and Mrs. Cowper" the acquaintance warmed into a closer friendship. They became Ruskin's "φίλος" and "φίλη," for he always nicknamed his intimates, and often so whimsically that his letters are quite ludicrously unprintable. To them he was "St. C."—Saint Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed"; and sometimes, he liked to think, St. Christopher. When he was very ill at Matlock in 1871 Mrs. Cowper-Temple came to nurse him, and from that time he was her "Loving little boy," and his friends were his "Dearest Mama" and "Dear Papa." His view of life was that he grew younger as the years went on:—and so from being "Dearest Mama" she became "Darling Grannie," and he signed "Ever your poor, grateful little boy." It is perhaps all very absurd; but one certainly does not understand Ruskin without knowing this queer side of his character, part sentimental part grotesque, which creeps out even in his most serious writing, and makes it so impossible to take his every word for gospel message. But very often he wrote to her and of her as Isola—the island—"Isola Bella" standing alone and unapproachable by all ordinary roads, and yet open on all sides to the waifs of the waves, claiming haven and rest in her sympathy. Here is the whole of a little note written in a dark time in his later years:—"Is there no Isola indeed, where we can find refuge—and give it? I have never yet been so hopeless of doing anything more in this wide—wasting and wasted earth, unless—we seize and fortify with love—a new Atlantis. Ever your devoted St. C."

There are very few bits in the letters of general interest. Of somebody's sketches sent for him to look at he wrote: "Alas, there's no genius in these drawings. Genius never exists without intense industry. Industry is not genius, but is the vital element of it." In Bible reading—"I noticed, curiously for the first time, two most important mistranslations. Fancy never having noticed before that 'Sufficient unto the day is its evil' ought to be 'Let the day's evil suffice for it.' And 'chasteneth' ought in several cases to be merely 'bringeth up, teacheth!'" Here is what he urged upon his friends in all seriousness, and most strangely if you think who the friends were: "You are compromising somehow between God and Satan, and therefore don't see your way. Satan appears to you as an angel of the most exquisite light—I can see that well enough; but how many real angels he has got himself mixed up with I don't know. However, for the three and fortieth time—in Ireland or England or France, or under the Ara cœli perhaps best of all, take an acre of ground, make it lovely, give what food comes of it to people who need it—and take no rent of it yourselves. 'But that strikes at the very foundations of Society?' It does; and therefore, do it. For the Foundations of Society are rotten with every imaginable

plague, and must be struck at and swept away, and others built in Christ, instead of on the back of the Leviathan of the Northern Foam. Ever your affectionate St C. — not the Professor." It was to Lady Mount Temple he wrote the pretty letter telling her to arrange her party just as if Christ were coming to dinner – it is printed in *Fors Clavigera*—"I suppose Him to have just sent Gabriel to tell you He's coming, but that you're not to make any alterations in your company on His account."

Lady Mount Temple

(From a photograph taken in 1889 by Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay)

Perhaps she hardly needed a Ruskin to tell her that: but she kept the letter, and did what it bade. Those who know anything about the Broadlands Conferences, those remarkable meetings of men and women in all ranks and of every shade of religious belief, come together "for the deepening of spiritual life," know what singular influence was wielded by Lady Mount Temple and how far-reaching that influence has become.

Mr. Ruskin used sometimes to visit at Broadlands. One winter he spent several weeks there, and Lady Mount Temple says

in the volume already quoted: "We found him as always most delightful and instructive company: his talk full and brilliant, and his kindness unceasing to all in the house, giving a halo to life. He set us all to manual work! He himself undertook to clean out the fountain in the garden, and made us all, from Juliet to Mr. Russell Gurney, pick up the fallen wood and make it up into bundles of faggots for the poor!"

His friends came also to see him at Brantwood on Coniston Water. Mrs. Severn has a lively story of an excursion with them to the Tarns, a pretty bit of water on the hills with a fine panorama of mountains all round, the show-place of Coniston. It was a foggy morning, but he hoped it would clear, and they drove up through the woods in expectation, but it was still foggy. They got out of the carriage and walked to the finest point of view; still the fog would not lift. Then Mr. Ruskin waved his hand and pointed to the scene they ought to see: and in his best eloquence and with growing warmth described the lakelet embosomed in its woods and moors, the rocky knolls, and distant summits, Helvellyn and the Pikes, and Bowfell, and Wetherlam, and the Coniston Old Man. For a moment it seemed as though the whole was before their eyes; and then they burst out laughing. "After all," said Lady Mount Temple, "is not this the best treat we could have?" "And to me," said Ruskin, with his old-fashioned courtliness, "what view could be so entirely delightful?"

A Little 'ero

By George G. Magnus

Illustrated by Gordon Browne

I HAD just returned from a bicycle ride when my mother called anxiously down the stairs:

"Is that you, Violet?"

Having enlightened her on this point, she said she had some "news" for me. She had indeed!

In my absence Mrs. Doughty—a notorious Band of Hope promoter—had called to know if I would be "so very sweet as to take charge of a little class of male teetotalers at their annual treat the following day, in place of a Miss Noplucke who had been taken suddenly ill," and, to my horror, I found that mother with her usual generosity had promised my services irrevocably!

Had I been a man I would have let fly several emphatic words concerning the crafty Mrs. Doughty; as it was I only thought them, and knowing my parent's pet boast to be that she "never broke a promise," resigned myself to my fate.

Upon my arrival the next morning at the head-quarters of the Band of Hope, I pushed my way through a struggling crowd of excited boys and girls, towards Mrs. Doughty's massive figure, which was existing passively in a four-wheeler. When I reached her, some ten minutes later, minus most of my hair-pins and plus goodness knows how many bruises, she immediately introduced to me a tall angular lady, Miss Queller, by name, who promptly volunteered to pilot me to my "little class."

So leaving go the cab door to which I had been anchoring myself, I reluctantly followed her and was formally presented to twelve of the most evil-looking bits of male humanity I had yet seen.

Just as I had screwed up my courage to address the least dirty of them, the amateur band at the head of the column commenced operations with such a spirited rendering of "We won't be home till morning," that Mrs.

Doughty's highly-strung cab horse took fright and bolted. Whereupon the would-be musicians changed the air to "Now we shan't be long," to the enormous enjoyment of the Band of Hope, to say nothing of the spectators.

As soon as order had been somewhat restored, a signal was given, and, amid vociferous cheering and hoisting of banners, the triumphant procession started in jerks for the railway station. My class had a banner! On both sides of it were printed these words —"Down with the Drink!" which motto, judging from the incessant thirsty appeals for "some to put down," proved sadly ambiguous to the loafers along the line of route.

When at last the station was reached, the panting form of Mrs. Doughty was discovered having a warlike argument with her cabby as to the pecuniary value of her thrilling journey thither. The following I overheard as we trooped into the Booking Office:

"Extortionate! Extortionate!"

"Well, marm, if you *will* ruin my 'osse's constitooshun with your 'ome-made band——"

"But why, I want to know, should you charge me more for running away with me than walking at the head of the procession as I directed?"

"Lawd love us, 'e ain't a cavalry 'oss, mum! Put yerself in 'is persition. S'pose you 'ad a henormous trumpet nigh busted under your nose—d'yer think you wouldn't do a guy? Corse yer would! An' don't yer reckon that guy would effectively ruin yer constitooshun, mum? Corse it would!"

At this point Mrs. Doughty, being evidently unable to deny the latter assertion, went in search of a policeman, escorted most assiduously by the jehu.

On gaining the platform, Miss Queller requested me to "keep my eye on my little class," so observing an elderly gentleman in front suddenly slide a couple of yards and almost follow his hat and stick on to the metals, I politely ordered one of them to stop throwing about the peel of an orange he was preparing.

"Did yer see the old boss, missy?" he whispered with a huge grin, ignoring my commands with great completeness. "There 'e goes agin! I don't know what's beautifulest about a horange—its inards or outards! 'Ullo, yer 're wanted, miss."

I turned round and found a stumpy freckled little boy holding up his hand.

"Please, mam," he gasped, "Bill's just bin cheated by one of them choclat machines and says 'e's goin' to smash its face in!"

"Smash who's face in?" I queried in bewilderment. "Tell me quick, little boy!"

"I ain't a little boy—I sells papers!"

"Did you say some one's hitting Bill?"

"Some one 'ittin' Bill! 'Ow could a choclat machine 'it 'im? Follow I?"

Feeling extremely small, I obeyed my disgusted informant, and discovered a fat youth standing in a pugilistic attitude before a sweetmeat machine.

"Please, miss," he cried on seeing me, "I've bin 'ad by this 'ere bloomin' erection, 'aven't I, 'Enery?"

"Yus, 'e 'as, lidy—the pore chap. It wor all the wealth 'e 'ad in the world too!"

I fumbled in my pocket for my purse.

"Don't yer catch on, miss," advised a red-haired boy, "'e only put in a 'alfpenny!"

"Yah, Ginger," sneered the fat youth, "who belongs to three Bands o' Booze and gits three treats, eh? Whose father's in quod, eh? Whose mother——"

He was here temporarily silenced by a violent blow on the head from the sensitive Ginger.

"Kindly 'old my coat, 'Enery," requested Bill, divesting himself of the garment and rolling up his sleeves, while his assailant nursed his fist. But at this thrilling moment a timely diversion was created by the arrival of our train. A wild rush for the carriages reserved for the Band of Hope ensued.

The evil twelve had barely fought their way into a compartment, when the whistle sounded, and an officious porter lifted me into the thick of them.

I cannot recall what at first happened after I had been hoisted into their midst; the strangeness of my surroundings must have dazed me. I think what revived me

was a powerful squirt of orange juice that I received in my right ear.

"Sorry if I've wetted yer, miss," observed the owner of this novel restorative apologetically. "I swear it wor accidental like, worn't it Ginger?"

"Yus, lidy," replied Ginger solemnly.

"Ain't I 'andsome?" Then, as I still kept my eyes fixed on his pinched face, he heaved a resigned sigh, and muttering, "S'pose I must," drew from some hidden recess of his nether garments a black rag, which he handed to me with a laconic "'Ere!"

"Please, miss, I've bin 'ad by this 'ere bloomin' erection"

"How do you know?" I demanded sharply.

"'Cos I 'appens ter be aware 'ow 'orribly fond Sucker is o' orange juice, so it ain't likely 'e 'd waste it, 'tentionally, is it now?"

Not feeling equal to an argument with this philosopher, I held my peace, and continued to glare at the offender, whose name seemed curiously appropriate. This he appeared to resent for he asked impertinently:

He evidently mistook my start of disgust for one of astonishment at his generosity, for in a sad voice he said: "Yus, yer can dry yerself on it—though this 'andkerchief 'as got to last me another week. Take it quick though, or may be I'll change my mind!"

But as I still recoiled from the grimy thing, his white face suddenly flushed.

"Sorry I insulted yer," he said, "I should 'ave known it worn't fit for the likes o' you."

I took the rag from him as he was returning it to its hiding-place.

"What now?" demanded the owner suspiciously.

I applied the "'ankerchief" to my ear.

A gleam of pride flashed into the boy's tired eyes.

"Blowed if I don't make yer a present of it now!" he exclaimed. "And, miss," he added in a lower voice, "you's the fust gal outside the fam'ly as ever I've given anythink!"

I placed the poor lad's "present" in my pocket, and looked my gratitude, for an uncomfortable lump had risen in my throat.

"Golly! Bill's got a fag! Give us a puff, there's a toff."

"Not 'alf," answered Bill, lighting a dirty cigarette end with studious care.

"Hall right, mate, just wite till I've another 'ap'orth o' fried fish in my persession!"

"Carn't, 'Enery," murmured Bill, regretfully, "I'm imigratin' this time next year."

"A good thing for Hingland!' observed 'Enery patriotically.

"Go and boil yer face and give the cats the grivy!" retorted the smoker irrelevantly, and Henry, failing to think of a suitable reply to this personal advice, muttered a feeble "Rats," and relapsed into silence.

Owing to the soothing effect Bill's smoke had on his envious companions (I fancy the strength of it must have overpowered them, as it did me) I made no protest until he suddenly began blowing reeking clouds of it in my face. This I could not submit to, and I had just begun to give the fat youth a large piece of my mind, when there was an indignant roar of—"Carn't yer see as 'ow 'e's blowin' rings?"

"Blowing what?" I asked, rather frightened.

"Rings, lidy. There! Look! A ripper!"

"Well, you must let me change my seat," said I, rising hastily.

Bill grinned sentimentally.

"Allow me, miss, to—aw—affer yer my—aw—knee," he lisped, flicking some ash off his threadbare garments with his fingertips.

"Look 'ere, Bill!" exclaimed Sucker fiercely; "you just chuck that fag awiy, or I'll make yer swaller it. Carn't you see 'ow it upsets the lidy?"

"I'll upset you if yer don't 'old yer jaw, yer pasty-dialed monkey!" exclaimed the personal Bill.

Sucker sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing, his hands clenched.

"Then do it, yer fat puddin'-faced scarecrow!" he shouted defiantly.

The "fat puddin'-faced scarecrow" drew in his breath, and his fist shot out. The next moment the narrow compartment was a perfect pandemonium! Eight out of the twelve engaged. The rest, feeling disinclined to punch and to be punched, retired to the racks ("for light articles only") from which elevated and safe position they distributed encouragement and advice impartially to the visible wrath of the combatants below.

In the centre of the battle the would-be smoker and my champion fought with enormous energy. As far as hitting powers went they seemed equally matched, but as their backers sampled most of their wild blows, the contest bid fair to last out the journey.

Ginger was the first to show the white feather. Being hard pressed by Henry, he climbed through the window and sought temporary respite from his generous adversary on the footboard. Henry immediately turned his attention to one of the racks, and he was painfully manipulating a pin underneath the netting by way of revenge for such unsolicited advice, when a piercing scream made me start up from the corner where I had been crouching, and fight my way to the window.

In an agony of dread I looked out, and, there, clinging to the footboard with his knees just resting on the board beneath, was Ginger!

The sight turned me sick with horror, for the train was rattling over a suspension bridge, and I knew that if the boy let go, nothing could save him from being dashed to pieces a hundred feet below.

As I gazed fascinated at his awful danger, he slipped! There was not an instant to be lost. Clearing back the urchins who, with blanched faces, were pressing round me to "'ave a look," I turned the handle and tried

The next moment the narrow compartment was a perfect pandemonium

to open the door. It had stuck! I shook it with all my might, but it would not budge. In desperation I took a step back, and, regardless of the consequences, threw my whole weight against it. The door gave, and the next moment I had opened it. Then, kneeling down, and grasping the carriage side firmly with my left hand, I leant out, giddy and breathless, and clutched at the boy with my right. Thank God, I caught him, and by exerting my fast-failing strength to the utmost, managed to drag him into the compartment.

The next thing I remember was a strange tingling sensation in my arms, and a far-away voice saying: "'Talk abart a bloomin' 'ero!" Then I awoke to find my head pillowed upon Sucker's miniature shoulder, and an alarming

number of black flags being fluttered about my face. I sat up, bewildered, but only for an instant, for just in front of me, looking very white, stood Ginger. He was crying. I held out my trembling hand. Very hesitatingly he took it in his grimy fingers and kissed it. Then he tried to speak, but his voice was choked with sobs.

"I—I dunno 'ow—ter—than—thank yer lidy," he blurted out at last, "but just wite till yer see my mother!"

At that moment the train began to draw up, and I felt thankful for it—the lad's gratitude to me for his mother's sake had made me—well, use Sucker's "present" by mistake.

My exit from that railway carriage was a small triumph. The whole class fought for the honour of helping me to alight. Talk about the lower classes having no manners! Touch their feeling and see!

Outside the station two private brakes were waiting to receive the expectant Band of Hope. The urchins' delight as the high-stepping horses clattered away with us down the sweet-smelling country lane beggars description.

"Lummy!" exclaimed one of the twelve suddenly, "if this don't lick the lift I got ter my sister's swell fun'ral into a cocked 'at!"

This unsolicited testimonial caused the driver to turn half round in his seat. The momentary glimpse I caught of his dark handsome face brought my heart up into my mouth (figuratively speaking of course)—it was Mr. Warren, the man I had been longing to meet again for two years! Truly the ways of providence are strange!

Presently we entered what Henry declared to be "'Ide Pork," and passing along a thickly-wooded drive turned suddenly off into a meadow, where under a spacious tent, resplendent with flags, Lady Warren with a number of friends, waited to welcome us.

It was just after tea, and feeling horribly tired, I was listening to a group of lean teetotalers bemoaning the limited capacity of a certain important part of their anatomy, when a light touch on my arm, accompanied by a muttered "At last!" made me turn.

"Mr. Warren!"

"I should like to show you round the grounds," he said quietly, but I flatter myself his deep voice shook ever so slightly. "May I?"

"I shall be delighted," I answered, and we left the tent.

"You look tired," he observed, as we reached a seat beneath a yew-tree. "You had better sit down."

"I look what I feel," I admitted, following his advice. "Why do you stand? This is not 'Ide Pork' so there's no excuse. Besides——"

"Miss Jervis," he interrupted, fixing his dark eyes on my face, "why did you leave Bournemouth without a word of farewell, without even telling me your address?"

"How was I to know you wanted my address?" I asked, looking away across the lawn. "You know we weren't introduced to each other, and——"

"What did that matter?" he demanded passionately. "Heaven knows it wasn't my fault! You told me you had forgiven me. Oh! if you only knew how abjectly wretched I was when you never met me that day; how for weeks I haunted the gardens, how I have hunted all over England for you, how——"

"How is Miss Vansittart?" I interposed irrelevantly, making weird patterns on the ground with my toe.

"Miss Vansittart?" he repeated in surprise. "Miss Vansittart? Do you mean the girl my chum Travers married last year? Why do you ask?"

He came a step nearer, and stooping, seized my hand.

"Miss Jervis! is it possible—can you have been so blind as to have thought that—that Travers and I were rivals? It was a little plot of mine to bring the old chap up to the scratch—jealousy you know, and—Violet——"

"Your acting must have been most creditable to have deceived Mr. Travers," I observed carelessly, but the blood was dancing through my veins, and I dared not let him see my eyes. "You are hurting my hand, Mr. Warren! I must be returning. My inquisitive class will be wondering where I have got to."

He dropped my hand as if it had bitten

him, and I rose from the seat. As I did so however, something fell into my eye. I made a dive into my pocket for my handkerchief.

"Good Heavens! what have you got there, Miss Jervis?"

"My—oh! This is a present I had given me by one named Sucker—so-called, I believe, on account of his insatiable thirst for the juice of the orange," and while Mr. Warren deftly abstracted the mote (which felt painfully like a beam) from my eye, I related the incident.

"Is there anything in the other eye?"

"No, thank you."

We walked on in embarrassing silence.

"How long has your sympathy been enlisted in the noble cause of temperance?" my companion asked suddenly.

"I only joined to-day—for the treat, you know."

"Then this is your first introduction to what people professing Christianity term the lower classes?"

I nodded and flushed; I had often used the term myself.

"I wonder whether your acquaintance with these blue-ribboned gentlemen will be resumed after to-day?"

"Yes, I have decided to belong to the Band of Hope."

"Lucky Band of Hope! . . . Which means that you will have to sign the pledge, Miss Jervis."

"Oh!"

He smiled.

"That makes all the difference, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it means that I shall sign the pledge."

"I signed it for the same reason," murmured Mr. Warren, as we passed through the meadow gate.

"Oh, they have gone!" I cried in consternation.

"By Jove, so they have!" he exclaimed. "You must allow me to drive you to the station in my dogcart."

"But the trouble."

"No trouble, I assure you."

Saying which he led me round to the front of the great house, where to my surprise, a trap was already waiting with a groom in attendance. Mr. Warren helped me in without comment, and having tenderly tucked the rug round me and himself, he flicked up the horse, and away we went. The groom, presumably by accident, was left behind.

"'Ere she is! 'Urray!"

This was my flattering greeting when, twenty minutes later, I hurried across the platform, to my cheering "little class" which had taken possession of a compartment in the waiting train. Ginger and Sucker alighted immediately, and greatly to my companion's amusement, insisted on helping me into the carriage.

"We wor all afraid you wor lost, miss!" confided Ginger, motioning me proudly to the window seat which had been strictly reserved.

"I worn't," contradicted the fat youth indignantly. "I know'd it wor a put-up job all along."

"You are awfully clever Mr. Bill," said I, trying to hide my blushes.

"Is 'e yer sweat'art, missy?" inquired Henry with sudden interest, indicating Mr. Warren who was filling up the window.

"Is 'e 'er sweat'art! Just listen to 'im!" exclaimed Bill pityingly. "Carn't yer see 'e is by 'er face? Look at 'er heyes, 'Enery."

"Let's 'ave yer word for it, miss," persisted half a dozen less keen observers.

Feeling too confused to speak I nodded my head. The train began to move. Ginger rushed to the window and leant out.

"You're precious lucky, mister," he whispered in my lover's ear, "'Cos yer gal's a little 'ero!"

Mr. Warren pressed something into his grimy hand.

"Golly! 'anged if it ain't a quid!" gasped Ginger, his eyes sparkling. "Won't I be a toff now just! . . . No, I tell yer what, I'll buy yer both a bloomin' weddin' present with it!"

And, six months later, he kept his word.

Browning's Treatment of Nature

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FIRST PAPER

IT is a difficult task to explain or analyse the treatment of Nature by Browning. It is easy enough to point out his remarkable love of her colour, his vivid painting of brief landscapes, his minute observation, his flashing way of description, his feeling for her breadth and freshness, his love of flowers and animals, and the way he has of emphasising the central point or light of a landscape. This is easy work, but it is not so easy to capture and define the way in which his soul, when he was alone, felt with regard to the heavens and the earth and all that therein is. Others, like Wordsworth, have stated this plainly: Browning has nowhere defined his way. What his intellect held the Natural World to be in itself; what it meant for man; the relation in which it stood to God and God to it—these things are partly plain. They have their attraction for us. It is always interesting to know what an imaginative genius thinks about such matters. But it is only a biographical or a half-scientific interest. But what we want to discover is how Browning, as a poet, felt the world of Nature. We have to try and catch the unconscious attitude of his soul when the Universe was at work around him, and he was for the time its centre—and this is the real difficulty.

Sometimes we imagine we have caught and fixed this elusive thing, but we cannot be sure. What we think of it cannot be as clearly outlined as we should wish it to be. We cannot, indeed, expect to outline the imaginative play of the soul of a poet; but we can try to find the two or three general thoughts, the most frequently recurring emotions Browning had when Nature at sundry hours and in divers manners displayed before him her beauty, splendour and fire, and seemed to ask his worship; or, again, when she stood apart from him, with the mocking smile she often wears, and whispered in his ear, "Thou shalt pursue me always, but never find my secret, never grasp my streaming hair." And both these experiences are to be found in Browning. Nature and he are sometimes at one, and sometimes at two; but seldom the first, and generally the second.

The natural world Tennyson describes is for the greater part of it a reflection of man, or used to heighten man's feeling, or to illustrate his action, or sentimentalised by memorial associations of humanity, or finally, invented as a background for a human subject and with a distinct direction towards that subject. Browning, with a few exceptions, does the exact opposite. His natural world is not made by our thought, nor does it reflect our passions. His illustrations, drawn from it, of our actions, break down at certain points, as if the illustrating material were alien from our nature. Nature, he thinks, leads up to man, and therefore has elements in her which are dim prophecies and prognostics of us; but she is only connected with us as the road is with the goal it reaches in the end. She exists independently of us, but yet—since we are linked to her as the flower to the plant—she exists to suggest to us what we may become; to awaken in us dim longings and desires; to surprise us into confession of our inadequacy; to startle us with perceptions of an infinitude we do not possess as yet but may possess; to make us feel our ignorance, weakness, want of finish; and by partly exhibiting the variety, knowledge, love, power and finish of God, to urge us forward in humble pursuit to the infinite in Him. The day Browning climbs Mont Salève, at the beginning of his poem *La Saisiaz*, after a description of his climb in which he notes

a host of minute quaintnesses in rock and flower, and especially little flares of colour, all of them unsentimentalised, he suddenly stands on the mountain-top and is smitten with the glory of the view. What does he see? Himself in Nature? or Nature herself like a living being? Not at all. He sees what he thinks Nature is there to teach us —not herself, but what is beyond herself. "I was stationed," he cries, deliberately making this point, "face to face with—Nature?—rather with Infinitude?" We are not in Nature: an aspiring part of God is there, but not the all of God. And Nature shows forth her glory, not to keep us with herself, but to send us on to her Source, of whom the universe is but a shred.

The universe of what we call matter in all its forms, which is the definition of Nature as I speak of it here, is one form to Browning of the creative joy of God: we are another form of the same joy. Nor does Browning conceive, as Wordsworth conceived, of any pre-established harmony between us and the natural world, so that Humanity and Nature can easily converse and live together; so that we can express our thoughts and emotions in terms of Nature; or so that Nature can have, as it were, a human soul. This is not Browning's conception. If he had such a conception he would frequently use in his descriptions what Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy," the use of which is excessively common in Tennyson. I can scarcely recall more than a very few instances of this in all the poetry of Browning. Even where it seems to occur, where Nature is spoken of in human terms, it does not really occur. Take this passage from *James Lee's Wife:*

O good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
  This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
  Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

The smile, the mirth, the listening, might be said to impute humanity to Nature: but the Earth and the Sea are plainly quite distinct from us. These are great giant creatures who are not us: Titans who live with one another and not with us; and the terms of our humanity are used to make us aware of their separate existence from us, not of their being images only of our mind.

Another passage will illustrate the same habit of Browning's mind with nature. He describes for the purpose of his general thought, in *Fifine at the Fair*, the course of a stormy sunset. The clouds, the sun, the night, act like men, and are spoken of in terms of humanity. But this is only to explain matters to us; the mighty creatures themselves have nothing to do with us. They live their own vast, indifferent life, and we see, like spectators, what they are doing, and do not understand what we see. The sunset seems to Browning the last act of an ever-recurring drama, in which the clouds barricade the Sun against his rest, and he plays with their opposition like the huge giant he is; till Night, with her terrific mace, angry with them for preventing the Sun from repose—repose which will make her Queen of the world, beats them into ruin. This is the passage:

For as on edifice of cloud i' the grey and green
Of Evening—built about some glory of the west,
To barricade the sun's departure—manifest,
He plays, pre-eminently gold, gilds vapour, crag and crest,
Which bend in rapt suspense above the act and deed
They cluster round and keep their very own, nor heed
The world at watch; while we, breathlessly at the base
O' the castellated bulk, note momently the mace
Of night fall here, fall there, bring change with every blow,
Alike to sharpened shaft and broadened portico
I' the structure: heights and depths, beneath the leaden stress,
Crumble and melt and mix together, coalesce,
Reform, but sadder still, subdued yet more and more
By every fresh defeat, till wearied eyes need pore
No longer on the dull impoverished decadence
Of all that pomp of pile in towering evidence
So lately.—*Fifine.* cvi.

It is plain that Browning separates us altogether from the elemental life of these gigantic beings. And what is true of these passages is, I dare to say, true of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the natural descriptions of Browning in which the pathetic fallacy seems to be used by him. I need

not say how extraordinarily apart this method of his is from that of Tennyson.

Then Tennyson, like Coleridge—only Tennyson is as vague and wavering in this belief as Coleridge is firm and clear in it—sometimes speaks as if Nature did not exist at all apart from our thought:

> Her life, the eddying of our living soul—

a possible, even a probable explanation. But it is not Browning's view. There is a celebrated passage in *Paracelsus* which is wholly inconsistent with it. All Nature, from the beginning, is made to issue forth from the joy God has in making, in embodying his Thought in Form; and when one form has been made and rejoiced in, in making another still more lovely on the foundation of the last. So, joy after joy, the world was built, till, in the life of all he has made, God sees his ancient rapture of movement and power, and feels his delight renewed. I will not quote it here, but only mark that we and the "eddying of our living souls" have nothing to do with the making of this Nature. It is not even the thoughts of God in us. God and Nature are alone, and were alone together countless years before we were born. But man was the close of all. Nature was built up, through every stage, that man might know himself to be its close—its seal—but not it. It is a separate, unhuman part of God. Existing thus apart, it does a certain work on us, impressing us from without. The God in it speaks to the God in us. It may sometimes be said to be interested in us, but not like a man in a man. Browning even goes so far as to impute, but rarely, such an interest in us to Nature, but in reality he rather thinks that we, being Nature's end, have at such times touched for a moment some of those elements in her which have come down to us—elements apart from the soul. And he takes care, even when he represents Nature as suddenly at one with us, to keep up the separateness. The interest spoken of is not a human interest, nor resembles it. It is like the interest Ariel takes in Prospero and Miranda—an elemental interest, that of a creature whose nature knows its radical difference from human nature. If Nature sees us in sorrow or in joy, she knows (in these few passages of Browning's poetry) or seems to know that we mourn or rejoice, and if she could feel with us she would; but she cannot quite do so. Like Ariel, she would be grieved with the grief of Gonzalo were her affections human. She has, then, a wild, unhuman, unmoral, unspiritual interest in us, like a being who has an elemental life, but no soul. But sometimes she is made to go farther, and has the same kind of interest in us which Oberon and Titania have in the loves of Helena and Hermia. When we are loving, and on the verge of such untroubled joy as Nature has always in her being, then she seems able, in Browning's poetry, to actually work for us, and help us into the fulness of our joy. In his poem, *By the Fireside*, he tells how he and the woman he loved were brought to know their love. It is a passage full of his peculiar view of Nature. The place where the two lovers stay their footsteps on the hill knows all about them. "It is silent and aware." But it is apart from them also:

> It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
> But that is its own affair.

And its silence also is its own. Those who linger there think that the place longs to speak; its bosom seems to heave with all it knows; but the desire is its own, not ours transferred to it. But when the two lovers were there, Nature, of her own accord, made up a spell for them and troubled them into speech:

> A moment after, and hands unseen
> Were hanging the night around us fast,
> But we knew that a bar was broken between
> Life and life, we were missed at last
> In spite of the mortal screen.
> The forests had done it, there they stood—
> We caught for a second the powers at play:
> They had mingled us so, for once and for good—
> Their work was done—we might go or stay.
> They relapsed to their ancient mood.

Not one of the poets of this century would have thought in that fashion concerning Nature. Only for a second, man happened to be in harmony with the Powers at play in Nature. They took the two lovers up for a moment, made them one, and

dropped them. "They relapsed to their ancient mood." The line is a whole lesson in Browning's view of Nature. But this special interest in us is rare, for we are rarely in the blessed mood of unself-conscious joy and love. When we are, on the other hand, self-conscious, or in doubt, or out of harmony with love and joy, or anxious for the transient things of the world —Nature, unsympathetic wholly, mocks and plays with us like a faun. When Sordello climbs the ravine, thinking of himself as Apollo, the wood, "proud of its observer," a mocking phrase, "tried surprises on him, stratagems and games."

Or, our life is too small for her greatness. When we are unworthy our high lineage, noisy or mean, then we

> quail before a quiet sky
> Or sea, too little for their quietude.

That is a phrase which might fall in with Wordsworth's theory of Nature, but this which follows, from *The Englishman in Italy*, is only Browning's. The man has climbed to the top of Calvano,

> And God's own profound
> Was above me, and round me the mountains,
> And under, the sea,
> And within me, my heart to bear witness
> What was and shall be.

He is quite worthy of the glorious sight, full of eternal thoughts. Wordsworth would then have made the soul of Nature sympathise with his soul. But Browning makes Nature manifest her apartness from the man. The mountains know nothing of his soul; they amuse themselves with him; they are even half angry with him for his intrusion—a foreigner who dares an entrance into their untrespassed world. Tennyson could not have thought that way. It is true the mountains are alive in the poet's thought, but not with the poet's life: nor does he touch them with his sentiment.

> Oh, those mountains, their infinite movement!
> Still moving with you.
> For, ever some new head and heart of them
> Thrusts into view
> To observe the intruder—you see it,
> If quickly you turn,
> And, before they escape you, surprise them!
> They grudge you should learn
> How the soft plains they look on, lean over
> And love (they pretend)—
> Cower beneath them.

Total apartness from us! Nature mocking, surprising us; watching us from a distance, even pleased to see us going to our destruction. We may remember how the hills look grimly on Childe Roland when he comes to the tower. The very sunset comes back to see him die.

> Before it left,
> The dying sunset kindled through a cleft,
> The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay—
> Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay.—

Then, as if they loved to see the death of their quarry, cried, without one touch of sympathy:

> Now stab, and end the creature, to the heft.

And once, so divided from our life is her life, she pities her own case and refuses our pity. Man cannot help her. The starved, ignoble country in *Childe Roland*, one of the finest pieces of description in Browning, wicked, waste and leprous land, makes Nature herself sick with peevish wrath. "I cannot help my case," she cries. "Nothing but the Judgment's fire can cure the place."

On the whole, then, for these instances might be backed up with many more, Nature is alive in Browning, but she is not humanised at all, nor at all at one with us. Tennyson does not make her alive, but he does humanise her. The other poets of last century do make her alive, and they harmonise her in one way or another with us. Browning is distinct from them all in keeping her quite divided from man.

But then he has observed that Nature is expressed in terms of man, and he naturally, because this conflicts with his general view, desires to explain this. He does explain it in a subtle passage in *Paracelsus*. Man, once described, imprints for ever

> His presence on all lifeless things; the winds
> Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,
> A querulous mutter or a quick gay laugh:
> Never a senseless gust now man is born.
> The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts,
> A secret they assemble to discuss
> When the sun drops behind their trunks which glare

Like grates of hell: the peerless cup afloat
Of the lake-lily is an urn, some nymph
Swims bearing high above her head: no bird
Whistles unseen, but through the gaps above
That let light in upon the gloomy woods,
A shape peeps from the breezy forest-top,
Arch with small puckered mouth and mocking eye.
The morn has enterprise, deep quiet droops
With evening, triumph takes the sunset hour,
Voluptuous transport ripens with the corn
Beneath a warm moon like a happy fall:
—And this to fill us with regard for Man.

He does not say, as the other poets do, that the pines really commune, or that the morn has enterprise, or that nymphs and satyrs live in the woods, but that this seems to be, because man, as the crown of the natural world, throws back his soul and his soul's life on all the grades of inferior life which preceded him. It is Browning's contradiction of any one who thinks that the pathetic fallacy exists in his poetry.

Nature has then a life of her own, her own joys and sorrows, or rather, only joy. Browning, indeed, with his intensity of imagination and his ineradicable desire of life, was not the man to conceive Nature as dead, as having no conscious being of any kind. He did not impute a personality like ours to Nature, but he saw joy and rapture and play, even love, moving in her everywhere; and sometimes he added to this her delight in herself—and just because the creature was not human—a touch of elemental unmoral malice, a tricksome sportiveness like that of Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

On the whole, then, the life of Nature had no relation of its own to our life; but we had some relation to it because we were conscious that we were its close and its completion. It follows from this idea of Browning's that he was capable of describing Nature as she was, without adding any deceiving mist of human sentiment to his descriptions, and of describing her as accurately and as vividly as Tennyson; even more vividly, because of his extraordinary eye for colour. And Nature, so described, is of great interest in Browning's poetry.

But then, in any description of Nature, we desire the entrance into such description of some human feeling. Browning does this in a different way from Tennyson, who gives human feelings and thoughts to Nature, or steeps it in human memories. Browning catches Nature up into himself, and the human element is not in Nature but in him, in what he thinks and feels, in all that Nature, quite apart from him, awakens in him. Sometimes he even goes so far as to toss Nature aside altogether, as unworthy to be thought of in comparison with humanity. That joy in Nature herself, for her own sake, which was so distinguishing a mark of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron and Keats, is rarely, if ever, found in Browning. This places him apart. What he loved was man; and save at those times of which I have spoken, when he conceives Nature as the life and play and wrath and fancy of huge elemental powers like gods and goddesses, he uses her as a background only for human life. She is of little importance unless man be present, and then she is no more than the scenery in the drama. Take the first two verses of a *Lovers' Quarrel:*

Oh, what a dawn of day!
How the March sun felt like May!
All is blue again
After last night's rain,
And the South dries the hawthorn spray!

That is well done—he has liked what he saw. But what is it all, he thinks; what do I care about it? And he ends the verse:

Only my love's away
I'd as lief that the blue were grey.

Then take the next verse—

Runnels which rillets swell
Must be dancing down the dell,
With a foaming head
On the beryl bed
Paven smooth as a hermit's cell.

It is excellent description, but it is only scenery for the real passion in Browning's mind.

Each with a tale to tell—
Could my Love but attend as well.

By the Fireside illustrates the same point. No description can be better, more close, more observed, than of the whole walk over the hill; but it is mere scenery for the lovers. The real passion lies in their hearts.

We have then direct description of

Nature; direct description of man sometimes as influenced by Nature; sometimes Nature used as the scenery of human passion —but no intermingling of them both—each for ever distinct. The only thing that unites them in idea, and in the end, is that both have proceeded from the creative joy of God.

Of course this way of thinking permits of the things of Nature being used to illustrate the doings, thinkings and character of man; and in none of his poems is such illustration better used than in *Sordello*. There is a famous passage, in itself a noble description of the opulent generativeness of a warm land like Italy, in which he compares the rich, poetic soul of Sordello to such a land, and the lovely line in it,

> And still more labyrinthine buds the rose,

holds in its symbolism the whole essence of a great artist's nature. I quote the passage. It describes Sordello, and it could not better describe Italy:

> Sordello foremost in the regal class
> Nature has broadly severed from the mass
> Of men, and framed for pleasure, as she frames
> Some happy lands that have luxurious names
> For loose fertility: a footfall there
> Suffices to upturn to the warm air
> Half germinating spices: mere decay
> Produces richer life, and day by day
> New pollen on the lily-petal grows
> And still more labyrinthine buds the rose.

That compares to the character of a whole country the character of a whole type of humanity. I take another of such comparisons, and it is as minute as that is broad, and done with as great skill and charm. Sordello is full of poetic fancies, touched and glimmering with the dew of youth, and he has woven them around the old castle where he lives. Browning compares the young man's imaginative play to the airy and audacious labour of the spider. He (Sordello)

> o'er festooning every interval,
> As the adventurous spider, making light
> Of distance, shoots her threads from depth to height,
> From barbican to battlement: so flung
> Fantasies forth and in their centre swung
> Our architect,—the breezy morning fresh
> Above, and merry,—all his waving mesh
> Laughing with lucid dew-drops rainbow-edged.

It could not be better done. The description might stand alone, but better than it is the image it gives of the joy, fancifulness and creativeness of a young poet, making his web of thoughts and imaginations, swinging in their centre like the spider, all of them subtle as the spider's threads, obeying every passing wind of impulse, and gemmed with the dew and sunlight of youth.

Again, this is another instance from *Ferishtah's Fancies, A Bean-stripe: Apple-Eating*. Ferishtah is asked—Is life a good or bad thing, white or black? "Good," says Ferishtah, "if one keeps moving. It is I only who move. When I stop, I may stop in a black place or a white. But everything around me is motionless as regards me, and is nothing more than stuff which tests my power of throwing light and colour on them as I move. It is I who make life good or bad, black or white. I am like the moon going through vapour"—and this is the illustration:

> Mark the flying orb!
> Think'st thou the halo, painted still afresh,
> At each new cloud-fleece pierced and passaged through:
> This was and is and will be evermore
> Coloured in permanence? The glory swims
> Girdling the glory-giver, swallowed straight
> By night's abysmal gloom, unglorified
> Behind as erst before the advancer: gloom?
> Faced by the onward-faring, see, succeeds
> From the abandoned heaven a next surprise,
> And where's the gloom now? Silver-smitten straight,
> One glow and variegation! So, with me,
> Who move and make—myself—the black, the white,
> The good, the bad, of life's environment.

Fine as these illustrations are, intimate and minute, they are only a few out of a multitude of those comparisons which in Browning image what is in man from that which is within Nature—hints, prognostics, prophecies, as he would call them, of humanity, but not human.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre

Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two travellers arrive at Perrancove Towers, a mansion standing on the sea coast on the border of Devon and Cornwall, one hot August afternoon. The elder, Mr. Endicott, is owner of the place. He has been travelling for ten years, and for the past five has had the constant companionship of the younger man, Cuthbert Gregson, whose life Mr. Endicott had saved at the risk of his own. On arriving at Perrancove Gregson learns Mr. Endicott has years before adopted a child named Una Cartaret, who has been under the care of his sister and housekeeper, Miss Endicott. Una is now twenty-one. Mr. Endicott tells Cuthbert the doctors have declared he cannot live more than a few months longer, and asks whether he, Cuthbert, will marry his ward, who will also be his heiress. She is the daughter of a scoundrel who is still alive, and who would endeavour to obtain an evil influence over her when he heard she was an heiress. Cuthbert takes time to consider the matter. Meanwhile he and Una become good friends.

CHAPTER IV

BETROTHED

WITHIN a month from the traveller's first arrival, Cuthbert told his friend that he was willing to carry out his wish, on condition that Una was equally willing. Miss Endicott spoke to her in fear and trembling, and when the girl had a little recovered from her astonishment, her guardian called her into the library and added his word to his sister's.

"I do not wish to force you to accept him as your husband; but I hope you will feel as I do what a good husband he will make you. You will never get a better one. I am morally certain of that. I have known Cuthbert Gregson pretty intimately; he could not do a mean or unkind action; he is truth and honour personified. You have seen enough of him to like him, I am sure."

"I don't dislike him," stammered Una. "But I don't think I want to be married yet."

Then very quietly Mr. Endicott broke to her his failing health, and the reason for him going to London and his sister accompanying him.

"But I can manage here alone quite well," urged Una. "I like living alone. I would be most careful to keep everything as you would like; and then when you come back——"

"I shall never come back," said her guardian gravely.

Una could not take it in.

"You told me a short while ago," said Mr. Endicott, "that you would not at all mind a husband, provided he did not interfere too much with your plans and purposes."

"Does Mr. Gregson really want me to marry him?" Una asked with knitted brows, after a short silence.

"He says he does."

"He has never told me so."

Mr. Endicott stepped to the door quickly and called the old butler.

"Tell Mr. Gregson I should like to see him at once."

Cuthbert appeared before Una had time to offer any objection to this mode of proceeding.

"Now, Cuthbert, speak to this young lady. I shall leave you, for you will understand each other better alone."

Una sat in an old chair by the window. Her hands were lightly clasped in her lap; her little feet planted firmly together. She

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appeared in deep thought, but raised a frank and fearless face towards Cuthbert. Not a shadow of a blush was on her cheeks; no hesitation or discomposure in her manner.

And for a moment Cuthbert felt tongue-tied. He realised that a good deal hung upon the next few minutes between them. He wondered if he were doing both himself and her a wrong by complying with Mr. Endicott's wish. And then he took courage, and spoke; but his voice was a little husky.

"I think you have been prepared for what I want to say to you, Miss Cartaret?"

"Mr. Endicott says you want to marry me."

"Yes. What will your answer be?"

"I suppose if Miss Endicott, and Mr. Endicott, and you all wish it, I must not say no," said Una very gravely.

"I hope," said Cuthbert, feeling this was a very strange wooing, "that you do not dislike the idea?"

"I don't know that I like it."

His face fell.

"I would try and make you happy," he said earnestly. "You don't dislike me, do you?"

"No, I—I like you; but to tell the truth, I don't want to be married at all. I am afraid I should not be so free."

"You shall be as free as air! I do not think of taking you away from here, and from all that you love. Your life would be just the same."

There was a little silence; then Una asked steadily, regarding him with a very earnest gaze, "Why do you wish to marry me?"

The simple question disconcerted him. Why did he? Could he say he loved her? His heart seemed cold and dead to all such feeling. He vaguely felt she might amuse and interest him in his dull moments; might manage the household, and do all that a woman should to make her husband comfortable. The utter selfishness of such views struck him for the first time. What was he going to give her in exchange for this? The very house and property was hers, and by the marriage laws then in vogue would become his after marriage. It was true he had a good private income of his own. He could be her protector against her spendthrift father; he could be her guide and adviser, a support in time of stress or difficulty. But would she consider this sufficient to make her willing to link her life to his? As he thought of these things he felt ashamed to meet her gaze. His sense of honour prevented him at this crisis of his life from prevaricating or misrepresenting the truth.

"Una," he said gently, using her Christian name for the first time, "there is not much in my favour, I own. I am older than you and not much more than a stranger to you still. But I do know and like your guardian, and he is very anxious for our—our union. For the last eight years I have had little to do with women. I am not apt at pretty speeches; but I honestly think you and I would be happy together. The only question I would ask you is—Have you seen any one whom you feel you would like better than me? I would not stand in your way for worlds."

"I have seen no one," the girl replied simply. "I have been too interested in everything here to think of marriage at all. It is not a subject that Miss Endicott has ever discussed with me. I did once say to her, when she told me I must learn certain things in order to manage a house of my own, that perhaps I should never have one. She said girls were best with husbands to look after them; and she herself was an exception to the rule. I suppose if Mr. Endicott wishes this very much, and you wish it too, I must say 'yes.' But I do hope it won't make any changes in my life. I am so very happy as I am."

There was some wistfulness in her eyes as she gazed up at him, which made Cuthbert wince a little. He resolved then and there that he would be good to her, and with an old-fashioned courtesy he raised her little hand to his lips.

"We will hope to be very happy here—both of us," he said.

A few minutes after Mr. Endicott was told that his wish had been fulfilled, and, calling his sister into the library, he gravely pledged the young couple in a glass of old port.

Una was very quiet. She slipped away as soon as she could, for the suddenness and

strangeness of it all had been a shock to her. She had been brought up so very differently from most girls that her ideas were vague and crude concerning marriage. As she said, her life had been too full of other things to give it a thought. She had had no friends in her own station of life with whom to talk about such a matter. She had seen young couples wedded amongst the fishers; but the love they talked about was a thing she supposed only confined to their class. And having heard of marriages being arranged amongst distant relations of Miss Endicott, she concluded that she was now only following the general example. Still, as she walked down to the shore and pushed out her beloved boat for a row, she had an uneasy feeling that change was coming into her life; and she wondered if it would bring her more happiness or less.

Presently, as she rounded a point, she saw a small fishing-boat coming in from the open. She hailed it with delight.

"Kathie, is that you?"

A bright-faced, handsome girl stood with one hand on the tiller, the other ready to pull in her sail. Her dark hair escaped in long tresses from under her blue woollen cap; her face, with its healthy sunburn and rosy cheeks, was honest and open; and when she smiled, two white rows of even teeth dazzled you with their fairness.

"Just come in from a haul of mackerel, Missy!"

"Bring up your boat to me; I want to speak to you."

It was the work of a few moments to do this; and Una, having secured her own boat with a rope to the fishing-smack, now leapt into it, and, pushing aside the shining fish, sat down with a little sigh.

"I was just wishing to talk to some one, Kathie; and I always think you are a sensible girl, and know how to hold your tongue, so I'll tell you something."

Kathie looked interested at once.

Una held her head up with great dignity as she announced:

"I am thinking of being married."

"Law, Missy! I never should 'a' thought it."

"Yes, it has astonished me very much. I thought you would be surprised. It was only the other day I was remarking what a foolish thing marriage was; and now I come to think of it, I said it to him, and he quite agreed with me! That is very funny!"

Una paused and seemed lost in thought for a moment; then she went on hurriedly:

"It is to Mr. Gregson, Kathie—the gentleman who is staying with us now. It seems as if it is to be, and I haven't anything to say against him. I don't think it will alter my life much. I hope not. We shall live on here, Mr. Endicott says. I think that it will give me a little more power with the lads here, you know. It is a good thing to have a man at your back. I shall hold him up to them as a kind of ogre. 'If my husband hears of it, he will be very angry!' 'If I am not obeyed at once, I shall bring my husband to you.' It sounds severe, doesn't it?"

Kathie stared at Una as she ran on in this fashion. She was strangely humble when in "Missy's" presence. Able to stand alone and earn her daily bread as regularly and successfully as any man, she was yet a strange compound of childishness and shrewdness. The ways and manners of the "quality" were incomprehensible to her. She adored Una, and looked up to her with the greatest veneration; but this talk from her divinity perplexed and astonished her. Was marriage such child's play as this? Kathie had a big heart of her own, and very earnest and passionate ideas of what a true betrothal ought to be. Una spoke as if it were a kind of game! She said at last, very slowly, as she gazed with big eyes out at sea:

"If I were going to marry, Missy, it would be a very big thing to me—a very big thing."

Her eyes flashed with a strange light as she added:

"And him that comes for me must love me with his heart and soul; ay, and think nothin' of dyin' for me if needs be, for I'd do that and more for him!"

Una laughed.

"That's how you always talk, Kathie! But people can be married very happily without that kind of thing. I am going to be. I certainly don't expect Mr. Gregson to

There was a little gathering of men and women on he shore

die for me, and I'm quite positive that I shouldn't die for him."

Kathie was silent. The breeze warned her to pull in some of her sail, and presently she lowered it all and took out her oars.

Una insisted upon taking one too, and the girls rowed on for a short time without speaking.

At last Una broke the silence.

"It makes one think—this kind of thing. And since Mr. Endicott came back he has rather upset me. He asked me such strange questions when we had our first talk together. Have you a personal experience in religion, Kathie? That was one of his questions. I don't understand him. But I can't get it out of my head. What do I believe in, I wonder?"

"Granny would have a brave notion of it," responded Kathie. "Come and talk it over with her."

"Or with old Eli Tanner. He always talks as if God lives with him all day. And he talks to Him just as if—as if He were a a real Person."

"I reckon He be," said Kathie, her eyes on the blue ocean in front of her.

"Yes, but you know what I mean. As if He were quite, quite near. To me God is millions of miles away. I feel, if I think about it at all, as if He were a kind of Judge, weighing my actions and words every day. I would rather not think about Him."

"And when be you goin' to be married?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing is settled yet. When are you going to get married, Kathie? You are older than I. I know who your husband will be, only he is a long time coming to the point."

Kathie's cheeks and ears got a burning red at once.

"Hist, Missy! I'll tell you when there be anything to tell."

"I wish Mr. Gregson was as good at boat-building as Jim Tanner is!" sighed Una.

Kathie smiled. It was no secret in Perrancove that Jim Tanner worshipped the ground on which she trod. Yet his imperturbable silence and reserve baffled even those who knew him best. If Kathie's nets or lines wanted mending, she would wake up one morning and find them done by some invisible hand; if in the dusky light at night she was hauling up her boat, and found the task heavy for her weary hands, the rope would be taken from behind and the strong pull given, with only just a quiet nod and smile, as the young fisherman passed by. Kathie's eyes would brighten and her heart throb when he did by chance speak to her. There were plenty of other young men who were not so diffident, and were by no means backward to appreciate her charms; but though the girl had a bright and pleasant way with them all, not one of them came near the silent Jim in her estimation. She and Una were silent now for a time; each thinking in her heart of marriage, and of what it would mean to them. So much it would mean to Kathie, so little to Una. The one looking forward to such a possibility with a thrilling heart, painting it in rosy colours; the other wondering how little necessary change it would make in her life, and sincerely hoping that she would still be left to follow her own desires. The girls parted from each other with the words:

"I'm sure I hope you'll be happy, Missy."

"I mean to be, Kathie, and quite expect I shall."

Una was very quiet for the next few days, and eluded Cuthbert's society. Then the weather changed; black storm-clouds rolled in from the sea; rain and wind set in; and Una found her thoughts full of other matters. For the time she was oblivious of her engagement.

The storm rose to its height one day after dinner was over; the waves dashed and roared at the foot of the Towers; and the wind swept along the coast, lashing every obstacle in its way. Una slipped out of the drawing-room, where she and Miss Endicott sat in state, waiting for the gentlemen to join them, and dashing up to her room, opened the window and looked out. Her bedroom, chosen by herself, was at the top of one of the turret towers, and from the window she commanded an extensive view of the coast. It was a dark night; but as she gazed out on the sea, she suddenly saw a rocket shoot up into the sky, and by its

light she caught sight of a large brig drifting helplessly towards the shore.

"Another wreck!" she gasped. "It is on the Perran Rocks, so there is no hope for it."

Then, tossing off her evening dress, with lightning rapidity she donned her old serge, wrapped a plaid round her shoulders, and pulling her worsted cap over her brown curly head, she ran lightly down the turret stairs and reached her sanctum.

From thence she soon made her way down to the beach, heedless of wind and rain, and was soon in view of the fated vessel. There was a little gathering of men and women on the shore. Una stole up amongst them very quietly. It was difficult to hear any one's voice in the roar of the waves that dashed in volumes of white spray against the rocks. Another rocket appeared, and for one second showed to the onlookers the crew gathered together in the fo'castle. Then a great hoarse shout went up from the doomed men, who were gliding so swiftly towards their death. Una's blood rushed to her cheeks. She cried out impulsively:

"Oh, let us try to save them! Are you going to watch them die? Will no one put out a boat?"

A low murmur went through the waiting crowd. One old fisherman turned angrily round:

"Could any boat get by them rocks, Missy? Ye talks as foolish as 'ee allays doth!"

"We could fling them a rope! We could do something."

Again a sullen murmur from those around her. And then a young fellow said in a low voice in her ear:

"It is too late, Missy; no man could get past those rocks alive!"

"Oh, Jim, why don't you try something?"

"Hist, Missy!"

His tone was a warning one. He left the crowd and fell back behind the hulk of an old fishing-boat. Una followed him there. Her eyes were flashing with indignant feeling.

"Jim, did you try nothing?" she demanded.

"Ay, Missy," the young man replied with deep bitterness of feeling. "Fayther an' me went to get our ropes, an' found 'em cut to pieces. Us had our rockets ready, an' 'twould have saved some on 'em!"

"Oh, the fiends!" gasped Una. "Who did it?"

"Us have our suspicions!" the young man answered cautiously. Then he added, "'Tis of no use ye bein' here, Missy. Best be out of it!"

"I shall be here if I like," and Una brought down her small foot with a defiant stamp. "Do you think I could lie in my bed while murder and theft are being committed? I have my eyes and ears open; and if once I have positive proof of what I know goes on, I will expose it! I am not a helpless woman any longer. Mr. Endicott is home—and another!"

"Hist, Missy!" said Jim Tanner again.

At this moment there was another fierce onslaught of wind and waves; and then a heart-rending cry from the brig rose to the heavens. A sharp grinding concussion, then, with a sudden dip, the brig sank within their sight; the strong current round the rocks sucked her greedily down; and her crew were engulfed in the raging pitiless deep without a hand being outstretched on their behalf.

The crowd on the beach broke up; two men passed close by Una.

"If there was a chance o' her bein' Captin Davey's, he were bringin' stores from furrin parts!"

"Ay, 'tis a chance. 'Twill bring those that looks for 'un somethin' good! Us be in luck's way this year. 'Tis wreck number three!"

Una shivered. She turned to Jim, but he had disappeared. Then with determination in her closely-shut lips, the girl quietly followed a little knot of men, who were making their way slowly and cautiously towards the treacherous rocks. They were so busy in consultation that she slipped past them without being perceived, and very silently she crept up a narrow gully in the cliffs that led to a small cave. Here, wrapping her plaid more closely round her, she sat down and waited. She was exactly opposite the wreck, and to her excited fancy

it seemed as if far out in the water some of the crew were still struggling for their lives.

"Oh," she murmured between her clenched teeth, "a lifeboat would weather this storm, however strong the currents were. We watch them die, and we gloat over their dead bodies. It is awful!"

CHAPTER V

RESCUED FROM THE WRECK

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

LONGFELLOW.

She stood looking at him with tears of pity in her eyes

IT was a gruesome watch. Here in the solitude of her cave she saw the dim forms of two or three men waiting greedily for spoils to be washed ashore. Two had torches; and presently a huge wave bore in some dark objects. There was a rush; one dragged his burden up to the very entrance of the cave in which Una was. She crouched in her hiding-place, and shuddered as she beheld old Martin turn over eagerly the lifeless body of a man. He rifled his pockets; she saw the gleam of watch and chain being transferred into Martin's keeping; she saw a belt being undone, and heard the chink of money. But she kept perfect silence, and as other spoils were being washed ashore, Martin left his prey and joined his companions. Some instinct made Una creep down softly towards the drowned man. She stood looking at him with tears of pity in her eyes. Only a short time ago he stood in health and strength, the blood rushing through his veins, his eyes bright and sparkling, his voice strong and vigorous. Now he lay there face downwards on the sand, hushed in death's grip, a still and lifeless corpse.

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As she gazed at him she noted that his figure was not that of a common sailor; he was a gentleman; his clothes, his hands

proclaimed the fact. And then in the silent darkness she started violently. She could not be mistaken; a low breathed sigh, almost a moan, came from that still form.

Una had truly said to her guardian that she was afraid of nothing. In an instant she was down on her knees chafing the cold hands and trying to feel if his heart were still beating. And in a minute a very feeble fluttering motion told her that life was not yet extinct. Then she sprang to her feet, feeling her helplessness; and running swiftly but noiselessly out of her hiding-place, she made her way round to the shore, where groups of fisherwomen and a few boys were still talking. She passed them, and then found the one for whom she was looking. Jim Tanner was mending one of his nets. He was alone, and Una touched him gently on the arm.

"Jim, follow me at once; there's one of the crew alive. I daren't let any one know it, for he has been robbed. Come as quick as you can, and don't let them see you."

Without a word Jim obeyed, and was soon by the side of the drowned man. He took a flask from his pocket, and poured a little into his mouth, and then began working his arms up and down in the orthodox fashion, Una standing breathlessly by.

Presently he turned to her.

"He's coming round, Missy. I'll hoist him on my back and carry him up to the cliff and get him home, where we'll see to him. 'Tis gettin' late. Don't you trouble to stay out any more."

Jim was acting promptly. Una knew there was an opening at the farther end of the cave which led up to the top of the cliff, and with a sigh of relief she sped round to the beach again and home as fast as her feet could carry her.

She met Cuthbert as she was passing through the garden.

"I am on my way to bring you back," he said. "Do you generally wander out on a stormy night in this fashion?"

Una turned big, troubled eyes upon him.

"Oh, I don't know what I do," she said in a distressed tone. "Do you know a vessel has been wrecked within sight and sound of us?"

Cuthbert looked startled.

"Mr. Endicott and I have been deep in a discussion on past history in the library; we have even been oblivious of the storm till we joined Miss Endicott, and found she was anxious for your reappearance."

"As if it matters about me!"

There was impatience and scorn in Una's tone.

"But have the crew not been saved?"

"How could they be, when every one's desire is that they should be drowned?"

Cuthbert looked at the girl's flashing eyes and quivering lips with some wonder. He thought her overwrought and gave little heed to her words.

"It is such a dangerous coast," he said musingly. "But why is there no lifeboat?"

"Ask Mr. Endicott. His father built one, and it was wilfully destroyed within a month of its presentation. No one has attempted to have another."

She dashed past him into the house, and Cuthbert followed her more slowly. He did not see her again that evening. Both Mr. Endicott and his sister were so absorbed in arrangements for their coming journey to London that the news Cuthbert brought them did not interest them much.

"It is an awful coast," said Mr. Endicott. "I have always felt we ought to have a lighthouse to warn passing vessels of our treacherous currents and rocks. But it is not often that vessels come so close. They are out of their course if they do so. We shall hear all about it to-morrow. Cuthbert, have you any plans for the future? I mean with regard to Una."

"I am willing for the marriage as soon as it suits you," the younger man replied.

"I shall be going to town the beginning of October—in another month, in fact. Will that be too soon?"

"Not if it suits Una."

"You will speak to her to-morrow, my dear," said Mr. Endicott, turning to his sister.

She assented quietly; and Una upstairs, pacing her room in a tumult of passion, pity, and interest in the shipwrecked crew, little thought how quietly her future was being discussed and settled.

The next morning was a contrast to the stormy night. Blue sky, and sun; only a ripple on the ocean that had dealt so cruelly with human beings a short time before.

Una was soon making her way across to Eagle's Head in her own boat. She was anxious to hear of the rescued man, and was glad when she presently met Tom Tanner. He was a grave weather-beaten man, with short brown beard, and the same honest eyes that had been handed on to Jim. He pulled in close to Una, and answered her breathless inquiries in a low tone.

"He be all right, Missy. He be a young gent in such haste to be home that he shipped in this Norwegian barque. He calleth himself Duncan Thiselthwaite, an' he liveth at Thiselthwaite Manor, nigh on fourteen mile from this part, I reckon. He be in terrible haste to push on, but faythe an' me have telled him he be not fit to sit astride a horse for another four and twenty hours; an' he have promised to bide wi' we till to-morrow."

"I am so glad," said Una; but her tone was still anxious. "Has he asked any questions, Tom?"

"Yes, Missy, 'deed he hath, an' it hath bin awk'ard for we. Our Jim, he broughted him on his back, egsackly as he were a-lyin', an' when he asketh for his belt o' money, an' his watch, an' his two rings, an' his di'mond breast-pin, it looketh foolish to kep on sayin', 'twas the waves that dragged 'em off him. An' Jim, he be terrible down concarnin' it; an' feyther, he sent I to the spot to have a right-down sarch, an' that be my errand; but us an' ye knoweth a little more than that, Missy; an' 'tis an outrageous thing to know on these matters an' be tongue-tied!"

Then Una's colour rose, and her eyes flashed fire.

"But I shall not be tongue-tied, Tom; no one shall prevent me from speaking. And I shall go straight to the thief and demand him to give up the stolen property. I am not going to have Jim suspected of stealing. The thief is bound to be discovered. Mr. —Mr. Thiselthwaite will not take the theft calmly; he will insist upon his property being found. I know the thief. I watched him strip him; and I shall go straight to him at once."

Tom hushed her, though there was no other boat or human creature in sight.

"Missy, they were hard at the drink last night, an' ye be bound to be cautious. 'Tis right down desperate they getteth after a stroke o' luck. 'Tis like robbin' a lion o' its prey to speak up to 'em like ye doeth. I fear 'twill set 'em terrible agen we, but 'tis not the first time, an' right be right an' wrang be wrang."

"I shall go straight to him," said Una, deftly turning her boat's head round. "And I shall bring back the things to Eagle's Head in an hour."

Tom began to expostulate, but Una set her lips determinedly together and left him, calling out:

"Your names shall not be brought into it. No one knows who rescued him."

She rowed back to the beach, and with the help of a fisher lad landed her boat, and with swift footsteps made her way up the village street till she reached a small cottage standing alone at the farther end of it. She knocked sharply at the closed door, and lifted the latch to open it, but found it locked.

A murmur of voices that reached her ear told her that Martin and his wife were at home.

After waiting for some minutes. the old woman opened the door very cautiously and put her head out.

"Eh, Missy, be it you? My Martin were up so late a-tryin' to save they poor critturs that he be sleepin' now hard and fast, or I would ask 'ee to come inside."

"Then he must wake up at once," said Una in her most regal tone, "for I want to speak to him!"

"Eh, dearie me! But 'twill be easy for I to give 'un the message."

"No, it will not. I must see him at once, please. It is most important. I have come to save him from getting into trouble."

Martin's wife was a good bit older than himself. Her face was a mass of puckers and wrinkles. A frightened shifty look

He strode forward with fury in his eyes, and looked as if he was going to strike the girl to the ground

stole into her small, grey eyes, and she began to blink them furiously, as was her custom when nervous.

"Eh, Missy, ye be allays good to we! Maybe he'll waken if 'ee bide a moment. Will 'ee come in an' take a seat, an' I'll go to 'un?"

Una took a seat as desired in the small kitchen. Martin had prudently withdrawn to the inner bed room, from whence he issued a few minutes later, looking heavy and surly with drink.

"You're missing a fine shoal of mackerel this morning," said Una severely, as she eyed him up and down. "All the others are out an hour ago."

"Shouldn't wonner!" growled Martin, with a scowl at her.

There was a pause. The door was ajar. Una turned and shut it. Then she came to her business promptly.

"Martin, that was a dreadful wreck last night!"

"Wrecks be mostly that," was the dry reply.

"And only one passenger saved," Una went on.

The old man looked up quickly, astonishment and fear dawning in his eyes.

"Yes, aren't you glad to hear it? One who was left for dead recovered consciousness and is now inquiring for a belt of money, a watch and chain, two rings, and a breastpin."

She spoke slowly and emphatically, fixing her gaze steadily upon him.

An angry flush rose to the old man's cheeks.

"An' what do 'ee mean by comin' to I wi' such tales?" he demanded furiously. "Best go to the parson who be hurryin' down to shore to bury the copses! What be it to I? Ye be wunnerful fond o' meddlin' wi' other folks' concarns, Missy, but ye will do it one time too often!"

"But this is my concern, for I found him alive and had him seen to, and I also happened to see you taking his things when you thought he was dead!"

A dreadful oath escaped Martin. He strode forward with fury in his eyes and

looked as if he was going to strike the girl to the ground. Una did not flinch. She only drew her little head up very proudly.

"Take care, Martin. You are not too drunk to know who is speaking to you. I am not going to get you into trouble. I know the manners and customs of Perran-cove better than you think. You are only one amongst many. I am not sorry for your disappointment, for though I have never caught you in the act before, I know you have had many a spoil from poor drowned men. Why I have come to you now is to demand Mr. Thiselthwaite's property at once. He is asking for it, and has been put off the scent by excuses. Unless I take these things instantly to him he will employ the coastguards from Poly-carthew, and all your houses will be searched. I fancy then they will discover more than they look for. Now, make haste, and be angry with yourself for committing such a crime, and not with me for saving you from the consequences of it."

Martin was awed by Una's imperious words. Dulled though his senses were, he had common sense enough to see that he had no choice but to obey.

He shuffled off into the inner room muttering angrily:

"A unbeknownst copse be the property o' the finder. 'Tis allays my luck to lose my rightful earnin's! He were dead as a door-nail afore I touched 'un! Folks that drags dead copses to life won't be so smart at raisin' theirselves when their time cometh! An' that time will be quicker than they think for, if they spend their lives in robbin' honest men o' their rightful livin'!"

He banged the door behind him, and Una heard him swearing and cursing at his wife for the next five minutes. He did not appear again, and his wife came out with the articles in an old handkerchief, which she put into Una's hands with trembling fingers.

"Ye won't be too hard an' raise a stir on we, Missy. If so be the gent be stayin' at the Towers, don't 'ee let the squire know 'twere my Martin had the accident to pick up the bits that were washed off the poor gent's body."

"You needn't be afraid," said Una shortly. "If you have returned everything it will be all right, but if there is a shilling short in the money I shall bring Mr. Thiselthwaite to your cottage myself, and Mr. Endicott shall come too!"

"Every blessed penny be in your hands, Missy."

"That's all right. Good morning."

Una left the house in relieved spirits, and it was not very long before she was pulling up to Eagle's Head with the recovered spoil. She launched her boat, but met on the shore, not any of the Tanners, but Duncan Thiselthwaite himself.

He was pacing up and down the shingle—a tall handsome young man, but his face had a worn white look. The effects of the shock of the preceding night had not yet passed off. He glanced at Una in some wonder; she went straight up to him.

"You are Mr. Thiselthwaite, are you not?"

He doffed his cap courteously.

"I have brought you your possessions. I hope you will find they are all right. Will you look at them now and tell me?"

"I am much more inclined to look at you," said the young man, with admiration in his eyes, as a smile lit up his face and made Una think he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. "Are you a water-nymph or fairy, that you appear with what I thought was lost for ever?"

"Please don't ask questions, but tell me if your money is right."

"It will take some time to count," said Duncan, noting the impatience in the girl's tone, and not unwilling to prolong the interview. "Shall we retire to the shelter of this old boat? I really am most eternally grateful to you, but cannot conceive how you obtained possession."

Una was silent. She watched him unfold the handkerchief and count out his money. He made short work of it.

"Perfectly correct. I am indeed indebted to you, Miss——'

"Una Cartaret is my name. I don't want any thanks. If you wish to oblige me, you will ask no questions; and do not show yourself in the village before you leave. You lost your money and jewellery in the sea.

The sea has given them up. And be quite sure that the young man who saved your life, and his relations, are as honest as yourself. Good morning,"

She ran back to the water's edge, pushed off her boat, and Duncan Thiselthwaite stood watching her as if he were in a dream.

He gave himself a shake presently.

"Whatever she is, she is flesh and blood, and—muscle! I never saw a girl pull as she does. It is a mystery I am not to solve. Well, if I am not to investigate this neighbourhood the sooner I am gone the better, and the sooner these good folks get the loan of a horse, the better I shall be pleased. Poor little Clarice! Ill news travels fast. She will hear of my death before I reach her!"

CHAPTER VI

UNITED HANDS

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*

It was the day before Una's wedding-day. Outside it was grey and misty. The gulls flew screaming round the windows. In the old drawing-room a disconsolate little figure sat by the fire with a prayer-book in her hand. The bustle of her trousseau was over. All arrangements for the coming event were finished. Miss Endicott had worked and toiled with a will and purpose; and finding Una wandering aimlessly over the house, getting into every one's way, and distracting the maids by her advice and directions, had sent her into the drawing-room and told her to stay there.

"Sit down and meditate upon your approaching marriage. It is well for young girls to have quiet thoughts and earnest resolves upon such an event."

So Una had disconsolately obeyed. Sitting still and meditating was not much to her taste; but she bent her mind to the task, and finally thought it would be a good idea to read through the service in which she was about to take part so soon She read with knitted brows, and sat with her chin in her hands reflecting.

Then, as rapid in her action as in her thoughts, she left the room hastily in search of Cuthbert. She found him alone in the library, but he was not studying. He was reading a newspaper by the fire.

"I have come to look for you," Una said, advancing somewhat shyly, and holding her prayer-book open between finger and thumb.

"What can I do for you?" said Cuthbert, drawing a chair up for her opposite himself. As he looked at her fair girlish face, and met an almost childish look of appeal in her eyes, he wondered again if he were doing rightly by her.

"Miss Endicott told me to sit down and think over what I was going to do to-morrow," Una said simply. "I've been doing it, and—I'm a little bit afraid of it, to tell the truth. I thought you would be the best person to consult, as of course you will have to go through the same. It seems to me such a much more solemn thing than I thought it was."

Cuthbert felt inclined to smile, but did not. There was a side to Una's character that was as yet unknown to him. He only saw her naïve childishness and simplicity, but it pleased him.

"It is a great step," he said gravely; "but I don't think you will have anything to fear. What is it that perplexes you?"

"It is the promise I have to make. I didn't know 'love' was mentioned at all. It is four times repeated. We each have to promise it twice."

"Well?"

Cuthbert put down his paper. There was an amused light in his eyes.

"I don't love you," she said, looking at him doubtfully.

"But you don't dislike me?"

"Oh, no. I rather like you. At least, I like one or two things about you."

"Let me hear them."

"Well—I like the look of you. I like to see you striding along when you walk out of doors. You don't slouch; your figure is as good and as upright as Jim Tanner's. Kathie said the other day, if a man didn't look a man he needn't look at her! You are manly, and you are tidy in your appearance, and you dress well; not like our vicar, who is

always in greasy black coats, and crumpled ties."

"Thank you. Anything else?"

"Yes. I don't think you are stupid. Don't laugh! I can't bear stupid heavy people who can never see a joke. Then I think you know more than I do. About some things, not all."

"That is high praise. On the whole I satisfy you?"

Una looked down at her prayer-book, which she still kept fingering.

"I don't love you," she repeated; "not as I love my dog 'Victor.'"

"I am thankful for that mercy," murmured Cuthbert.

"Then you think it will be all right?" she asked wistfully.

"I feel sure it will be," said Cuthbert with an encouraging smile. "Do not trouble your head over words. If you do not hate a person you are quite safe."

She brightened visibly.

"There is just one other thing I want to say. If we get tired of each other, I suppose we can go away from each other?"

"For good and all, do you mean? It would be awkward."

"Only for a time. Of course I don't see why we should, for if you go your way and I mine, we shall not be likely to interfere with each other. But I want to be prepared for the future. I think it would be easy to part for about four or five months, and then it would prevent monotony."

"I don't think that will be necessary."

"But I might want to do it. I don't like the sentence. 'Till death us do part.' It makes me shiver!"

"It is not too late now for you to alter your mind," he said, looking at her seriously. "Do not tell me after that I forced you into it."

"You forget that I have promised to marry you. I don't want to alter my mind."

Her small head was held proudly.

"I should not look forward to the future," he said; "I promise you I shall not give you more of my company than you desire."

Una put down her prayer-book on the table, with a sigh of relief.

"It is sure to be all right," she said. "Uncle said I could trust you."

Cuthbert felt a slight compunction in his heart. "Come here, Una," he said gently.

She came and stood by his side. He put his arm round her, the nearest approach to a caress that he had ever given her.

"I have become rather a silent, taciturn fellow," he said. "I have sometimes wondered whether I am doing right in taking away your liberty so soon; but I honestly think I can take care of you, and I hope I shall make you happy."

"You are not taking away my liberty," said Una hastily. "I would not marry you if you were. You promised me I should boat, and fish, and do just as I always have."

"So you shall, but you must not forget that I shall prevent your marrying any other man who may turn up."

"No men do turn up here—no gentlemen—at least, not often."

She stopped, and her thoughts flew to that handsome young man who had come into her life and left it again so suddenly. She sometimes wondered if she should ever meet him again.

"I saved his life," she mused, "but he didn't know it. If I had not been there he would have died; and he is living now because of me."

Her cheeks flushed as she thought of him. Cuthbert did not notice it. He was feeling now what a child she was; what a responsibility was his if he spoiled her life.

"Una," he said tenderly, "give me a kiss, and tell me you will try to love me."

Una's thoughts came back from Duncan Thiselthwaite, and she stared at him in astonishment.

"I don't like kissing," she said; "it always seems so babyish. I kiss little children, and Miss Endicott kisses me, but I should never think of kissing any one else."

Cuthbert felt decidedly snubbed.

"You will have to kiss me to-morrow," he said nonchalantly, "or let me kiss you."

"It will be very silly if you do," was Una's reply. "I certainly shall not kiss you. I will keep that for when you're very ill or weak. I might do it then, if you wanted me to."

"Pity is akin to love," murmured Cuthbert, as he released his affianced bride, and took up his paper again. "It is a good thing that I can live and be happy without either."

Una left him, but though his eyes were on his paper, his thoughts were still on her.

The wedding day dawned bright and fair. It was a very quiet little ceremony, and when over Cuthbert took his young bride away for a week to London. That was a time of mixed happiness and bewilderment to Una. She loved the sight-seeing, the shops, the crowds of people; but she was not in her element, and the day before they returned to Perrancove she turned to her husband pathetically. "I am a stranger in a strange land," she said; "I am dizzy and confused with it all. People think me an ignorant rustic when I make any remark. I feel like a bird in a cage. Take me home. I shall never be happy here."

"Not with me?" questioned Cuthbert.

"You are the strangest part of it all," said Una, softening her words by laying her hand gently on his coat-sleeve. "I can't get accustomed to you, and we are so very much together. I have never had to talk so much in my life before, and it seems years since we were married."

Cuthbert winced a little; but he was not in love with his wife. He was kindly indulgent to her, and felt in his inmost soul that he too would be glad when this short honeymoon would be over.

Mr. and Miss Endicott had not left the Towers when they returned. Mr. Endicott's disease had taken a serious turn, and he had been confined to his bed for some days. It proved only a temporary check, however, and he was able to receive them in the library with great composure.

When alone with Cuthbert his manner changed.

"I am going up to town to-morrow, Cuthbert," he said; "and I am going up to die. Soul and body shrink from it, and yet it is inevitable. How would you feel if you were in my place?"

Cuthbert's brows knitted. He walked the room uneasily. His reply sounded a feeble one.

"I should not like it."

Mr. Endicott gazed at him meditatively.

"I wish you and your little wife had a religion of your own," he said at length.

"I am not a heathen," Cuthbert said hastily.

"Your creed is an empty one, is it not? Your belief brings you no comfort; no power in life?"

"I have not felt weak. My will and self-control are my good angels. Comfort I have not needed."

"Since my illness I have learnt that our Creator meant His creatures to have a higher destiny down here than the majority of us think. My life has been wasted in raking straws together; the corn has been untouched."

Cuthbert looked at his friend rather sadly.

"You have gleaned more than straw," he protested, waving his hand towards the pile of manuscripts and books on the table near him.

Mr. Endicott shook his head.

"I have brought some ancient history to light," he said: "but the dead past is not so important as the living future. For I am going to live, Cuthbert—how and where I know not; and yet the oldest book in the world tells me it will be in paradise with the One whom I have only just begun to know."

There was silence. Then Mr. Endicott held out his hand.

"Give me your word that you will meet me again, lad. I have found 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Set your heart to find Him too, and lead your wife."

"God helping me I will," said Cuthbert, deeply moved.

Una had a last interview with her guardian.

"Are you happy, child?"

"I am delighted to be home again. Cuthbert is very kind and good. He says he will be busy now with your book, so we shall not see much of each other."

She spoke cheerfully. Mr. Endicott looked at her; then drew a long breath.

"You have youth, and health, and strength. Don't waste them as I have wasted mine; think of others' happiness before your own,

and be loyal and true to your husband. He deserves your trust. Look after my tenants more than I have done."

He could say no more, and Una, as she looked at his white suffering face, felt her eyes fill with tears.

"Oh! I hope the doctor will make you better," she said passionately. "He must. We shall see you back here again. I will do all you wish!"

But she and Cuthbert had looked for the last time on the face of the dying man as he drove away from the Towers with his sister.

Only three weeks afterwards they heard of his death, and they both felt that they had lost a friend who could not be replaced.

"And now I have no one but you to look after me," said Una, going into her husband's study after the sad news had been brought to her. "Miss Endicott tells me she is going back to her own home. It seems so strange to be here without her."

"Aren't you afraid of losing your wedding-ring?"

Cuthbert did not answer for a minute. His thoughts were with his friend; then he turned to his young wife very gently:

"We will try and follow out his wishes, and meet him in the Great Beyond."

Una nodded, with a little sob.

"He seemed so very good, didn't he? I remember he asked me what my religion did for my life and soul! He made me think I ought to believe in something more than I do. I can't get his words out of my head. I wish I knew the way to be really good."

Cuthbert was silent. His heart was moved and softened, but what could he say? At last, with an effort, he spoke:

"I will go to church with you next Sunday, Una. I haven't been inside a place of worship for years. It is the correct thing to do, I believe."

Una's face did not brighten. Church was not much enjoyment to her. But Cuthbert felt he had made a grand step in the right direction; and then he asked her to leave him.

Husband and wife saw very little of each other, except at meal-times. Una was out

of doors the greater part of each day. She did not neglect her household. Miss Endicott had trained her too carefully for that. After breakfast she spent a couple of hours in the kitchen and still-room. The rest of the day she had to herself. Kathie saw very little change in the young bride. She could get no satisfactory information out of her.

"Aren't you afraid of losing your wedding-ring?" she asked her one day, when they were both baiting some lobster-pots from the same boat, and Una's gold-encircled finger was flashing in and out of the water.

"No, it wouldn't matter if I did, Cuthbert would get me another one."

"Oh, but think of the awful ill-luck! Why, that ring is part of himself! I would feel my finger thrillin' through if I had one on!"

"Oh, Kathie, you are so silly!"

And Una's laugh rang out merrily.

Kathie looked serious.

"I don't understand you, Missy! You are no different from what you used to be, and—and it seemeth to me strange. Don't you feel restless and heart-weary to be with him?"

"I shouldn't think so! I tell you, Kathie, that London visit is like a nightmare to me now! I was so nervous that I couldn't walk a step anywhere without him. He never left me alone. It was so tiring! We were so glad to get back. He loves his books. I love my boat. And we're both as happy as we can be!"

She looked it, as she flashed a merry glance across at her humble friend. Kathie shook her head, sighed, and changed the subject.

Husband and wife walked to church together the first Sunday after Mr. Endicott's death. Cuthbert felt he was doing a virtuous action. He did not expect to be helped there, and apparently he was not.

Mr. Preston, the old clergyman, had an indistinct and monotonous delivery. The service was dull and dreary; the sermon lengthy and dry. But some words in the second lesson attracted and held Una's attention.

". . . The way ye know.

"Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way."

She began to think over them.

Mr. Endicott had gone into the unseen world; he seemed to have known the way. It was not a thing of dread to him. Did she know the way? No. And this disciple did not. What did Christ mean by saying He was the way? She puzzled over it and kept repeating over to herself as she walked home by her husband's side:

"Ye know the way. . . . I am the way."

"I will ask old Eli about it," she said at last aloud.

"What are you going to ask Eli about?" questioned her husband.

"Oh, only something that is puzzling me. I would rather ask him things than any one I know. He is an old dear!"

Cuthbert smiled and said no more.

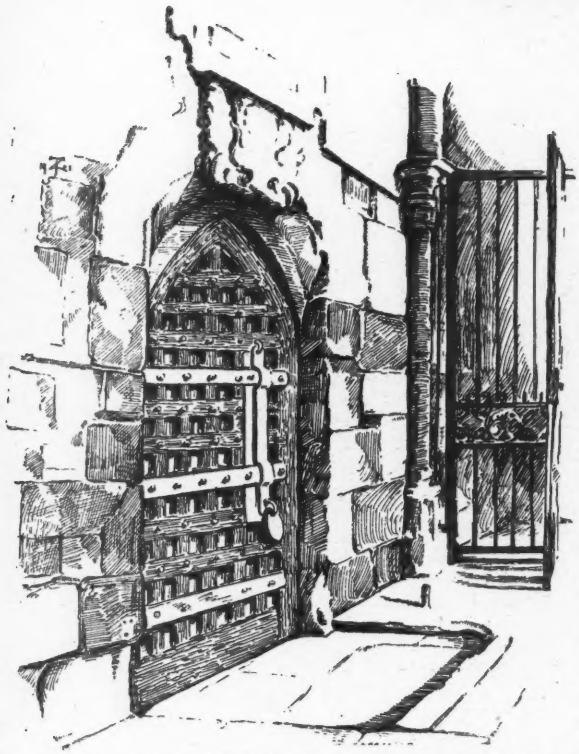
THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S IMPERIAL CROWN

By the Rev. J. H. T. Perkins, M.A., Sacrist of Westminster Abbey

IN the Eastern Cloister of Westminster Abbey stands a massive and aged door. The thickness of the adjoining walls and its own ponderous iron bands, alike indicate its superlative importance. Even to-day, that huge double door with its seven great locks can only be opened in the presence of certain high officials—successors of Hugolin, the Confessor's famous Treasurer, who, if tradition speaks truth, still sleeps within this gloomy chamber. This "Chapel of the Pyx," as it is termed, together with the adjoining Crypt beneath the Chapter-House, forms an abiding witness to that universal sentiment, which impelled our forefathers to store their most cherished possessions beneath the inviolable protection of the Church's shadow. Where indeed could our Norman sovereigns have discovered a spot more fully in keeping with their own motives of worldly policy, as well as with the spirit of the age, than in the heart of the Abbey, consecrated by St. Peter himself, watched over with such tender care by Saxon Edward, and now still further hallowed by the presence of his loved remains?

To Westminster then were brought, so says the great Dean, "the Regalia of the Saxon monarchy, the Black Rood of St. Margaret from Scotland, the Cross of St. Neot from Wales, deposited by Edward I., the sceptre or rod of Moses, the Ampulla of Henry IV., the Sword with which King Athelstan cut through the rock at Dunbar, the Sword of



The Chapel of the Pyx in the Great Cloisters of Westminster Abbey, once the Monastic Treasury, subsequently used together with the Tower as a Storehouse for the English Regalia

Wayland Smith, by which Henry II. was knighted, the Sword of Tristan, presented to John by the Emperor, the Dagger which wounded Edward I. at Acre, and the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poictiers."

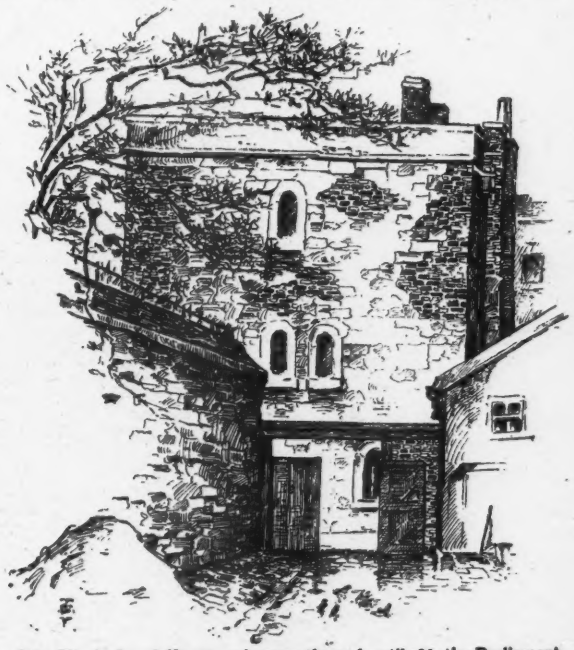
Our English Regalia have, for over eight centuries, been stamped with the Confessor's mark. Neither the storms of the Reformation, nor even the profanity of the Commonwealth have wholly obliterated the bond existing between those Regalia and the Abbey, so dear to Edward's heart. The right of the Abbot and brethren to be the guardians of these National insignia was established by their foundation Charter, and confirmed by the authority of at least three Popes. Twice every year did the monks delight to exhibit the Coronation robe of their sainted founder. Norman and Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart alike, must be crowned with King Edward's crown, their consorts with that of Queen Edith. The ring, signifying the lifelong compact between king and people, was the identical jewel restored to Edward by the pilgrims, in proof of the special favour of the Apostle of love. The very "laws of the glorious Confessor," represented to each succeeding monarch the touchstone of his loyalty, the pledge of his own singleness of heart.

At Westminster, then, was the first Treasury of the Royal Wardrobe, and for many a long year did this great Benedictine house extend its shelter to these most dearly prized possessions of the nation. The daily life of the monastic brethren rolled on; few events occurred to interrupt its calm. An occasional coronation, the ravages of the Black Death, the steady growth of their glorious Church in the hands of great "builder Abbots" like Nicholas Litlington and John Islip, were the only prominent features in their commonplace, unenlightened existence. Once, however, that peaceful inner life was shaken to its very foundations. In the mighty crypt of the Chapter House, with its thick impenetrable walls, there were usually stored not only the relics and the Coronation Regalia, but the Royal plate and personal jewels of the Sovereign, articles of special value and rarity, and at times, vast masses of the public moneys also. Hence, in the year 1303 an enormous quantity of specie had been accumulated in view of the national emergency occasioned by the Scotch war. Edward Plantagenet was on the march with his grand army though the north. The adjoining palace was well-nigh deserted. Such an opportunity was too tempting for refusal. That spring the Royal Treasury was broken open and rifled. The thieves possessed sufficient common sense to leave

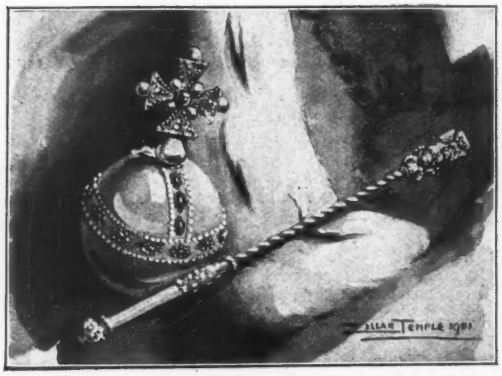
the crowns and sceptres severely alone, but the enormous store of valuables—jewels, spoons, dishes, rings, girdles, and cups of gold and silver, amounting, it is alleged, to two millions of money, were seized. The robbery was conducted throughout on the most scientific principles. A large quantity of hemp seed had been deliberately sown in the Monks' Cemetery, to the east of the Abbey. Here the treasure was hidden for the moment, and then carried away across the water by Richard de Podelicote, a travelling merchant, aided and abetted, alas! by Alexander de Pershore, and others of the monastic body. The news reached the King at Linlithgow, and his fury blazed forth in a manner truly regal. Down came writ after writ, which Edward's subjects knew better than to disobey. Then followed the formal investigation at the hands of the Lord Mayor and the Master of the Wardrobe. Imagine the horror of these functionaries when they beheld the floor strewn with broken boxes and scattered jewels, including the Privy Seal and the ring with which Henry III. was consecrated! Even the great Cross of St. Neot was lying there, despoiled of its jewelled case! In a brief space, therefore, Abbot Wenlock and forty-eight members of his community found their way to equally historic, though less attractive, quarters in the Tower. Here they experienced the lengthened discipline of a two-years sojourn. The guilt was at last driven home to Sub-prior and Sacrist, who, together with de Podelicote no doubt received their richly merited reward.

Clerical guardianship, then, had been tried and found wanting. The Regalia and relics still remained in their old home, though, at some subsequent period, they seem to have been removed from the Crypt to the Chapel of the Pyx, once the Monastic Treasury, which was considerably strengthened within and without. The remaining valuables were removed to the greater security of the Tower; but, ere the conclusion of that century, a portion at least were lodged once again within the City of Westminster. In the last year of Edward III. an exchange was effected between king and convent, by which the latter surrendered a small corner of their precinct. Here, then, was erected "an ancient square tower," for the King's Jewel House, subsequently, and for many years, the depository of the Acts of Parliament. Unknown to Londoners, this old grey fortress, wearing the marks of Litlington's genius, still lifts its head among the trees of the Abbey Garden, overlooking the precinct of which once it formed a part—one of the few remaining memorials of the vanished palace of St. Stephen.

The Wars of the Roses came and went, leaving the Regalia still intact, and daily becoming more venerable in their honoured home. The privileges of the great Church continued as jealously guarded as ever. Then the storm-cloud of the Reformation burst. Down crashed the old abbeys of



The King's Jewel House, subsequently and until 1863 the Parliament offices. It is situated at the end of College Mews, Westminster. The wall on the left is the eastern boundary of the College Garden of Westminster Abbey



The Globe, or Orb, together with the King's Sceptre with the Cross

England. The monks of Westminster departed, some never to return, others to reappear as Canons of the new Collegiate Church of Tudor foundation. Many time-honoured privileges were henceforth abrogated. In defiance of tradition, in defiance of national and local right, these ancient emblems of English kingship were removed from their time-honoured resting-place, and deposited, like a private heirloom, in the Tower. Despite this sweeping change, however, the genius of the place long continued to assert its supremacy. For a whole century longer did the Abbey retain at least a portion of the Regalia. At length, the Great Rebellion broke forth. In the subsequent rule of the Commonwealth, the floodgates of disorder were flung open. It could hardly be expected that things wearing so significant a meaning as the English Regalia should escape the general downfall. To the Puritan fanatic they signified all that was hateful and detestable. When, in 1644, the proposal was made in the House that the Dean and Prebendaries should surrender the keys of the Treasury, the Lords gallantly withstood this attack. Five years later, however, their influence had dwindled to a vanishing-point, and the extremists in the Commons, though not without considerable opposition, succeeded in carrying their motion for the opening and rifling of the ancient Treasury.

The final scene was not far distant. To Henry Martin, the future regicide, was entrusted the welcome duty of forcing the great doors, and with a hearty goodwill did he essay this task. The ancient iron chest was wrenched open, and the Regalia were rudely dragged forth. Their own intrinsic value, their unique character, their grand historical significance, alike failed to command one atom of reverence from Puritan bigotry. George Withers, a Republican poet, was arrayed in them, and afterwards, "with a thousand ridiculous and apish actions, exposed the sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter." A valuation was taken, and the doom of the Regalia was sealed. Willingly or unwillingly the Master of the Jewel House, Sir Henry Mildmay, delivered up these treasures—a transaction which earned him the title of "knave of diamonds." Ere long, the stones were sold for whatever they could fetch, while the sad remnants of these once glorious emblems were, by order of this enlightened Parliament, "totallie broken and defaced."

What, then, were the individual items of these Regalia, which had figured so prominently in English history for well nigh six centuries? We possess a catalogue, compiled about 1450 by one Sporley, a Westminster monk, now among the Cottonian MSS.; also a list of the various articles required for James I.'s coronation, presented to the Master of the Jewel House by Sir William Segar, Garter King at Arms; and lastly, the inventory compiled by the Parliamentary agents in 1649. A remarkable agreement exists between these several lists, the last named of which, as being the most complete, is here transcribed:

A TRUE AND PERFECT INVENTORY OF ALL THE PLATE AND JEWELLS NOW BEING IN THE UPPER JEWELL HOUSE OF THE TOWER, IN THE CHARGE OF SIR HENRY MILDMAY, TOGETHER WITH AN APPRAISEMENT OF THEM MADE AND TAKEN THE 13TH, 14TH, AND 15TH DAIES OF AUGUST 1649.

	£	s.	d.
The Imperiall crowne of massy gold, weighing 7 lb. 6 ounces, &c. valued at	1110	0	0
The queene's crowne of massy gold, weighing 3 lb. 10 ounces, &c. .	338	3	4

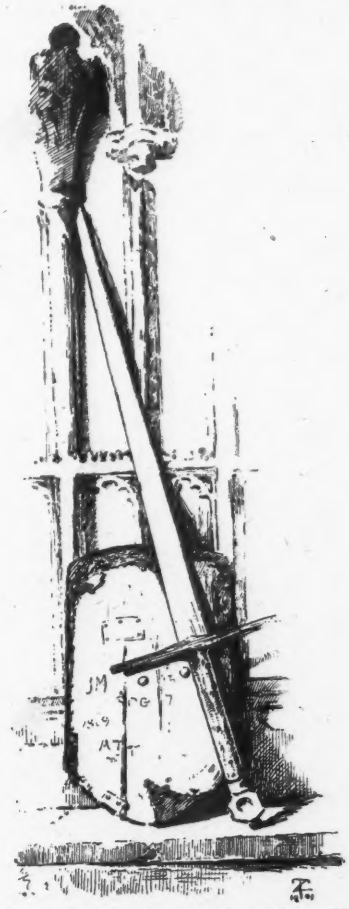
A small crowne found in an iron chest, formerly in the lord Cottington's charge, &c, the gold . . .	73	16	8
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, &c.	355	0	0
The globe, weighing 1 lb. 5¼ oz.	57	10	0
2 coronation bracelets weighing 7 oz. (with three rubies and twelve pearls)	36	0	0
Two scepters, weighing 18 oz. .	60	0	0
A long rodd of silver gilt, 1 lb. 5 oz.	4	10	8

The foremencion'd crownes, since ye inventorie was taken, are accordinge to ord[r] of parlam[t] totallie broken and defaced.

THE INVENTORY OF THAT PART OF THE REGALIA WHICH ARE NOW REMOVED FROM WEST[R] TO THE TOWER JEWEL HOUSE.

	£	s.	d.
Queen Edith's crowne, formerly thought to be of massy gould, but upon triall found to be of silver gilt, enriched with garnetts, foule pearle, saphires, and some odd stones, p. oz. 50½ ounces, valued at	16	0	0
King Alfred's crowns, of gould wyer-worke, sett with slight stones, and 2 little bells, p. oz. 79½ oz. at £3 per ounce	248	10	0
A gould plate dish, enamelled, &c.	77	11	0
One large glass cupp wrought in figures, &c. . . .	102	15	0
A dove of gould, sett with stones and pearle, p. oz. 8½ ounces, in a box sett with studds of silver gilt. .	26	0	0
The gould and stones belonging to a coller of crimson taffaty, &c. .	18	15	0
One staff of black and white ivory, with a dove on the top, with binding and foote of gould.	4	10	0
A large staff with a dove on ye top, formerly thought to be all gould, but upon triall found to be the lower part wood and silver gilt without, weighing in all 27 ounces, valued at .	35	0	0
One small staff with a floure de luce on the topp, formerly thought to be all of gould, but upon triall found to be iron within and silver gilt without	2	10	0
Two scepters, one sett with pearles and stones, the upper end gould, the lower end silver. The other silver gilt, with a dove, formerly thought gould .	65	16	10½
One silver spoone gilt, p. oz. 3 ounces	0	16	0
The gould of the tassels of the liver cull[d] robe, weighing 4 oz. valued at £8, and the coat with the neck button of gould, £2, the robe having some pearls valued at £3, in all . .	13	0	0
All these, according to order of parliamt, are broken and defaced			
One paire of silver gilt spurres, &c.	1	13	4

The Crown first demands our attention. This ornament has received a fanciful derivation from the rays of glory which played round Moses' head on his descent from the Mount and which were assumed to indicate sovereign power. The earliest Crowns were probably, simple irradiated fillets of gold, but by the time of the Athelstan this comparatively plain ornament acquired three raised points, each surmounted by a pearl. In Canute's crown the points are elaborated into trefoils which maintain the idea of symbolical irradiation. The addition of the



Shield and Sword of State used at Edward III.'s Coronation, now preserved in the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey

arch which usually characterises modern crowns, is first observed on the coins of the Confessor. With Stephen the well-known fleurs-de-lys appear, and with trifling modifications the Crown retains this form until Henry VI., in whose reign the centre trefoil develops into a cross-patée. The full dimensions of the English Crown were only attained in that of Henry VIII.—*e.g.*, a rim, adorned by alternate cross-patées and fleurs-de-lys, together with four arches above, the whole being surmounted by an orb with cross-patée. Such was the "Imperiall Crowne" or crown of State. It was assumed at the conclusion of the Coronation Service, in St. Edward's Chapel behind the high altar of the Abbey. The early Norman and the Anjevin kings were accustomed to wear their crowns on feast days and all grand occasions, till Edward I. abandoned the practice, with the witty remark, that "crowns do onerate rather than honour princes." The Crown of State was usually made afresh or at any rate remodelled for each successive sovereign.

St. Edward's Crown. First used by Charles II. now in the Tower of London

It is practically certain, that the "small crowne found in an iron chest" was the state crown of Edward VI., for in a diary, taken from an interleaved copy of "Lilly's Merlini Anglici Emphemeris" for 1649, the writer, who seems to have assisted Sir Henry Mildmay, distinctly states, that the crowns for the Queen and for Edward VI. were in the Tower and two others at Westminster.

But "King Alfred's crowne of gould

Queen Edith's Crown with which Queen Mary of Modena was crowned in 1685. Now broken up, the materials being used in other crowns

wyerworke" will doubtless attract wider interest than any other of these royal ornaments. With this crown the actual deed of Coronation was wont to be performed. Had it really adorned the brow of the great King himself? It seems more than probable. Robert of Gloucester (1350) in relating the connection between Alfred and Pope Leo IV. distinctly alludes to this crown. "The Pope Leo him blessed and the King's crowne of this land, that in this land yet is." Once more, Sir Henry Spelman (1569–1644) writes, "in the arched room in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey where the antient regalia of this kingdom are kept, upon a box which is cabinet to the antientest crown, there is as I am informed, an inscription to this purpose—'haec est principalior corona cum qua coronabantur reges Ælfredus, Edwardus,' etc." This almost sacred diadem must then have descended from the dim infancy of the nation, and though more generally styled St. Edward's crown, only received such appellation because the Confessor had worn

it, and then entrusted it to the monks of Westminster.

The royal sceptre, as is well known, furnished the original of the fool's bauble; can the curious bells on King Alfred's crown similarly have formed the prototype of the cap?

The "globe," or orb, was the emblem of independent sovereignty, as representing the earth, over a portion of which the sovereign's influence was to be directly exerted. On the great seal of the Confessor the orb is represented as a simple sphere, but from

The Circlet worn in 1685 by Queen Mary of Modena on her way to the Abbey. Now in the Tower of London

The Crown of State worn by James II. on his return from the Abbey to Westminster Hall

William II. to Henry VIII. it is surmounted by a cross together with a stem of varying length. From that time onwards, the cross rests directly upon the orb, the stem disappearing. The orb is only placed in the hand of Kings and Queens regnant.

The bracelets were a most ancient emblem of royalty. Such was the veneration with which they were regarded by northern peoples, that they usually possessed enormous value, while the practice of swearing upon them was by no means infrequent. In England, they were employed to fasten the King's sleeves about his wrists, symbolising thus the firmness with which he undertakes to abide by his numerous obligations. They were expressly demanded at the Coronation of Mary, while in Elizabeth's case we learn that "two garters" were placed upon her arms!

The sceptre was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in Cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge" or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the choristers and younger members of the foundation, so the royal sceptre represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression "to sway the sceptre" implied the holding of regal dignity. The sceptre with the dove possessed the additional signification of the Holy Ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereign. The same idea was conveyed at Rheims by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the Coronation of the French Kings. The development of the sceptre

Crown of State worn by Queen Mary of Modena and probably by Queen Mary II. after their Coronations. Now in the Tower of London

The Anointing Spoon and the Ampulla, or Golden Eagle, for containing the Consecrated Oil

exhibits almost as much diversity as that of the crown. The simplest form is that of Ethelred II.—a rod with three pearls at the top which developed under Canute into three trefoils. The Confessor's sceptre is shown on his great Seal as containing a cross-patée while he is also the first monarch who wields the sceptre with the dove. The sceptre-fleury—a triple leaf—appears on the sceptre of the Conqueror, but it does not attain its full development—the fleur-de-lys—until Henry IV. The orb is first seen under Henry II. Thus the sceptres of later years combine all these various elements—the cross of the Confessor, the sceptre fleury of William I. and the orb of Henry II.

The "long rodd of silver gilt" was a wand carried in front of the King, and usually called St. Edward's staff—the rod of justice and equity. It was alleged to contain a portion of the true cross. As among the ancient Britons the planting of a staff into the ground, surmounted by a garland, was the signal for holding a court, so, to take the staff into the hand implied the assumption of royal jurisdiction.

The "large glass cupp" was doubtless the great "stone" chalice of the Confessor mentioned by Sporley.

The spurs signified the fountain of honour. As the sceptre and crown symbolised the episcopal crozier and mitre, so the spurs together with the swords declared the military aspect of the coronation. The swords are not mentioned by Sporley: hence, they were probably added by subsequent monarchs. Being an instrument of chastisement, the sword indicated the fountain of justice, and also the King's headship over the army. The sword of St. Edward, also called "Curtana," represented, with its blunted edge, the attribute of mercy. At the coronation ceremony it was always borne by the Earl of Chester as Count-Palatine. The two remaining swords implied justice to the spirituality and to the temporality respectively.

It is melancholy to reflect that the Long Parliament while professing to take its stand upon the ancient principles of the English constitution, could, nevertheless, devise no better use for these venerable relics of a glorious past than their utter destruction.

A new epoch was inaugurated in the history of the Regalia by the Restoration. Before Charles II. had even sailed from the Hague, the House of Lords appointed Commissioners to recover his father's property, where practicable. A very cursory inspection revealed the hopelessness of the task. Accordingly, orders were given to the goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner, afterwards Lord Mayor, to replace the old Regalia by others, "which should retayne the old name and fashion." Twenty-four years later the Coronation of James II. and Mary of Modena necessitated the further addition of the Regalia peculiar to a Queen Consort, while according to a bill dated February 23, 1685, and recently discovered in the Exchequer Records, the remainder of the ornaments were considerably beautified and embellished. At the unique Coronation of William and Mary in 1689, a second orb and sceptre

were added, resembling those of the King, the Queen being crowned together with him, not as consort, but as joint sovereign.

The Regalia, as now exhibited in the Tower, are substantially identical with the ornaments used at the last-named coronation, having experienced but trifling modifications since the seventeenth century. The main exception is the State Crown of Queen Victoria, which will probably arouse the chief interest. It is a magnificent diadem containing 277 pearls, 2785 diamonds, 5 rubies, 17 sapphires, and 11 emeralds. Among them are found a sapphire, taken from the famous ring of the Confessor (supposed to give its owner the power of blessing cramp-rings), and recut for Charles II. in the form of a rose; a sapphire bequeathed to George III. by Cardinal York, the last descendant of James II.; and above all "the fair ruby, great like a rocket ball" given to the Black Prince after the battle of Najara by Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, and worn on the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt.

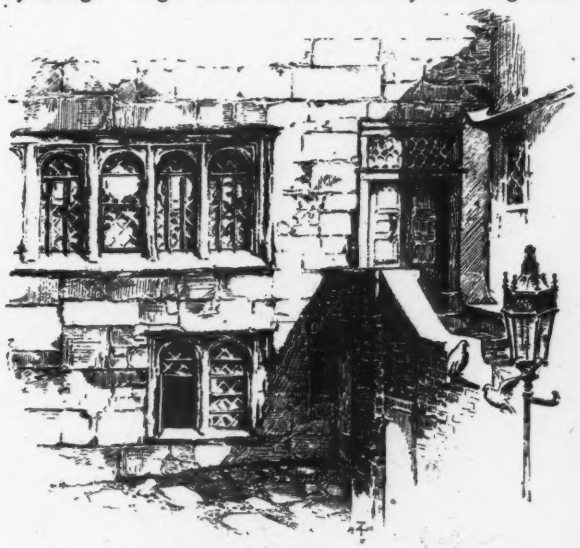
The Crowns of State belonging to previous monarchs have long since been broken up, but the upper portion of that used by George IV. still remains, a mound made of "one entire stone of sea-water green colour, known as an agmarine."

St. Edward's Crown is of simpler construction, but the fleurs-de-lys and cross-patées surrounding the rim are enriched in every direction by rows of pearls and rosettes of precious stones. The arches which rise from the rim are similarly adorned, while the cross-patée at the summit is surrounded with huge drop pearls.

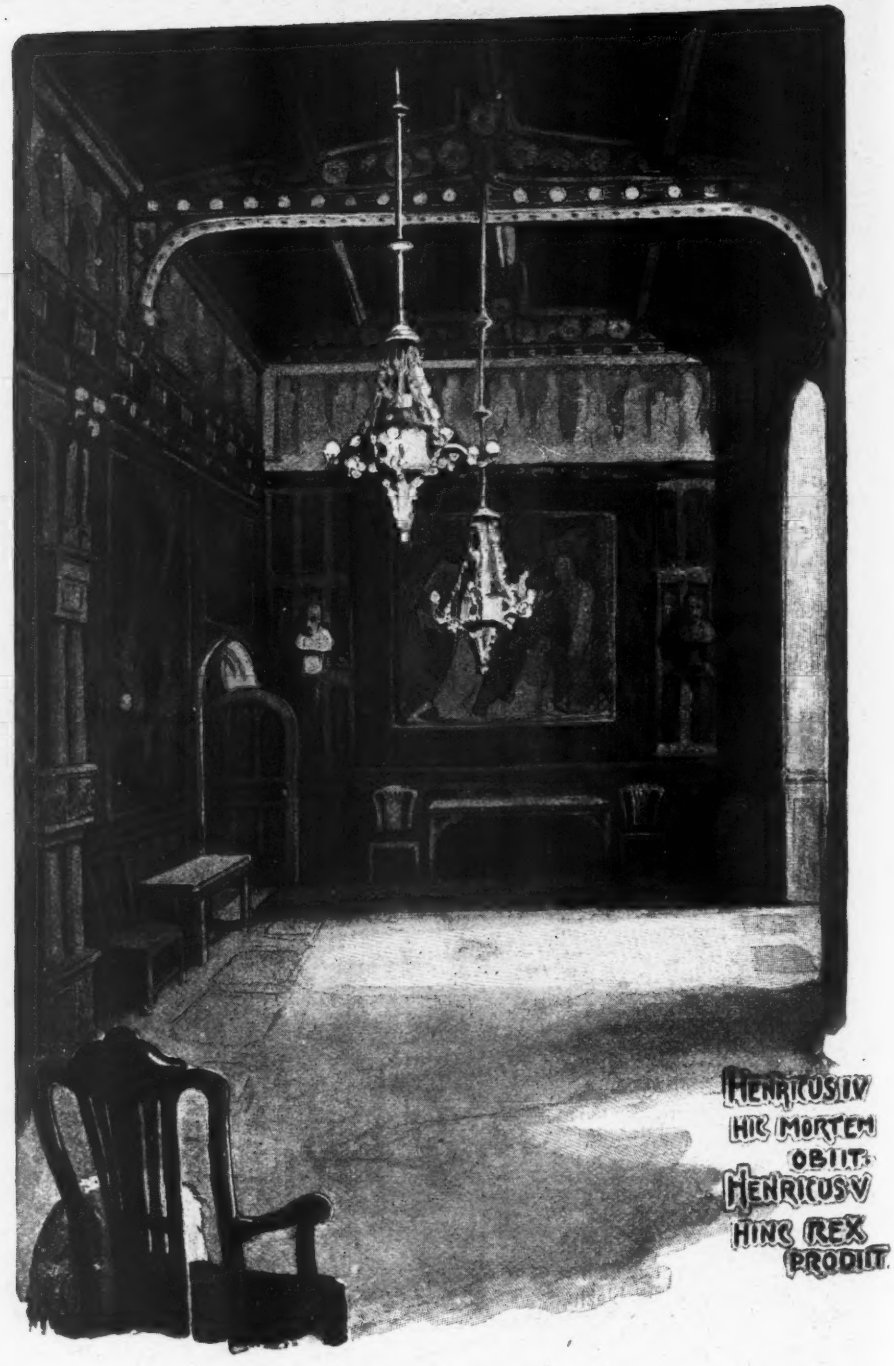
The sceptres are five in number, the most noticeable being the King's sceptre with the Cross, the handle of which is wreathed with a mass of blazing gems and sprays of gold, while the top consists of an enormous amethyst orb, faceted all over with gold and diamonds, together with a thickly jewelled arched crown; and secondly, the large gold sceptre with the dove, made presumably for Mary II. and subsequently hidden away at the back of a cupboard and forgotten till 1814!

One of the most interesting items among the Regalia is the golden Eagle or Ampulla, which, together with the spoon, are employed at the Anointing. It is possible that these ornaments actually belonged to the original Regalia. They were regarded as possessing a special sanctity, and seeing that the Ampulla was omitted from the Parliamentary inventory, it is conceivable that the Abbey authorities may have claimed them and subsequently secreted them. This view is distinctly expressed by Sandford, the historian of James II.'s Coronation, while it is further borne out by the undoubted marks of antiquity in the body of the eagle and on the handle of the spoon.

Such are the chief items among the Regalia of to-day, although there still remain a vast number besides—the two orbs, the bracelets, St. George's spurs, the beautiful circlet of Mary of Modena, the silver state trumpets with their embroidered falls, the huge silver maces borne by the Sergeants-



The courtyard of the Abbot's House, now the Deanery of Westminster, showing the entrance to the Jericho Parlour and Jerusalem Chamber; in which the Regalia are placed previous to the Coronation



The Jerusalem Chamber

at-Arms before the King, together with the famous salt-cellars of Elizabeth and Charles II., and other ornaments used at Coronation banquets.

From the Restoration onward the Tower has been their unvarying home. Twice, however, has their existence been grievously imperilled. In 1671, an Irish desperado —Colonel Blood—after wounding the custodian, escaped with the crown and orb as far as the Tower wharf. Fortunately his progress was arrested, and the Regalia were recovered without suffering any material damage. In 1841 a terrible fire broke out in the Bowyer Tower, adjoining St. Martin's Tower, at that time the Jewel-House. The Regalia were within an ace of complete destruction. Only by dint of the most hazardous exertions, their very clothes being charred in the attempt, did the authorities succeed in removing them to a place of safety in the Governor's house.

With the Abbey we commenced, with the Abbey let us conclude. The Confessor's Church has lost one of its chief glories, but thanks to the strength of tradition, the old connection still continues, although in a shadowy form. The Dean and Chapter are still recognised as Curators, for the time being, of the national Regalia. To their care are they entrusted on the coronation eve. During that night they occupy the historic Jerusalem chamber, whose very walls have witnessed the rise and fall of kings. From here, until recent times, they were conveyed in solemn procession, on the Coronation morning, through the Abbey to Westminster Hall, borne by Dean and Prebendaries and escorted by the entire collegiate body. At the conclusion of the stately service they are deposited beneath the Confessor's shrine, and once more entrusted to the keeping of their original guardians—the rulers of the great Abbey Church, so fittingly described, as "the Head and Crown and Diadem of the Kingdom."

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for February

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

OUR interest in man means our interest in life. It is one reply to the question—Is life worth living?—to realise how very full of interest, after all, life is. The story of the obscure may possess elements full of attractiveness. The conditions which brought about the obscurity of such a life are worthy of study. The conditions which led another life out of obscurity into the full light of fame, stimulate our interest. We may complain of life's monotony at times; but when we write down the epitaph of the unknown—He was born! he lived! he died!—we feel our curiosity stirred. The possibilities of man, and the possibilities of life rise before our eyes. To this or that individual life may be dull; but on the whole life is interesting, and man's verdicts on life are interesting.

What is the verdict of the Apostle upon our life?

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

We have seen enough of him to realise that he looked out upon the world with observant eyes. He knew and saw men and things. He formed his own judgment, clearly and, as I think, promptly. If we can follow his thoughts and measure his judgments, we shall gain something from his experience. What is his general judgment on life?

It is something on this wise. The understanding of life depends upon the realisation of the end or purpose of life. To what end are we born? is a question which we must answer before we can deal with that other—Is life worth living? Now the true end and purpose of life is character. In the failure to realise this lies the secret of many human disappointments. If life be really designed for one end, and men persistently treat it as though it were designed for another, is it surprising that we hear the wail of the disappointed? We may choose how to live; we may choose our pursuits, our recreations, our friendships, our studies; but the real end of life, as such, has already been chosen; and life can only yield satisfaction to the man who allows his life to be governed by that already chosen purpose. That purpose is not the gratification of desire, nor the satisfaction of curiosity, but the education of character. Let us realise this, and many of the offences of life cease. Life, for example, is full of temptations. We take the word in its true and wide sense of trials, and not only in its narrower sense of influences leading to sin. Life is full of those temptations which test and try and so discipline men. If these come as agents to fulfil the true purpose of life, is their advent a cause of regret? Ought it not rather to be a cause of joy? This is emphatically St. James' view: "Count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations, Knowing this that the trying of your faith worketh patience" (i. 2, 3). It is thus that he begins his letter, after he has given salutations of love and affection to his correspondents. Do we not read in the words his clear conception of the end of life? Circumstances, however touched with pain, are yet instruments of spiritual good. They call forth those qualities which are fundamental in all noble characters. Therefore welcome those agents of good; count it all joy when ye fall into the midst of such trials. It is then a work of the highest wisdom thus to deal with life, and thus to realise the significance of the incidents which befall us.

But the spirit which is thus wise for life needs strengthening. The nourishment of that spirit of wisdom is from God. No man can face the trials and keep the heart strong, and the mind calm without heaven's help. Let therefore the man who understands this ask wisdom from God. If any man lack wisdom—this true wisdom of life—let him ask of God "that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not" (i. 5). The man who possesses this wisdom will be on the alert against mere surface religion. As character is everything, he will be wary against those specious imitations of good which belong to mere emotion or worse, to pretentiousness. He will sit as a guardian over himself, checking his tongue and criticising his own conduct, he will be eager to learn, he will be slow to speak (i. 19). He will know that chatter is not character (i. 26). His religion will be one whose worship is a pure life, full of kindly deeds. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (i. 27).

Life, therefore is an opportunity, great and, so far as we know, unique for the development of character. Existence as it comes to each of us brings us into the midst of a divinely ordered process for the formation of character. If we sustain ourselves bravely and well, looking up trustfully to the God who gives wisdom and sends only what is good, facing life courageously, we shall win that inner skill which can transmute all incidents to good, and we shall in the end win that character, that heavenlike character, which is the crown of life. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life" (i. 12).

SECOND SUNDAY

THE TRIALS OF LIFE

St. James, however, is not a mere optimist, blind to the darker side of things. He has not without meaning spoken of temptations: life brings things which hinder the pursuits of the highest aims. This is of the very nature of the trials we encounter. But it is characteristic of the Apostle that the hindrances to which he gives prominence are those which belong to the spiritual realm. He does not ignore the material trials of life, but they are the chief hindrances to the

spirit which seeks to realise the true end of existence. He finds the hindrances chiefly in those subtle, spiritual temptations which may invade and deteriorate the soul. The worst foes are those which come from within. Among those he notes the forms of unreal piety which so readily deceive men. There is a pretentious piety which makes a great show with the tongue (i. 26). There is the servile-hearted piety which is only a veneered worldliness (ii. 1–4). There is the cheap piety, which consists of good wishes, but which can never rise to the practice of consistent and kindly deeds (ii. 14–16). There is the censorious piety, which measures itself by the severity of its judgment of others, and believes itself good in proportion to its uncharitableness (ii. 13; iii. 1–13; and iv. 11, 12). There is the selfish piety, which disregards the interest and the profit of others, failing to understand that the function of every noble life is ministry (ch. iv. 1, 2 and i. 26, 27).

Besides these deceitful appearances of piety, there is, of course, the hindrance of rank worldliness which leads to unrighteousness (iv. 13–17), even to that unrighteousness which is guilty of the fraudulent oppression of the weak (v. 1–6).

But if our pathway be marked by hindrances, it is blessed also with helps by the way. The strenuous soul finds its own help. The trial of faith worketh patience. The upward look of the soul gives confidence, and faith is in itself a victorious weapon in the hands of the wise (i. 4, 5). The noble self-restraint which the wise man exercises over heart and tongue becomes a source of strength. Moreover, we are not solitary travellers on the road. Around us are our brothers, one with us in aim, in confidence, in suffering (v. 10). When we face the trial, it is well to console our fears and to check our pride by remembering, as another apostle said, that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren. Lastly, there is prayer, the never-failing refuge of tried and tempted souls. "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask" (i. 5 and v. 16).

Thus, if character be the end of life, the hindrances to the pursuit of this end must not be evaded but encountered, for thus only can the work within be perfected. Patience, moreover, sees the many helps by the way and uses them cheerfully and earnestly—and then not for our own sake alone, but for the sake of others; for the end of life is not achieved simply by setting before us the formation of character as our aim. The formation of character is the end of life, but we shall best fulfil that end by setting before our thoughts that other purpose of our existence, viz., ministry. God will ripen the characters of those who seek to use their life in purity and service. We are to realise that the end of life is character, for so we shall live by faith; but we are happiest if we set before us service as our vocation. In proportion as we forget ourselves in ministering to others, do we foster that character which most nearly resembles heaven.

Now it is out of his strong realisation that character is the true end of life that the teaching of St. James on other matters gains so much force. Out of this springs what we may call his philosophy of life and the recognition of it enters into his views on two great topics, which we shall note later—man and God.

THIRD SUNDAY

HIS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

What is his philosophy of life?

He counsels as we have seen a noble courage in facing the oppositions and the encounter. The storms, he says, are good. The good sailor is he who is dandled in the tempest, and has learned quietude of spirit amid the restlessness of the waves. The good soldier is he who has known the bitterness and peril of the field. The good man is he who has been trained to confidence in trial.

He avoids in his philosophy of life the extremes of indolent optimism and of angry pessimism. We are all tempted to one-sidedness, and we measure life too often by our most recent experience. In health and prosperity, with a quick and even flowing blood coursing in our veins, we declare it to be the best possible world. In pain and under pressure of anxiety, we ask why we are born into this worst of all worlds.

St. James faces the dark things—yes, life is transitory. It is a mere vapour which

appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away (iv. 14). It is vanity, for its glory and grace wither away (i. 9–11). He sees clearly the jobbery which debases life (ii. 8–10), and the cruel frauds which add to its misery (v. 1–6). But in face of all these dark things—vanity and hard oppression—he cries courage. He ventures to appeal to the experience of his hearers. They may feel that life at times is hard, but there is not one of them whose heart does not thrill with admiration of the brave man who bears himself patiently under trial. If we can admire patient heroism, why should we murmur if the opportunity of admiring what is admirable is put in our way. "Behold" he says (v. 11) "we count them happy which endure." You cite the example of Job, his name stands for patience under trial; you place him among the great who have borne and achieved. Out of your admiration, I draw my argument, and from it I enforce the like duty on you—"Be patient therefore brethren." His philosophy of life is quite clear. Face things in the true spirit, and they will be contributory to good. They will turn to the strengthening and the refining, to the purifying and uplifting of character.

It is the unworldliness of the Apostle's thoughts which lies at the root of his equanimity. Let our view of the end of life be a selfish or carnal one, and then out of its failures there will come annoyance, chagrin, or cynicism. The man who fixes his ambitions on some intellectual triumph finds his refuge from failure in a sneer. The disappointed intellectualist becomes a cynic. Pessimism in philosophy is full often the fruit of an egotistic spirit. It is at any rate worthy of note that the New Testament which accepts self-sacrifice as the true law of existence, knows no pessimism, so true is it that he who loses his life finds it. Once reach an unworldly view of life, realise that character or spiritual progress is its real purpose, and we begin to understand that word of the Apostle—that all things may work together for good. We become one with St. James, and are ready to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trial of faith worketh patience, and patience is in a sense the architect of the soul's development. It is well, therefore, to let patience have her perfect work; for she brings the true crown of life, which is not any dazzling halo or canonised glory, but just the perfection of our nature to its true purpose and use, in the completion of our character in the image of Him who made us.

But are not these views of life wound up too high for man? Does the writer truly understand man, that he urges him to count the very falling into trouble a joy? Is not such an one living in a world of imagination, and among beings unlike those whom we know and understand? The questions are quite natural; and they lead us to ask, What were St. James' views about man?

FOURTH SUNDAY

HIS VIEWS ABOUT MAN

Wise men have counselled us against intimacies with the great. If we would cherish our happy hero-worship, let us look at the hero from a distance. No man is great to his valet, and it is not safe to see even the greatest and best man out of uniform. Let us be content with the splendour of the parade-ground, and not look at human nature in undress. Familiarity breeds contempt, and in no field of knowledge does contempt grow more rapidly than in our knowledge of our fellow men. To those who know men at a distance, they may seem great; to those who know them near at hand, they too often appear but villainously made and to be mere parodies of manhood. Ignorance may glorify men, knowledge teaches us to despise them. Can we class St. James among the ignorant or among the knowing? His views of life might lead us to expect from him exalted views of the courage and moral capacities of men, but this is not the case. He is singularly level-thoughted and shrewd in his readings of men. He possesses a clear view of human weaknesses. He gives us from time to time little vignettes of character, which reveal a gift like that of Theophrastus or La Bruyère. Let us look at one or two of these. We find them suggested by a sentence, as in that in which he conjures up the image of the petulant man (i. 13), the man who flings the blame of his fall upon the order of things.

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God. No man, of course, does say just that; but he thinks it. Things were against him; he had not a fair chance; circumstances should not be arranged to put him in such an awkward position. Like an angry child, he beats the floor upon which he has fallen. He has no thought of his own indolence, self-indulgence, passionateness, or of any one of his many weaknesses which caused him to trip, or made his fall almost a matter of course. Or look at his portrait of the man who has never reached any true knowledge of himself (i. 23, 24). The world is a mirror in which a man may catch reflections of himself; the words of prophets and spiritual teachers give us clear images of ourselves; but every one knows the man is remaining persistently self-ignorant, although the motto "know thyself" has been placarded before his eyes in the synagogue and the market-place.

Again, what knowledge of human nature's weaknesses is expressed in his account of the reasons for the failure of prayer (iv. 1–4). It is not lack of prayer of which he complains, but lack of right aims in prayer. Men ask amiss. Their heart's desires are genuine enough, but they are hopelessly worldly. They pray—but for worldly things, for the means of satisfying their carnal wishes. We can see the class of people whom he has in mind. They are the Bubb-Dodington class, who would chronicle gratefully in their diary the answers to their prayers, when the Prince smiled upon them, or their speculations turned out well. They are unctuously thankful, and their gratitude to Providence is as vulgar as their desires. Or, once more (ii. 15, 16), do we not know the parsimonious benevolence which is full of comforting phrases, and says to the needy, "Be ye warmed and fed"? As we read the words, we know that Joseph Surface existed before the days of Sheridan.

A writer who can, by his phrases, suggest such pictures of human character, knows something of men. He is not the victim of illusions. The marvel is that he does not exhibit contempt towards his fellow men. But there is not a trace of this. He possesses some deep conviction which acts as a saving force against the ready attempt which springs from too intimate a knowledge of our fellow creatures—we have not far to seek for this saving force in the Apostle. Along with a clear insight into human nature, he possesses a profound belief in the possibilities of man. He sees the paltry greed and the cowardly petulance of men, their easy and mean self-deception, their persistent worldliness, and their shallow religion; but he sees that the man was not born to be the victim of these. In spite of all these pettinesses, and these subjugating vices, man comes from God: in God's image was he made, and into God's image he is content to grow (iii. 9). He will outline his sketch of this man or that who hug their pet weakness; he will draw his picture with a faithful hand, extenuating nothing; but he will allow no malice, and at the thought of launching curses against man his soul rises up in anger. Who is it that dares to let loose his tongue and curse his brother man? Was he not made in the image of God? His view of man is truthful. He clearly perceives man's faults—nay, he can readily rise to indignation against all forms of unrighteous conduct! Here lies the proof that he has not despaired of his brother men. We are only angry as long as we can hope to improve men and their condition. When hope goes, anger dies down, and we become cynically indifferent. But there is no sign of this in St. James. His heart is alive; sympathy can fill his soul; he can realise the contrast between what is and what might be. He is no pessimist regarding his fellow men. Seeing how weak they are, he can still hold strongly by some greater hope; but holding by such a hope, he sees how powerful is moral evil in human life. He realises the weaknesses of men, we have seen, but we should be mistaken if we only viewed St. James as one who saw no deeper into human nature than the professional delineator of human character, who can shrewdly sketch men's characters, but who never seeks to reach the causes which lie below the surface. The Apostle has his own view concerning the origin and development of the weak and inhuman characters he has noted. Sin, said Coleridge, is evil having an origin. If we can touch the origin of the conditions we

deplore, we have taken one great and important step in knowledge. The origin of moral evil is, according to St. James, the prevalence of unrestrained desire. Things we may be tempted by, objects which attract, but the power of the temptation lies in our desires—our lusts are our real tempters. Every man when he is tempted is drawn aside of his own lust and enticed. Lust leads to sin, and sin leads to death (i. 13–16). This is what we may call St. James' pedigree of sin and death. Your death, in his view, is not, I imagine, the physical death, though physical death often results from uncurbed indulgences. There is a worse death than that, which all must meet. There is a moral death: this death follows when the stifled conscience speaks no more, when the man who has surrendered himself to the guidance of desire has not only forgotten God, but has become heedless of the sorrows of his brother man, callous and indifferent to the claims of humanity. Such a man is dead indeed, for he has exiled his spirit and affections from the family of God. Who can say after such a picture that the Apostle takes only a surface view of moral evil? Who does not realise that he has penetrated the spiritual depths of human nature? He sees clearly the working of a law which can demoralise the soul, and he warns men that the indulgence of light desires may end in a spiritual captivity more gloomy than that of Egypt.

Here we may pause for a moment to reflect. It has often been said that St. Paul and St. James teach not only different but contradictory views of Christianity. It cannot have escaped even the superficial reader that they are men of entirely different gifts, and of widely divergent types of thought; but they are brought together by one very strong bond—attachment—to a common Master. Jesus Christ, who is to St. Paul the one in whom all fulness dwells, is to St. James the Lord of Glory. Now all those who are brought into the discipleship of Christ become earnest after righteousness—moral evil becomes the one evil to such Poverty, pain, and shame are trials in their view—they are not evil as sin is evil. Moral evil is the one hateful thing; in moral weakness and wrong lies the only defilement. According to St. John, sin is impossible to the truly heavenly nature (1 John ii. 4; iii. 9). He that "is born of God sinneth not" (1 John v. 18). This is as clear to him as that in God is no darkness at all. St. Paul cries: "How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" (Rom. vi. 2). Similarly St. James is earnest that Christian men shall realise sin as the evil thing. There must be no casting of blame upon circumstances (i. 13). They ought to recognise the demoralised desires which lead to that dark thing sin (i. 14, 15). Thus the Christian Apostles are at one in their abhorrence of moral evil. But the agreement between St. Paul and St. James is even closer than this. In the view of both, sin operates as a kind of law. It is not a series of isolated acts. Wherever moral evil works, it works as a force, which shows itself in action, but which must not be confounded with the action. In St. James' view it is ill-regulated or ungoverned desire (i. 14-16) which works as a misleading force. In the view of St. Paul, desire too lies at the root of the matter. He tells us (Rom. vii. 7, 8) that he had not known sin but by the law, but when the law declared thou shalt not covet, he realised that there were manifold desires within him which led to sin. Both Apostles recognise the part which ungoverned lust plays in the tragedy of sin; both recognise that there is a method of operation in moral evil—a law of sin in our members (Rom. vii. 23). Whatever differences there are between St. James and St. Paul, they are at one in their recognition of the force and shame of sin; they are at one in that hunger and thirst after righteousness which carries their Master's benediction (St. Matt. v. 6).

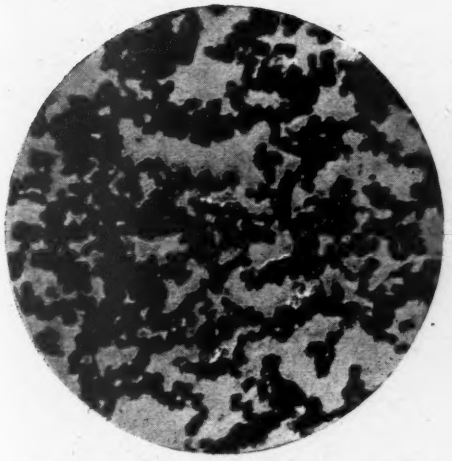


Fig. 1. The green stain on damp fences, &c., is composed of myriads of microscopic plants

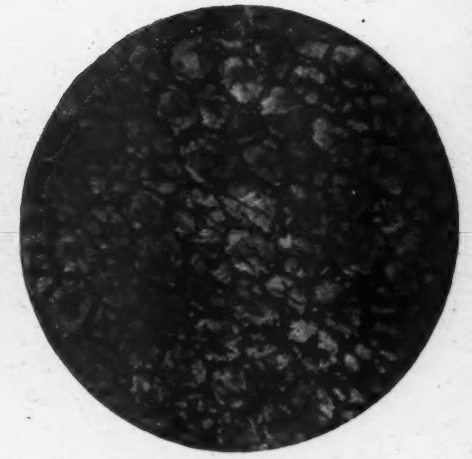


Fig. 4. The petal of a geranium has a surface of cells like this

Minute Marvels of Nature

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

II.—Glimpses into Plant Structure

AT the end of my garden, facing full south, stands an old wooden fence. Nothing could appear more thoroughly and completely dead than a paling which is beginning to decay; but if you will come with me to the fence I will show you more living plants than you could observe in a bird's-eye view of the whole of Kew Gardens. Many of us think of "plants" only as the flowering plants which are put in our garden and would see no absurdity in remarking that a flower-bed contained "more weeds than plants"; while very few would enumerate more than trees, shrubs, herbs, grasses, ferns and mosses as classes of plants. Yet only a very small proportion of the world's plant life, so far as numbers go, assumes these prominent forms.

The sea, for instance, is sometimes

Fig. 2. We consume myriads of vegetable cells like these when eating an apple

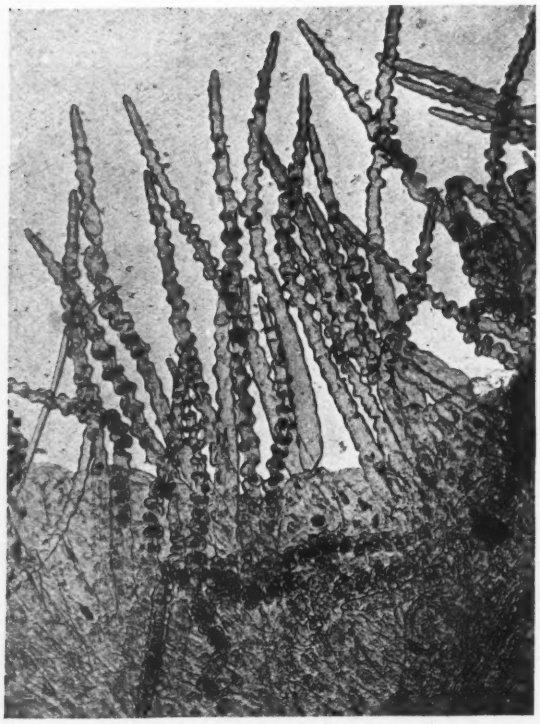


Fig. 3. Hairs from the throat or interior of the common yellow pansy

conspicuously tinged in large patches, upon which inexperienced passengers gaze in wonder from the steamer's deck, by plants. You may fill a tumbler with the coloured sea water and no matter how closely you look, it still seems only coloured water. But the colour is due to incalculable multitudes of tiny plants, living their separate sea-lives as completely as the great whale himself. In the same way a coloured stain will creep over damp walls, the bark of trees, or this old fence of mine, where myriads of microscopic plants are congregating together and multiplying very rapidly. Look at the fence. A green film has encrusted all the lower part, as far as the damp earth's influence reaches, giving it a bright colour that you can see across the garden. I scrape it with my little finger nail and the green stuff that comes off consists of many hundreds of the simplest of known plants. These are the one-celled algæ, known to botanists as *Protococcus viridis*. Fig. 1, which like all the other illustrations of this article is a greatly magnified photograph of the actual object, shows the green stuff off my finger nail, under a medium magnifying power, as a conglomeration of granules, each granule a plant. If we examine one of these green granules under very high magnifying powers, we find that it possesses considerable structural detail, simple, perhaps, compared with the structure of the higher plants ; but then it must be remembered that these tiny living plant-atoms, occupy only about the one thousandth of an inch of space.

The envelope or cell-wall which surrounds shows clearly a double outline and contains the life-matter known as protoplasm. Embedded in this can be detected the living life centre of each cell or plant, which botanists term the nucleus.

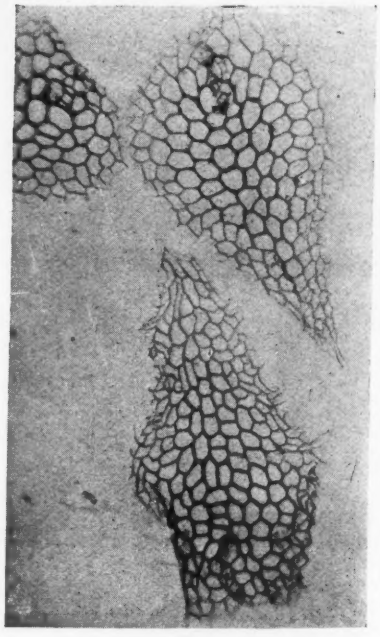


Fig. 5. Scales from the frond of a fern, showing their structure

Each of these minute atoms of plant-life quickly attains to independent maturity, and divides, by means of a partition wall which forms like a film of ice and cuts the cell into halves. Each half, when completely separated, very soon divides again; and so myriads of plants are quickly formed, which cover large areas in short spaces of time.

over one hundred millions would barely occupy a cubic inch of space; and in each of these the work of life goes on. I shall not, however, in this article deal with these extremely minute cells; but, taking from a ripe russet apple, a minute particle of tissue near the core, Fig. 2 shows some cells of which it consists. Although taken from the middle of a mass of pulp tissue, it shows a

Fig. 6. A thin slice of the stem of the sarsaparilla plant, showing its structure

In the Arctic regions early explorers were astounded to find large areas of red snow; but the phenomenon is now familiar to men of science, who know that red snow, like a green garden fence, is due to the presence of unicellular algæ, the only difference being in the colouring matter of the protoplasm. It is said that acres of snow are frequently covered in a single night by these tiny plants.

Many vegetable cells are so small that

conglomeration of single cells, very similar to the algæ previously examined, but much larger. The cell-wall and contents can be well seen, but these cells are transparent and colourless.

Cells, then, are the bricks which build up the plant edifice. The simplest plant is built of one brick, as we have seen; and next in simplicity come plants composed of a few simple cells united together in a chain. Complexity begins when a plant exhibits

cells of different kinds, each kind fulfilling specific functions in the life of the plant. The apple pulp cells are very simple in structure, but much more complicated tissues are found in other parts of the parent tree. To show the differentiation of cells for various purposes in plant economy, we may take almost at random any insignificant fragments of any plant.

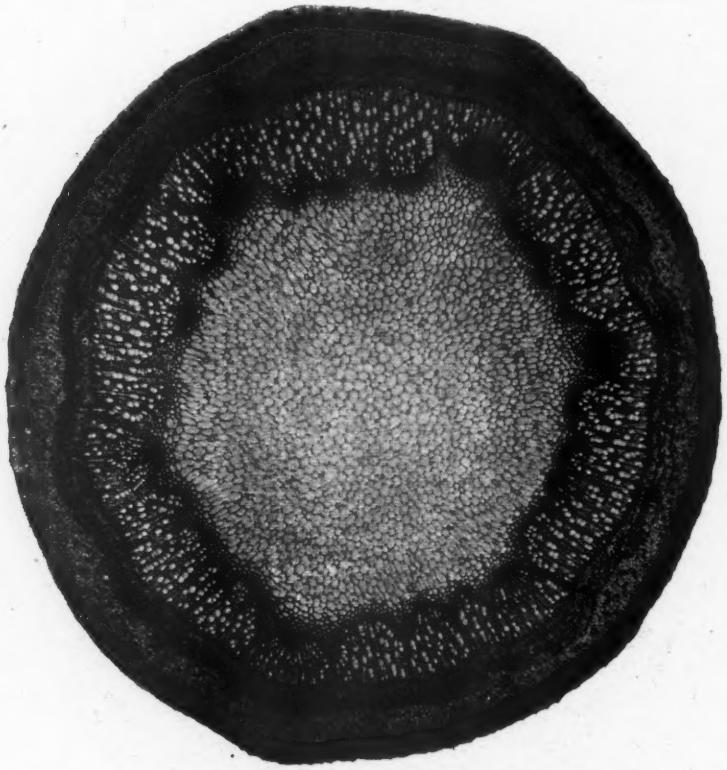


Fig. 7. Slice or section of a twig from the sycamore tree. Actual diameter $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch

Every one has observed, for instance, that plants are frequently hairy on leaves, flowers or stems, &c., and Fig. 3 shows a few hairs from the throat or interior of the common yellow pansy. These hairs are in reality single cells, which instead of remaining as flat skin-cells of the petal, have poked themselves out into elongated shapes with irregular knotted swellings. To the naked eye they look like hairs, but under the microscope more closely resemble rugged glass tubes, being quite transparent and filled with granular matter like the cells in their more simple forms. Hundreds of these unicellular hairs with others of entirely different forms are hidden away in the interior of every pansy; and all serve a purpose in the economy of the plant; otherwise they would not exist, for Nature makes nothing that is useless. No ornament even exists in Nature without use for some definite purpose.

And while speaking of ornaments we may look at the surface of a common scarlet geranium's petal. How is its invitingly soft and velvety appearance produced, we ask of the microscope; and Fig. 4 shows the skin-cells in this instance, not elongated and hair-like as in the hairs of the pansy, but with central elevations or papillæ, which

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Poets of the Empire

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reflect the light, and so give their velvety gloss to the petals of many flowers.

We will take one other simple skin tissue, and this time a scale from a fern. These broad scale-like appendages correspond to the hairs on flowering plants and (Fig. 5) are built up of quite a number of regular cells. We might multiply illustrations to show how cells collectively compose the various structures of plants, though some become so much altered that it is difficult to recognise any trace of the original cell-shape in them. By making a longitudinal section, with a sharp razor, through the growing-point of a plant stem, for instance, we find that at some little distance behind the growing-point the cells have lost their globular and oval shapes, and are long and thin. This elongation goes on with time, and the connections or division walls which separate adjoining cells disappear, until at last, instead of a network of ordinary cells, we have a series of bundles of long tubes or "vessels" as botanists call them. These tubes uniting with each other form the tough fibres that permeate all the principal tissues of higher plants, and in a section of the Sarsaparilla plant-stem (Fig. 6), these "fibro-vascular" bundles—as the botanist terms them—may be seen scattered in amongst the pith or cellular structure.

Fig. 8. Section through a twig of beech. Actual diameter ¼ of an inch

These scattered bundles characterise the structure of plant-stems in one of the great divisions of the vegetable kingdom, known as the "mono-cotyledons," which means that

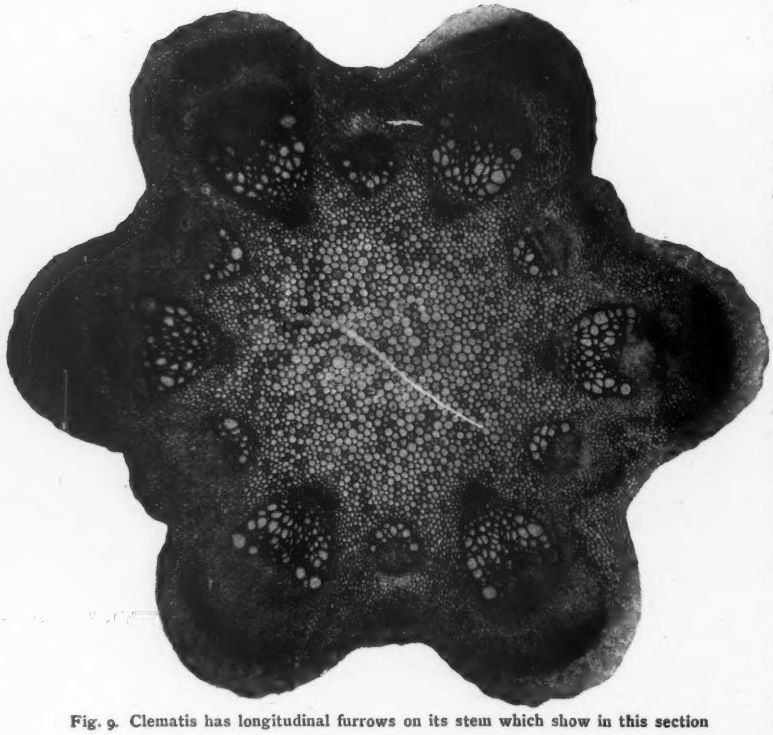


Fig. 9. Clematis has longitudinal furrows on its stem which show in this section

an animal from a single tooth, the botanist can, from a thin slice or section of the stem of a plant, at once gain considerable knowledge of the class of plant from which it was taken.

And now just a word regarding these string-like bundles of tissue which we find in the stems and leaves. Each bundle, as I have already shown, originates near the growing-point by the gradual

seeds, when sprouting, send up a single blade, like a grain of corn, a date stone or a lily seed. Such plants generally bear leaves with parallel veins, and have their flowers arranged in whorls of threes.

These features are in contradistinction to the structure and arrangement of the dicotyledons, to which belong almost all our common field plants, except grasses, and all our native shrubs and trees. In Figs. 7 and 8 sections of the stems of sycamore and beech show that the structural arrangement of these plants is more symmetrical and that their vascular bundles are not scattered about, but arranged around a central pith, each bundle separated from its neighbour by a ray from the central pith portion. These features of the stem are generally associated with the net-veined leaves of most of our English plants and with flowers arranged in whorls of fours or fives. Thus, as a zoologist can build up

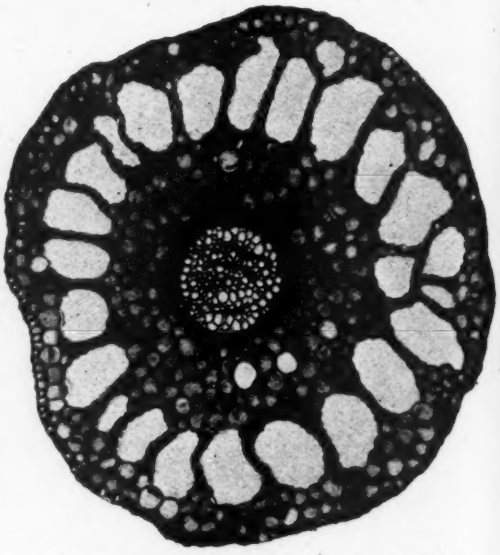


Fig. 10. A section through the stem of a water plant, showing air cavities

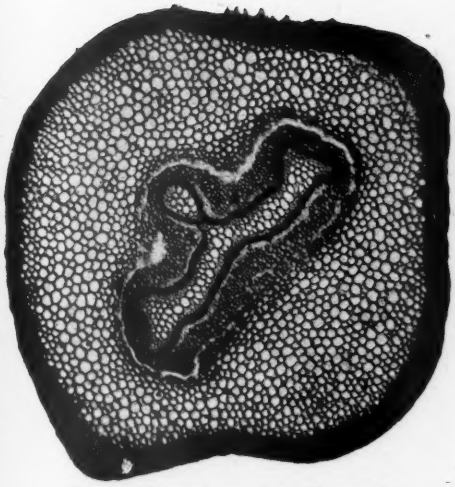


Fig. 11. The structure of a club-moss stem.

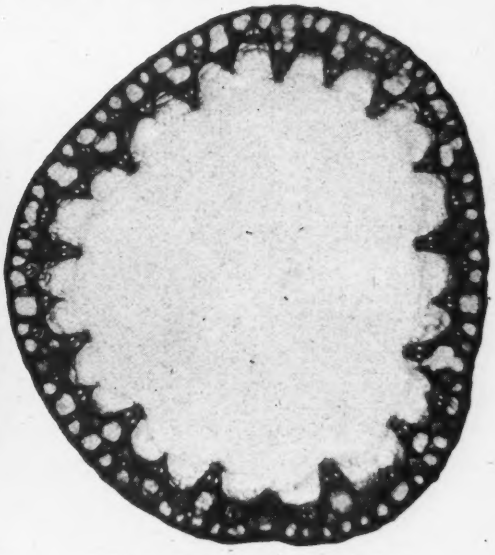


Fig. 12. The structure of a rush stem

alteration of some cells into long tubes and on examining these at a later stage, each bundle is seen to consist mainly of two distinct kinds of tissue separated by a layer of delicate cells. The tubular vessels nearest the central pith, when mature, generally lose their protoplasm or living matter, and usually contain air only, although sometimes liquids are conducted through them. After these come the wood-cells or fibres which give strength to the bundle, and then the delicate tissue which separates one class of tissue from the other. Those vessels on the outer side nearest the bark are similar to the wood-cells, but more delicate and filled with mucilaginous matter.

Now the layer of delicate cells that separates these tissues is a very important factor to the plant or tree, and in the growing season is constantly forming new cells by division. By this means new vessels and wood-cells are formed. And as the new cells keep multiplying they exert pressure upon their sur-

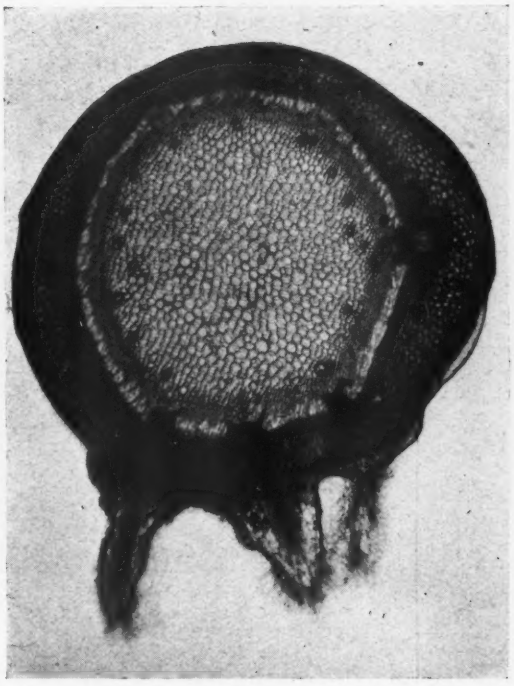


Fig. 13. Stem section of ivy, showing rootlets

roundings, so that the tree gradually expands and increases in girth during the growing season. In the Autumn a strong outer coat of bark is formed to enclose and protect the living cells. Dormant, yet full of life, these remain throughout the cold and wintry weather; but in the spring active life begins again. The cells commence once more to divide and multiply, and the outer coat of bark, which was firm and strong when it enclosed its living successors—for it originates from these soft, active cells—is burst asunder as the sap rushes through the cells and distends them. Thus the rough broken bark, with which we are all familiar, is formed upon the trunks of trees.

During the spring and summer seasons the growth and multiplication of the cells goes on, but pauses again in winter; and in due course, when the woodman comes along, he can approximately estimate the age of the tree by its annual rings of growth. The successive zones of growth are usually quite distinct, owing to the wood formed in the spring being less dense or having wider cells than the compacter layer formed later in the year.

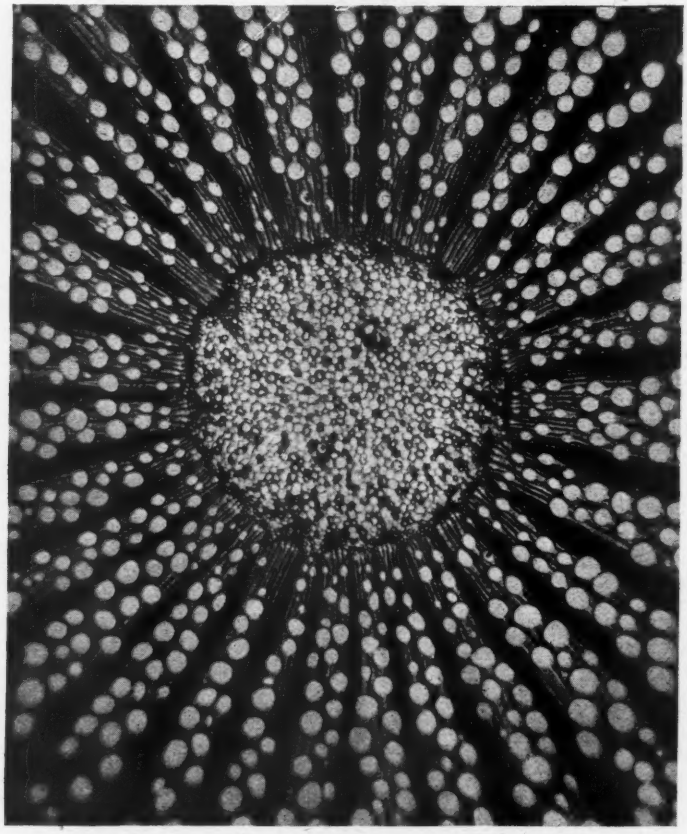


Fig. 14. Central portion of the stem structure of a Brazilian plant

Fig. 9 shows a section of a stem with longitudinal furrows, one of the numerous variations which the stems of plants assume. Some are flattened, others triangular; and a square stem is not uncommon. Those of

the red and white dead-nettle must be familiar to every one who notices wild plants at all.

In Fig. 10 is shown the section of the creeping stem of a tiny water-plant, which grows on the edges of moorland ponds, and is called the pillwort. Most aquatic plants possess these intercellular air cavities among their tissues, serving as buoys to the plant-stem. The common water-lilies are familiar examples.

Another curious form of stem structure is shown at Fig. 11, taken from a plant commonly found on moorland hills and known as club-moss.

Fig. 15. The structure of the mid-rib, or central vein of a rhododendron leaf

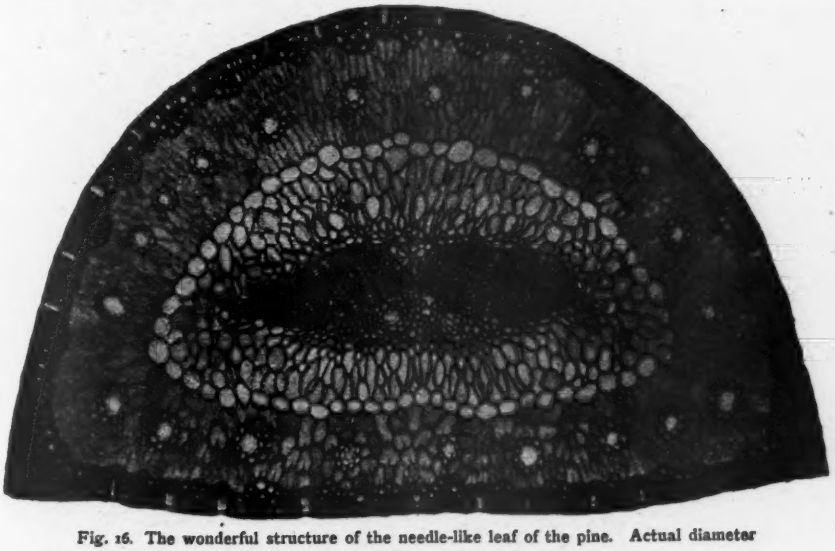


Fig. 16. The wonderful structure of the needle-like leaf of the pine. Actual diameter from corners, $\frac{1}{75}$ of an inch

Rushes, as every one who has gathered them knows, have a pithy stem; and Fig. 12 shows a magnified section of a rush stem.

The centre of the stem is not, however, hollow as it appears, but is filled with very delicate star-shaped cells, which are too delicate for reproduction.

At Fig. 13 is a stem section, which seems curiously irregular in form; but when I explain that it is taken from the stem of the common ivy—which the reader will remember has tiny tentacles or rootlets along its stem, by means of which it adheres to walls, trees, &c.—the shape will readily explain itself.

As a concluding example of stem structure, Fig. 14 illustrates the central portion only of the stem of a liana, or tropical climbing plant, which in some of the Brazilian forests, forms vast festoons, passing from one tree to another, and so binding together all kinds of vegetation in a maze of living network. This stem will be seen to be light in structure, probably owing to the plant's exceedingly rapid growth in the humid atmosphere of tropical forests, thus reproducing in an exaggerated form the peculiarity of the tissue formed in English trees in spring, when growth is quicker than at other seasons.

Rightly viewed, however, the stems of plants are merely enlarged and permanent developments of a leaf stalk—there are many plants which produce only a single leaf—and the leaf stalk in turn bears the same relation to the mid-rib of the leaf. So, in Fig. 15, I show the internal structure of the mid-rib of the leaf of a rhododendron. There are some leaves, moreover, which have no mid-rib, or are all mid-rib. It would be difficult, for instance, to say how much of the needle of a pine tree was "blade" and how much "mid-rib" and "nerves." So in Fig. 16 is shown the wonderful combination of cells which compose the pine needle; and between this and the great pine-trunk, with girth greater than a man can clasp, rising sheer to the height of a church steeple, there is only the natural gradation of development. Thus, from the simple *Protococcus viridis*, which you can scrape by tens of thousands off any old garden fence with your finger-nail, to the towering trunks of the pine-woods which furnish masts to the navy that rules the seas, there is only this difference of cells forced by compression to take some shapes and expanding with vitality into others, according to the function which Nature's necessity has decreed that they must perform.

It is not easy to make so very dry a subject as structural botany interesting. It is too full of terrifying technical terms. I have, however, endeavoured in this article, so far as possible, to avoid all "nomenclature," and I hope that on the next occasion when my readers are confronted with a discourse on structural botany, they will at least feel that the subject is not altogether unintelligible. Any portion of any plant, when microscopically examined, reveals the marvellous pencilling of its Creator.

Triolet

Life goes in waiting for "To-morrow"
A beau'eous guest who never comes.
"To-day," one knows, has face of sorrow.
Life goes in waiting for "To-morrow,"
Whose lap is filled with joys we borrow
From dreamland's countless, glorious sums.
Life goes in waiting for "To-morrow,"
A beauteous guest who—never—comes.

L. Hereward.

The Marquis of Salisbury

By Frederick Douglas How

Author of "Bishop Walsham How, A Memoir"; "Bishop Selwyn, A Memoir"; "Noble Women of Our Time," &c.

II. Oxford Days

IN 1847 Lord Robert Cecil left Eton and matriculated as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church. The visitor to Oxford who is wise keeps his eyes shut as far as possible all the dreary way from the station to Carfax. If, when he gets there, and some of the beauties of the City and University lie before him, he chooses to go first of all down St. Aldate's past the magnificent new municipal buildings, he will find himself close beneath the walls of Christ Church, where two turrets help to form the corner of the college. It was in one of these that Lord Robert Cecil had his rooms. They looked out, therefore, upon the street, but to get to them one must go through the big gateway beneath Tom Tower and, turning sharp to the left, must ascend staircase No. 7. These same rooms have subsequently had several well-known tenants, notably the late Marquis of Bute and the present Duke of Abercorn. The old turret and the very rooms themselves are just as they were nearly fifty-five years ago,

Christ Church, Oxford. Lord Salisbury's rooms were situated in one of the turrets shown in the illustration

but it was to an Oxford differing completely from the Oxford of to-day that the future Prime Minister came.

Dr. Gaisford was Dean of Christ Church —a very different man from those appointed to the office in recent years. It is said that he only preached once a year, and that one of his sermons ended with the words, "Nor can I do better, in conclusion, than impress upon you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument." The famous Mr. Osborne Gordon, whose sayings are still often quoted, was classical tutor and senior censor, and probably had most to do with the direction of Lord Robert's studies.

But if we want to know wherein lies the main difference between the Oxford of those days and of these a reference to the amusing (if caustic) reminiscences of the Rev. W. Tuckwell will best inform us. Writing of days but little earlier than those in question, he says that he finds the main difference to exist first of all in dress. In those days no one dared appear in the public streets except in most correct attire. Men who boated or played cricket changed at their barge or pavilion. "Nowadays," he adds, "the garments of a gentleman are reserved, as High School girls tell me that they keep their Longfellow, for Sundays." Then, again, there was no football and no "sports." Few men boated and fewer still played cricket. Rich men rode, but the great body of men with limited incomes simply went for walks. Nearly every one turned out at two o'clock and walked in pairs or threes along the country roads till dinner at five! What a strange sight it must have been! And dinner at five! There is another change. Five o'clock is now the hour for tea, and dinner is at least two hours later. But Mr. Tuckwell, *laudator temporis acti*, considers that the old plan had all the advantage on its side. "Only," he says, "in unathletic days was possible the affluent talk of a Tennyson and Hallam on the Cam, on the Isis of a Whately and a Coplestone, a Newman and a Froude, a Congreve and Mark Pattison, a Stanley and Jowett, Clough and Matthew Arnold—brain as against muscle, spirit as against flesh, the man as against the animal, the higher as against the lower life." However this may have been—and it might be easy to set down a list of athletes whose intellectual attainments are famous—this was the Oxford to which Lord Robert Cecil came, and, as he never loved a horse, and as, indeed, his allowance was probably not of undue dimensions, he was doubtless among the daily pedestrians, accompanied by one or other of his special set.

There is still at Christ Church an ancient retainer who remembers him well. Standing in the sunshine on the south side of Tom Quad. he thus delivered himself. "Remember him? I should think I do. I was valet then to Mr. M—— as had rooms this side of the gateway, and Lord Robert he used often to come to lunch. He was a very quiet gentleman, was Lord Robert, but he was a fine-looking man in his gentleman-commoner's gown with its long stripes, for all the world like a doctor of civil law's gown, and his velvet cap. A gold tassel? No! He wasn't a peer in them days. The last as I remember wearing a gold tassel was Lord Rosebery. But he was a fine gentleman, was Lord Robert Cecil. I remember his father, too, coming to see him. He was a little man, he was."

This old college servant was not the only one who thought Lord Robert a "quiet" man. One of his old intimates of those days says that he was "of a quiet disposition, not averse to a joke, but it was quite impossible for him to be uproarious."

He had plenty of time for the reading of scientific or metaphysical works, in which he chiefly delighted, for his father did not think it was well for a man of his rank to go in for honours. He, therefore, took a pass degree in 1849, though his papers were so good that he was given the doubtful distinction of an "honorary fourth." The main records of his life at this time centre round the Union, of which he was a distinguished member, and was at one time treasurer. It is remembered that on the frequent occasions of his addressing that society during their debates he was always exceedingly grave, and lost some effectiveness by a habit of looking

down and rather sideways as he spoke. But already his words were winged, and noted for their directness, as when, speaking about Sir Robert Peel, he said: "Let him lie in the grave of infamy which his political tergiversation has dug!"

But the chief source of information about his connection with the Oxford Union is a delightful paper by the late Lord Brabourne (at that time an undergraduate by name Knatchbull) which appeared in that bright miscellany brought out by Edmund Yates with the title of "Time." The following extracts from that paper are of great interest. After saying that some of the men associated with him in the Union of those days were still "to the fore," he wonders whether Lord Salisbury "the Foreign Minister," would be inclined to serve in the same Government with him then, he having discarded his youthful Toryism for a Liberal creed. He then goes on:

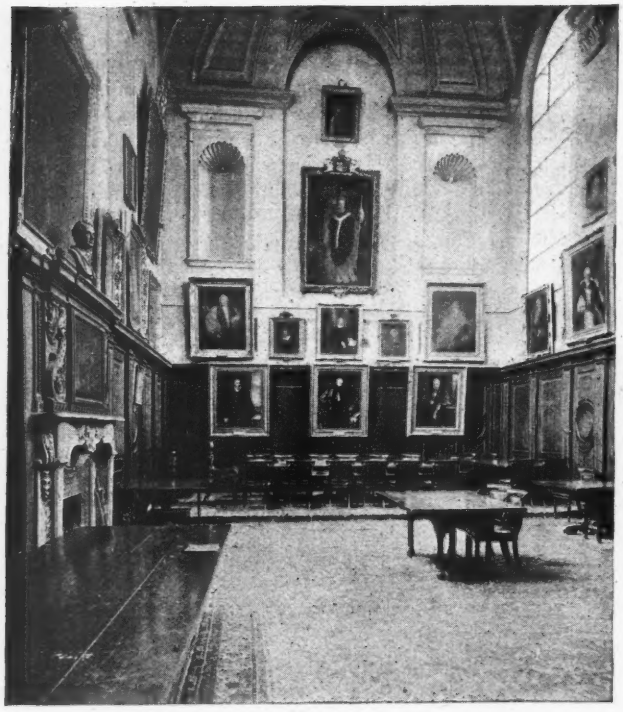
"I wonder whether the Lord Salisbury of to-day is prepared to support at this moment his proposition (brought forward at a debate in the Union) as Lord Robert Cecil in February 1849, 'that any endowment of the Romanist priesthood, or of any Romanist place of education, will prove an insuperable obstacle to the social or political welfare of Ireland.' He also, about the same time, spoke in favour of a motion to the effect that 'the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. was, politically speaking, a most injudicious measure, and one which deserves our utmost condemnation."

(Hills & Saunders, photographers, Oxford)

Vincent's Club (1873)

From other sources it appears that among his many speeches was one in favour of the drama, the future Dean Burgon being his chief opponent, and another on the duty of the country to place its affairs in stronger hands than those of the Liberal party. But to return to Lord Brabourne's paper:

"Our debates used at that time to be carried on in Wyatt's rooms in the High, and our rooms for ordinary club purposes were at Vincent, the bookseller's, in the same street. Our debates were not always upon matters of public interest. A tremendous conflict raged for a long time upon two pro-



Dining Hall of All Souls College, Oxford. Lord Salisbury's portrait hangs over the "high" table

positions—one, to open the Union Rooms on Sundays, the other to admit what we called 'theological papers,' by which high-sounding phrase we designated *The Tablet*, *The Record*, and other papers in which religious disputations abounded. I had quite forgotten which side I espoused, but I find an entry in my diary of Nov. 22, 1849: 'Debate on theological papers. Cecil succeeded in carrying them by 29 to 25. I led against them.'"

Here is already evidence of the keen interest which the present Prime Minister has always taken in religious matters. There is subsequently an entry in Mr. Knatchbull's diary also on a literary matter which it is much less easy to understand. There was, it seems, a proposal to acquire the "Ingoldsby Legends" for the Union Library, and it was carried by a majority of 35 to 30, but its chief opponent was Lord Robert Cecil, supported by his two friends Lygon and Meyrick.

"However," says Lord Brabourne, "we did not let our Union differences interfere with our personal friendships, for I see on the next page of my diary —'Dined with Cecil in Christ Church. Lothian, Dalkeith, Sandon and Carnarvon also there: wined in C.'s lodgings.'"

The names just mentioned are, with the addition of the late Mr. Portal, afterwards incumbent of Burghclere, and, a little later, Mr. Meyrick, then fellow of Trinity, those of Lord Salisbury's chief friends during his Oxford days. It is an example of the turn of his mind that when the last named had his famous discussion by letter with the Rev. H. E. Manning (afterwards Cardinal) all the letters were shown to Lord Robert Cecil, as he then was, who took the keenest interest in the whole matter. When it is stated that the subject was the Moral Theology of the Church of Rome, and that the letters were written by Mr. Meyrick to show that the teaching of St. Alfonso Liguori was immoral in many respects, and that his theory of Equivocation was incompatible with Truthfulness, while the replies of Mr. Manning were to uphold the said teaching, it will be seen that for a very young man—scarcely twenty-three at the time—to interest himself keenly in such a controversy showed a mind of no common calibre. His opinion of the arguing powers of the future cardinal was not high, for he wrote to Mr. Meyrick from the Island of Rum, saying, "You have smashed Manning, but it is breaking a fly on a wheel."

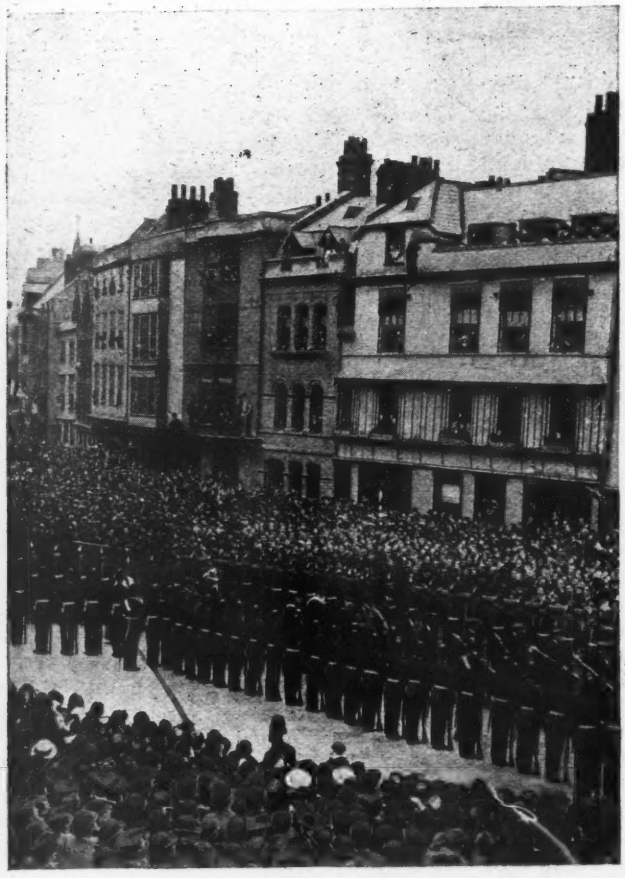
There is another side to his life as an

undergraduate at Christ Church which must be just touched upon. He was a leader, even at that time, of men. Not a leader who would head a rowdy party in planting Peckwater with shrubs uprooted from the Dean's garden; not a leader of the more social and musical set—he left that to Lord Cork; but a leader of the men of the very highest and the most intellectual stamp. One who had known him well writes that many members of his college, who had either known him or succeeded to a knowledge of him, well remember the tradition which he had left there as a leader and counsellor of such men as these. With men of this kind his influence was remarkable, and continued to operate after he himself had left the University. There is just one more little extract from Lord Brabourne's paper which bears in some measure upon this fact. There was, it seems, in 1848, when he had not been up for more than a year, a great deal of unpleasantness connected with the election of the Committee of the Union. Mr. Portal was at that time President, and used certain language to which the future Lord Brabourne took exception, the latter writing several letters complaining about it. Naturally there was a great "row" between the two men, but it is nice to read that "Cecil acted as mediator between us"—though his efforts appear to have been unsuccessful, for "he finally wrote that we were both old enough and ugly enough, as the saying is, to fight out the battle for ourselves!"

If Lord Salisbury when an undergraduate did not elect to go in for honours, Oxford University has showered her highest honours upon him ever since. To begin with, he was elected a Fellow of All Souls in 1853, and so held one of the most enviable positions in the University. A Fellow of All Souls, as is generally known, possesses all the dignity and emoluments of such an office with none of its drawbacks. For him there are no dull lectures to teach the elements of classics necessary for the undergraduates who are in for "Pass Mods." His evening reading is disturbed by no unseasonable chorus, by no shout or ribald jest from window to window of the 'Quad.' For does not All Souls exclude such troublesome folk as undergraduates, with the exception of some one or two whose solitariness ensures their quiet? The old idea was that the Fellows of All Souls were bound to be *bene nati, splendide vestiti, et mediocriter docti*, of which Robertson, in his history of the College, says, "Like most academic *bons mots*, much of its virtue lies in a complete absence of a basis of solid fact, for the Statutes of Chichele, or indeed of anybody else, do not contain a syllable to justify its point." As to the second part of the saying, there can be little doubt that it never applied to Lord Salisbury, except when dressed in the magnificence of his Chancellor's robes, for, as a rule, he probably never had much notion of what particular garb he might be wearing!

Just sixteen years later he had made for himself such a name as a rising statesman and as a great leader of debate in both the Houses of Parliament, as well as such a reputation for learning, that on the death of Lord Derby his election to the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford was carried in a Convocation held on November 12, 1869, without a dissentient voice. Mr. Traill, in his interesting "Life of Lord Salisbury," says: "It may be doubted whether, wise and fortunate as our two ancient Universities have been throughout their history in their choice of occupants for the Chancellor's chair, there has ever been a case in which office and incumbent were more obviously and indisputably made for each other." Certainly it may be said that, after more than thirty years' experience of his Chancellorship, there is no member o the University, whatever his politics, who is not proud to think that that position is still held by Lord Salisbury.

When the extremely arduous duties of the Prime Minister's political life are considered, it will be understood that, if the Chancellorship of the University entailed any serious amount of work, it would have been impossible for him to continue in the office. As a matter of fact, this is not the case. There are Chancellor's Prizes which he gives, but he does not present them in person. There is a Chancellor's Court to which University men may be summoned, but it is invariably presided over by the Vice-Chancellor, who



(Hills & Saunders, photographers, Oxford)

Lord Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, at the laying of the memorial stone of the Indian Institute, Oxford

is, in fact, the one really executive authority. Sometimes the Chancellor heads deputations to Court, and sometimes (but rarely) he comes to Oxford to preside over some special function, when his weighty words are greatly valued. It is interesting to note some one or two of these occasions, as completing the account of the fifty-five years of Lord Salisbury's connection with Oxford.

The first great event to bring the Chancellor to Oxford was the laying the memorial-stone of the Indian Institute by King Edward VII., at that time Prince of Wales. Next to the Prince, Lord Salisbury was certainly the most marked man in that great assemblage, and to both it was an occasion of special interest. It is well known how keenly our King has always backed up every movement for the advantage of the more distant parts of the Empire, and this, as well as the fact that the event was an important masonic ceremony, was sufficient to interest him deeply in the proceedings. For Lord Salisbury the day had a double significance. It was a distinct step towards the future that he had always hoped might belong to India. He had twice been Secretary for that country, and he knew what were her needs and possibilities. Then it was a distinct step, also, in the life of the University over whose fortunes he presided as Chancellor. No wonder that he spoke with special eloquence on the occasion. Here is a brief extract from his splendid speech:

"It had seemed good to those who had charge of our Indian Empire that the servants who were appointed to govern it should be equipped for their work by that most valuable of all preparations for a life's work—the education at a University. And the University had stepped forward and had secured for itself no small share in this enviable duty. He believed it was destined to acquire a still larger influence in the education of those to whom their Indian Empire was entrusted. There could be no greater

gift with which they could send them forth to their splendid task than that of preparing them to improve the ancient civilisation of the East by all the knowledge which the civilisation and the culture of our English Universities could afford. . . . This was a point of great interest, not so much in the political as in the intellectual history of this country. They were standing where two great streams of intellectual tradition were beginning to meet, and the Institute which they had founded that day was the indication that they were meeting, and would tend to make the combination more complete. What the results of that day might be, who could say? When they compared the increase of culture and civilisation of England, strengthened by the power of a dominant empire—when they compared it with the civilisation of India, which had barely maintained itself, they were accustomed to think that the influence must be all on one side. But the intellectual force which across so many centuries of political depression and political subjugation had yet maintained itself alive was not a power to be despised. It might be that they too had their lessons to learn: that they too had modifications in their intellectual traditions to undergo."

In this speech there comes out the mind of a man whose political interests were mainly of an almost world-wide nature, but to whom, if domestic politics were admitted to any share in his affections, they would be those of the University whose son and whose ruler he was proud to be. In 1887 Lord Salisbury was again at Oxford, but this time not in connection with the University, for on November 23 of that year the National Union of Conservative Associations met in that city, and he, then for the first time Prime Minister, received upwards of 500 congratulatory addresses, and made a great speech to a mass meeting in the Corn Exchange.

Yet again Lord Salisbury proved his affection for Oxford and all connected with her by coming down in 1893 and receiving "purses" for the Radcliffe Infirmary.

Altogether the record of his connection with City and University is a singularly happy one. It is hardly necessary to state that he was presented some years ago with the honorary degree of D.C.L., but it is interesting to record that Christ Church added to the lustre of its fame in 1894 by adding to the roll of its honorary students the name of the Marquis of Salisbury.

The Garden in Winter

By E. Kay Robinson

THERE are intervals in the best regulated winter when the abnormal mildness of the season brings out the florists' catalogues, prematurely blazing with all the colours which make a July garden gorgeous. And man, who was once a wild animal and the slave of the seasons, feels the first breath of untimely warmth stirring his pulses with the joy of life. He throws off his overcoat, and is ready at a moment's notice to "dance with the daffodils," though many weary weeks of winter in spring must follow a spring in winter, with blizzards searching out loopholes in the lambing yards, and snow often piling over the crocuses.

Still, from the beginning of the year the days get longer and the nights shorter; the oak's twigs are all nobbly with swollen buds, and the trails of honeysuckles in sheltered nooks are tufted with the green leaves of spring. You cannot help noticing these things as the unusually balmy air tempts you to potter round the garden, picking up slabs of the sodden gravel with your boot-heels, and marking how prematurely high some of the green spikes of the early tulips have thrust themselves through the mould. Gardening books tell you that these should be protected by an inch or two of earth: but it seems a silly, mud-pie sort of game to play on a mild, moist winter morning, and at heart

you sympathise with the tulips' precocity. You feel as spring-like as they look; and so you go indoors and study the seed-catalogue.

For, if yours is a garden of the ordinary type, which the gardener is allowed to "do up" in autumn, the impression left upon your mind by your winter inspection is that there is "nothing in it," nothing, that is to say, but bare brown mould, in squares and circles and crescents and parallelograms, bordered with gravel and edged with box.

The small nettle

It is a damp diagram of a garden: and between its naked lines you can let your fancy play freely upon the chords of harmonious colour with which those silent brown patches shall be eloquent to all beholders in summer.

There is another kind of garden, much affected by ladies who are too artistic and soulful to brush their hair tidily, which has been allowed to run wild at its own sweet will in summer, because its mistress likes a natural tangle of rambling things around her path. To such the bindweed is a thing of joy. It is "lush" and "lissom," and its trailing bines are "jewelled with pale moon-flowers." She would not "disturb" the violets for worlds, but likes to see them meandering through the box-edging and clothing the bare gravel with gracious greenery. But the "sweet will" of plants that run wild is to murder each other. The struggle for existence that we see daily raging round us in the animal world is one long armistice compared to the cruel strife of plants. Pull away a handful of the yellow withered strands of bindweed, and in shrivelled stump and dwindled shoot you will recognise the sad relics of once charming plants, the treasures of the garden; while, under cover of the bindweed, mats of coarse grass and clumps of deadnettle, tangled with chickweed and tufted with dandelion, have smothered all flower life.

Move aside some of the velvet greenery of the masses of violet plants with your hand, and you will find that it has become a stronghold for weeds too, while many choice plants have been swallowed up and destroyed. It is also a stronghold for snails and slugs and woodlice and caterpillars, which wander abroad at night and devastate the country, devouring in their season nine-tenths of the late, sparse, and undersized flowers which such violet "beds" produce, compared with the plentiful, large and early blooms which one tenth of the plants, properly tended, will give you.

No, believe me, there is no poetry in a garden which is allowed to run wild. It is all grim murder and oppression, degeneration and the triumph of the worst over the best. And in winter such a garden shows the seamy side of sin. Wicked luxuriance, that flourished like a green bay tree in summer, lies a tangled and matted wreck upon the ground, or trails like aggravating wisps of wind-blown straw upon the bushes. Presently you will have to appeal to the judicial authority of the gardener to curb this vegetable Hooliganism; and after scratching his head only once the gardener will pass the capital sentence: "It'll have to be dug up." And the last state of that garden is for a long time thereafter worse than the first.

And if murder will out even among vegetables what an extraordinary assortment of "other things" the eradication of the rampant criminals reveals! Mouldy tennis-balls there are of course; but who would have thought that that "Three-Blue" croquet ball could have been hidden all these months in the violet bed? The slugs have eaten off all the varnish: but they evidently did not like the paint. And here is an old jam-pot full of snails—how did *that* get there?—and a lead soldier with a damp white encrustation upon his legs, and a rusty corkscrew. Yes, and that thing in four pieces which the gardener is flapping against the handle of his spade to shake out the slugs and earwigs, is your tobacco pouch, covered with reindeer skin and silver monogramed, that you put in one of the forks of one of the trees in May and could never find again. There will be quite a museum of relics of "things not seen in summer" collected on the path before the gardener finishes his job; and "My! it *is* a job!" he says.

Even if your winter garden belongs to neither of these types of horrid examples—the mud-pattern work of the hireling gardener or the rubbish-heap style of the soulful amateur—this is the time of year to make painful mistakes. Any one can remember where he put five hundred tulip bulbs in a geometric pattern; but if you have disposed your bulbs according to your own ideas of harmony in colour and design, you can only just remember where everything is by its juxtaposition to something else; and when both are underground together, where are they? You generally find out where they are when a triangular bare patch has tempted you to take advantage of a fine mild day to "put something in it"—you can shift anything in winter—and the first stroke of the trowel bisects a clump of promising bulbs, or sheats off the plump growing point of a scented pæony. Accidents will happen, however; for the only way to guard against them is to convert your flower-beds into miniature cemeteries with rows of labels, or to have no bare patches that amount to eyesores in your borders in winter, and this no gardener achieves.

Very few, indeed, attempt anything of the kind; because a master is generally satisfied with his garden and his gardener, if he hears visitors ejaculate "Beautiful!" and "Splendid!" in summer. In winter the hothouse, greenhouse and conservatory give him all that his household wants of flowers, and he has no need to go pottering about a wet garden looking for January primroses. Our forefathers thought otherwise. For them the garden was a pleasaunce for all seasons. So they had walled gardens to keep out the winter winds, pleached alleys and trimmed hedges of evergreen, between which all kinds of favourite plants made a brave show in the worst of weathers. And most of these belonged to the class that is least popular nowadays; namely, biennials, or plants which come up from seed in one year, remain green through the winter, and flower in the following year. The wallflower and the foxglove are perhaps the "commonest" of these common plants: but I doubt if there is any garden too fine to be improved even by these at blooming time, while in winter they make all the difference between a live garden and a dead one. With these and the large class of perennial plants which, like carnations, retain their foliage in winter; with evergreens green and golden; and with red-barked willows and dogwoods, you may have a winter garden which is gracious and comfortable to look upon in December, and yet be starred with glory of bulb-flowers in spring and blaze with annuals and bedding plants in summer. All that you need are the eye of art, the hand of love and the wisdom of experience to enjoy a garden that is, almost literally, always at its best; but, alas! few of us know enough to be gardeners until we are ninety.

Yet, as you never get to know people well if you only see them in dress clothes, so you never become properly familiar and friendly with your garden unless you cultivate its acquaintance in undress. You need not, unless you like, invade its privacy when it wears a nightgown of snow or is in a shower-bath of winter rain; though even than you may discover new features of your garden. If you had not plodded round under an umbrella, who would have told you what a comfortable smoking-room the green-

house makes for the gardener and his friends in wet weather; and but for the snow how would you have known where the hole in the wire netting admits the long-loping hare to

"The purest flower that blows"

your carnations, or what path through the shrubberries is followed in the evenings by the friends who come to visit the cook? But these things, perhaps, are not horticulture, any more than the assemblage of birds to their free breakfast of scraps on the lawn, though the birds, if you encourage them with discretion—which does not mean flinging out bread crumbs to collect all the sparrows of the neighbourhood—are one of the best features of a well kept winter garden.

And for flowers? Well, no one who wants to have a winter garden next year must neglect to put down some good strong clumps of Christmas Roses, the purest flower that blows. Other winter blooming hellebores are quaint and picturesque; and the lovely Japanese "winter sweet" is as hardy as holly and as fragrant as tuberose. The winter jasmine embroiders the walls with gold, and there is no day in the year where in sheltered corners you may not find some sort of roses or the flame of the Japanese quince. Of berries, crimson and scarlet, yellow and white, you have large choice and you can, if you like, medicate them against the birds. But most people who love a garden in the right way love the birds too, and tolerate even the abnormal appetite of the sparrow for the greenstuff of choice plants which ought to flower in spring. The blackbird also is a shrewd thing among the early primroses, while the starling will tug little plants out of the ground for the pleasure, apparently, of seeing what their roots are like.

But this, again, is not horticulture, nor even conducive to the enjoyment of your garden in winter. Rather do you look for it in the golden carpet of the winter aconite, spread under the trees in mid-January, with tufts of white snowdrops between, and large full blooms of Russian violets in favourite corners. Blizzards may come, but still you will find primroses tiptoeing out of the snow—it was from under the wind-driven snow that flowers were gathered in Norfolk villages last year for wreaths for the Queen's funeral—and knee-deep irises waving their flags aloft. The honeysuckle in the porch breaks into leaf and the larches gleam yellow in the early February sunshine. The blue "glory of the snow" dots the borders, and presently the yellow crocus breaks into a fringe of flame. But this is as the lighting of the first candle on the Christ-

Irises, the Garden's New Year's gift

mas tree. After the crocus all the glories of the bulbs flash out in quick succession: and before we quite know what has happened the winter garden is aflame with spring.

Things and other Things

The Open Letter Competition

We announced last month that we would give prizes of £5, £3, and £2 respectively for the three best "open letters" addressed to Mr. Hall Caine received at the office of Good Words by noon of January 25. The result of this competition, together with the letters to which the prizes have been awarded, will be published in our March number. Meanwhile we offer three more prizes of the same amounts, viz.—£5, £3, and £2 in cash—for similar open letters, not exceeding 1500 words in length, to

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.

The letters must be received at the office of Good Words, by noon of February 25; the results of the competition, with the winning letters, will be published in our April number.

The letters are to be in the nature of critiques of the author's work, and addressed to him *as an author only.* We have no concern with Mr. Kipling as a personality apart from his writings. Any semblance of anything libellous or ill-mannered in a letter will at once bar it from consideration by the judges.

In estimating the merits of the letters submitted the judges will consider chiefly (1) the soundness of the critique as an estimate of the author's work—whether that estimate be laudatory or otherwise; (2) its moral value, and (3) its literary quality as a composition.

The publishers reserve the right to publish any other letters received (in addition to the three prize-winners) which may seem suitable for publication, and will pay for them at their regular rates.

No appeal from (or argument about) the award of the judges will be entertained.

Letters in competition should be addressed to "Open Letter Committee, care of Good Words, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London."

A Page of Mormon History

The curious document of which a photograph is given herewith is one of the original copies of the famous proclamation of Brigham Young, the second President of the Mormon Church, when in 1857 the United States Government sent a force of 2500 regular soldiers as an escort to assist in the installation of Alfred Cumming as Governor of the Mormon State of Utah. Not merely by their polygamous doctrines and practices, but in other ways, the Mormons had made it impossible for the general government to permit them any longer to manage their own affairs without direct federal control. The Territory of Utah had only been formally organised by Congress seven years before—in 1850—when Brigham Young was appointed to be the first Governor. At the same time judges who were non-Mormons were nominated to the Superior Courts of the Territory; but Young, as Governor, made it impossible for them to perform their duties, and they were obliged to leave Salt Lake City. Thereupon the United States Government suspended Young and appointed a new Governor, who was an officer in the army. Though a military man, however, and accompanied by a battalion of soldiers, Colonel Steptoe found it impossible to assume office, and after spending a winter uselessly at Salt Lake he was compelled to withdraw. Then it was that the Government sent Alfred Cumming with the 2500 men to take over the Governorship, and Brigham Young issued the proclamation which we reproduce. The Mormons responded to the call with such alacrity that, after some minor defeats, and losing his waggons and supplies, Governor Cumming was compelled to go into winter quarters, practically beleaguered, many miles from his proper seat of government. Next year came the awful Mountain Meadows massacre, when 150 non-Mormon immigrants were

PROCLAMATION

BY THE GOVERNOR.

CITIZENS OF UTAH---

WE are invaded by a hostile force who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction.

For the last twenty five years we have trusted officers of the Government, from Constables and Justices to Judges, Governors, and Presidents, only to be scorned, held in derision, insulted and betrayed. Our houses have been plundered and then burned, our fields laid waste, our principal men butchered while under the pledged faith of the government for their safety, and our families driven from their homes to find that shelter in the barren wilderness and that protection among hostile savages which were denied them in the boasted abodes of Christianity and civilization.

The Constitution of our common country guarantees unto us all that we do now or have ever claimed.

If the Constitutional rights which pertain unto us as American citizens were extended to Utah, according to the spirit and meaning thereof, and fairly and impartially administered, it is all that we could ask, all that we have ever asked.

Our opponents have availed themselves of prejudice existing against us because of our religious faith, to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no privilege, no opportunity of defending ourselves from the false, foul, and unjust aspersions against us before the nation. The Government has not condescended to cause an investigating committee or other person to be sent to inquire into and ascertain the truth, as is customary in such cases.

We know those aspersions to be false, but that avails us nothing. We are condemned unheard and forced to an issue with an armed, mercenary mob, which has been sent against us at the instigation of anonymous letter writers ashamed to father the base slanderous falsehoods which they have given to the public; of corrupt officials who have brought false accusation against us to screen themselves in their own infamy; and of hireling priests and howling editors who prostitute the truth for filthy lucre's sake.

The issue which has been thus forced upon us compels us to resort to the great first law of self preservation and stand in our own defence, a right guaranteed unto us by the genius of the institutions of our country, and upon which the Government is based.

Our duty to ourselves, to our families, requires us not to tamely submit to be driven and slain, without an attempt to preserve ourselves. Our duty to our country, our holy religion, our God, to freedom and liberty, requires that we should not quietly stand still and see those fetters forging around, which are calculated to enslave and bring us in subjection to an unlawful military despotism such as can only emanate [in a country of Constitutional law] from usurpation, tyranny, and oppression.

This is, therefore,

1st:—To forbid, in the name of the People of the United States in the Territory of Utah, all armed forces, of every description, from coming into this Territory under any pretence whatever.

2d:—That all the forces in said Territory hold themselves in readiness to march, at a moment's notice, to repel any and all such threatened invasion.

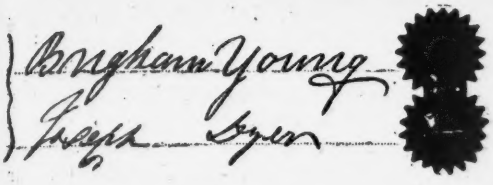
3d:—Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this Territory, from and after the publication of this Proclamation; and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into, or through, or from this Territory, without a permit from the proper officer.

{ L. S. }

Given under my hand and seal at Great Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, this fifth day of August, A. D. eighteen hundred and fifty seven and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty second.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Facsimile of a famous proclamation issued by Brigham Young in 1857, when the Government of the United States sent an armed force to assist in the installation of Alfred Cumming as Governor of Utah.



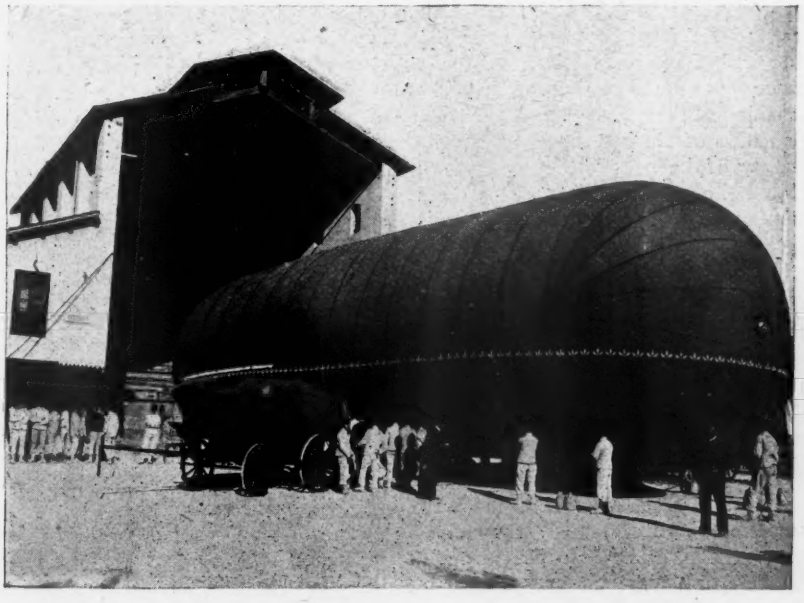
butchered in cold blood. The Territory was declared to be in a state of rebellion, and, though the Mormons made formal submission to the United States Government in 1858, it was not until 1860 that the troops were withdrawn from the Territory.

Apart from the blasphemous character of their "religion" and the degrading code of social and domestic morality which became ultimately, though not originally, an integral part of that "religion," the Mormons, as a civil community, proved themselves in the United States as intractable and difficult a body to govern, as, perhaps, any nation has had to cope with within its own borders. The proclamation of 1857 marks, perhaps, the high-water mark of their insurrectionary ambition. From 1860 onwards the struggle with Mormonism has been fought in the courts and legislatures, instead of the battlefield, and slowly but surely it has lost strength until now it is fairly in process of being obliterated. Nothing but the remarkable personality of Brigham Young prevented its obliteration twenty years before the date of the proclamation of 1875. R. H.

A Strange Italian War Balloon

ALTHOUGH one hears but little about the anxiety of the great military powers of Europe in the matter of aërial navigation, the various intelligence departments are undoubtedly very much on the alert concerning the inventions of Mr. Santos-Dumont, Sir Hiram Maxim, Count Zeppelin, and all the other able and ingenious inventors who are devoting themselves to solving what is perhaps the most startling problem of modern times. However, until this problem has been solved, and a really dirigible airship invented, the armies of Europe will have to be content with modifications of the ordinary balloon.

As everybody knows, we have a balloon



The new Italian war balloon, at the headquarters of the Aërial Engineers, Rome. Pumping in the gas

The Italian war balloon at its maximum height

'school' of our own at Aldershot, presided over by Colonel Templer, R.E.; and here balloons for the British Army are manufactured; and the different processes to be seen range from the cutting up of the skins to the making of the gas.

Each nation of Europe, however, has its own variety of balloon, but they are all constructed either with the terrible intention of dropping explosives upon an enemy's camp, or at least of spying out the enemy's movements, making photographic maps of his country, directing artillery fire to the best advantage and his discomfiture, &c. In the case of a captive balloon, which is held by a steel cable, the occupants of the car are usually staff officers, connected with head-quarters below by means of a telephone.

The Italian war balloon illustrated on this page is a most extraordinary-looking machine, totally unlike the balloon familiar to all of us in this country. The Royal Engineers of the Italian Army maintain that the car of our military balloon oscillates far too much to ensure good photographic maps being taken by the aërial observers, and they say this is due to the spherical shape of the gas chamber, which rocks easily in a wind. Therefore they have made the gas chamber of their balloon fusiform, as will be seen from our snapshots.

The first photograph shows the work of filling the monster at the regimental head-quarters of the Aërial Engineers in Rome, the men being engaged in pumping in the gas. The second photograph shows the strange-looking object at its maximum height and duly connected with the ground. It will be seen that the car swings at a considerable distance away from the strangely-shaped gas chamber.

Last summer a kind of war balloon "examination" was held in Germany, and the Italians have based their weird-looking machine on the winning model, which passed with flying colours in that examination.

The gas chamber is kept in the eye of the wind by means of sails, and a rudder is attached to the under side. The gas chamber, bag-sail rudder, and fin sail are all made of pure undyed silk, specially manufactured for the purpose, and woven in sections with triple selvages. The upper half of the great gas chamber is triple woven to resist the enormous pressure in ascent, and the entire surface is varnished to prevent the escape of gas. The varnish is not thick, however, for the silk has to be folded flat for transport.

This balloon ascends to an altitude of two or three thousand feet, but at its maxium height carries only one trained military observer, with the necessary ballast and instruments. These last include a tele-photographic camera, which—as every one knows—is a combination of telescope and ordinary photographic lens.

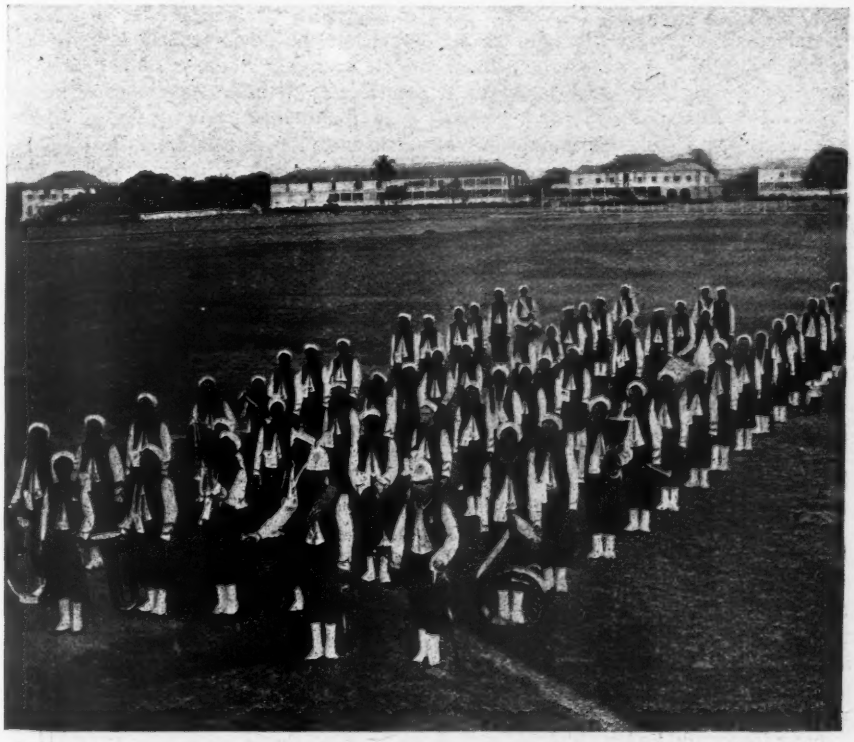
The Italian officers are very fond of practising with their new balloon, greatly to the consternation of the peasants in the Roman Campagna. W. G. F.

Band of the West India Regiment

IT is not easy, looking at this photograph, to realise the brilliance which made the real scene so singularly attractive. The men—the band of the West India Regiment—are in Zouave costume of scarlet and white, and with their gold lace and brazen instruments made, in the clear Jamaican sunlight, a glittering patch of beautiful colouring. Behind them stretches the green expanse of the parade-ground reaching away to the picturesque, tree-shaded barracks of Up-Park camp. It was in one of these old trees to the right that Tom Cringle describes himself in his Log as seated with a companion, overhearing and overlooking the horrors of the wholesale burying of victims of the yellow fever. But since Michael Scott wrote that amazing medley of fact and fiction about "the land of fun and fever," as he called Jamaica, the demon, Yellow Jack, has been brought under control, an evidence of which is the health of our West India troops. The regiment, it is well to record, has done brilliant service in the field from the days of Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, down to those of Sir Garnet Wolseley and Redvers Buller, and though it is said that they cannot be made good marksmen, they need no training in valour, as the V.C.s in their ranks well and truly testify. P. S. R.

Some Expensive Acres

Apart from that portion of the City lying between King William's statue and Trinity Square, E.C., which has been computed to be worth £117 per square foot, or £5,096,520 an acre, perhaps Lombard Street and Cheapside rival each other in respect to the value of their sites, which are more expensive than those of any other thoroughfare in the metropolis. About a year ago an interest-



The band of the West India Regiment at Up-Park, Jamaica

ing sidelight was thrown upon the value of space in Lombard Street, when the City and South London Railway took the crypt of the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, and some of its land for a station, for the clerical authorities apprised the value of the crypt at £60 a square foot, a sum that would have purchased almost two acres of a freehold estate, 125 acres in extent, at Spalding in Lincolnshire, which originally cost the vendors £11,000 and was sold in 1897 for £4280. Land at £2,613,600 an acre does not frequently come into the market, even in London, but a few years ago, when the freehold of 54 Cheapside was sold, the sum it realised was at the above rate per acre; that is to say, a piece of ground that could be covered by an ordinary penny postage stamp realised six shillings and elevenpence half-penny, not at all a bad price for a paltry five-sixths of a square inch of estate to attain. Judging from the ground-rents secured on No. 10 Cornhill, which five or six years ago realised £42,500, that is to say, at the rate of practically £55 a square foot, or £2,452,023 per acre, there are many other delectable spots in the City worth their area in beaten gold, but it is wonderful how prices fall away when the site has not got a frontage on a main thoroughfare. Twenty-two pounds for a piece of ground measuring twelve inches by twelve inches would doubtless be a price that would tempt even an Irish landlord to part with his property. When, however, that sum is compared with the £60 that the same area sold for in Lombard Street, the comparison is not altogether favourable; nevertheless, in April 1899, when a freehold site of 670 feet in Nicholas Lane, which connects Lombard and King William Streets, was put up to auction, it was knocked down for less than £198 per square yard, or about £29 per square yard less than the Liverpool Stock Exchange Committee had to give in 1897 for a strip of land which they required for the extension of the Exchange. Further west, sites can be obtained in the City at more reasonable prices; thus, in 1898, when the site of St. Michael's Church, Wood Street, was sold, "standing room" to the extent of one square foot could be bought for less than £9, or about half the price obtained for a freehold site at the corner of Fencourt and Fenchurch Streets the following year. Further west still, the cost of the Strand Improvement in the vicinity of the Hotel Cecil, so far as the land itself was concerned, was calculated to be at the rate of £22 4*s.* a foot, or approximately one million pounds (to be quite accurate, the figures work out at £973,432) an acre, a sum that will be regarded as distinctly reasonable when it is compared with the sum of £115,000 paid about four years ago for a corner site fronting Piccadilly and Old Bond Street, which worked out at about £36 for each foot of the superficial area.

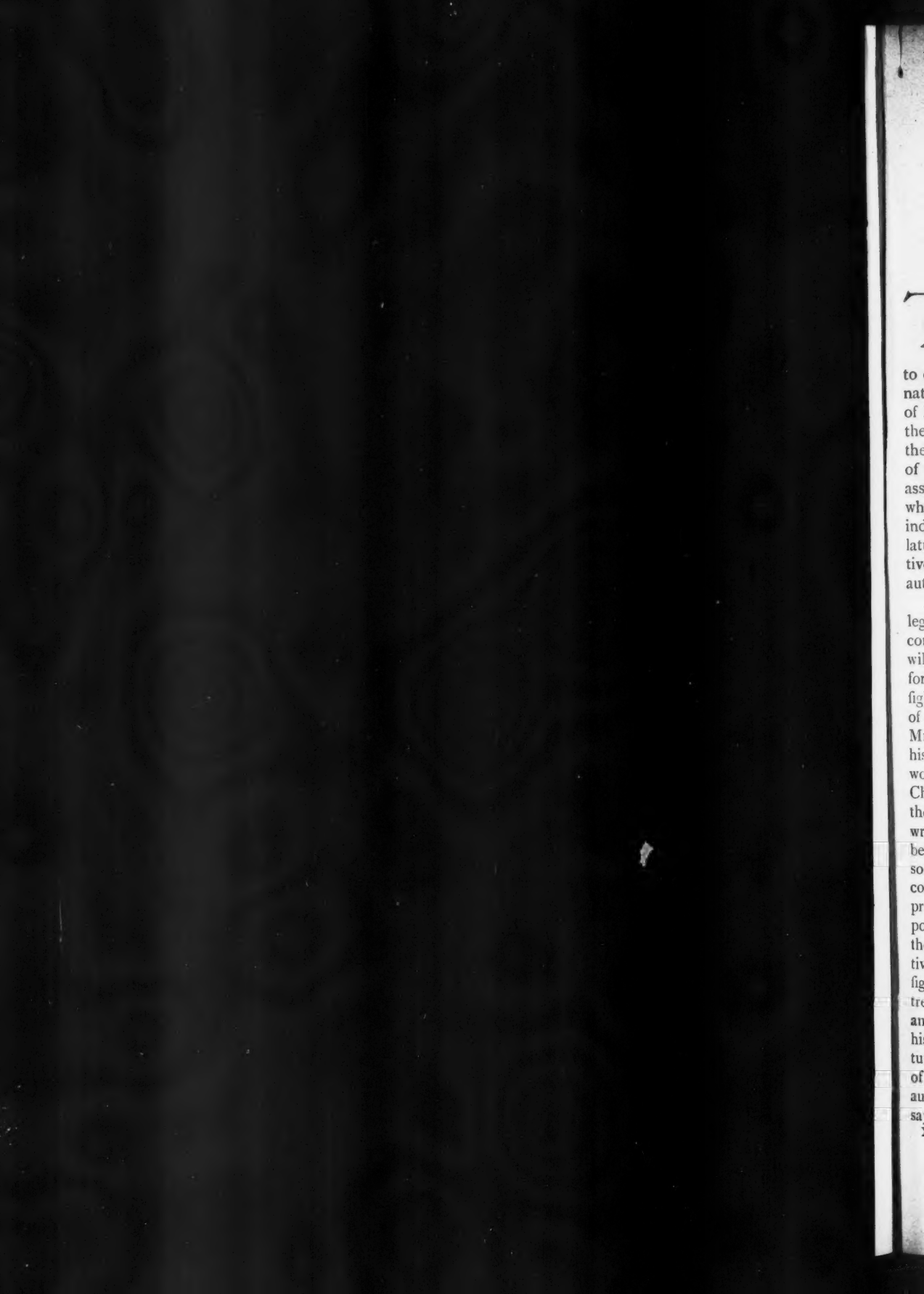
The value of the land in the county of London was a few years ago computed to be not less than £418,000,000; but in view of the fact that in 1899 it was estimated that since 1856 property in the metropolis had trebled itself in value, the above figures are to-day in all probability far below the actual worth of the land. As an instance of the great increase in the value of land in the metropolis, it is recorded that a site in the City Road, about three-quarters of a mile from the City boundary, that was purchased about the middle of the seventeenth century for a little over £200, was in 1898 let on a ninety-one-years lease at £3500 per annum.

It is sometimes a matter of conjecture what sum that most eligible building-site known as Hyde Park would fetch if it were available for the erection of flats and shops. In 1652 the park comprised some 620 acres, and when sold in different lots produced £17,068 6*s.* 8*d.*, including the timber and deer. In view of the fact that on the occasion of the Great Central Railway taking over fourteen acres of Lord Portman's property in Marylebone they paid him at the rate of £18,500 an acre, the far more desirably placed park would doubtless be considered cheap at nine millions sterling, or almost five hundred and thirty times the sum obtained two and a half centuries ago for an area practically two-thirds as large again as the present dimensions of the pleasaunce.

H. M.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, THIRD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, IN 1860

From a Drawing by GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.



The King

His Prerogatives and Disabilities

By Michael MacDonagh

THE King stands at the head of Parliament. According to the theory of the Constitution, it is his Great Council which he summons to deliberate with him on the affairs of the nation; and a Bill cannot become an Act of Parliament, or, in other words, the law of the land, even though it has passed through the House of Commons and the House of Lords, until it has received his Royal assent. But beyond this legislative power which the King possesses as a separate and independent member, or head, of the Legislature, his Majesty, by right of the prerogative of the Crown, is the supreme executive authority of the land.

And what are the exclusive rights, privileges, and powers which the prerogative confers upon the King? Mr. Pickwick, it will be remembered, was arrested at Ipswich, for contemplating a breach of the peace by fighting a duel. "I believe duelling is one of his Majesty's most undoubted prerogatives, Mr. Jinks?" said the mayor of the town to his clerk when the case came before his worship. "Expressly stipulated in Magna Charta, sir," replied Mr. Jinks. "One of the brightest jewels in the British Crown wrung from his Majesty by the barons, I believe, Mr. Jinks?" said the Mayor. "Just so, sir," assented Mr. Jinks. "Very well," continued the mayor, drawing himself up proudly, "it shall not be violated in this portion of his Majesty's dominions." Now, though the privileges of the Royal prerogative do not include the exclusive right of fighting duels, they are, nevertheless, extremely varied and peculiar. Walter Bagehot, an acute and powerful thinker, attempts in his illuminative work "The English Constitution" to enumerate some of the powers of the Sovereign as the pre-eminent executive authority. Writing of Queen Victoria he says:

She could disband the army (by law she cannot engage more than a certain number of men, but she is not obliged to engage any men); she could dismiss all the officers, from the general commanding-in-chief downwards; she could dismiss all the sailors too; she could sell off all our ships of war and all our naval stores; she could make a peace by the sacrifice of Cornwall, and begin a war for the conquest of Brittany. She could make every citizen in the United Kingdom, male or female, a peer; she could make every parish in the United Kingdom a "university"; she could dismiss most of the civil servants, and she could pardon all offenders. In a word, the Queen could by prerogative upset all the action of civil government within the realm; could disgrace the nation by a bad war or peace, and could, by disbanding our forces, whether land or sea, leave us defenceless against foreign nations.

It would seem, therefore, that the King is, politically, omnipotent. Indeed, if his Majesty were to exercise the extreme, but undoubted, rights of his prerogative, a monstrous and grinding despotism would be established in this ancient home of freedom, without violating the letter, at least, of the existing law. Yet extraordinary as are the powers of the King, as set forth by Bagehot, he possesses other rights and privileges of which few of his subjects, perhaps, are aware, and possibly not even his Majesty himself fully realises the rare and wonderful attributes with which he has been endowed by the Constitution.

The law, for instance, declares that the Sovereign can never be under age. In other words, the law does not recognise the incapacity of an infant Sovereign to exercise the Royal prerogative. Lord Eldon, explaining this dictum of the law during a debate in the House of Lords in 1830, on the question of appointing a Regency in the event of King William's death, until the Princess Victoria, the heir to the throne, was eighteen years of age, said: "If an

infant Sovereign were to be on the throne whose head could not be seen over the integument which covers the head of my noble and learned friend on the Woolsack he would be supposed to have as much sense, knowledge, and experience as if he had reached the years of three score and ten." The law also seems to ascribe immortality to the Sovereign. "The King never dies," is a very ancient maxim of the Constitution. "The King never dies," writes Sir William Blackstone, the eminent commentator on English law. "Henry, Edward, or George may die; but the King survives them all." Thus we find that it is to the Sovereign, as ruler, and not to the Sovereign, as human being, that the law denies the privilege of death. Not for an instant is the throne vacant. The moment the Sovereign dies that moment the reign of his successor begins. "The King is dead; Long live the King." Immediately after the death of George III., which took place at Windsor, at 8 o'clock in the evening of January 28, 1820, a herald appeared at one of the windows of the castle overlooking the town, and, after a fanfare by two State trumpeters to arrest the attention of wayfarers, he cried aloud: "The King is dead; Long live the King!" This ceremony was dispensed with at the deaths of George IV., William IV., and Victoria.

The law also ascribes to the King perfection in deed and thought. One of the most ancient maxims of our Constitution is: "The King can do no wrong," and Blackstone commenting on it, writes: "The King is not only incapable of doing wrong, but even of thinking wrong; he can never mean to do an improper thing; in him is no folly or weakness." As in theory the King has never been supposed capable of committing any crime or misdeed whatever, should he, in practice, being human, do a wrongful act there is no proceeding known to the law by which he could be made personally responsible. "We are therefore," says the courtly Blackstone, "out of reverence and decency to forbear any idle inquiries of what would be the consequence if the King were to act thus and thus, since the law deems so highly of his wisdom and virtue, as not even to presume it possible for him to do anything inconsistent with his station and dignity, and therefore has made no provision to remedy such a grievance." So that if the Sovereign were, we will say, to forge a cheque he could not be brought to trial, or if he were to defame any of his subjects he would not be liable to an action for damages.

The law says that the wrong-doing of a servant is the wrong-doing of the master. But there is an exception made in the case of the King. As his Majesty can do no wrong it is assumed that no wrong either can be done by his servants in the execution of their duty. This is true, at least, to the extent that if a merchant-vessel was wrecked or damaged by the negligent management of a King's ship or a man-of-war, there is no redress. In the case of "Tobin *v.* the Queen," damages were sought for the loss of a schooner which was burned by the captain of a man-of-war under the mistaken impression that it was engaged in the slave trade. The Court dismissed the action on the ground that the maxim "the King can do wrong" was true in the sense that the Sovereign is not liable to be sued, civilly or criminally, for a supposed injury. But this immunity is not extended to those who may do wrong by the King's command. No one can plead the orders of the King in defence of any act not otherwise justifiable by law. This arises out of the abolition, by the Bill of Rights passed in 1689, of the disposing power of the Crown which under the Stuarts was made the cover of all sorts of injustices. "There is no power in the Crown," says the Statute, "to dispense with the obligation to obey a law." Therefore, though the King himself cannot be brought to trial as a criminal or a misdemeanant, any person who acted illegally at his command would be liable to criminal or civil proceedings according to the legal maxim that all persons engaged in an outrage are individually responsible.

"A subject, so long as he continues a subject, has no way to oblige his prince to give him his due, when he refuses it; though no wise prince will ever refuse to stand to a lawful contract." So writes Samuel Puffendorf, the great Saxon jurist in his "Law of

Nature and Nations." However, though there is not in this country any means at the disposal of a subject to oblige the King to meet his liabilities, there is a procedure known as "Petition of Right," by which a remedy is provided in case the Sovereign should be in wrongful possession of real or personal property, or of money due by him to a subject, either by way of debt, or damages on breach of contract. The first step taken by the subject in such a matter is to present a petition to the Home Secretary setting forth the alleged cause of action. The Secretary of State then informs the King, and if his Majesty orders the petition to be endorsed with the fiat, "let right be done," the suit proceeds in the courts in the ordinary way, as between subject and subject, not upon compulsion, however, but as a matter of grace. Another disability of the King, arising, of course, from his Royal dignity, is that he cannot appear as a witness in a court of law. He is, therefore, unable to give evidence in any cause in which he is a party. But even if judgment be obtained against the King his goods cannot be distrained or taken in execution.

His Majesty is not burdened by any taxes or rates. He is never troubled with the formidable yellow form issued annually by the Inland Revenue Department asking searching questions about the amount of one's income, with a view to taxation; and he is in blissful ignorance of the half-yearly demand of the parish overseers for local rates in respect of his palaces. The Sovereign is exempt from taxation, because the revenue of the realm being his—in theory, now, formerly in reality—it would be useless and ridiculous for him to tax himself. His Majesty is also exempt from toll. In the reign of George III. a toll was charged for crossing Hampton bridge. One day there was a Royal hunt on Hounslow Heath. The stag swam across the river, and the Royal hunting party made for Hampton bridge. Seeing them approaching at a furious canter and being unaware that the King was with them the toll-collector closed the gates. "The King! the King!" shouted the hunters angrily, and the collector at once opened the gates and allowed them to pass. A few minutes later another party appeared, and seeing the gates shut cried out: "The King! the King!" But the collector this time was determined to have his toll. "I've let King George through; God bless him," he said, "and I know no other King in England. If you have brought out the King of France hang me if I let him through without the blunt." Suddenly the King himself appeared in the party; and the toll-collector with many humble apologies flung the gates open. Owing to the delay the stag was lost, and the King in high dudgeon sent an attendant to the collector for an explanation of his conduct. The collector stated that a guinea had always been paid, when the Royal hunt passed over the bridge, and that he had allowed the first party to pass without question, thinking that the King was with them. The King satisfied with the explanation directed that toll should be paid for forty of his attendants. Driving across the bridge a few days later George let down the carriage window, and laughing heartily, cried out to the toll-keeper: "No fear of the King of France coming to-day."

None of the King's household or menial officers or servants employed in waiting or attending on the Royal presence can be arrested, or taken in execution in civil actions, unless the permission of the Board of Green Cloth, which regulates the duties of Royal officials and servants, is first obtained. This privilege was not instituted for the personal benefit of these servants, but in order that the Sovereign may not be put to inconvenience, and also as a mark of respect to the throne. There is a case in which a warrant for the arrest of a Royal servant who was also in trade, and contracted in the course of his business a debt which he objected to pay, was refused by the Court on the ground that he was privileged from arrest. Royal servants are also exempted from serving on juries. The palaces also participate in exemptions of a similar nature. No arrest or anything in the nature of a judicial process can be executed within a Royal residence unless by consent of the Board of Green Cloth. To strike a person in the King's palace, and to draw blood was formerly punishable by the

loss of the offender's right hand and imprisonment for life.

Another prerogative of the King is that his consent must be obtained before any of the Royal family can marry. Formerly it was high treason for any man to contract marriage, without the approval of the Sovereign, with the Sovereign's children, or reputed children, his sisters, or aunts, or the children of his brothers and sisters. Under the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, in the time of George III., a marriage with any of the King's near relations, unless with his Majesty's consent and approbation is null and void. This statute was passed because of the marriages of the Duke of Gloucester with the widow of Lord Waldegrave, and the Duke of Cumberland with the widow of Colonel Horton. Before that time, however, it had been decided by the judges that the King's sanction was necessary to a marriage with one of the Blood Royal. In the year 1718, George I. commanded the Lord Chancellor to obtain the judgment of the judges of the High Court upon the following question: "Whether the care and approbation of his Majesty's grandchildren when grown up did belong of right to his Majesty as King of the realm or not?" Six of the twelve judges answered the question in the affirmative. Charles II. had obliged his brother, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to allow the young princesses, his daughters, to be brought up in the Protestant Faith; and arranged the marriage between the eldest, Princess Mary, and the Prince of Orange. "Happy it was for two nations that the King in the marriages of Mary, Queen to William III., and of Queen Anne had his prerogative," said Baron Fortescue Aland in his judgment, "for had the pretended paternal right prevailed the English nation had been for ever undone and our religion destroyed; and we had never seen the many and great blessings we enjoy and are like to enjoy by this family sitting on the throne of Great Britain."

But the matrimonial alliances of the children of the Sovereign must also be approved by the Ministry. In the matter of the disposal by Queen Victoria of the hand of the Princess Louise on the Marquis of Lorne in 1871 the administration of the day were consulted. Gladstone was Prime Minister, and speaking in the House of Commons on Feburary 13, 1871, on the motion that an annuity of £6000 be settled on the Princess for life he said:

"In the resolution which the Queen has taken that the absence of Royal rank shall not of itself, and in every case, form an insuperable bar to the suit for the hand of one of her daughters, she is not acting without the advice of responsible Ministers." This statement was interpreted, in some quarters, to mean that the marriage had really been arranged by the Liberal Government; but, of course, the suggestion was absolutely unfounded. "What I stated," said Gladstone, in a subsequent speech, "was that upon the important question of the deviation from what had recently been the established rule her Majesty had taken the advice of her confidential advisers; and I may as well state that she did so about eighteen months ago, and long anterior to the period when the present arrangement was contemplated."

The King's authority over his subjects also raises some curious points. Under the Common Law a subject may leave the country when he pleases or for any reason he pleases, but as it is the duty of every subject "to defend the King and his realm" his Majesty has power to prevent any subject leaving the kingdom, and to command the immediate return of any subject from abroad. But the King cannot compel a subject to quit the realm. This disability does not cease to operate even in time of war. It is, of course, the duty of every able-bodied man to assist in the defence of the country, but no subject can be forced to leave the kingdom, even to carry on a necessary war. There is no power either in the King to compel an alien to leave the country.

The King has the power of remission of punishment for any crime. This prerogative is based upon the legal dictum that inasmuch as it is the "King's Peace" that is broken by every violation of the law, the King, being himself the offended party, may pardon the criminal. More than that, a

pardon from the Crown can be pleaded when the prisoner is arraigned, and is a complete bar to the indictment. There is only one exception to the exercise of this prerogative. It is provided by the Act of Settlement that no pardon from the Crown is pleadable to an impeachment instituted by the Commons in Parliament. But if, when the impeachment is concluded, a sentence is imposed, the King can exercise the prerogative of pardon. His Majesty, however, cannot interfere in a case of private, as opposed to public, wrong. At the beginning of her reign, Queen Victoria attached her signature to warrants for the execution of condemned criminals; but she soon relegated this unpleasant duty to the Home Secretary. The Queen had the power, of course, to reprieve any and every murderer. She did, in fact, reprieve the first murderer sentenced to be hanged after her accession—a soldier who had a fine record for bravery on active service; but her Majesty rarely, if ever, acted on her own initiative in the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, being content to leave a free hand to the Home Secretary, the Minister responsible for the maintenance of law and order in the realm. The King, nevertheless, could to-morrow on his own Royal authority, issue a general amnesty pardoning and releasing every prisoner in the gaols.

"It is impossible for a man to be in two places at one time, unless he were a bird," said Sir Boyle Roche in the Irish House of Commons. The law of the Constitution attributes to the King the power to be in a thousand courts of justice at the same time. The *Court Circular* may state that yesterday his Majesty was at Windsor; but the Constitution insists that he was at the Law Courts in the Strand, and with every judge holding a court of assize throughout the country. If either of the parties in any action fails to appear when the case is called he is non-suited, or, in other words, the case is dismissed. But the King in whose name many causes and prosecutions are instituted can never be non-suited, because, even if he be a thousand miles away, he is in court, nevertheless. Yet, though he is always present in all his courts, according to the Constitution, he cannot, according to that same strange authority, appear in any of the Courts or dispense justice. The same contradictory theories apply in Parliament. The King is understood to be present at every sitting of the Legislature. But, as a matter of fact, he cannot constitutionally appear in Parliament except when he comes in state to the House of Lords, for the exercise of his prerogative of opening and proroguing Parliament. He may also attend during a session for the purpose of giving the Royal assent to Bills. But his presence on any other occasion would be regarded as an unconstitutional attempt to influence the debates by overawing the assembly. Queen Victoria, therefore, was never present in the House of Commons during the whole course of her long reign of sixty-three years; and the King will never again occupy the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery, from which as the Prince of Wales he so often listened to the debates of the Lower Chamber.

Walter Bagehot who admits in "The English Constitution," as already quoted, that the Sovereign by the exercise of his prerogative could break the might of Great Britain, and bring about irretrievable disaster while the Ministers look helplessly on, asserts that he has long ceased to have any legislative power, inasmuch as he is really powerless to veto any Bill which has passed through both Houses of Parliament. Writing of the Queen, Bagehot says: "She must sign her own death warrant if the two Houses unanimously send it up to her." But the weight of evidence is the other way. While the King cannot amend or alter in any way a Bill, nearly all Constitutional authorities agree that he would act within his right in refusing his assent to it. It is true that the Royal assent has not been refused since Queen Anne declined to sign a Scotch Militia Bill; but the legislative veto still, undoubtedly, rests in the Sovereign and may be exercised at any time.

Yet considerable as are the prerogatives of the King, his Majesty is subject to some curious restrictions or disabilities, besides those already mentioned. He cannot, for instance, on his own personal responsibility, send a communication to, or receive a com-

munication from, any other sovereign on a question of State. In 1829 the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, indirectly heard that the King, George IV., had received a letter from the King of Prussia requesting his Majesty to vote for Prince Charles of Mecklenburg to be King of Greece, which had just wrested its independence from the Turk, and that King George had given his assent. The Prime Minister wrote to his Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Aberdeen, indignantly complaining of the action of King George. "It is not usual for the King of England," he said, "to receive from other sovereigns letters which do not pass through the hands of his Ministers. Indeed, I have known instances of letters having been returned because copies were not sent with the sealed letter, the copy being intended for the information of the Minister. But it is still more unusual and improper for the King to answer a letter from another sovereign without the advice of his Minister who, whether he advises or does not, is responsible if he knows of the letter being written." Wellington urged Aberdeen to at once "entreat" the King not to answer the letter until he had heard from him again. It then appeared that the letter in question was from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz to the Duke of Cumberland, written at the request of the King of Prussia, desiring that King George might be asked to support the candidature of Prince Charles. The King also promised the Foreign Secretary that he would not commit himself on behalf of Prince Charles in his reply to the note from Prussia. But the Ministers were not satisfied. The Foreign Secretary wrote to the British Minister at Berlin desiring him to convey to the King of Prussia the intention of his Britannic Majesty to act in the matter solely under the advice of his responsible Minister.

"Her Majesty cannot be supposed to have a private opinion apart from that of her responsible advisers." So we are gravely told by Sir Erskine May, the erudite Clerk of the House of Commons, referring to Queen Victoria, in his standard work on "Parliamentary Practice." The sentence is curiously phrased; but what, of course, it means is that the Sovereign must not be influenced by his personal predilections in his attitude towards public affairs, at least to the extent of opposing, or refusing to act upon, the advice of his Ministers. In like manner, it is a breach of order in both Houses of Parliament to mention the name of the Sovereign with a view to affect the course of legislation. On December 17, 1783, the House of Commons adopted the following resolution:

> Resolved—That it is now necessary to declare that to report any opinion, or pretended opinion, of his Majesty upon any bill, or other proceeding depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of Members, is a high crime and misdemeanour, derogatory to the honour of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the Constitution of the country.

On February 26, 1808, Tierney speaking in the House of Commons said of Canning: "The right hon. gentleman has forfeited the good opinion of the country, of the House, and as I believe of his Sovereign." The Speaker at once interposed and called Tierney to order for having introduced the personal opinion of the Sovereign into the debate.

The Crown has, in theory, been shorn of none of its ancient rights and privileges. All the executive powers involved in the prerogative are still vested in the Sovereign alone. But under the unwritten laws and customs of the Constitution, which have gradually grown up since the Revolution of 1688, silently, as it were, and almost imperceptibly, the executive powers that are necessary to the smooth working of the Constitution are now put into operation solely on the advice and through the instrumentality of the Ministers. The old constitutional maxim: "The King can do no wrong," which has come down to us from the far-off days when the "Divine right of Kings" was an article of religious belief, therefore obtains in the twentieth century, not in the sense that the King is personally infallible, but in the sense that if any evil or injustice is wrought by the executive acts of Government which are done in the Sovereign's name, it is not the Sovereign that is to blame, but the Minister on whose advice he exercises his Royal prerogative.

Of course, the extent to which the King directs his Ministers, or is himself controlled by them, depends upon his strength of will and obstinacy, and the pliancy of the Ministers. George III. generally succeeded in having his own way in policy and legislation. A plain, blunt, and rather narrow-minded man, he could not understand the subtleties of a Constitution which told him in black and white that he was an absolute ruler incapable of ill-doing; and yet insisted by its unwritten laws and customs that, in practice, he must do nothing on his own responsibility, but everything he is told by his Ministers. In 1799 he informed Dundas how pleased he was to learn that a union between Ireland and Great Britain was in contemplation. "But," he added, "I hope it is not true that the Government is pledged to emancipate the Roman Catholics?" "No," replied the Minister, "that will be a matter for future consideration." The King protested that he could never consent to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, as it would be a violation of his coronation oath which bound him to uphold the Protestant supremacy. Dundas endeavoured to explain that this oath applied to the King in his executive capacity and not as part of the Legislature. "None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas," cried the monarch angrily. "None of your d—— Scotch metaphysics." The inconsistency between legal theory and actual practice in the Constitution is, indeed, somewhat bewildering. It is also amusing.

The Real Sherlock Holmes

SHERLOCK HOLMES has lately been resuscitated to the no small joy of an omnivorous class of readers who had scarce dared hope Resurgam was writ over his hideous Alpine grave. Most persons now know the answer to the question — Who was Sherlock Holmes? Indeed it has been satisfactorily settled by the author, as likewise by the "onlie begetter" himself, but when the detective exploits first began to entrance the public the prophet was awhile without honour in his own country. Some ladies who had never before read a story of this kind, were sitting round the fire one winter's day reading and discussing Conan Doyle's hero as though he were an actual person, which is one test of literary fame, when they were interrupted by the entrance of a famous and favourite physician who, with an habitual spirit of inquiry, asked what it was they were reading with so much interest? "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," they said, the story of a most entrancing individual, whom they only wished it were possible to meet with in real life. "I know the man," observed the doctor quietly; hastening away before they had time to ply him with the many surprised and anxious questions that naturally rose to their lips. Returning shortly from seeing his patient, he came back for one brief minute to finish his story, and to announce with as much modesty as might be, "I am Sherlock Holmes!" A fact that only needed to be declared to be instantly recognised; so that since then all who know the man and study the story have been able to trace the resemblance very clearly for themselves. Fame is too easily bought nowadays, we are constantly being told, while the opinions of that national mouth-piece, the "Man in the Street," are decried as of little or no account: from such a point of view then it would seem as though fame in its highest sense were incompatible with popularity. Be that as it may yet the fact remains that, were Walter Pater still among us, he might write with the tongue of men and angels about Marius the Epicurean without producing any appreciable effect, whereas Conan Doyle has only to write out an announcement of Sherlock Holmes redivivus, to at once command the applause of a prodigious, insatiable audience. And so it will ever be, what is best suited to the greatest number of brains will best command success, and authors who wish to obtain popular fame must write so that he who runs may read.

To have formed a cult and created a figure-head is no small literary achievement, and the writer who conceived his own greatness, and the passive prototype who had it thrust upon him, are both of them subjects of considerable interest. In contradistinction to literary literature, what might be termed "Colloquial Literature" depends for success

The real Sherlock Holmes

entirely on the strength of its incident and on the persons it portrays, which was where Conan Doyle's discernment helped him to fame, for he at once recognised as a ready-made hero the master with whom in his student days he was daily thrown in contact. It was the old story of

The chiel amang ye takin' notes,

who, quite unaware of his real vocation, while he imagined he was learning the surgeon's craft, was in reality noting the salient features of a remarkable character that was to be of more service to him in the long run than all his surgical knowledge. Doubtless he might have evolved some almost equally popular person out of his own brain, but he could never have given us the creation of Sherlock Holmes had he not met in a northern town the progenitor of his literary reputation. And herein lies a nice point for decision, in how far an author is his own debtor, and how far debtor to his brother men?

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal they create—

and yet the very man who wrote those lines was, as he wrote, drawing on his own personality for the being of his mind who haunts his melancholy cantos. Meanwhile the original of the model for all detectives plies his daily task quite independently of Moriarty or the Baskervilles with their ominous hound, and even without the aid of Conan Doyle would have made himself sufficiently famous as a more than usually skilful surgeon. Prodigies of valour, kindness, and humanity are in the powerful hands of a great doctor, and no one could wield all three more cleverly than this man, who in his own city is a lively example of Luke the beloved physician. Charm, sympathy, intelligence—it is difficult to bracket his chief characteristic, though the expressive Scots phrase, "Gleg in the uptak," very nearly epitomises what one would say. It will be remembered Sherlock Holmes' receptive faculties were ever so keenly on the alert that no smallest detail could possibly escape his penetrative eyes, even so with the detective surgeon who has himself learnt the answer before he asks his patients a question, and from whose vigilance no deception or evasion can ever be successfully hid. "Your first child, my good woman?" with perfect confidence he asked some mother of some infant in the crowded out-patients' ward of the great infirmary: thereby more than mystifying the good woman who answered, as he had foreseen, in the affirmative; she, simple soul, having no idea that there could be any significance

in the brilliant tartan cape she had bought with such pardonable extravagance for her first-born bairn. So to the poor working man suffering from spinal complaint, his sympathy was instant and comprehensive, "It aches, does it? I have no doubt it does, and carrying a heavy hod of bricks won't improve that, will it?" he said, in his kind, brisk way—but the afflicted bricklayer being a speechless Scot, kept his surprise to himself till the end of the interview, when he asked, with canny curiosity, "I'm no saying ye're wrang, but wha tell't ye I was a bricklayer to trade?" For to his circumscribed brain it had never occurred that the man, occupied only with his spine, could have noticed his rough, horny hands, that to the practised eye at once revealed his trade. Sherlock Holmes would have noticed these things, and thereby would have hung a tale; but Sherlock Holmes, even in his dramatised version, was never so lovable as this man; he might very possibly without counting, be able to tell the number of buttons on his waistcoat, but he would never have had sufficient geniality to play fairy godfather to a delighted hospital of sick children, or have had the friendliness to claim acquaintance with every white-capped hospital nurse he came across.

The pictured presentment of Sherlock Holmes differs materially from the man as he actually is, and those who are familiar with the one would not willingly exchange it for the angular, "lean game head" of the other. We are told it is wrong to judge by appearances, but it is difficult to avoid doing so, and a comely countenance must ever be its own reward, so that the man with a pleasing exterior must always exact more than his deserts. The exterior of the beloved physician is a more than pleasing one, and his face, mainly on account of wonderful magnetic eyes, once seen is not readily forgotten. His face is the clean-shaven face of a surgeon, the only outward feature by which he resembles the detective, and his hair is prematurely grey,

his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still . . .
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill—

it is these lines of Henley's, though written for another Scottish doctor, which best describe him; more especially the "beautiful gentleness," which is his dominant attribute, as it should be of all those who would strive for success as a surgeon. His profession

Beautiful gentleness

and nationality should write him down a sober Scot, but there is at times a total lack of sobriety about this great man which pleasantly leavens the national trait; with a fatherly charm of manner he is ever more than willing to obey the apostolic mandate, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," and as it were, plays with his patients even while he

cures them. His swift, swinging gait belongs to a man who never lets the grass grow under his feet, while his general air of protective kindness establishes that rare sensation of confidence and perfect trust, so necessary to a doctor, who to a certain extent, must ever rely on the Faith Cure.

The motto used by the Royal Artillery and Hamlet's ghost should with equal justice be dedicated to the society of detectives. Verb. sap., so far as Sherlock Holmes was concerned, for never was man more systematically ubiquitous. Here again he is fairly matched by the Scottish surgeon, who in the town where he lives, could establish an alibi any day of his life, and this without wholly putting his trust in horses, though his before long get their heads in front of everything else on the road! You leave him behind you in a thoroughfare, only to immediately come upon him in some remote suburb, driving past in the rapid fashion peculiar to himself. You thought it was certainly his consulting hour, when you met him face to face on the steps of a club. You left him writing a learned treatise on vaccination for a London newspaper, and find him leading the idle life of a country gentleman in a home by some green hills far away. No wonder that Conan Doyle was fascinated, and thought more of producing his versatile hero in book-form than of mending broken arms and legs. A personality by degrees creates its own centre, and social fame comes to those who earn it, and there the reputation, now almost world-wide, might have ended had not the shade of Boswell fallen on Conan Doyle, who thereupon compiled one of the most striking figures known to modern literature. In no branch of life is the detective instinct of such service to a man as in the art of healing. The scouting General so well known to fame is indeed a past master in the art, and has abundantly proved how efficacious such a faculty can be made; but the surgeon who seeks to locate some bodily ill, that from nervousness or lack of knowledge his patient cannot explain for himself, finds the possession of such a faculty a matter of life or death. And this quality is not necessarily innate, but may be cultivated by many intelligent people, if they would but remember straws show which way the wind blows, and that the smallest finger-post may often-times lead to the largest town.

The people who make an impression are those gifted with a certain intuitive grace that evades all description, though its effect is so readily felt. Some years ago now such an impression was made by this very man on a child who to this day can clearly recall his every look, and word, and movement, though he must manifestly have forgotten the interview long since. In the dark ages of childhood doctors were classified with ogres, and the child as she entered the great man's presence, was in a somewhat woeful plight, being too small to be courageous and too big to say she was afraid. A man in a black, professional coat, with hair that was iron-grey then, and a face that could only be the face of a friend, got up from a table at which he was writing, and instantly all her nervous fears and apprehensions vanished. She never told him she was too frightened to speak; she never told him she loved the open fields and working in her garden, or how sadly she had been coerced with nauseous, orthodox remedies, and yet he clearly knew all these things as he stood talking so pleasantly in the sunny consulting room, that had turned out so vastly superior to an ogre's den. Instead of a tonic he spoke of strawberries and cream; he advocated a live-long holiday, and calmly remarked in a voice of authority that she was never to be contradicted! concluding with one of those easy, graceful, personal remarks, that come so naturally to the man who has the gentle art of making pretty speeches. It was almost more than a child who had been brought up to be seen and not heard, could reasonably desire or deserve! She threw her arms round his neck shortly afterwards when chloroform had set her fancy free; indeed, it seemed the most natural thing to do; and as she subsequently apologised to the beloved physician, she was not at all sure that chloroform was altogether to blame for her indiscretion. She knew nothing about his professional reputation, Sherlock Holmes had not yet been invented; she only knew she had met a wonderful new friend whom it was impossible she could ever afterwards forget.

The best of names convey so little to us till we have proved them, and the grateful child who survived the ordeal of an interview with Dr. Joseph Bell, the great Edinburgh surgeon, did not know that his was a name with which to conjure; and that persons far older and wiser than she would time and again be forced to acknowledge the predominating charm of a personality able to know and understand all things before they are either spoken or seen. Dr. Joseph Bell, with his public and private reputation, occupies a unique position; and it is matter for lively conjecture which he values most, the fame of the kind Scottish surgeon that has given him so firm a place in the hearts of Midlothian, or the more world-wide reputation achieved by the cosmopolitan detective, Sherlock Holmes. HANDASYDE.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two travellers arrive at Perrancove Towers, a mansion standing on the sea coast on the borders of Devon and Cornwall. The elder, Mr. Endicott, is owner of the place. He has been travelling for ten years, and for the past five has had the companionship of the younger man, Cuthbert Gregson, whose life Mr. Endicott had saved. On arriving at Perrancove, Gregson learns that Mr. Endicott has an adopted child named Una Cartaret. She is now twenty-one. Mr. Endicott tells Gregson he cannot live more than a few months longer, and asks him if he will marry Una, who will inherit his wealth. She is the daughter of a scoundrel who is still alive, and who would endeavour to obtain an evil influence over her when he heard that she was an heiress. Gregson and Una, after a time, become betrothed. A ship goes to pieces off the coast, and Una, standing in a cave, sees two of the wreckers robbing a man who has been washed ashore. They leave him for dead, but Una finds he still breathes. She seeks help from one Jim Tanner, who carries the stranger to his own home. He recovers and asks for his money and jewellery. Tanner tells Una, who is incensed at the theft, and goes to the cottage of the thieves and under threats secures the return of the stolen things to their owner, Duncan Thiselthwaite. Gregson and Una are married, and soon after Mr. Endicott dies, charging them to meet him in the Great Beyond.

CHAPTER VII

THE TREASURE OF THE WITCHES' HOLE

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-coloured bark moving gracefully by;
No damp on her deck, but the even-tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails, but the summer wind's sigh.
Yet who would not turn with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the lifeboat, though rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn?"
MOORE.

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"CUTHBERT, I want some money." It was Una who spoke. She stood in the old library one morning, and made this request with a mixture of shyness and audacity in her tone.

Her husband looked up from his books a little irritably.

"Why did you not ask me at breakfast? For housekeeping, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, indeed. I want a big sum. I want a hundred pounds."

"What on earth for?"

"Well, it is to get some things for my workshop—for boat building. I have been wanting it for ever so long, and since you have told me that Mr. Endicott has left all his property to me in his will, I thought I should like that sum at once."

Cuthbert pushed aside his writing and looked at her.

"That is a large sum to fritter away on your amusements."

For the first time since their marriage Una lost her temper.

Her eyes flashed indignantly.

"I am the best judge of whether I fritter it away. It is my money, and if I had not married you I should have spent it as I liked. I am not a child, though I don't know much about business, and I think it is very hard

that I should not be able to have money when I need it!"

"Softly, softly," Cuthbert said, gently. "I am quite willing to give you some. There is a big balance at the bank only waiting to be drawn upon. I have not gone into the matter with you yet, but have intended doing so. I think the best plan would be for you to have a certain sum each quarter."

Una's anger died away as quickly as it came.

"I don't mean to be cross," she said, in tones of contrition, as she drew near to the table; "but I want this money very much, and you mustn't prevent my having it. I want it to-day. How can I get it? Have you got it in the house?"

"Tell me exactly what you want to do with it?"

Una hesitated.

"No, I can't do that, for I don't quite know; but it will not be wasted. Don't ask me any more questions, please, about it; but give it to me."

She spoke imperiously. Cuthbert was beginning to find that she could not always be managed like a child.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You shall have it," he said; "but I hope that sometimes you will be advised by me as to the disposal of your income. You do not yet know the value of money."

"I daresay I don't," said Una merrily, her good humour having been quite restored; "but that I shall learn by spending!"

Cuthbert said no more. Though at that time a married woman's property was entirely at her husband's disposal, he was strictly conscientious concerning his wife's income. He would not touch a penny of it himself, and regarded it as a sacred trust from his dead friend. He sat down and wrote a cheque for a hundred pounds, which he handed to his wife in silence. She took it with a radiant smile.

"Thank you, Cuthbert; I assure you I shall not waste it."

That afternoon she rowed over the water to the Witches' Hole, singing gaily as her boat shot along.

Martin and some of his companions watched her from the shore as they lounged outside the "Blue Lobster," and Martin's tone was surly as he said: "There be Missy agen goin' to that there cursed place; 'twill sarve her right if some harm do come to she. The maid knoweth too much an' feareth too little!"

Una certainly seemed to have no fear for the ill-omened cove. She drew up her boat right under the green, slimy cliff, and pushed her way up a long narrow gully. At first it appeared as if she were penetrating into thick darkness, but she knew every inch of the way, and presently, after creeping through a low opening in the rock, she stood upright in a high vaulted cave. Light streamed in from above, and it seemed as if she had come into a carpenter's workshop.

There was the framework of a large boat in the centre. Old Eli Tanner was hammering away at it, his grandson aiding him; and they both looked up with expectation in their faces as Una came in sight.

"I have got it," she cried gaily; "I have really got it. Where is Tom?"

"Gone fishin' wi' the rest, Missy," replied the old man; "'twill not do for all we to be nowheres when a mackerel shoal be in sight!"

"Martin and several of the others are back. I saw them as I came along. Tom can go straight off to-morrow and bring back all you want. We shall not be stopped any longer for want of money."

A gleam of light seemed to cross Jim's grave face. His grandfather was more demonstrative. "The dear Lord be praised, Missy! Us have our need supplied at the right minit."

Una was rolling up her serge sleeves in a businesslike way.

She went straight to the part of the boat that had been apportioned to her, and taking up her hammer set to work with a will; talking as fast as her nimble little hands were moving.

"How soon do you think we shall finish her, Eli? I am looking forward to her christening. What shall we call her? I've been trying to settle upon a nice name. 'Victory' is too common. What do you think, Jim? I know the name you would like, but I think a lifeboat is such a very

special thing that it ought to have a special name."

"'There be time for her name, Missy: her'll take a brave bit o' days yet afore her be ready for her christenin'."

"I lie awake at night thinking of her," pursued Una, "and longing for the time when we shall launch her. And then sometimes I get afraid that our secret will be discovered. What would they say if they knew what we are doing? How furious they would be!"

"'Tis the place will be her safety," said Eli, shaking his head wisely. "No boy nor man for miles roun' the coast will come nigh the Witches' Hole. The curse will turn into a blessin', I be thinking. Jim heerd tell in the village yestere'en that Jock Pengaff had bin close by Sandy's Cave, an' the current had drifted 'im nearer this Hole than he fancied, an' he come back shakin' as if wi' ague, and says he: 'Twas nigh on eleven o'clock at night an' I heerd the hammerin' o' coffins come from the Witches' Hole, an' the sweat ran off me, as I thought 'twas a warnin' to them that ventured nigh!' Tom an' Jim were workin' a bit late, for they had a bin out all day: an' us said, when us heerd the story, that Jock have helped us wonnerful by his fright!"

She went straight to the part of the boat that had been apportioned to her and set to work with a will

Una nodded, with an amused sparkle in her eyes. Jim presently left them, and she worked on with Eli, full of hope and bright anticipation of the day when their work would be completed, and a lifeboat would be launched to save a shipwrecked crew.

This work of theirs had been long in hand. Tom Tanner had followed his father's trade, and was a boatbuilder: he had made several secret expeditions to a firm of shipbuilders, with whom he had worked for some years. He had helped to turn out many a lifeboat for different parts of the coast, and from the time he settled in Perrancove, and saw the need for such a craft, his one ambition was to make one. Una and he concocted the scheme together. Eli and Jim were pressed into their service, and for months past they had been steadily and silently at work. They knew their only hope was to keep their plans to themselves, for if any of the fishers knew about it certain destruction would follow their efforts. And they had made use of the Witches' Hole to this end. Superstition and

fear would keep all, save themselves, at a distance. Una spent all her pocket-money and the greater part of her time on this object. She was cautious and wary in the extreme, and did not often venture across in her boat to the entrance of the cave. Her usual way was along the top of the cliffs. Thick gorse bushes hid the aperture above the cave from view; but once having pushed her way through them, a rope ladder led her down in safety, and she had descended so often that she could find her way in the dark, as easily as in the day.

Lately the work had almost come to a standstill. Materials were wanting, and materials that were costly. Una's heart sank, until she remembered that she was now a woman of property, and hence her interview with her husband.

She worked on now, a happy smile on her lips; and then suddenly she turned to Eli:

"Let us call her the *Triumph*, Eli; don't you think it will suit her?"

"Ay, Missy; but let her be built afore us nameth her. Please God, she'll be a saviour to many."

There was silence for a minute, then the old man said with a smile:

"Seemeth to me, Missy, as I worketh at her, her be a true pictur' of our dear Lord, and the world's need. There be a many out o' their course, and drifting towards destruction, and there be no help for they, save in the grand old Lifeboat. There be those lurin' 'em on, like some that we knows of a lurin' the vessels on by false lights!"

"Wretches!" muttered Una.

"An' there be few that are willin', and none able to save 'em," continued Eli, his rugged and expressive old face lighting up with enthusiasm as he spoke. "But thank the good God, His Lifeboat was finished long, long ago, and It cruises near every sinkin' soul that'll lay hold on It."

Una looked thoughtful.

"What is the way to be good, Eli? I mean to be sure of heaven, and to be a true Christian, and to believe really what you say you believe?"

"Step into the Lifeboat," said Eli, turning his eyes full on the young questioner, with a glad ring in his voice. "Step right in, Missy. 'Tis a grand rest and safety to a storm-tossed, sinkin' soul."

"But I'm not sinking or storm-tossed," said Una perplexedly, "and I don't want a rest."

"Which way be you sailin', Missy? Not towards Heaven's port, be 'ee?"

"I don't know. I want to sail that way."

"Ye be out o' your course, and ye'll never stem the current an' avoid the rocks. 'Tis when us sees oursel's to be sinkin' that us be glad of the Lifeboat; 'tis when us knows us be lost, that us be glad to find the way."

"Then I shall have to wait till I'm sinking, Eli. I am not near that now."

Eli shook his head and murmured:

"May the Lord open hern eyes to see where her be driftin' to!"

Una only just reached home in time for dinner. Cuthbert was gradually getting more and more absorbed in his book. He was absent and distrait at meals. The writing fever had seized him. Una sat opposite to him, in a low-necked, short-waisted gown of white brocade, looking in her fair beauty like some pretty child. Her bright brown hair rolled off her broad brow in rebellious curls and waves, that could not be controlled. As she eyed her husband up and down through her long lashes on this night, she began to long for a little more attention, and soon she spoke somewhat impatiently:

"Cuthbert!"

"Yes?"

"Do speak to me, I am so dull. Miss Endicott used to talk to me much more than you do!"

"My dear child, I am not Miss Endicott. You naturally would have more things in common with her than with me."

"Why?"

Cuthbert moved his head impatiently.

"Because you are two women."

"And can't husbands and wives ever interest each other as well as two women?"

"Well, what am I to talk to you about? Your doves, or your dog; your lobster-pots or your shrimping nets?"

"Now you are scornful!"

"Indeed I am not. You forget what a great work occupies my time and thoughts.

I have no room for the little things that make your life."

He was not looking at her; he did not see the proud young head raised in pained protest; the curl to the sensitive lips. He only heard her voice which was meekness personified.

"My little life is so interesting to me, that I forget it cannot be interesting to you."

"What have you been doing to-day?" asked Cuthbert, with an effort to make himself agreeable.

"Oh, the usual things," responded Una, with a sparkle in her eyes.

There was a silence. Cuthbert glanced at his young wife, and thought what an innocent child she was.

"You must not mind my absorption, Una. You cannot enter into my work, nor realise what a boon some of my dear friend's discoveries will be to the scientific world. The work I am engaged upon is no selfish one; it will throw light upon many a hidden treasure, and bring knowledge of the past to many earnest seekers. More I cannot tell you. I believe it will benefit the world at large, and my toil and labour will not be in vain if I shall be able, in this way, to help my fellow beings. You are glad, are you not, that your husband is no idler?"

"Oh yes, very glad," said Una, feeling rebuked and ashamed at having tried to lead her husband's thoughts away from such a work.

"What a clever scholar he is!" she thought to herself. "And perhaps one day when this wonderful book is printed, and everybody will be praising the author, and all the world will be better for it, perhaps, then, I shall better understand the honour it is to be his wife!"

A day or two after this, Una met Kathie in sore trouble. Her grandmother, who had been old and ailing for some time past, had died suddenly in the night.

It had been a great shock to the young girl; and she broke down and wept when telling Una about it.

"Her be the last of my people, Missy, and I'm left lone and forlorn, and will have nobody of my own to be with me. And I mind now how quick-tempered I have been to granny, and how vexed at times when she spoke for my good. I shall never have so good a friend agen as her!"

Una tried to comfort her.

"Are you going to keep the cottage on, Kathie? You can't live there all alone."

"And why not, Missy? There be only one mouth to feed now. Poor granny earned nothin', and she got but two shillin' a week from the parson. I shall not miss that. I be young and strong, an' can live by what the sea brings me as well as any lad in Perrancove."

But another had a word to say to this arrangement. Jim Tanner stepped up to Kathie one evening as she sat on the low stone wall outside her cottage and cleaned out her net for to-morrow's fishing. He looked at the young girl's graceful figure; her handsome sunburnt face, and noted the softened wistful expression in her usually laughing eyes, as she turned them full upon him.

"Good evenin', Jim."

"Good evenin'."

Jim straightened himself; he took his pipe out of his mouth as if about to speak; then he put it in again and puffed away in silence, leaning on the wall and looking out over the sea.

Kathie bent her head to hide the blushes that mounted in her soft cheeks. She was saying in her heart:

"He is leanin' on my wall, touchin' it as if he loved it, as if 'twas home to him. I'd like this moment to keep right on without movin' for a year! Him standin' there and lookin' so bravely strong an' beautiful! Me sittin' within an arm's length of him, an'—an' almost hearin' him breathe!"

Then after a silence Jim took his pipe out and spoke.

"'Tis lonely for a maid this end o' the village. Be you meanin' to live on here?"

"Yes," Kathie said nervously, detaching a long strand of green seaweed from the meshes of her net. "I'm goin' to live on just the same, Jim."

Another silence, then——

"I be thinkin' o' settin' up home for myself, an' Jock Pengaff be givin' up his place, for 'tis too small for his family."

'Shall us keep house together, Kathie?'

Kathie's breath came short and quick; then she raised her head and tried to speak indifferently——

"That be news indeed, Jim. My good wishes for you."

Jim turned and looked at her without speaking: a long searching look that drew Kathie's eyes to his and kept them fastened there.

"Shall us keep house together, Kathie?"

The words were out, and the young fisher's tone was husky with emotion.

Kathie dropped her net, and then hid her face in his arms. Jim dropped his pipe, trampled on it, broke it, but paid no heed; his arms were holding tight the love of his heart; his brown-tanned cheek touching hers, and his lips pleading his cause with silent eloquence.

Kathie's eyes were full of tears, her heart throbbing violently.

"O Jim!" she whispered, "every bit of me be yours for ever!"

And Jim replied, as he clasped her closer——

"And none but God shall ever take you from me!"

CHAPTER VIII

A VISITOR

Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends;
Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

POPE.

HUSBAND and wife sat at breakfast at the Towers. Letters had been brought in, and Cuthbert was perusing a small packet with a perplexed and frowning brow. Una never received letters. Occasionally Miss Endicott had enclosed a note for her in business correspondence with her husband; but Una was not a writer, and she had no other friends. Her gaze was now out of the window, watching the gulls flying round one of the turrets. Her thoughts were with her treasure in the Witches' Hole.

She started when her husband addressed her.

"Una, I have had some startling news. A sister of mine is without a home, and wants to come here for a time."

Una's eyes were big with astonishment.

"I never knew you had a sister," she said

"No, I have not told you of my family. I have only this one sister. We were separated from each other as children. She went to America with a cousin who adopted her. We were both left orphans at an early age. I spent my boyhood at school, and my master and his wife were my only friends till I left them. This cousin of ours is dead. My sister has come over to England to seek me out. She was in London last week at our lawyer's, and she is travelling down here now. She may be here any day. You must make her welcome."

"Of course I will. I shall be delighted. It is quite exciting. Is she about my age? What is her name?"

"There is her letter," said Cuthbert, handing it as he spoke. "You will do all that is necessary for her accommodation, and let me know when she arrives. I have a great deal to get through to-day, so I do not wish to be disturbed."

He left the room, and Una took the letter to the window. The writing was fine and delicate; the paper sweetly scented. She, with difficulty, could read the contents. It was written in the conventional and stilted fashion of the day, and concluded with——

"Your affectionate unknown Sister,

"MARJORIE."

"Marjorie!" Una repeated to herself. "A soft-sounding pretty name. How nice it is to have a relation! How strange that she should not know her own brother!"

She occupied herself that day by getting everything ready for the comfort of the coming guest; but the day came and went without any sign of her.

Una and her husband were just rising from the dinner-table that evening, when the great door bell rang out.

"It is your sister!" exclaimed Una, and she ran out into the hall.

It was Marjorie at last. She had ridden over with an old serving-man from Kingstawton, where she had arrived some hours previously by coach. She was enveloped in furs and wraps; but she threw them off with a silvery laugh on an old oak settle in the hall.

"I am not very presentable," she said, advancing towards her brother, "for I am blue and stiff with cold. I am mightily pleased to find myself at last under your roof."

"You are most welcome, sister," was Cuthbert's grave reply. "Let me introduce you to my wife."

The girls touched each other's hands, and scrutinised one another as only women can. Una saw before her a slight, small, fairy-like figure, with a quantity of fair hair that looked like spun flax, and a complexion that reminded one of milk and roses. She was dressed in a travelling costume of green cloth and silver brocade, a velvet hat with long ostrich plumes drooped on her shoulders. Her face puzzled Una; at first sight she seemed almost a child, but when standing under the large lamp in the hall, her features, though delicate, were strongly marked, and there were tired lines about mouth and eyes that showed she was not in the first bloom of youth.

Marjorie in her turn was surprised at Una's fresh, innocent face, and sparkling vivacity. She said little till she had refreshed herself with a meal, and had thoroughly warmed herself at the great log-fire in the dining-room; then she turned to her brother, who had been regarding her with some perplexity.

"Well, Cuthbert, are you pleased with me? What strangers we are! I do not even know whether you are grave or gay, clever or foolish; loving or eschewing women's society! Shall I turn to your little wife for your character, or will you give it to me yourself?"

"Oh, I will give it to you," said Una readily, "for I feel I have known him years. You see we have been married nearly two months. He is clever, and I think graver than when I first knew him, but then he is quite absorbed in his books. He loves books better than women, and you will only see him at meal times."

Cuthbert laughed at his wife's quaint, but true description of him.

"I am busy writing a book," he said, "so have not much time to give to other pursuits. Una will make you comfortable, Marjorie; and you and she will be company for each

other. I never have been a squire to dames."

Marjorie looked her brother up and down, then shook her pretty head at him.

"I disapprove of recluses. I shall rout you out of that study of yours and make you attend me riding. Does your wife never require your services?"

"No, never," said Una cheerfully. "We agreed when we married that we would not interfere with each other, and I have always been accustomed to go about alone. I like it best."

"But that makes a man very selfish, and gives no scope for his chivalry. I think, my dear little sister-in-law, you and I must make war upon his study; but more of this anon."

She nodded laughingly to her brother, who was wisely retreating; then she followed Una into the drawing-room, and, sinking into an easy chair by the fire, for a time seemed lost in thought.

Una took a seat opposite her, and began caressing her greyhound Victor, who as usual lay outstretched at his mistress's feet.

At last Marjorie looked up with a smile.

"Now, pretty child, tell me of your neighbours. Who visits you? Are any of them amusing or entertaining?"

"They are all very interesting to me," said Una, regarding her guest perplexedly; "but I hardly think you would consider them either amusing or entertaining. We know no grand people; our neighbours are the fishers and their wives."

Marjorie opened her blue eyes in languid astonishment.

"But does no one of good birth or breeding live near you? Surely England does not possess such vast tracts of desolate country that you can live without sound or sight of any human being save yourselves?"

"I know no one," Una replied simply.

"But I travelled in the coach to-day with a gentleman who interested me mightily. Such a pathetic story he told me! and his dark eyes were moist with feeling as he called himself a broken-hearted widower! He lives but fourteen miles from this place, for he knows it well. He said he had the fortune, or the misfortune, to be picked up half drowned on the shore. He was wrecked in a Norwegian barque, and was the only one left alive."

Una's colour came and went.

"His name!" she said breathlessly. "Was it Duncan Thiselthwaite?"

Marjorie looked at her and laughed.

"Ah, now I know who was the pretty curly-haired nymph that came over the water! You see her kind deed has not been forgotten! Yes, the gentleman's name was the one you mention. I travelled in the coach as far as Kingstawton with a London acquaintance, a Mrs. St. Justice. She introduced him to me. There was delay over some broken traces, and we put up at a country inn for some hours. He beguiled those dull hours very pleasantly, though his heart was heavy, and his life at present so dark."

Marjorie paused, clasped her hands round one small knee, and gazed dreamily into the glowing embers before her.

"Ah well!" she continued with a sigh, "woman's sympathy unlocks the most silent tongue. He told me of his speedy journey home after his recovery from a watery grave. He was hasting to a young wife after two months' absence, but the news of his death had reached her before he did himself. The shock was too much for one in her condition. He arrived home to find that he had a son and heir, but his gentle young wife was gone. One life given at the expense of the other, and the father left, almost wishing that the sea had been allowed to swallow him up in its depths."

Una's eyes were full of tears.

"How strange, how sad! He looked so young, I thought at first he was but a boy!"

"He is but a boy in years."

There was silence for a few moments; then Marjorie stretched her feet out to the blaze with an ill-concealed yawn.

"I shall not wonder to see him riding over one day. His mother has gone to keep house for him; she has been to Court, I hear, and is not by any means a rustic dame!"

Conversation languished after this. Marjorie retired early to rest; and Una fell asleep to dream of Duncan Thiselthwaite

launching the *Triumph* to rescue pretty Marjorie from the raging waves.

For the next few days Una found her time much engrossed by her visitor. Marjorie insisted upon seeing everything. She explored every room and every corner in the old house and out. She got Una to take her out in her boat for a row and to introduce her to some of the fishers; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Una kept her from visiting the Witches' Hole.

"I adore anything mysterious and supernatural! I should like to visit it by moonlight. Let us try to persuade Cuthbert to accompany us."

But Una shook her head, and changed the subject abruptly. She was very reticent about her visits to that haunted spot; not even her husband knew where she spent so many hours of the day, and she did not feel sure enough of Marjorie to entrust her with such an important secret. Nothing would induce her to row in that direction; and Marjorie, having a strong will of her own, determined that sooner or later she would gratify her desire, and if she could not persuade her young hostess to take her, she would persuade some one else. She astonished and bewildered Una by her talk, and by her alternate fits of gaiety and depression.

"Oh, I shall die if I do not see some one soon!" she exclaimed before she had been at the Towers a week. "If no visitor appears before the next twenty-four hours are over I shall throw myself over the cliff into the sea!"

"But why?" asked Una, perplexed by her extravagant language. "Why would a visitor please you?"

"Oh, you piece of innocence, I want some one before whom I can air all my pretty blandishments and graces!—some one who would admire my frocks and my furbelows!"

"I admire you very much," said Una warmly; "and Cuthbert thinks you wonderful! He told me so."

Marjorie dropped her a little curtsey.

"Thank you kindly, but my soul demands a different sort of admiration. Cuthbert! He is an absent bookworm! He sees nothing but ink and paper; he lives in a world of black and white letters, and in his own and his manuscripts' recollections of a dead, buried past."

But Marjorie's depression was not of long duration, for she spied a solitary rider coming up the drive, and she was not wrong in her conjecture as to his identity.

It was Duncan Thiselthwaite.

Una was out when he arrived, but she came in before he left.

He seemed already on very intimate terms with Marjorie, and apologised for his mother not having called with him.

"Truth to tell," he said to Una, with one of his courteous little bows, "we were not aware that the Towers was now the property of a bride and bridegroom. My mother used to visit the late Mr. Endicott's mother when she lived here, but that is many years ago. She is most anxious to make your acquaintance, especially since she has heard of the kind part you played in the rescue of her son."

"Who told you I took any part in it?" asked Una rather bluntly.

"The good folk that housed and fed me. I have not the honour to be the only one you have rescued from a watery grave, for one of them also owes his life to you."

"Why, my dear child, this is most romantic! How many rescues have you accomplished?" exclaimed Marjorie.

"It is nothing," Una said, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "I only called some one to Mr. Thiselthwaite's aid. It was Jim that brought him back to life."

Duncan smiled rather sadly.

"I wished," he said, as he turned his dark eyes upon Marjorie, "that Jim had not been so energetic on my behalf. My arrival home—ah—I cannot speak of it!"

There was a silence. Marjorie looked her sympathy. Una felt uncomfortable: then, mindful of her duties as hostess, summoned the old butler to bring refreshment to the visitor.

Conversation seemed to flag until Duncan took his leave. Una could talk very happily to strangers as a rule; but there was an artificial atmosphere about Marjorie that quenched her bright humour.

The subtle flattery and flowered language of the woman of the world puzzled her simple mind.

As Duncan rode away she looked after him thoughtfully.

"He is a handsome man, Marjorie!"

"Yes, of his sort; but I have seen many with a finer presence."

Marjorie spoke indifferently. She was arranging some violets in a knot of lace on her breast.

Una glanced at her dainty figure in her silk brocade and then down at her much-worn serge.

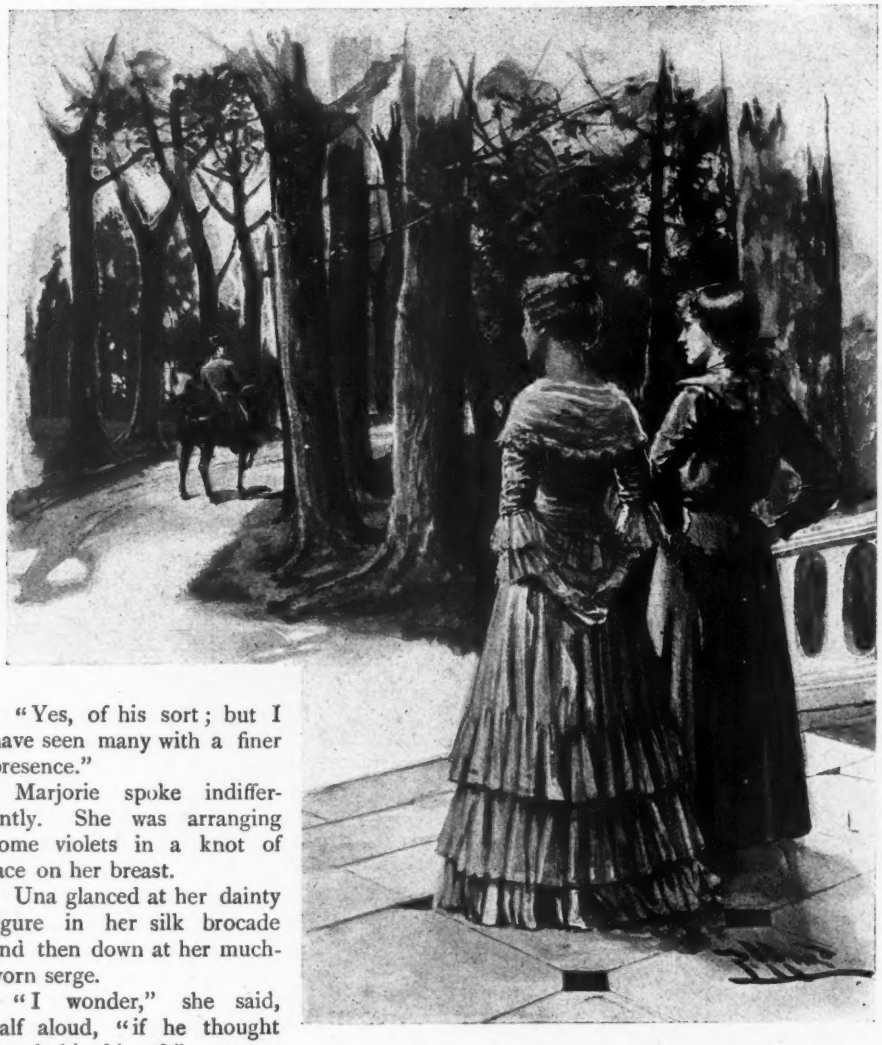
"I wonder," she said, half aloud, "if he thought I stole his things?"

"Goodness gracious, child, what things you say! He told me that he found himself stripped when he recovered consciousness. What was the mystery?"

Una shook her head and laughed.

"I am not going to tell you. That is my secret," she said, and she ran out of the room.

It was not long before Mrs. Thiselthwaite called upon Una and her visitor. Marjorie became very friendly with her, and was soon constantly riding over to Thiselthwaite Manor. Una avoided the visits whenever she could, and Marjorie, finding she did not



As Duncan rode away she looked after him thoughtfully

mind being laughed at for her unsociability, brought Cuthbert to her aid.

"Why do you not want to accompany Marjorie on the visits she wishes to make?" he asked his young wife one afternoon, when Marjorie had driven off in Mrs. Thiselthwaite's carriage and left her at home.

Una answered very simply.

"Because it is such waste of time sitting up to talk and pay each other compliments. I have other things to do."

Cuthbert looked at her childish figure as she stood before him with a net across her arm and her old woollen cap pushed to the back of her curly head; and he shook his head with a smile.

"You are getting too old to be so absorbed in your beach amusements. Marjorie thinks the mistress of the Towers should show more dignity and precision. Now what is your business this afternoon, may I ask?"

He spoke indulgently, as if to a child; and the colour rose at once to Una's cheeks.

"Every day this week I have been out with Marjorie. She takes up all my time. This afternoon I am going to have to myself. If she thinks me childish I do not care a bit. And you knew what I was when you married me, and we have got on very well indeed up to the present time. You promised not to interfere with me."

Cuthbert looked surprised at her indignant tone.

"My dear child, I am not going to interfere with you. Perhaps when this book, that is taking up so much of my time and thought, is finished, I may have leisure to go about with you a little. I have been thinking what a nice companion Marjorie is for you. She will prevent you from feeling lonely and dull."

"I don't know what dulness means!"

Una dashed out of the room, and running swiftly along the top of the cliffs, she made her way towards the entrance of the Witches' Hole.

"Cuthbert is so stupid!" was her impatient thought. "Here is something that needs my help, something that I ought to work at with no hindrance or interruption, for it is to save human beings! Yet he talks as if I am spending my time in making sand castles on the beach!"

The Marquis of Salisbury

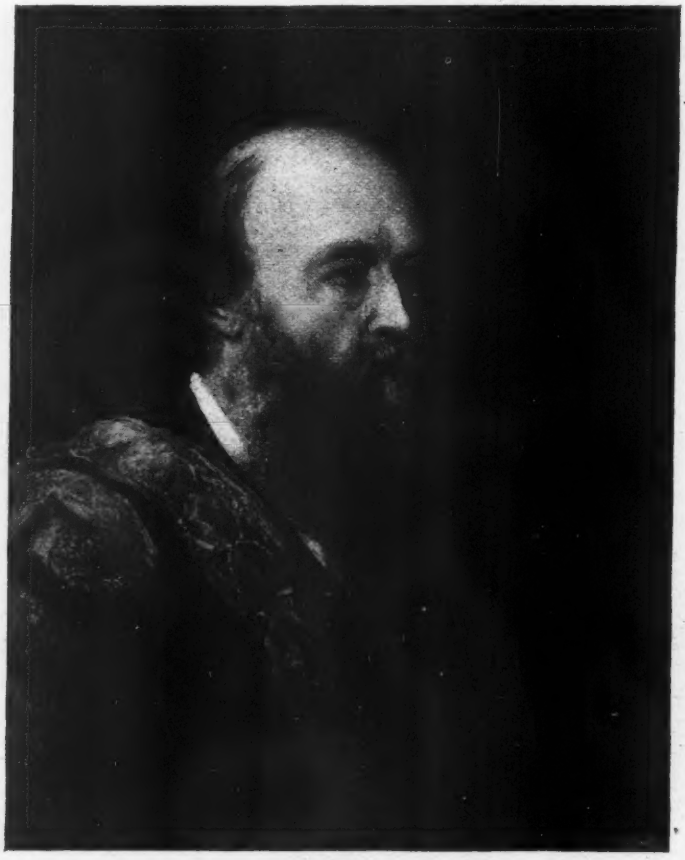
By Frederick Douglas How, Author of "Bishop Walsham How, A Memoir," &c.

III. Travel—Entry into Political Life

BEFORE the election of Lord Robert Cecil to a fellowship at All Souls, and before his entry into political life as Member for Stamford, both of which events took place in 1853, he devoted a considerable time to travelling in foreign countries and in some of our colonies. It was usual at that time for young men of good family to do "the grand tour" as a sort of preparation for whatever public life might lie before them, and a very serious undertaking it was considered, although it entailed no longer journeys than are now comprised in a £10 tour on the Continent, and are taken with a light heart by any city clerk in his few days Easter holiday. But Lord Robert Cecil was not content with this. He visited indeed several of the countries of Europe, but he also went to see for himself what Australia and New Zealand were like, grasping already the enormous importance of these colonies to the mother country. Who can say how great an influence on the mind of the future statesman these visits may not have made? It is certain at all events that, from the very first, his political interests and his political outlook have been thoroughly Imperial in character.

What changes have come to colonial life since then! When, in 1852, Lord Robert Cecil visited Melbourne, that magnificent modern city, there were just three stone buildings in the place—a stone Government House, a stone prison, and a stone public-

house! The rest was all wood, and ramshackle and irregular enough. Where nowadays carriages roll by and tramcars run, the adventurous driver of a waggon found himself often enough bogged to the axle-tree. Those were still very early days for the great colony.



(F. Hollyer, photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, W.)

Lord Salisbury, from a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

The gold fever was running high, and of this side of life, too, Lord Robert determined to see something. Accompanied by a party of friends, among whom were actually some ladies, he visited the Mount Alexander diggings in Victoria, some eighty miles from Melbourne. In order to have some practical experience of mining, the party pegged out a claim on the flat by the river. This would be what is called a "wet claim." Their tents, which were rather more ambitious than those of other gold seekers in their neighbourhood, were pitched on the side of the hill above, and outside these tents they cooked their meals over the camp fire like every one else. It must have been a delightfully new experience for a short time. Their whole surroundings were so strange. There were the gum-trees growing in the flat below, and the peppermint-trees on the hillsides above; there were the numberless gay parraqueets and macaws, birds of unaccustomed

plumage and still more unaccustomed scream! There were also the other mining camps, peopled by men of whom they knew nothing but with whom they became on more or less friendly terms. The kindness of the ladies of the party in visiting a neighbouring tent where a miner lay ill with malarial fever, and their generosity in giving him freely a share in the "comforts" with which they were provided, is remembered to this day. There is a certain yeoman, now getting on in years and living in retirement in a little midland village, who is never tired of telling of how Lord Salisbury, "leastways Lord Robert Cecil," was working on an adjacent claim to the one in possession of himself and his brother, and how they would see him running down the hillside to his work, and how he and the narrator's brother were the two finest men at the diggings, for "Lord Robert was a fine square-shouldered man in those days."

Probably no education for a life-work such as our Prime Minister has had to do could possibly have been better than these travels, undertaken in this thorough and practical manner.

It is now time to record Lord Salisbury's first plunge into political life. Once more one is reminded that nearly half a century has gone by since that took place, for it happened under conditions such as have been for many years impossible. Plunge, indeed, it can hardly be called; there was certainly no splash and no troubling of the waters when the young Lord Robert Cecil slipped into a Parliamentary career as Member for the pocket-borough of Stamford in 1853. It is difficult to realise the state of things then existing. The little town of Stamford, notable only as possessing five fine churches which, with their mimic "closes," almost crowd one against the other, and long ago absorbed for Parliamentary purposes into a county division, at that time possessed two members, both of whom were simply and absolutely the nominees of the Marquis of Exeter, the patron of the borough. When Mr. Herries one of the existing members retired it was not unnatural that the Marquis should appoint one of the name of Cecil to the vacant seat, and so it came about that the young Lord Robert, only twenty-three years of age, entered Parliament with none of the difficulties, expenses, or excitements of a contested election. The whole proceeding was more or less of a farce. The electors had never heard of him (or of his predecessor's intended retirement) until a letter from Lord Exeter's lawyer told them they were to change their representative, and informed them of the member selected for them. That was quickly followed by a personal visit from the candidate, when a so-called canvass was made. The notices are still preserved which invited his supporters to assist at this function. They are in the following form, and were issued for both the Wednesday and Thursday mornings of his visit:

"STAMFORD ELECTION.

"The friends of Lord Robert G. Cecil are respectfully requested to meet his Lordship at the George Hotel, St. Martin's, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock precisely, to accompany him on the canvass.

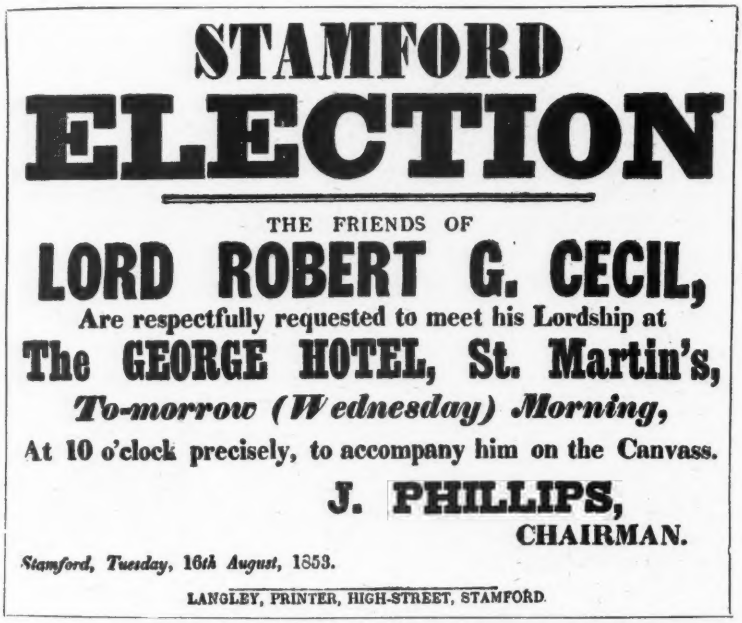
"J. PHILLIPS, *Chairman.*"

On the Thursday afternoon a handbill was issued by Lord Robert saying that the result of the canvass was "most satisfactory," and earnestly requesting the attendance of his friends at the George Hotel on the following Monday morning to accompany him to the hustings. Meantime, of course, he had put out an election address, of which an extract is here given. It is extremely interesting as showing how early in life he became a staunch supporter of the Church of England and of religious education:

After speaking of Mr. Herries as one who had "always been a consistent adherent of those great Conservative principles to which England owes her vast Empire abroad, and the maintenance of her time-honoured institutions at home," he went on to say: "It is my desire to uphold these same principles as earnestly as he has done, though of course not objecting to make such cautious changes as lapse of time or improvements in science or the dispensations of Providence may render necessary. . . . I am a sincere and warmly attached member of the Established

Church; and therefore I shall be ready at all times to support any measures which will increase her usefulness, and render the number of her bishops and clergy more nearly equal to the requirements of our large and increasing population. And I shall be ready from the same motive to oppose any attempt to alienate the endowments, or to extend the support already far too freely given to hostile sects. Although I am ready to grant full toleration to the religious opinions of others, I am determined to oppose as far as in me lies the working of these ultramontane doctrines which are at variance with the fundamental principles of our constitution. The recent subservience of Government to the Irish Romanists* seems to augur that it will be attempted to concede far more to them than can be justified under the name of toleration.

"I shall equally resist any public system of education which is not based on the truths of Revelation, as a distinct and indispensable element. The events that have just passed in Ireland are a sufficient warning of the futility of all educational plans in which religious instruction is not enforced; and demonstrate that such compromises do not even satisfy those in deference to whose hostility they were adopted."



STAMFORD
ELECTION

THE FRIENDS OF
LORD ROBERT G. CECIL,
Are respectfully requested to meet his Lordship at
The GEORGE HOTEL, St. Martin's,
To-morrow (Wednesday) Morning,
At 10 o'clock precisely, to accompany him on the Canvass.

J. PHILLIPS,
CHAIRMAN.

Stamford, Tuesday, 16th August, 1853.

LANGLEY, PRINTER, HIGH-STREET, STAMFORD.

Facsimile of the first election handbill issued by Lord Salisbury, when Lord Robert Cecil, inviting his supporters to accompany him on his canvass

The *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury* for Friday, August 26, 1853, has a short account of the election which shows the want of interest which was, naturally enough, taken in the event. Here is what it says:

"The vacancy in the representation of Stamford, caused by the retirement of Mr. Herries, was filled upon Monday last by the election of Lord Robert Cecil without opposition. There was no excitement whatever on the occasion, and, if it had not been for the ringing of the bells and the distant sound of a band of music just before the time fixed for the nomination, no one would have conjectured that a Parliamentary election was about to take place. . . . There was the customary scrambling at the close

*This refers to the Government subsidies to Maynooth College.

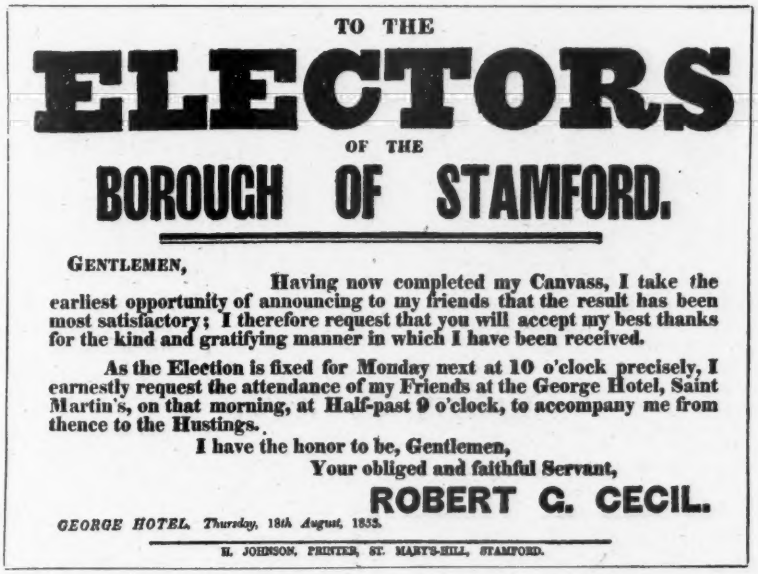
for the timber of which the hustings were made."

Of this first election of the then Lord Robert Cecil to Parliament, nothing further need be added than that he was proposed by Joseph Phillips, Esq., and seconded by Alderman Haycock; that his first colleague in the representation of Stamford was Sir Frederick Thesiger, and that the whole proceedings, speeches, election, &c., took no longer than three-quarters of an hour.

Having mentioned his first colleague, this may be a fitting place to record that during the fourteen years that he was Member for Stamford, he shared the representation of the borough with no less than four gentlemen—all, of course, nominated by the Marquis of Exeter. Thus, when in 1858 Sir Frederick Thesiger became Lord Chancellor, Mr. John Inglis took his place. This was in February of that year, and in the following July, that gentleman having received high judicial appointment in Scotland, Sir Stafford Northcote stepped into the empty place, in spite of a widely circulated leaflet from a Devon elector describing him as a Puseyite! Sir Stafford remained member for the borough for eight years, when in 1866 he became member for part of his own county, Devonshire, and Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay took his place.

By this time Lord Robert Cecil had become Lord Cranborne, and in Nevinson's "History of Stamford" there is the proud boast that that town "in recent times can point to the honoured names of Granby, Herries, Thesiger, Cranborne, Northcote, and Hay, as its representatives."

But it must not be thought that every one in Stamford quietly acquiesced in a system which provided them with members according to the whim of their patron. The following letter is evidence of an under current of feeling which has since helped to bring about the new state of things with which we are familiar.



TO THE

ELECTORS

OF THE

BOROUGH OF STAMFORD.

GENTLEMEN,

Having now completed my Canvass, I take the earliest opportunity of announcing to my friends that the result has been most satisfactory; I therefore request that you will accept my best thanks for the kind and gratifying manner in which I have been received.

As the Election is fixed for Monday next at 10 o'clock precisely, I earnestly request the attendance of my Friends at the George Hotel, Saint Martin's, on that morning, at Half-past 9 o'clock, to accompany me from thence to the Hustings.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your obliged and faithful Servant,

ROBERT C. CECIL.

GEORGE HOTEL, Thursday, 18th August, 1853.

H. JOHNSON, PRINTER, ST. MARY'S-HILL, STAMFORD.

The second handbill issued by Lord Salisbury, when Lord Robert Cecil, asking his supporters to accompany him to the hustings. (The use of hustings was abolished by the Ballot Act of 1872)

"To the Editor of the *Times*."

"SIR,—The notice of an evil is the first step towards its remedy, and with this view

TO THE

ELECTORS

OF THE

BOROUGH OF STAMFORD.

GENTLEMEN,

I beg leave to offer you my most sincere acknowledgments for the honor you have done me in electing me to be one of your Representatives.

The only return I can make for your kindness will be, to do all that lies in my power to carry out what I believe to be your political wishes, by a zealous and undeviating adherence to the Conservative principles which have gained for me the honor of your support.

Though I never can hope in any degree to supply the void left by the retirement of my Right Honorable predecessor, or to make you feel his loss the less; still I trust that I may never by any deficiency in earnestness or assiduity, give you cause to regret the confidence you have on this occasion reposed in me.

I have the honor to remain,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient Servant,

Robert G. Cecil.

George Hotel, 22nd August, 1853.

LANGLEY, PRINTER, HIGH-STREET, STAMFORD

Facsimile of handbill issued by Lord Salisbury, when Lord Robert Cecil, returning thanks for his election to Parliament for the Borough of Stamford in 1853

I trust you will give space for a few lines pointing out an evil existing in this borough, and I fear many others where they are troubled with patrons. I allude to the unconstitutional interference of peers in the election of members of Parliament.

"This borough is completely under the control of the Marquis of Exeter. On no occasion whatever are the electors consulted as to the member to be returned for the borough. A vacancy occurs. A candidate is selected, and commences his canvass (so called) in the borough before we 'the represented,' poor ignorant mortals, are aware of our former member retiring.

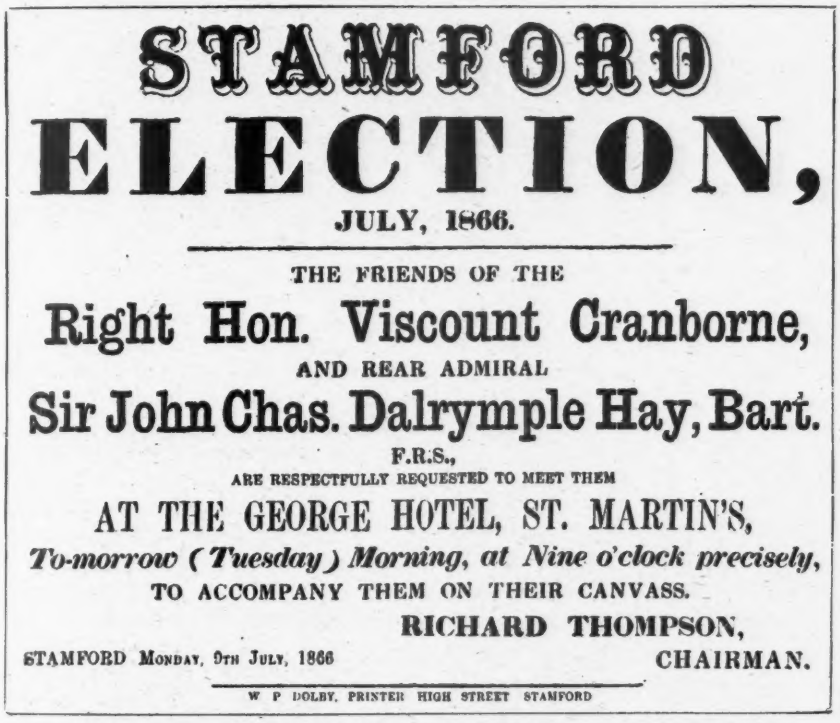
"This is no overdrawn picture. The farce was gone through just at the close of the last session of Parliament when Mr. Herries retired and was succeeded by Lord R. Cecil, a scion of the Salisbury branch of the house of Cecil. The fitness of any candidate is never any question with us; he is sent to us and we return him.

"Should any elector be so daring as to commit the sin of thinking for himself and vote for any but the candidates sent to us, the blue-book from the Stamford Election Committee, session 1848, is sufficient to show what may be expected to follow if the power of the house of Burghley be able to reach him. Even the member himself is subjected to similar treatment. Sir George Clerk voted on the corn law question * contrary to the views of the patron of the borough, and he (Sir George) troubled the electors no more. Mr. Herries succeeded him, and, until introduced by letter from the London solicitor to the Marquis of

* On Sir Robert Peel's motion for the Repeal of the Corn Laws.

Exeter, Mr. Herries was a total stranger to every elector in the borough. Mr. Herries' retirement followed so close upon his vote on the Indian question that there is no trouble in guessing the reason for his retirement. If the influence exercised by the borough patron ended with the election fourteen miles distant, we there see precisely the same state of things under Earl Fitzwilliam, a Radical. It may be argued that these two cases afford a balance of power; but the electors suffer, like the frogs in the fable.

. . . .



STAMFORD
ELECTION,
JULY, 1866.

THE FRIENDS OF THE
Right Hon. Viscount Cranborne,
AND REAR ADMIRAL
Sir John Chas. Dalrymple Hay, Bart.
F.R.S.,
ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED TO MEET THEM
AT THE GEORGE HOTEL, ST. MARTIN'S,
To-morrow (Tuesday) Morning, at Nine o'clock precisely,
TO ACCOMPANY THEM ON THEIR CANVASS.
RICHARD THOMPSON,
STAMFORD MONDAY, 9TH JULY, 1866 CHAIRMAN.
W. P. DOLBY, PRINTER HIGH STREET STAMFORD

Handbill issued by Lord Salisbury when, as Viscount Cranborne, he contested Stamford in 1866

of members of the House of Commons we might perhaps submit quietly; but every transaction in which the town is locally interested is made to feel the baneful effects of this political influence. We are denied direct railway communication. We are surrounded by enclosed fields, and we labour under numerous other disadvantages, simply for the reason that if it were otherwise the borough might become independent, and the patronage to the House of Commons jeopardised.

"Now, the Marquis of Exeter is a Tory; but if we glance at Peterborough, only

"Surely some remedy ought to be applied to this glaring evil. If it is the law of the land that peers are not to interfere in the election of members of Parliament, either enforce that law or efface it from the statute book.

"A. B. C.

"*Stamford, December* 16, 1853."

On Lord Robert Cecil's visits to Stamford he used to stay sometimes at the George Hotel, a most picturesque old coaching house with a sign that stretches right across the street, and sometimes with Mr. Phillips in

Water Street. When at this house he used to borrow books from the well-lined book shelves of the library, and impressed his host with his literary and intellectual turn of mind. Otherwise, he does not seem to have given the people of Stamford in those early days any idea of the real power which lay beneath his quiet exterior. They did not the least expect to see their new member become, in a few short years, one of the leading statesmen of Europe. The training he had received in the debates at the Oxford Union gave him a certain ease in speaking and he treated public matters in a clear and fearless manner, but "he always made a good speech" is the utmost that can be got from those who heard him and who remember well his first arrival at Stamford.

In the light, however, of all that has happened since it is extremely interesting to read his first electioneering speeches. Reference will have to be made to them again when speaking of the part that the Prime Minister has taken in the question of reform and other matters, but here some extracts from his very first speech as reported in the *Stamford Mercury* of August 26, 1853, will be of great interest. Probably, had there been any opposition, his words would have made a greater impression, and greater interest would have been taken in the proceedings. In reference to this latter point it is amusing to note the word "slightly" in the following account.

"Lord Robert Cecil then presented himself and was slightly cheered by his friends, he said:

"Gentlemen, electors of the borough of Stamford, I come forward to thank you for the honour you have done me in electing me as your representative, and I must in the first instance admit to you that I am conscious how inadequate I am to supply the place of the gentleman—(a voice: 'speak out!')—I will try: I repeat that I am inadequate, probably in point of lungs as well as ability to represent you, to represent you as has done the right honourable gentleman whose resignation on account of ill-health has just been declared. . . . My opinions accord so entirely with those of Mr. Herries, so thoroughly with those of the great Conservative party which has ruled England so successfully and so long—that it is not necessary for me to trouble you with them in detail. There is, however, one point especially on which I shall speak in a tone different to Mr. Herries—I mean on the subject of what is commonly called Protection. When Mr. Herries last presented himself on the hustings the battle of Native Industry was not yet concluded: the hopes of the Protectionists were not entirely destroyed, and there was a reasonable expectation that the country would retrace its steps and undo the unhappy policy of the late Sir Robert Peel.* It is useless now to disguise the fact that those hopes are at an end, and we must submit to the new commercial system which goes by the name of Free Trade. Consequently I do not present myself before you as a Protectionist, for, I repeat, the Protectionist party is at an end. That principle was merely one development of the great Conservative party, and now that the designation is no longer in existence we present ourselves as Conservatives again—simply as the supporters of those great institutions on which the safety and prosperity of the country so entirely depend. . . . It is admitted even by our opponents that some taxes, more especially the rates, fall far more heavily on the agricultural than on any other interest, and I do not think they will deny that the burden of taxation presses most unduly upon the land. The great hope on which farmers must now rely is the reform of taxation—that national burdens may fall equally and fairly on every class alike.'"

In these words—dealing with the very first subject upon which as a member of Parliament their new representative spoke—the people of Stamford might (if they would) have seen a suggestion of those statesmanlike qualities of which they were so little

* The Corn Laws were enacted in 1815 to protect the farmer by imposing a tax on imported corn. In 1846, a bad harvest in England and a potato famine in Ireland caused Sir Robert Peel to introduce a Bill to repeal these laws. This was ultimately carried, and to this allusion is made in this speech.

aware. There was the readiness to acknowlege the hopelessness of a lost cause and the determination to let it interfere as little as possible with the great principles of political life. There was the willingness to bow to the inevitable while still holding as strongly as ever his own personal convictions, which has proved so characteristic of Lord Salisbury's career. He next spoke about the proposed Reform Bill, deprecating any interference with what had been thought scarcely twenty years before to be a final and satisfactory settlement. He went on to refer to the religious agitations of the day, and reference to his words on this subject will have to be made hereafter. It is sufficient here to note that he spoke with some reluctance, for, as he said, "the cause of religion always suffers from discussion when introduced into a political point of view." Last of all he turned to education and uttered these remarkable words—remarkable assuredly from the lips of so young a man:

"I now turn to general education, our efforts to meet which have been most tardy and sluggish. . . . But while I feel this I cannot sympathise with those who would, professing it necessary to diminish differences, promote a system of education in which religion would be entirely ignored. That would be setting a i le the main end for which education is held up. It is not merely intellectual culture, instruction in reading and writing, that will make a man moral and a good citizen, and the only reason we should press education is that those truths and that morality should be inculcated by which alone, and not by mere terror of earthly punishments, can be produced a virtuous, peaceful, and orderly population."

(H. E. Bird, photographer, Stamford)

The George Hotel, Stamford, a picturesque old coaching house where Lord Salisbury had his headquarters during the Stamford election of 1853

Browning's Treatment of Nature*

By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

Author of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life"

SECOND PAPER

THE next thing to touch on is his drawing of landscape, not now of separate pieces of Nature, but of the whole view of a land seen under a certain aspect of the Heavens. All the poets ought to be able to do this well, and I have elsewhere drawn attention to the brief, condensed, yet far-opening fashion in which Tennyson has done it. Sometimes the poets describe what they see before them, or have seen; drawing directly from Nature. Sometimes they invent a wide or varied landscape as a background for a human subject, and arrange and tone it for that purpose. Shelley did this with great nobleness and subtlety. Browning does not do it, except, perhaps, in *Christmas Eve*, when he prepares the night for the appearance of Christ. Nevertheless, even in *Christmas Eve*, the description of the lunar rainbow is of a thing he has seen, a not-invented thing, and it is as clear, vivid and natural as it can be; only it is heightened and thrilled through by the expectancy and the thrill in Browning's soul, which the reader feels and which the poet, through his passion, makes the reader comprehend. But there is no suggestion that any of this feeling exists in Nature. The rainbow has no consciousness of the vision to come or of the emotion in Browning (as it would have had in Wordsworth), and therefore it is painted with an accuracy undimmed by any transference to Nature of the soul of the poet.

I quote the piece; it is a noble specimen of his landscape work.

> For lo, what think you? Suddenly
> The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
> Received at once the full fruition
> Of the moon's consummate apparition.
> The black cloud-barricade was riven
> Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
> Deep in the West; while, bare a breathless,
> North and South and East lay ready
> For a glorious thing that, dauntless, deathless,
> Sprang across them and stood steady—
> 'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect
> From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
> As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
> It rose, distinctly at the base
> With its seven proper colours chorded,
> Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
> Until at last, they coalesced,
> And supreme the spectral creature lorded
> In a triumph of whitest white,—
> Above which intervened the night—
> But above night too, like only the next,
> The second of a wondrous sequence,
> Reaching in rare and rarer frequence,
> Till the heaven of heavens were circumflexed,
> Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
> Fainter, flushier and flightier,—
> Rapture dying along its verge—
> On, whose foot shall I see emerge,
> Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
> On to the keystone of that arc?

This is only a piece of sky, though I have called it landscape work. But then the sky is frequently treated alone by Browning; and it is always present in power over his landscape, it, and the winds that travel in it. This is natural enough for one who lived so much in Italy where the scenery of the sky is more superb than that of the earth—so various, noble, and surprising that when Nature plays there, as a poet, her tragedy and comedy, we scarcely take the trouble of considering the earth. However we find an abundance of true landscape in Browning, only it is strange I repeat, that there is only one English landscape among them. The rest are, with a few exceptions, Italian; and they have that grandeur and largeness, that intensity given by blazing colour, that peculiar tint either of labyrinthine or of tragic sentiment, which belong to Italy. I select a few of them.

* Copyright, 1902, by S. A. Brooke, in the United States of America.

The morn when first it thunders in March
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say;
As I leaned and looked o'er the aloed arch
Of the villa-gate this warm March day,
No flash snapped, no dumb thunder rolled
In the valley beneath where, white and wide,
Washed by the morning water-gold,
Florence lay out on the mountain side.

River and bridge and street and square
Lay mine, as much at my beck and call,
Through the live translucent bath of air,
As the sights in a magic crystal ball.

Here is the Roman Campagna and its very sentiment:

The Champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease.

And this might be in the same place:

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight—

This is a crimson sunset over dark and distant woods in autumn:

That autumn eve was stilled;—
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests; like a torch-flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson! As a brand
The woods beneath lay black. A single eye
From all Verona cared for the soft sky.

And if we desire a sunrise, there is the triumphant beginning of *Pippa passes*—a glorious outburst of light, colour and splendour, the very upsoaring of Apollo's head behind his furious steeds. It begins with one word, like a single stroke on the gong of Nature: it continues this till the whole of the overarching vault, and the world below, in vast disclosure, is flooded with an ocean of gold.

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the brim
Of yonder gap in the solid grey
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

That is chiefly of the sky, but the description in that gipsy-hearted poem of the *Flight of the Duchess*, brings before us, at great length, league after league of wide-spreading landscape. It is first, of the great wild country, cornfield, vineyards, sheep-ranges, open chase, till we arrive at last at the mountains; and climbing up among their pines, dip down into a yet vaster and wilder country, a vast, red, drear, burnt-up plain, over which we are carried for miles:

Till at the last, for a bounding belt,
Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore

Or we may read the *Grammarian's Funeral*, where we leave the city walls and climb the peak on whose topmost ledge he is to be buried. As we ascend, the landscape widens; we see it expanding in the verse. Moreover, with a wonderful power, Browning makes us feel the air grow keener, fresher, brighter, more soundless and lonelier. That, too, is given by the verse: it is a triumph in Nature-poetry.

Nor is he one whit less effective in narrow landscape, in the description of small shut-in spaces of Nature. There is the garden at the beginning of *Paracelsus;* the ravine, step by step, in *Pauline;* the sea-beach and its little cabinet of landscapes, in *James Lee's Wife;* the exquisite pictures of the path over the Col di Colma in *By the Fireside*—for though the whole of the landscape is given, yet each verse almost might stand as a small picture by itself. It is one of Browning's favourite ways of description, to walk slowly through the landscape, describing step by step those parts of it which strike him, and leaving to us to combine the parts into the whole. But *his* way of combination is to touch the last thing he describes with human love, and to throw back this atmosphere of feeling over all the pictures he has made. The verses I quote do this.

O moment, one and infinite!
The water slips o'er stock and stone;
The west is tender, hardly bright.
How grey at once is the evening grown—
One star, the chrysolite!

We two stood there with never a third,
Put each by each, as each knew well:
The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,
The lights and the shades made up a spell
Till the trouble grew and stirred.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this.

There are hosts of such miniatures of Nature as I speak of here. Sometimes, however, the pictures are larger and nobler, when the natural thing described is in itself charged with power, terror or dignity. I give one instance of this, where the fierce Italian thunderstorm is enhanced by being the messenger of God's vengeance on guilt. It is from *Pippa passes.* The heaven's pillars are over-bowed with heat. The black-blue canopy descends close on Ottima and Sebald.

Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof, here burnt and there,
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood-screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me; then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead—

That is as splendid as the thing itself.

Again, no one can help observing in all these quotations the extraordinary love of colour, a love Tennyson has in far fainter measure, but which Browning seems to possess more than any other English poet. Only Sir Walter Scott approaches him in this. This arises probably from his having lived so long in Italy, where the light is so pure and brilliant that colour is more intense, and at dawn and sunset more deep, delicate, and various than it is in our land. Sometimes, as Ruskin says, "it is not colour, it is conflagration"; but, wherever it is, in the bell of a flower, on the edge of a cloud, on the back of a lizard, on the veins of a lichen, it strikes in Browning's verse at our eyes, and he only, in English poetry, has joy enough in it to be its full interpreter.

He sees the wild tulip blow out its great red bell; he sees the thin clear bubble of blood at its tip; he sees the spike of gold which burns deep in the bluebell's womb, the corals that, like lamps, disperse thick red flame through the dusk green universe of the ocean; the lakes which, when the morn breaks,

Blaze like a wyvern flying round the sun;

the woodland brake whose withered fern Dawn feeds with gold; the moon carried off at sunrise in purple fire; the larch-blooms crisp and pink; the sanguine heart of the pomegranate; the filberts russet-sheathed and velvet-capped; the poppies red to blackness; the red fans of the butterfly falling on the rock like a drop of fire from a brandished torch; the star-fish, rose-jacynth to the finger-tips; and a hundred other passionate seizures of colour. And, for the last of these colour remembrances, in quieter tints—almost in black and white—I give this lovely verse from *James Lee's Wife.*

The swallow has set her six young on the rail,
And looks seaward:
The water's in stripes like a snake, olive pale
To the leeward,—
On the weather-side, black, spotted white with the wind.
"Good fortune departs, and disaster's behind"—
Hark! the wind with its wants, and its infinite wail!

So, not only do we possess all these landscapes, but we possess them in colour. They are painted as well as drawn. It is his love of colour which made at least half the impulse that drove him at times into impressionism. Good drawing is little to the impressionist painters. It is the sudden glow, splash or flicker of colour that moves them, which makes on them the swift, the momentary impression they wish to record.

And colour acted on Browning in the same way. I have said he was impressionist, when he liked, for forty years before impressionism was born in modern art. He

was so, because from the beginning he saw things in colour, not only in light and shade. It is well worth a reader's while to search him for colour-impressions. I quote one, for example, with the black horse flung in at the end exactly in the way an artist would do it who loved a flash of black life midst of a dead expanse of gold and green:

> Fancy the Pampas' sheen!
> Miles and miles of gold and green
> Where the sunflowers blow
> In a solid glow,
> And—to break now and then the screen—
> Black neck and eyeballs keen,
> Up a wild horse leaps between!

Having, then, this extraordinary power of sight, needing no carefulness of observation or study, but capable of catching and holding without trouble all that his eye rested or glanced upon, it is no wonder that sometimes it amused him to put into verse the doings of a whole day: the work done in it by men of all classes and the natural objects that encompassed them; not cataloguing them dryly, but shooting through them, like rays of light, either his own fancies and thoughts, or the fancies and thoughts of some typical character whom he invented. This he has done specially in two poems: *The Englishman in Italy*, where the noble shell of the Sorrento plain, its sea and mountains, and all the doings of the peasantry, are detailed with the most intimate delight and truth out of his own soul. The second of these poems is *Up in a Villa—Down in the City*, where a farm of the Casentino with its surroundings is contrasted with the street-life of Florence; and both are described through the vivid character whom he invents to see them. These poems are astonishing pieces of intimate, joyful observation of scenery.

Again, there is no poet whose love of animals is as great as Browning's, and none who has so frequently, so carefully, so vividly described them. It is amazing, as we go through his work, to realise the largeness of his range in this matter, from the river-horse to the lizard, from the eagle to the wren, from the loud singing bee to the filmy insects in the sunshine. I give a few examples. No man could see a lynx more vividly than Karshish—

> A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear,
> Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls.

And the very soul of the Eagle is in this question—

> Ask the Geier-Eagle why she stoops at once
> Into the vast and unexplored abyss?
> What full-grown power informs her from the first,
> Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
> The silent boundless regions of the sky!

He has watched the heavy-winged osprey in its haunts, fain to fly,

> but forced the earth his couch to make
> Far inland, till his friend the tempest wake,

on whose fiercer wings he can flap his own into activity.

In *Caliban on Setebos*, as would naturally be the case, animal life is intense everywhere; and how close to truth, how keenly observed are his descriptions of beast and bird; how full of colour they are, how flashed into words which seem like colours, any animal-lover may hear in the few lines I quote:

> Yon otter, sleek, wet, black, lithe as a leech;—
> Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
> That floats and feeds; a certain badger brown,
> He hath watched hunt with that slant white-wedge eye,
> By moonlight.

That is enough to prove his power. And the animals are seen not as a cultured person sees them, but as a savage, with his eyes untroubled by thoughts, sees them; for Browning, with his curious self-transmuting power, has put himself into the skin of Caliban. Then again, in that lovely lyric in *Paracelsus*,

> Thus the Mayne glideth,

the banks and waves are full of all the bird and beast life of a river. Elsewhere, he sees the falcon spread his wings like a banner, the stork clapping his bill in the marsh, the coot dipping his blue breast in the water, the swallow flying to Venice—"that stout sea-farer"—the lark shivering for joy, and a hundred other birds; and

lastly, even the great bird of the Imagination, the Phœnix, flying home, and in a splendid verse records the sight:

> As the King-bird with ages on his plumes
> Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

Not less wonderful, and more unique in English poetry, is the love of insects. He paints the hermit-bee, the soft, small, unfrighted thing, lighting on the dead vine-leaf, and twirling and filing all day. He strikes out the grasshopper at a touch—

> Chirrups the contumacious grasshopper.

He has a swift vision of the azure damsel-fly flittering in the wood:

> Child of the simmering quiet, there to die.

He sees all the insect population of an old green wall, and fancies the fancies of the crickets and the flies, and the carousing of the cicala in the trees, and the bee swinging in the chalice of the campanula, and the wasps pricking the papers round the peaches, and the gnats and early moths craving their food from God when dawn awakes them, and the fireflies crawling like lamps through the moss, and the spider, sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey back, and building his web on the edge of tombs. These are but a few things out of this treasure-house of animal observation and love. It is a love which animates and populates with life his landscapes.

Many of the points I have attempted here to make are illustrated in *Saul*. In verse v. the sheep are described, with all a shepherd's delightful affection, coming back at evening to the folding; and, with David's poetic imagination, compared to the stars following one another into the meadows of night—

> And now one after one seeks his lodging, as star follows star
> Into eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far—

In verse vi. the quails, and the crickets and the jerboa at the door of his sandhouse, are thrilled into quicker life by David's music. In verse ix. the full joy of living in beasts and men is painted in the midst of landscape after landscape struck out in single lines, till all Nature seems crowded and simmering with the overflowering life whose rapture Browning loved so well. These fully reveal his poetic communion with animals. Then there is a fine passage in verse x. when he describes the loosening of a thick bed of snow from the mountain side—an occurrence which also drew the interest of Shelley in the *Prometheus*—which illustrates what I have said of Browning's conception of the separate life, as of giant Titans, of the vaster things in Nature. The mountain is alive and lives his own life with his own grim joy. He wears his snow like a breastplate, and discharges it when it pleases him. It is only David who thinks that the great creature lives to guard us from the tempests. And Hebron carries himself in the same giant fashion.

> For I wake in the grey dewy covert, while Hebron upheaves
> The dawn struggling with night on his shoulder, and Kidron retrieves
> Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

Then, at the end of the poem, Browning represents all Nature as full of emotion, gathered into intenser life, by David's prophecy of the coming of immortal love in Christ to man. This sympathy of Nature with humanity is so rare a thought in Browning, and so apart from his view of her, that I think he felt its strangeness himself; and he has taken some pains to make us understand that it is not Nature herself who does this, but David, in his uplifted inspiration, who imputes it to her. If that be not the case, it is at least interesting to find the poet, impassioned by his imagination of the situation, driven beyond his usual thought into another land.

There is one more thing to say in closing this paper. Browning, unlike Tennyson, did not invent his landscapes. He drew direct from nature. The landscapes in *Pauline* and *Sordello*, and in the lyrical poems are plainly recollections of what he has seen and noted in his memory, from the sweep of the mountainous or oceanic horizon to the lichen on the rock and the painted shell on the sea-shore. Even the imaginative landscape of *Childe Roland* is a memory not an invention. I do not say

he would have been incapable of such invented landscape as we find in *Œnone* or the *Lotus Eaters*, but it was not his way to do this. However, he does it once; but he takes pains to show that it is not real landscape he is drawing, but landscape in a picture. In *Gerard de Lairesse*, one of the poems in *Parleyings with certain people*, he sets himself to rival the "Walk" in Lairesse's *Art of Painting*, and he describes as a background to mythological or historic scenes, five landscapes, here invented, of dawn, morning, and noon, evening and falling night. They may be compared with the walk in *Pauline*, and indeed one of them with its deep pool watched over by the trees recalls the same pool in *Pauline*. The sight of it must have been a lasting impression of his youth, for it is again touched on in *Sordello*. These landscapes are some of his noblest work in natural description. They begin with the great thunderstorm of dawn in which Prometheus is seen riveted to his rock and the eagle-hound of Zeus beside him. Then the morning is described and the awakening of the earth and Artemis going forth, the huntress-queen and the queen of death. Then the noon is drawn, with Lyda and the Satyr—that sad story—then evening charged with the fates of empires; and then the night, and in it a vast ghost, the ghost of departing glory and beauty. The descriptions are too long to quote, but far too short to read. I would that Browning had done more of this excellent work; but that these were created when he was an old man proves that the fire of imagination burnt in him to the end. They are full of those keen words in which he smites into expression the central point of a landscape. They realise the glory of light, the force, fierceness, even the quiet of Nature, but they have lost a great deal of the colour of which once he was so lavish. Nevertheless the whole scheme of colour in these pictures, with their figures, recalls to me the pictures of Tintoret. They have his *furia*, his black and gold and sombre purple, his white mist and barred clouds and the thunder-road in his skies. Nor are Prometheus and Artemis, and Lyda on her heap of skins in the deep woods, unworthy of the daring hand of the great Venetian. They seem to stand forth from *his* canvas.

The poem closes with a charming lyric, half-sad, half-joyful, in which he hails the spring, and which in itself is full of his heart when it was close to the hopefulness he drew forth from natural beauty. I quote it to close this paper.

Dance, yellows and whites and reds,—
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

There's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows:
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows.

The mosquito-proof hut in the Roman Campagna in which Dr. Low and Dr. Sambon carried out their experiment

Fighting Malaria

By Herbert Hamilton

AT the present time a stern warfare is being waged against that terribly fatal and widely spread disease known by the name of Malaria.

The name Malaria comes from the Italian "*Mala aria*," *i.e.*, "bad air," and up till a few years ago it was generally considered that it was due to a poison generated by damp soil and rank vegetation under a hot sun.

It was known that malarial fever could not pass either directly from man to man like small-pox or scarlatina, or indirectly through the agency of drinking-water like cholera and typhoid; it was in fact, an "endemic disease," *i.e.*, one adherent to certain localities.

It is now so common a matter of knowledge that certain forms of disease are due to the presence in the body of the patient of certain lowly types of life known by the name of micro-organisms, that we need not enlarge upon it.

Micro-organisms are of two kinds, animal and vegetable. The latter are called "Bacteria," and they are by far the more common. They are present in water, in the air, and in the soil, and it is through their agency that beers, wines and spirits, butter and cheese, etc., are produced.

To Alphonse Laveran belongs the credit of discovering the living organism which is the cause of malaria.

The first step in the discovery was made in the middle of the nineteenth century, when it was ascertained that the seat, or as doctors express it, the "distinguishing pathological product" of the disease was a black substance in the blood and organs of malarial patients; this is the malarial pigment or "melanin."

In the year 1880 Laveran was able to

make the announcement that melanin is produced within the bodies of vast numbers of minute parasites which live in the red blood-corpuscles of the patient. For some time after the establishment of the germ-theory of disease it was not quite clear why the presence of a particular organism caused a particular disease. At first it was thought that the microbes fed upon the nutrient fluids or tissues of the body, but it is now quite certain that the causes of the disease are to be found in the poisons or "toxins" which they either secrete themselves or cause the tissues to secrete.

In the case of malaria, the fact was established that the melanin-secreting parasites were the cause of the fever, and the next question which had to be decided was, "How do the parasites effect an entry into the body?"

Before Laveran had shown that malaria was due to a parasite of the blood it was very generally thought that the disease was caused by the noxious emanations proceeding from the earth, and the natural tendency was to search for the parasite in the water or soil of malarious places. But the difficulties of the search were well nigh insuperable.

In the first place, the organism was not a "bacterium," or plant growth, but an animal parasite, and could not therefore be taken from the living blood and sown on a film of gelatine, as is done with bacteria. When taken from their natural habitation, the blood, the parasites simply perished, and the method of identification common in bacteriological research was therefore of no avail. Direct search in soil or in water seemed to promise no reward, because if the parasite lived in either of these elements it would possess some other form from that which they possessed in the blood. The seeker was in the unenviable position of being totally unaware of the appearance of the object for which he sought.

Some observers endeavoured to solve the problem by attempting to produce

How Italian peasants think to avoid malaria. The aerial dwellings in which they live

malaria by each one in turn of the numerous species of "Protozoa," or single-cell organisms, found in the water and soil of

Tending malarial patients in the Roman Campagna

malarious places, but no success rewarded their labours.

"Such was the state of things at the end of the year 1894. Speaking for myself I can well remember the hopeless feelings with which I then regarded the problem. Fortune, however, was to be kinder to us than I had dared to believe. At this very moment the key to the solution of the problem had already been indicated by Dr. Patrick Manson."

These words were spoken by Major Ronald Ross in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, and it will be seen that he had a great deal to do with the final solution of the problem.

Dr. Manson's investigations showed that in the life-history of the malarial parasite the intervention of a blood-sucking insect was necessary. This parasite has a curious and eventful career. A tiny unicellular organism, it begins its life in a red corpuscle in the body of a patient suffering from malaria. It moves, it grows, it absorbs and assimilates food material, and reproduces itself, and its method of reproduction is by far the most interesting feature in its life-history. It possesses two modes of reproduction, one "endogenous" and the other "exogenous." The former, a non-sexual process, is by spore formation, and the parasite attains maturity in man without the intervention of the mosquito.

The latter is a sexual process which can only be completed by passage through a certain genus of mosquito, *i.e.*, Anopheles. The necessity for the mosquito mode of

The Italian Red Cross Society at work

reproduction for the perpetuation of the organism is quite evident, for if the parasite did not pass from its host into the mosquito it would die on the death of the host, and thus the genus would in time become exterminated.

Dr. Manson's researches showed clearly that in order to attain full development the parasite required to enter the stomach of a blood-sucking insect.

The next step was to discover the insect. The mosquito (the "gnat" of tropical regions) was suggested because of its geographical distribution, its habits and its limitation to swampy areas.

A suggestion is a very different thing from a proof, and accordingly Major Ronald Ross, an officer in the Indian Medical service, set to work, and after years of patient labour succeeded in transforming a brilliant theory into an established truth of science.

The method adopted was to feed gnats of various species on persons suffering from malaria, and then to examine the insects carefully for the parasites which they should contain. The examination of each individual insect was a work of at least two or three hours, but the actual labour involved was the smallest part of the difficulty.

"Both the form," says Dr. Ross, "and the appearance of the object which I was in search of and the species of gnat in which I might expect to find it were absolutely unknown quantities. We could make no attempt to predict the appearance which the parasite would assume in the gnat; while owing to the general distribution of malarial fever in India, the species of insect concerned in the propagation of the disease could scarcely be determined by a comparison of the prevalence of different kinds of gnat at different spots with the prevalence of fever at these spots. In short I was forced to rely simply on the careful examination of hundreds of gnats, first of one species and then of another, all fed on patients suffering from malarial fever in the hope of finding the clue I was in search of."

To enumerate the difficulties and failures of the search is unnecessary here; at length success rewarded Dr. Ross's tireless efforts and the human parasite was found growing in the body of the mosquito of the genus Anopheles.

The Anopheles in biting a malarial patient sucks into its system the parasite which inside its stomach undergoes various developments, and finally on the mosquito biting a healthy individual the parasite is injected into his body and malarial fever results.

Although the majority of medical men were already convinced that malarial infection was transmitted from man to man by means of Anopheles it was thought advisable that some conclusive test should be made.

A hut with a mosquito-proof door

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who has evinced a practical interest in tropical diseases, and to whom the London School of Tropical Medicine owes its origin, consented to provide a mosquito proof hut which was to be set up in the most malarious region of the Roman Compagna if the Council of the School could find two skilled observers willing to occupy it for the whole of the malarial season.

Drs. Louis Sambon and G. C. Low volunteered their services, and accordingly in May 1900, they, together with Signor

Terzi, an Italian artist, and two Italian servants took up their residence in the hut, all the doors and windows of which were protected by wire netting.

From May to October the experimenters lived in the hut. During the daytime they went abroad and mixed with the peasants but an hour before sunset they retreated within the hut and did not leave it again until an hour after sunrise, the reason for this being that Anopheles, in Italy at any rate, bites between these hours and very rarely, if at all, during the daytime.

The result of the experiment was that not one of the occupants of the hut during the months of the test had the slightest touch of malaria. That this immunity was due solely to the precautions taken to avoid being bitten was fairly obvious; but still one more experiment was necessary before the mosquito-malarial theory could be considered as established on a firm basis.

It had been demonstrated that if a man took care not to be bitten by Anopheles, he could live in a malarial district without contracting the fever. It now remained to be proved that malarial fever could be taken by a perfectly healthy person who had never been in a locality where malaria was common, provided he were bitten by the malarial parasite-bearing mosquito.

Mr. P. T. Manson, a son of Dr. Patrick Manson, nobly offered himself as the subject of the experiment. He was bitten vigorously by Anopheles mosquitoes which had been fed on patients suffering from malaria in the Sano Spirito Hospital in Rome; he contracted the fever and malarial parasites were found in his blood. Mr. Manson, fortunately, soon recovered, the parasites in his blood being destroyed by quinine.

It may therefore be taken as proved that mosquitoes (and only Anopheles mosquitoes) are capable of transmitting malarial fevers, and that protection from their bite implies absolute immunity.

It remains to describe the methods that are now being employed in almost all parts of the world where malaria is prevalent for the stamping out of this terrible disease.

Up till now no practicable method of producing artificial immunity from malaria has been devised and the prevention of the disease may thus be best accomplished in the following ways:

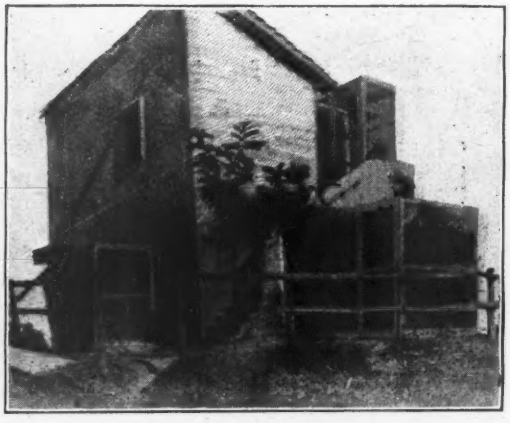
(1) Suppression of Mosquitoes;

(2) Prevention of Infection *of* Mosquitoes;

(3) Prevention of Infection *by* Mosquitoes.

A word may be said on each of these three methods.

(1) *Suppression of Mosquitoes.*—The extirpation of mosquitoes in districts where malaria is common appears a very gigantic task, but serious attempts in this direction are now being made in many of our colonies and in foreign countries.



A house with mosquito-proof doors and windows

The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine has sent out several "Anti-Anopheles Crusades" to West Africa, and the crusaders are making a great effort to banish the mosquito from certain malarious areas in those Crown colonies which have been called "The White Man's Grave." Major Ross is confident that in time West Africa will be made as healthy as India.

The chief work of the Crusaders will be the abolition and the prevention of the formation of the special type of pool in which the mosquitoes breed by drainage, and the destruction, both of the mosquito larvæ and of the places where they breed.

If a town can be kept clear of mosquitoes, the necessity for such disagreeable things as quinine and window screens will be obviated, and all classes of the community will be benefited. The addition to the mere comfort of life in the tropics will be great owing to the disappearance of these terrible pests, and it is even likely that the destruction of mosquitoes will bring about the destruction of other noisome insects, such as sandflies, etc.

(2) *Prevention of Infection of Mosquitoes.*—If Anopheles is unable to bite a malarial patient it cannot transmit the disease to any human being.

Malaria, or "Ague," as it is termed, was once common in England; it has now died out, and although there are as many Anopheles in England to-day as ever, they cannot produce the disease, simply because they can obtain no fresh supply of the parasite.

In certain German colonies quinine has been given to a whole community with the object of eradicating the germs of malaria in infected human beings. This measure is both expensive and disagreeable and under British law can hardly be enforced.

All malarial patients should be scrupulously guarded from mosquito bite by the use of nets, etc., and care should be taken to prevent Anopheles from gaining access to hospitals.

(3) *Prevention of Infection by Mosquitoes.*—This can be accomplished by making all dwellings mosquito-proof, by filling in doors, windows, ventilators and all similar openings by wire gauze and by advising all who have to be about at night, to wear gloves, veils, etc.

Although absolute security from mosquito-bite in ordinary life cannot be obtained, it is quite possible by judicious, and not very irksome, protection enormously to reduce the liability and so minimise the chances of malarial infection.

How Lord Rosebery's Speech was Reported

By John Pendleton

LORD ROSEBERY is a serious statesman, but he could scarcely refrain from smiling at the inadvertent comment made by one newspaper on his speech in Edinburgh, four years ago. The proof-reader, getting the last paragraph, when weary, long after midnight, wrote "Thank God" at the end of it. The compositor, faithfully following the "copy," dealt with the thankful exclamation as a correction, and tacked it on to the paragraph, which, in the next issue, read: "At the conclusion of his speech Lord Rosebery left for the south—thank God!" Probably the proof-readers in other daily newspaper offices were in a similar frame of mind on the night Lord Rosebery visited Chesterfield, and delivered, in the railway shed near the historic West Bars, his notable speech on "Efficiency and Empire." Whatever the political effect of his lordship's utterance, it was unusually interesting, because of the difficulties that Nature flung in the way of the journalists instructed to record it, and the enterprise they showed in overcoming hindrances to its transit.

Wires Broken by Storm

The snowstorm in the middle of December wrought havoc among the overhead wires throughout the kingdom, and for several days telegraphic communication was interrupted, or altogether impossible between London and many of the northern cities. In consequence of the telegraphic breakdown the newspapers were obliged to express regret at the scantiness of their news supply. Business men were in a worse plight. They

were driven, by the freaks of the storm, to the exasperating necessity of sending their telegrams by train! On one or two circuits messages went through; but the service was erratic, and many of the telegrams, forwarded at the sender's risk, were belated, or never arrived. In the midst of the commercial clamour for underground telegraphic communication, to avoid storm and maintain the current of trade, every effort was made to repair the overhead wires, particularly in the Midlands, in view of Lord Rosebery's speech; but the proprietors of the daily newspapers, and the managers of the press agencies, were doubtful as to the capacity of the Telegraph Department to cope with the verbatim reports. Consequently the most elaborate arrangements were made to convey the "copy" from the place of meeting to the various newspaper offices.

Newspaper "Copy" by Special Trains

For many years even the most influential daily journals had depended mainly on the Press Association to supply the long reports of statesmen's speeches, sending perhaps a descriptive writer to give an introductory column of comment; but the damage to the wires, in almost every direction, shook confidence in the established custom, and several newspaper proprietors resorted to the practice that obtained, prior to the use of the telegraph for press work, of chartering special trains to bring back the reporters, and the "copy" of the speech ready for the printers. The three Manchester daily newspapers indulged in the luxury of special trains, the *Manchester Guardian* sending a reporting corps of six men to the meeting. There were several other special trains practically at the convenience of journalists, including one for Birmingham, and two for London.

A Notable Journey

Memorable train runs, with "copy" for the newspapers, were not unknown in the last century. In 1845 Sir James Allport, remembered as the general manager of the Midland Railway, travelled by relays of trains, from Sunderland to London, and back again, between five o'clock in the evening and ten o'clock the next morning, taking to the *Times* office, the figures indicating the election of Hudson, the "Railway King." He stayed in London two hours, and returned to Sunderland with a number of copies of the leading journal containing not only the result of the contest, but an article commenting upon it, and he actually arrived at the voting-place before the declaration of the poll, greatly mystifying the people at his production of the papers giving the information that had not yet been publicly proclaimed.

First on the Engine

In the later forties journalistic rivalry was keen; and one of the South Eastern engine-drivers has given a frank insight into the newspaper methods of the time. "No telegraph," he says, "till 1848. The *Times* newspaper and the *Herald* paid £5 a night, and £5 a day for an engine to stand at Folkestone to take the news up, at the time of the French Revolution, when the boat came in. They paid £30 for the return up, and the reporters raced one another from the landing-place. If one of them got his foot on the engine it was his train, and away we went without waiting for the carriage. Once the *Herald* man got before us, and the *Times* man was terribly annoyed. 'I will give you £3 if you can get in front of him,' he said; and I did it, swiftly running ahead, while the other engine was taking water, half-way, in a siding."

Like Princes

Though the special trains were sent out of Chesterfield Station, after the Rosebery meeting, amid great commotion, they did not develop so much dramatic incident in travel as the engine that enabled the *Times* man to outwit his rival. Nevertheless the resort to special trains as "copy" carriers for the newspapers was a notable incident in the journalistic enterprise of the new century. Anyhow the two journalists who had a special train to themselves, on the return journey to Manchester, could hardly object to what Mr. Chamberlain styles the policy

of "splendid isolation." For an hour they travelled like princes at the rate of about a sovereign a mile!

An Amicable Arrangement

The telephone has gradually come into use, especially between the London and home offices of the provincial papers, as a transmitter of news, and the Scotch and other dailies proposed to avail themselves of it, at all events, as a helper in the despatch of Lord Rosebery's speech; but their intentions were frustrated by the storm and they had to depend on the telegraphic service, or the special efforts of their own staffs. Probably for the first time in history, in order to minimise in some degree the crush of matter at the local telegraph office, the representatives of the Press Association, and the reporters of the Central News, twelve men in all, joined hands, and sent the same message through to the papers on their lists —quite a unique example of the "lion lying down with the lamb."

Crowding Pressmen

Mr. Gladstone, in the zenith of his political power and oratorical fame, could count on the attendance of a greater number of journalists than any other speaker; but the crowd of pressmen at the Rosebery meeting was singularly large, owing partly to the newspaper importance of his Lordship's utterance, but chiefly to the determination to get the speech into the first editions at any cost. The meeting was attended by one hundred and thirty pressmen—leader writers, descriptive writers, and artists, including Maxwell of the *Standard*, Massingham of the *Daily News*, Emery of the *Morning Post*, and Seppings Wright, of the *Illustrated London News*. In the throng of reporters there were sets of men doing verbatim reports for their own particular papers; but the only "ring" formed, so far as the writer is aware, was that organised by Mr. S. G. Harrison, chief reporter of the *Sheffield Telegraph*, who writes: "The 'ring' included reporters from the *Yorkshire Post*, *Sheffield Telegraph*, *Bradford Observer*, and *Nottingham Guardian*. I enclose the original time-table:—

"THE RING"

Two Minute Turns Please

Howarth	.	A	K	T	DD	NN	XX	GGG
Hutcheson	.	B	L	V	EE	OO	YY	HHH
Toplis	.	C	M	W	FF	PP	ZZ	JJJ
Cornwall	.	D	N	X	GG	QQ	AAA	KKK
Robinson	.	E	O	Y	HH	RR	BBB	LLL
Baker	.	F	P	Z	JJ	SS	CCC	MMM
Eaton	.	G	Q	AA	KK	TT	DDD	NNN
Martin	.	H	R	BB	LL	VV	EEE	OOO
Huxtable	.	J	S	CC	MM	WW	FFF	

"Nine reporters took notes of the speech, two men collected and arranged the 'flimsy' slips (each reporter requiring a copy), and I acted as time-keeper. We had two-minute turns, and the speech lasted two hours. Three reporters left to catch trains, consequently the formation of the 'ring' was slightly altered; but we closed the verbatim report of the speech on 'Section OOO,' in sixty-one shorthand turns of two minutes each. The speech made a little over seven columns in the newspapers, and the 'ring' work was completed—the reporting was finished—exactly twelve minutes after Lord Rosebery had concluded."

Skilful Method

The "ring" time-table contains the names of the reporters, and their alphabetical working letters, together with the instruction as to the duration of each man's shorthand turn. It is passed from hand to hand, round the "ring" at the beginning of the meeting; and when the statesman rises to speak every reporter knows what to do, and how to do it. With nine experienced men the task of reporting the speech is comparatively easy, though the time-table on the face of it, looks almost as bewildering as the cabalistic signs that Flinders Petrie digs out of ancient Egypt. The apparent jumble of letters after each man's name, read downward, is no longer a jumble, but the alphabet in sequence, finally doubled, and trebled; and the letters indicate the method by which the nine reporters can, in two hours, skilfully get through what the novice might consider an impossible feat—report in shorthand, and transcribe into longhand, for the use of the

telegraphists and the printers, a statesman's speech, almost as fast as he utters it.

The Secret of Achievement

Organisation is the secret of achievement. The "ring" is organised to a nicety, and works in this way. Immediately Lord Rosebery begins to speak, Mr. Howarth takes a shorthand note of his words for two minutes, then desists, and proceeds to transcribe the shorthand signs into readable English. The other eight reporters, also, in turn, each take a shorthand note for two minutes. Consequently Mr. Howarth has sixteen minutes' latitude before the chief of the "ring" calls upon him to take his second shorthand turn. He has, in fact, more than a quarter of an hour in which to transcribe the two-minute shorthand turn. An expert shorthand writer and transcriber, —particularly with a moderate speaker like Lord Rosebery, who is only occasionally rapid in delivery—he does the work without strain, marking the last sheet of his longhand copy; "End of Section A; Section B follows."

Continuity

Mr. Hutcheson, Mr. Toplis, Mr. Cornwall, and the other members of the "ring" also take shorthand notes, and transcribe their notes into longhand, systematically, according to the time-table, in similar fashion, each man being careful to denote when his section ends, and what section follows, so that the speech, with this section letter guidance for the telegraphist and the compositor, preserves its continuity, or, as the pressman puts it, "reads on," absolutely without break, till the orator finishes, and the man on the last turn writes: "Loud and continued cheers, during which his Lordship resumed his seat, having spoken exactly two hours."

By Telegraph

Fortunately an hour before Lord Rosebery began to speak, the wires were available from Chesterfield to London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, Sheffield, Nottingham, Cardiff, Bristol, and other towns west and south. A room in the Market Hall had been converted, for the night, into the special telegraph office, and fitted with fourteen Wheatstone instruments, a staff of no fewer than thirty-four operators being engaged in the transmission of the messages. The first "wire" was handed in at ten minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon, and the last half an hour after midnight. The press-messages bulked to 234,230 words, and were clear of the instruments by quarter past one o'clock in the morning.

Successful Effort

Considering the patchwork condition of the wires the transmissions were creditable to the telegraphic staff; but some of the pressmen, though usually imperturbable, were in a state of nervous tension lest their messages should not get through. In one or two newspaper offices there was bungling owing to the over-eager dovetailing of Press Association and special train "copy"; but the speech appeared in the newspapers with comparatively few blunders, and though not nearly so long as some of Mr. Gladstone's efforts, was a remarkable example, so far as the reporting and despatch of it, of what can be done in a dual fight against time and the elements.

The Salvage of the "Spindrift"

By Frank T. Bullen

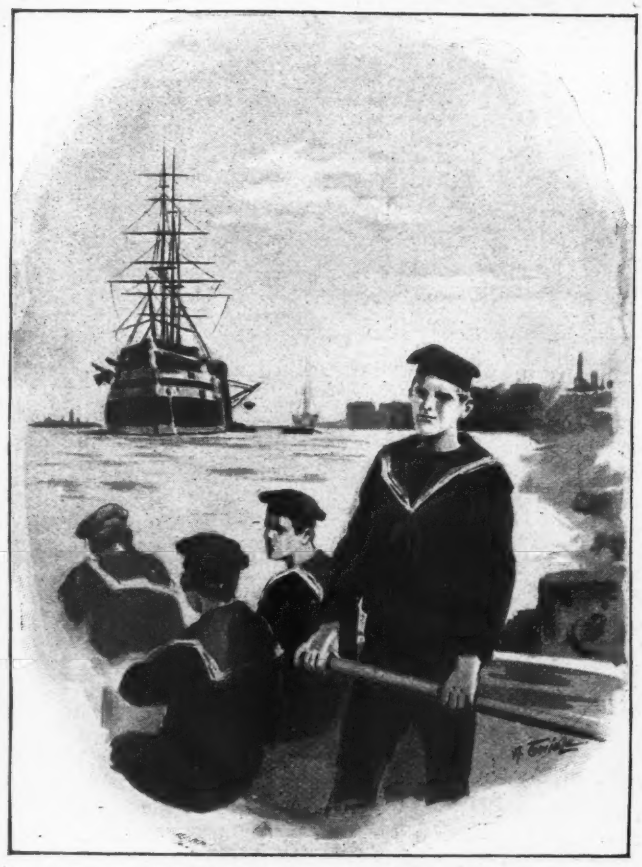
Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

THERE may possibly have been prouder men in England than William Russell on the 1st of July 1881, but I doubt it exceedingly. For when he had mastered the contents of the blue envelope handed him by his landlady that bright summer morning he knew that, at the age of twenty-eight, the summit of his ambition was attained—he had been appointed master of the just built *Titan*, grandest of all the grand sailing-ships owned by the firm he had served so gladly during the last eventful twelve years. His eyes brimmed over with the moisture of true happiness, his fine form stiffened involuntarily, and the beatings of his heart were accelerated as if by some strong stimulant. And then, strange to say (alas that it should be strange!), he dropped upon his knees, his right hand still clutching the letter, and murmured, "Thank you, dear Father, thank you with all my soul. You've given me my heart's desire; give me, too, the manliness to fill this manly office as you would have it filled; to be, in spite of my youth, a father under your guidance to my men, and grant that the *Titan* may be a good ship, well manned, and successful in every way, because you are in supreme command."

Truly young Russell had great cause for thankfulness, although we all know to our sorrow that, among the majority of us under similar circumstances, thankfulness by no means follows as a matter of course. He had been found an infant orphan in a slum room in Spitalfields, his father, a poor costermonger, having died three months previous of pneumonia, and his mother having been run over in Whitechapel Road and killed on the morning of the day when he was found. There was nothing upon her poor body whereby she could be identified, and so she slipped anonymously from a world where she was not wanted.

The baby's hungry cry brought to the door of the room where he lay a poor journeyman cobbler with a fine fund of common sense. Taking in the situation at a glance he fed the tiny man, and determined to wait by his side until morning, when, if no one came to claim him, he should be carried off to the police station, where the best for him would surely be done. So it befell that in the morning the cobbler carried baby to the ugly brick building at the corner of Plum Street and left him with a blue-coated Samaritan, who that same day found him a shelter by the aid of a lady who was deeply interested in Police Missions because of the many opportunities of doing good they put in her way.

And so, kept clear of the horrible workhouse taint, that seems to poison the very springs of child-life, William Russell grew up a bright, sturdy, well-educated boy, and choosing the sea for a livelihood was duly entered on the books of the *Warspite*. Here he did as well as he had done at school, a fine bright lad, full of fun and vivacity, but clean-minded and eager to seize every opportunity for improvement. When his term had expired, the influence of his patroness, backed by her payment of a heavy premium (though that he never knew about), obtained him a berth as an apprentice in one of the fine ships of the "Battle-axe" line of sailing clippers to the East, an outfit was given him, and he was launched under the fairest of auspices. But beyond and above all these advantages he possessed within himself a motive force that would have raised him to a prominent position anywhere. Still it is rare to find such a lad meet with such openings; when one does, the results are generally delightful to witness.



William Russell choosing the sea for a livelihood was duly entered on the books of the "Warspite"

Will Russell was always a manly fellow, with a rare power of compelling affection, not merely from his equals but his superiors, and so no one was surprised when, in the beginning of his last (fourth) year of apprenticeship, he was made third mate. Immediately upon reaching home he "passed," and was chosen by his captain for second mate over the heads of a dozen older candidates for the post. He made two twelvemonth voyages in this capacity, when the mate was removed to another ship and he was at once promoted also. Then came a long period of standing still, that is, without being promoted, but all the time—four years—Will was gaining experience in the best of all schools—his character was developing, his Christianity was deepening, until, in the last year of his mate's service, he stood on the forecastle-head of his ship, leaving the South West India Dock, one of the finest specimens of the British seaman that ever graced such a position.

They were bound, as usual, to Calcutta, with the prospect of going thence to Australia for coal to be carried to San Francisco, whence they would bring wheat home. And as the vessel moved majestically riverwards under the steady suasion of a small tug, Will's eyes roamed lovingly over her graceful top hamper, the intricate tracery of masts, yards, and rigging towering skywards, proudly conscious that there was no single rope or sail there with whose condition he was not perfectly acquainted from his long and earnest study of the good ship in which he had spent all his seafaring life. He was quite happy, for he loved his profession, had learned to rejoice in all its marvellous uplifting possibilities, and the thought of wishing to be otherwise employed, to leave sea service for land, never so much as entered his head. Besides, he was perfectly contented with his lot, while of course legitimately eager to reach the top of the tree. And when that night, as he paced the quarter-deck with his good friend the captain, the latter asked him if he did not feel weary of waiting for his step, he replied brightly that while he was as well off as now he did not think it would be sensible to worry about getting higher.

A pleasant uneventful run brought them down south to those stern regions where the "brave West winds" hold high carnival, and the *Meteor*, as she had done so often before, sped rejoicingly eastwards before the rising gale, as if in conscious power to hold her own with any storm that ever blew. Louder howled the wind, higher rose the fierce following sea, until one night in the middle watch the noble vessel was fleeing like a hunted thing through the solid blackness, which was only heightened, not dispelled, by the phosphorescent glare arising from the hissing heads of the mighty breaking waves that kept pace with her as if hungry to devour her. Beautifully she did her duty, and yet it looked as if something must soon be done in the way of heaving her to, for the wind was becoming too strong for any canvas to withstand, and yet if sufficient speed was not kept up she must be overtaken by the raging sea and probably destroyed. So Will and his skipper gravely discussed the situation, until suddenly, with an awful roar, wind and sea leapt out from abeam with apparently redoubled violence, a vast blackness of water topped with green flame towered high above their heads, and with a crash like an avalanche she broached-to—the man at the helm having fallen in a fit and let the wheel go.

Out of that terrible overwhelming the *Meteor* emerged, owing to her splendid construction, still sound in hull but sadly damaged; bulwarks gone, spars torn from their lashings, deck-houses started, and, worst of all, captain and two men, one of whom was the hapless helmsman, gone. Will's left arm was broken in two places, but, in spite of that and the rudeness of the only surgery possible at such a time, he kept his post, lashed to the poop-rail, and issued the necessary orders as pleasantly and calmly as ever. Fortunately for all, having survived her broaching-to, she now lay, as seamen say, "like a duck," lifting gently to the ravening seas in reassuring fashion, while the hardly bestead men crept cautiously about her denuded decks, doing their best to repair the most dangerous of the damage done.

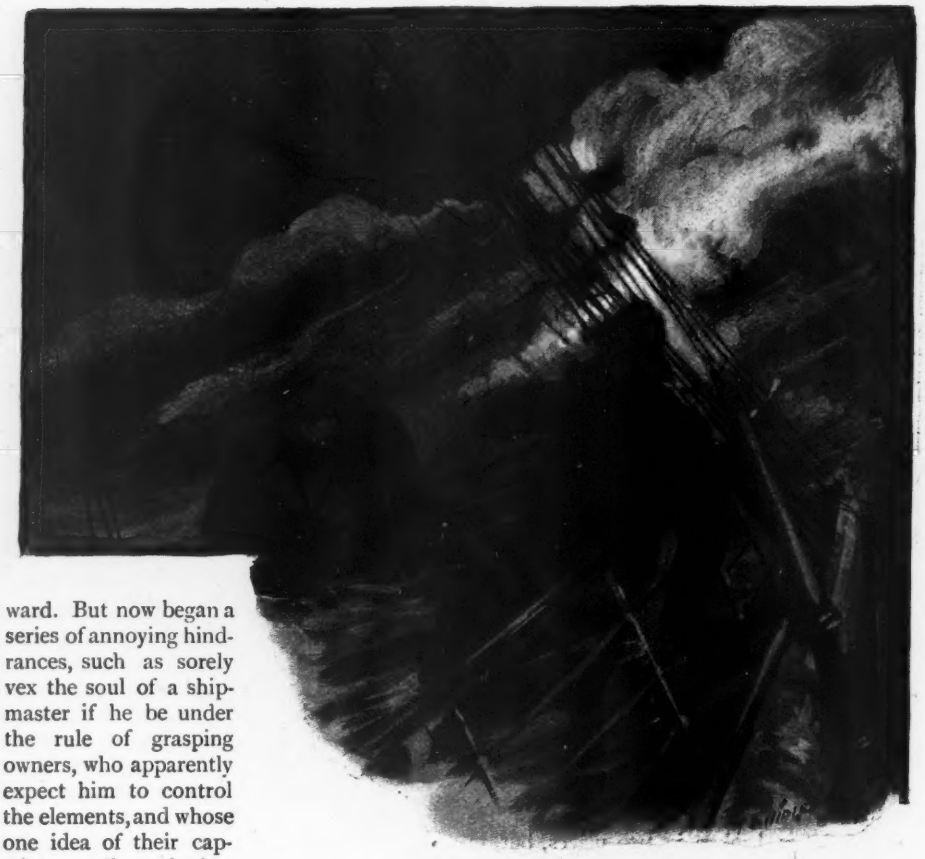
The gale took off, and Will, as soon as he was able to get sail on her, edged her away north into finer weather, where, by dint of unsparing toil, carried on with wonderful goodwill under his cheery inspiration, the crew speedily made their ship capable of continuing her voyage. So well, indeed, did they do their part that the passage to Calcutta was accomplished in 105 days, beating another similar ship that had sailed from London about the same time as themselves, and had met with no accident, by a fortnight!

A most successful and comfortable voyage followed under Will's command, the owners confirming him in this brevet position by cable. And when he reached home he found that the fame of his exploit had preceded him, which, added to his splendid record of service for the owners, determined them, contrary to all precedent, to appoint him, their youngest master, to the latest and finest of their ships just launched, the *Titan*.

Now, in addition to his pride and delight at becoming captain of so grand a ship, there was another reason for his joy—he was in love with a dear girl thoroughly worthy of him, and this stroke of prosperity would enable him to marry and take his bride on a honeymoon voyage. No wonder he was glad, and when, two months later, he stood on the quarter-deck of the *Titan*, gazing with utmost complacency upon her broad expanse of deck, her glittering brasswork, her long stretches of highly varnished teak adornments, her mighty spread of yards and masts, and then let his eyes fall upon the sweet young wife at his side, his cup of happiness ran over, and he heaved a sigh as if in foreboding that it must surely be necessary for his highest welfare to introduce some compensating sorrows into all this joy.

But he dismissed the thought as unworthy of entertainment by him after all his experience of the following mercies of his life, and murmuring under his breath, "Thank God, thank God for all," shook off his reverie and resumed his active interest in the work of getting his great ship out of dock. Everything went as smoothly as possible, his watchful care having omitted no precaution calculated to make his new ship's first departure a successful one. And he was aided by a magnificent crew, his owners being men who begrudged no reasonable expense in the manning and provisioning of their ships.

So, favoured by all the circumstances, the *Titan* sped sweetly seaward until she cleared the land, and with all her vast wings flung abroad to the favouring wind headed southward. But now began a series of annoying hindrances, such as sorely vex the soul of a shipmaster if he be under the rule of grasping owners, who apparently expect him to control the elements, and whose one idea of their captain's excellence is that he makes a quick passage. Will was not thus situated, his owners were not merely reasonable men but kind, eager to see any extenuating circumstances even for those who were undoubtedly to blame. Yet so anxious was Captain Russell to distinguish himself as eminently worthy of the high honour he had received, that when the fair wind failed and its place was taken by a series of fitful gusts from all round the compass, this exasperating condition of things lasting for a whole week, that his sunny temper suffered and he became nervously irritable, a frame of mind he had never before exhibited. His wife wondered, his officers exchanged confidences upon the subject, but none of them knew how sorely he was being tested whether he could bear a set-back well. At last, when off the Western Islands ("And we ought to have been nearly down to the Line by now, fourteen days out," he said bitterly), the vacillating airs suddenly seemed, as if in obedience to some mysterious command, to focus their forces in the westward. A gale arose steadily, sternly, so far to the southward of west that the *Titan* could



He kept his post lashed to the poop-rail, and issued his orders

not nearly lay her course. It increased in force until even that splendid ship, with her perfectly stayed masts, her equipment satisfactory as skill and science could secure its being, was compelled to lie fore-reaching for a whole week under a mere rag of canvas laced in among the shrouds of the weather mizzen rigging. Never in all his experience had Captain Russell experienced a gale like that in the North Atlantic. Only off Cape Horn, he had thought, was such a long, fierce, and persistent storm possible. And his heart grew sick with suspense, for not only was his young wife seriously ill from the incessant tumbling about of the lively ship, but a perfect epidemic of ailments set in among his crew. And this is difficult of explanation to shore folk. For by an epidemic I do not mean such a disease as smallpox or cholera, but an unfortunate series of minor yet disabling complaints and accidents which often seem to set in together on board ship during bad weather. It follows, of course, that when this is the case, as in the *Titan*, the work of the ship, and consequently her progress, is materially hindered from the impossibility of maintaining the necessary smartness in making or shortening sail.

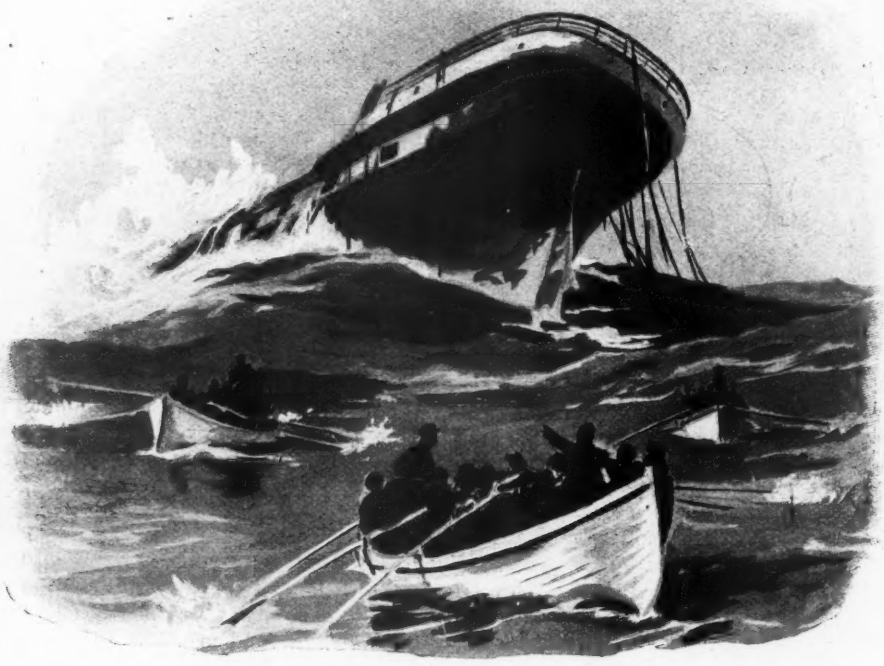
To say that Willie was much worried would be a feeble statement of the condition of his mind. Like most of us under similar hindering conditions, he thought, "I wouldn't have minded it so much at any other time, but now——" And then he set his teeth and went doggedly about his duties, but with a certain indefinite idea that God was not treating him justly rankling in his heart. Poor man, it was doubtless a trying time, but there were others on board the *Titan* who were being more hardly entreated than he, and without the same consolations afforded him—men in the forecastle who were suffering bodily as well as mentally, while destitute of all comfort, and looked scowlingly upon by those who had to do the work of others as well as their own.

One weary day succeeded another until at last that savage gale blew itself out, and was succeeded by a grey, uneasy calm, in which the *Titan* tumbled restlessly about, slatting her new canvas to muslin because of the old swell. Two days of this Willie had to endure, and then came the N.E. trades, well to the northward in direction, with splendid force, and bringing lovely weather. But no sooner had Willie set the course for the proper Line crossing at that time of year than he was summoned below to the bedside of his wife, who, now fairly convalescent, had been enjoying a brief slumber. Hastening down he was astounded to hear her say, "Willie dear, you must steer due east." For some time he could not speak, but gazed breathlessly at the sweet face, which was full of anxiety. "Why, my dear one, whatever are you talking about?" said he; "our course is S.S.W., and, goodness knows, we need to make great speed along it unless we want to have one of the longest passages on record. Besides, Lucy, what can you know of navigation? I do hope you're not light-headed." "I think not," she replied; "but when I woke just now I had the most vivid recollection of having seen a great ship with four masts, all broken off not very high above the deck, with a great hole in her bows, and men at work pumping, while others were down below trying to strengthen a sort of iron wall which kept the water that was coming in through the broken bows from filling the ship. But they didn't look very hopeful of succeeding, and the men at the pumps also seemed very down-hearted. Then I saw, in the captain's cabin aft, an elderly man, with a long grey beard, kneeling at a table, and praying, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, that God in His mercy would send some ship to their rescue. I woke, and sent for you."

It was a tremendous trial for Willie, who, a most earnest Christian man, had not a grain of superstition about him; in fact, strong practical common sense was the leading feature of his character. Yet, somehow, he felt he could not disregard the entreaty of his wife, could not refuse to see in this dream of hers something quite out of the ordinary course of events. And in this perplexity of mind and anxiety to do his duty towards his employers he took the only wise course: he went straight to God with it. In five minutes relief of mind came—he had decided to alter his course for twenty-four hours to east, and springing on deck he

gave the necessary orders to the officer of the watch, to that gentleman's evident consternation and the wonder of all hands. The course once altered and the sails trimmed, he told the officers, who, as it was just eight bells (8 P.M.), were relieving one another, what his reasons were for this apparently unreasonable proceeding. And when the watch mustered he addressed a few words to the men, being of opinion that the more you treat a crew like reasoning beings and the less like machines the better it will be for the welfare of all hands.

Away sped the splendid *Titan* at a great rate with every stitch of canvas set and drawing its best. She was a veritable Argus too, for every man of the watch was on the look-out, two being posted on the fore-yard. Needless, perhaps, to say that the captain could not sleep. But as the long night hours passed leadenly away his assurance that he was doing right deepened, until, when morning broke and he heard the cry of "Sail ho, right ahead, sir!" came ringing down from the fore-yard, he had become so certain of his being heaven-directed that he gave no start of surprise. All who could crowded on deck, want of rest disregarded, and all their eyes were fixed upon the rapidly rising ship ahead. Soon, very soon to their practised eyes, it was evident that something must be wrong with her by the rapidity with which they were nearing her, as she was certainly not heading in their direction. Excitement and interest deepened as it was made out that she was dismasted, and it culminated when Captain Russell declared that she was down by the head!



With a shudder like the death-throe of some vast sea monster heaved up her stern and slid swiftly beneath the inscrutable blue waves

By the time the sun was fairly up they were within hailing distance of her, making her out to be the four-masted ship *Spindrift*, bound to Melbourne with general cargo and fifty passengers, her bows smashed in by collision with a large steamship which had gone on her way and left them to their fate. Both sides of her bows were stove in, showing gaping chasms large enough to admit a ship's jolly-boat, and the sullen sea was rolling in and out as if she were already its prey.

All the boats that could be manned were lowered, at the earnest request of the *Spindrift's* captain, for the immediate transference of his passengers and crew, as the forward bulkhead, which alone kept her from sinking, was buckling so seriously from the tremendous pressure of water against it that it might go at any minute. So no time was lost in the work of mercy; yet so slow is boating work carried on at sea by ordinary merchant seamen that the morning was far advanced before the salvage of life and personal belongings was complete. The last to leave, as customary, was the captain, who, as he stepped into the boat, shouted "Pull for your lives, men; I've just heard the bulkhead go!" And sure enough, ere they had gone a hundred fathoms, that mighty ship, with a shudder like the death-throe of some vast sea monster, heaved up her stern and slid swiftly beneath the inscrutable blue waves, leaving for a few moments a perfect maelstrom of tormented water above her.

When the great business of providing shelter and accommodation for this large accession of numbers was over, the two captains met in private, and Willie learned that Captain Spencer, who, like himself, was a sincere Christian, had really given up all hope, knowing as he did the weakness of that bulkhead; but that, while he was fervently praying that help might come for the sake of those under his charge, he suddenly received a mysterious assurance that all would be well. So certain was he, that the sight of his deliverer at dawn on the last day gave him no surprise.

Two days after the saved crew were landed at Orotava, and the *Titan* pursued her way with such favouring winds that, in spite of the long preliminary delay, she made the best passage to Calcutta of any sailing-ship during the year—95 days. More, she arrived at a most opportune time. Freights were away up; and in one month she was homeward bound again with a cargo returning her owners as much profit as, in these competitive times, they usually expected from two voyages.

St. Patrick's Day

[On March 17, 1901, the Irish soldiers were allowed to place a wreath of shamrock on the late Queen's tomb in the mausoleum at Frogmore.]

For the brave—a gift; for the dead—a tear:
Was there aught undone that she might have done?
Nay; she wept with us o'er the soldier's bier,
And she smiled with us for the victory won.
And the gift she gave with a royal hand
Was the triple leaf of a queenly life.
And the honour fell to the sister-land,
Yea; to every son on the field of strife.

'Twas a year of sorrow—a day of tears,
When the people mourned for their Mother-Queen,
And they gazed through vistas of noble years—
'Twas *her* wish, they said—so they wore the green.
To the House of Peace—to the Royal Dead
Came the Irish Guards, with a shamrock spray,
And they laid it there—on her marble bed,
'Twas her soldiers' gift—on St. Patrick's Day.

May Rowland.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for March

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

RIGHT THOUGHTS OF GOD

THERE remains yet one question for us to ask before we close this survey of St. James' teaching. We have asked, What were his views of life? What were his views of man? We now ask, What were his thoughts about God?

This is the supreme question, however we may reach it; for the answer to it must influence our feelings and ideas on many other matters. In the teaching of Jesus Christ the thought of God held the central place. It was the axle on which all human life ought to revolve; it was the thought out of which all moral conduct seemed to emerge, for it was the heart of the moral law. Take it away and the commandments become, if not valueless, at least meaningless. The first and great commandment was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind (Matt. xxii. 37). The love which Christ here set forth as the pivot of all worthy obedience was a love which in His view was spontaneous. Our Lord knew enough of human nature to know that love could not be enforced: the heart with all its waywardness and foolishness was yet free. The commandment to love, however, was not unreasonable; it did not stand as a coercive fiat: it stood, as it were, rooted in the nature of things. Those who were taught to pray Our Father were taught to see in God the Fountain of their being, the author of all light, joy, and capacity; the One whose love was the provoking cause of all other love; the One, therefore, to whom the hearts and souls of men turned as it were by a law of their being; God, the Father of the soul, was the only final and complete resting-place of the soul. The soul, though it knew not the meaning of its thirst, was yet, like the Psalmist's, athirst for the living God. For it there was no other refuge, and therefore the awakened spirit could cry—Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee: my heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. (Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26.) When we realise this fundamental relation between the soul and God, we feel how natural indeed is Christ's declaration that the first and great commandment, is "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God"; for the loving of God is just the realisation of what He is to us: it is the realisation that there is no true life without Him, that in Him we do most truly live, move, and have our being.

It is not therefore a vain thing to ask what are a man's thoughts of God. If God be to us a far-off sovereign, "wrapped in the solitary amplitudes of boundless space," He will be but a misty and fearsome figure which occasionally projects the dark shadow of Himself across our life. If God be to us the inexorable judge who knows no mercy and can show no pity, then we shall regard Him as little other than that inevitable fate which can crush but cannot redeem us. But if God be the joyous, active, loving, wise, and just being, who has placed us in the world, because He loves us, for our good, making it a world of education, and enabling us through the very vicissitudes of things to climb up into His likeness; if He be the God who not only makes a goal for us, but seeks to co-operate with us in reaching that goal, then He is one with whom we can have personal relationship, and the realisation of Him in His wisdom and goodness is as new strength to our life.

It is then well to ask What are St. James' thoughts about God? If I mistake not, St. James' thoughts about God range themselves in three groups—God is light; God is righteous; God is love. We do not, it is

true, find these statements in so many words, but the drift of St. James' teaching on the subject will be found, as we proceed, to be embodied in these three propositions.

SECOND SUNDAY

LIGHT

(1) GOD IS LIGHT

We feel that we are not overstating St. James' position in this case. He does not, like St. John, declare at once God is Light (1 John i. 5), but he does give utterance to the remarkable and incontestable saying, "Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning" (i. 17). He who is the Father of Lights is Himself a light which knows no change, and where He is no shadows fall. The shadows which drop across our pathway and which cast obscurity upon our minds arise from our position in this world of trial. The shadows are where we stand, and not where God is.

It is true enough that there are dark things in the world which are very real to us, and which are meant—shall we say?—to be realised by us. Some of these we can understand. We can, for instance, understand that suffering may subserve good; and we know that the discipline of hardship strengthens and consolidates character. But there are other phenomena which appear to us as violations of moral order. At times it seems as though God tolerated evil, and as though the laws of the world worked in favour of the bad. The faith of St. James lifts him above this plane of thought; he believes that in the presence of God there dwells a light in which all dark things are absorbed; or rather, that could we be transported to the platform of heaven every shadow cast by the unstable things of earth would disappear. The shadows are here, where we are: in the centre of all things, by the throne on which God sits, there are no shadows. In other words, St. James teaches what St. John teaches—that God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all (1 John i. 5).

Naturally, at first sight this seems to be more speculative than practical. It may be true that there is a sunlit centre of all things which is free from shadow, and touched by no darkness at all; but such a place is far removed from us: from the nature of the case it is inaccessible to us who are creatures of time and space, doomed to live amid the ever-shifting lights which create ever-lengthening shadows as they move. Does it help us very much to be told of that noontide spot which can never be invaded by darkness? But to think thus is to forget the form in which St. James has put his thoughts. To him indeed God is Light, and from His presence all darkness is banished. But he does not suggest this arid truth as the ground of comfort. He is clearly trying to make his disciples realise and rest upon the character of God. He is dealing with the case of the man who is inclined to throw the blame of his failures upon God: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God." Let such a man look into his own nature, and search there for the causes of failure. He will find that not God but desire has been the tempter. Looking within, a man will find strenuously tempting desires; looking above, he may realise that God, from His very nature, can give forth good and only good. The good which God gives may be misused by man, but it is not therefore any the less good. He gives the lights which rule the day and the night. Whatever beautiful, pure, and brilliant power shines on the world, is a gift of God; and more, is, if rightly understood, the pledge of His goodness. It is to the changeless goodness of the divine character that St. James leads us back. The sunlit and shadowless centre of all things is not mere cloudless splendour; it is unsullied good. The security of man does not lie in the greatness of God, still less in any barren truth which may be advanced about Him: it lies in the character of God. We can rest secure, because He is what He is: He is good in His very nature, and therefore it is inconceivable that He should tempt any man to evil. God being God, man may feel sure that the laws of life's game are fair and just. The light in which He dwells is no mere dazzling splendour: it is the light of goodness, truth,

right, justice. Thus it is back to the fundamental ethics of existence as guaranteed by the Father of Lights that St. James goes when he wishes to assure men that they will meet with fair play in the experiences of life.

We thus get to the second group of thoughts about God which St. James sets forth. God is light; He is essentially goodness: it follows, therefore, that He is righteous.

THIRD SUNDAY
RIGHTEOUSNESS

(2) GOD IS RIGHTEOUS

This is, if we measure it truly, only an application or aspect of the divine goodness. When we speak of God's righteousness, we are thinking of the application of goodness to the conditions of the worlds beneath His sovereignty. Let us notice the strong hold which St. James has upon this idea.

St. James has been called the last of the prophets. We catch echoes of the older prophets in his thoughts and expressions; but perhaps still more we can recognise a prevailing tone in his letter which makes us feel that he has the same spirit which breathed in Isaiah and Amos. Like these mentors of ancient Judah and Israel, St. James is saturated with the conviction of God's righteousness. We open his letter once more and we begin to read. Early in his letter he tells us that the very purpose of our existence is to fulfil the righteousness of God. Thus he counsels patience, moderation, caution in utterance, the avoidance of the angry, tumultuous spirit (i. 19, 20); and as the sufficient reason for not encouraging the angry spirit he says, it worketh not the righteousness of God. "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath, for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." In the next chapter we see how deeply he realises the significance of the divine righteousness; it demands not a mere external conformity to commands, but an inward harmony with the spirit of which all laws are the expressions. To fail in one point is to fail in all, because the failure betrays the lack of a spirit in harmony with the spirit of eternal and governing righteousness. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point, he is become guilty of all" (ii. 10). In the same strain, he insists on righteousness as a practical thing (ii. 15–25); and more striking is the way in which he associates righteousness with wisdom. The heavenly wisdom is not successful or ingenious speculative theories, still less is it worldly cleverness, or a practical dexterity in the management of affairs which so often passes for wisdom. The true and divine wisdom consists in the possession of those ethical qualities which bring man into harmony with the righteous order of God. The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace for them that make peace (iii. 17, 18). Lastly, his perception of the righteous rule of God finds expression in his indignant protest against the oppressive frauds of the rich. As he sees the impunity with which such high-handed tyranny is carried on, the prophetic spirit in him takes fire; his vision becomes clear; he sees that the eternal order of righteousness cannot be defied for ever; he sees that, unrecognised by the selfish oppressor, the unfailing justice of God draws near. "The judge standeth before the doors" (v. 1–10).

As we weigh these passages we understand how fully persuaded the writer was of the changeless justice of the Almighty, how truly his soul is filled with the faith that God is righteous.

FOURTH SUNDAY
LOVE

(3) GOD IS LOVE

There is no explicit statement of this truth made by St. James; and we might at first sight be disposed to doubt whether his teaching implied such a view of the divine nature, and his tone of thought, it might be said, is severer than that of the Apostle of love: he sees the law of right and justice: he is full of a prophet's wrath against all unrighteousness; but does he apprehend

the deep and all-embracing truths of the divine love?

First, let us understand what we mean by love. No New Testament writer thinks of love in a merely sentimental way; to none of them is love a kind of flabby fondness. Love to them is an urgent and earnest force, which never lowers its ideals for the sake of winning the affections of its object; it is a spirit which seeks only and can only seek the real and abiding good of those it loves. It is a spirit, therefore, which can display itself in severe guise; it can arm itself with the rod; it is ready to scourge forth invading wrong from the sacred precincts. We can easily satisfy ourselves of the truth of this view. St. Paul and St. John alike accept love as the essential basis of the divine character and of the Christian character. If St. Paul does not say frequently, as St. John does, God is Love, he yet realises that the security of the soul lies in the love of God; from that nothing can separate us; none of the trials and dangers of life can part us from that great love which holds its children safe (Rom. viii. 39); but this love of God can burn like fire. St. Paul recognises that there is a fire which shall try every man's work of what sort it is (1 Cor. iii. 13); he is persuaded that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10). Similiarly, the apostle who so often reiterates that God is Love, is earnest to warn us that as God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all, so if we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth (1 John i. 5, 6). Love, as the apostles understand it, is a purifying spirit. If God is a consuming fire, the love of God also burns like a fire in Christ-like souls and burns up all unworthy desires. "To this end was the Son of God," and in Him also the love of God—"manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John iii. 8). Practical love becomes the test of Christian character. "Let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and truth. Thereby shall we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him" (1 John iii. 18, 19). We need not seek further. We have said enough to show that love is no mere sentiment in the thoughts of St. Paul and St. John. They are at one with St. James in insisting that love shall show itself in action. They who conceive thus of Christian life and the action of love in it, think of God as the light which will endure no darkness, and of the divine love as a flame which will burn up all that is alien to itself, and thus purify and elevate all that is heavenlike in the souls of men.

Thus St. Paul, St. John, and St. James are at one in their realisation of the stern element which characterises divine love; but does St. James recognise, as the other apostles do, that love lies behind this stern quality? Let us look at the words of St. James when he speaks of God. He writes as one who is persuaded that God is the God of Charity. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction" (ch. i. 26, 27). Can we read this without feeling how completely St. James realises the loving fatherliness of God? In the divine thoughts the truest Christian worship is this ministration of love to the needy. Is it too much to say that he views God as the Father of Charity? The sight of the fatherless must awaken in the breast of those who know God the recollection of the fatherliness of His nature. Is not this saying in another form that God is love? And when we ask how far, according to St. James' thought, this divine love reaches, we find the answer that it embraces all. God, according to St. James, claims a fatherhood as wide as His lordship. If His kingdom and lordship are over all, so is His fatherhood, for so we find him writing with strong and unqualified words in chap. iii. 9, when he is censuring those who curse their fellow men. "Therewith (*i.e.*, our tongues) bless we the Lord and Father; and therewith curse we men which are made after the likeness of God." He sees in all men the mark of their parentage: all are sheltered by the love of Him who is Father of all, and all should be sheltered from the venom of a brother's tongue. Are we not right in saying that St. James, like St. Paul and St. John, realises the great and immortal truth that God is Love?

FIFTH SUNDAY

LIFE IN GOD

There is a practical conclusion to which we are led. It is a matter of some moment that we should see things through the proper medium. The most beautiful landscape seen through coloured glass may seem crude, garish, and unnatural.

> All seems infected that the infected spy,
> As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.

The man of an avaricious temperament sees everything through the medium of his own covetousness: he cannot see things in their true proportion; they take distorted shapes; the most beautiful things appear to him deformed, as the human figure is made ludicrously misshapen when seen in a convex mirror. What medium can be found that will register things aright, and enable us to see ourselves, our lives, and our fellow men as they truly are? How can we avoid the false impressions which are not only painful, but which become the sources of so many false judgments? For this, it is needful that we should view everything in God.

View life through the medium of self, and we find it disappointing; our expectations are not fulfilled, our dreams vanish in thin air, our self-love is wounded, and we become one of the many who cry that life is a snare, a delusion, a freak, a cheat. But let us change the medium. Let us view life in God, then it is an experience which comes to us, and which is accompanied by a purpose. When we view life through the medium of self, we measure its success by our fortune. When we view it in God, we measure it by our character. We esteem its value, appraising it by a moral not a material standard. Then the changes which befall us, the unexpected joy, the thwarted wish, the unsought friendship, the broken dream, the sorrow that pierces the heart, the human kindliness which revives it, all minister to our growth, all work for good; their co-operant influence produces the harmonious result which God sees now and which we shall see hereafter. Life is no longer incomplete; we shall not image it as a shattered column, but as an edifice upon which the hand of God's skill can lay the topmost stone amid the shoutings of those who rejoice in its beauty. It is thus that St. James views life. He sees that it is short and that to covetous natures it will vanish as a vapour; but when he sees it in God, he sees the structure of the soul which is rising behind the scaffolding of life's experiences. Seen through the world-medium, it dissolves as a cloud; seen in God, it is the building of a city which abides through the eternal years as all things that partake of the divine nature must.

View man in God. To view man outside God is to create despair; it produces a whimsical cynicism, which is half bitterly contemptuous because of man's littleness or meanness, and half-humorously pathetic because of the brevity of human life: men seem to be but cardboard figures in a cardboard pageant; ludicrous, because their colouring and airs are so magnificent and they themselves so unsubstantial. But let us change the medium, let us view man in God; then we recognise him as the offspring of divinest wisdom and divinest love. Can we scoff any more, as we realise that beneath the transient robe of his bodily frame there is a character which may be moulded through the experiences of sorrow, failure, joy, and triumph into something noble, into a being capable of courageous endeavour, patient endurance, heroic self-sacrifice, devoted and uncomplaining service in spite of reproaches obloquies, misunderstandings? Then the squalid trappings of life may conceal souls that are growing in saintship, and the very least and obscurest of the sons of men may be ripening into the glorious liberty of the children of God. This is, I think, one lesson from St. James' teaching. It is because he sees life and men in God that therefore he can be indignant without being contemptuous; he can preach patience without leading to despair, and without ignoring the trials of the present, he can forecast the splendour of the future.

The Suburb of Galata from Stamboul. To the right the Bridge of the Validé flanked by the landing piers of the Bosphorus steamers

Outdoor Life in Stamboul

By L. M. J. Garnett

STRETCHING across the mouth of the Golden Horn, the long floating bridge of the Validé, which unites Galata and Stamboul, forms a highway unsurpassed, if not unequalled, for interest by any other of the world's thoroughfares, traversed as it is all day long by a double current of varied humanity made up of racial types, national costumes, and social classes the most diverse. Here it is not difficult to realise that Constantinople is not only the metropolis of Turkey, European and Asiatic, and of Western Asia generally, but the capital also of all Islamiyeh. For in addition to the twelve or more nationalities that constitute the normal population of this cosmopolitan city, one may meet on the bridge of the Validé Christians of every shade of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, Jews both subject to, and emancipated from, "the yoke of the *Thora*," and representatives of every race, Asian and African, professing the faith of Mohammed.

Paying our toll to one of the white-coated collectors, we join the human stream rolling across the bridge in the direction of Stamboul, whose domes and minarets, veiled in the shifting mists of an autumn morning, appear and vanish like the towers of some enchanted city. To our right is the inland curve of the Golden Horn, its rippling waters alive with craft of every description, native and foreign; to our left, on the extreme point of the peninsula on which Stamboul has replaced Byzantium, extend the battlemented and tower-girt walls of the "Serai of the Gardens,"

the hereditary abode of the Sultans during four centuries, and the scene of so much oriental luxury and so many imperial tragedies; while immediately before us as we reach the shore rises, dome above dome, the stately mosque of the Validé, still traditionally termed by the Turks *Yeni Djami*—the "New Mosque," though some centuries have elapsed since its foundation.

This mosque forms the centre of one of the busiest quarters of Stamboul, surrounded as it is by bazaars, markets, and khans. Even the spacious plane-tree-shaded *harem*, or courtyard, which gives access to the mosque on its southern side is invaded by the itinerant vendors of fruits, sweets, cool drinks, and small wares of all kinds, who here set up their tripods and trays under large white umbrella-shaped awnings. This enclosure is, however, comparatively quiet and restful after the bustle of the public thoroughfares through which we have just passed; and the price of a glass of lemonade supplies us with a rush-bottomed stool a-piece by the side of one of the bird-haunted ablutionary fountains whence we can survey at our ease the characteristically oriental scene. Within the precincts of the mosque are the usual charitable foundations, almshouses, baths, schools, &c., and the *turbé* or mausoleum of its pious foundress the Validé, or Dowager Sultana Tarkhan, mother of Mohammed IV. and regent of the Empire during the long minority of her son.

Very numerous, indeed, as we observe in the course of our stroll, are the charitable institutions of all kinds which, as the inscriptions they bear testify, owe their origin to the pious munificence not only of Sultanas, but of women of every rank. Female names

Softas and their children in the precincts of the mosque of Shah Zadi, of which they are the keepers. The Softas belong to the lowest grade of theological students

are, however, found in preference on mosques, baths, and fountains, perhaps because praying and bathing are two favourite female occupations, and also, perhaps, because women have in the East few opportunities of meeting in public save in the mosques and at the baths. The elegant fountains decorated with delicate sculptures and gilded arabesques, "lacework of marble and embroidery in stone," so numerous throughout the city, whence water is carried by the *Sakas* and distributed gratis to the thirsty toilers under an Eastern sun, are, as their name *Sebil* testifies, closely connected with the piety of Moslem women. *Sebil*, an Arabic word, signifies "The Way," or "The Road," and a traveller is hence called *Ibn-es-Sebil*, "The Son of the Road." The term is, however, generally used to symbolise the path of piety and good works which leads to Paradise. Whatever meritorious work a Moslem performs is done *Fi Sebil Allah*, "In the Way of God," and his most meritorious act is to fight for what he believes to be the true faith. But since women cannot take part in this contest, the care and refreshment of the wounded and weary combatants is held to be for them equally meritorious. Pilgrimage to the Holy Cities and shrines of the Saints of Islam is the second stage of "the path," and after the support of the warrior that of the pilgrim is accounted the highest virtue in women. Hence the distribution of water to the caravans and the making of wells and aqueducts, especially on the way to Mecca, have ever been favourite "good works" with Mohammedan princesses from Zobeide the wife of Haroun-al-Rashid down to the Ottoman Sultanas of the present century.

Leaving the mosque, we pass on to the Khan of the Validé, a vast caravanserai capable of accommodating a considerable proportion of the motley throng of strangers, pilgrims, and traders, who find their way hither from Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Northern Africa. The architecture of this edifice, which is considered a sort of model for this species of hostelry, is quite conventual in character. Through a great arched gateway we enter a quadrangle with tree-shaded fountains surrounded by stables and storehouses, above which extend

A hawker of fruit sharing his loaf with a family of pariah dogs

three superimposed cloistered galleries on which all the cell-like apartments open. These lodgings, for the use of which a very trifling charge is made, contain no furniture, as all oriental travellers carry with them their own bedding, rugs, and cooking utensils.

Turning a corner we come upon a group of pariah dogs grouped round a Turk of the labouring class, who is charitably sharing his frugal lunch of dry bread and fruit with his four-footed friends. A *djihirdji*, the Turkish "cats'-meat man," is passing at the moment, bearing over his shoulder a long pole garnished with pieces of offal meat, and uttering his monotonous cry of "*Djihir Djihir!*" Shall we be outdone in charity by this Moslem working man? A handful of coppers is quickly collected, which buys up the stock-in-trade of the *djihirdji*, and a royal feast, accompanied by a great wagging of tails, is soon in progress. "Your hearts are as the

hearts of Moslems," observes the gratified cats'-meat man, as he carefully places the coins in his girdle. "May your ends be happy!"

The kindness of Moslems towards these four-footed pariahs of their streets is the more astonishing when it is considered that the dog, being held to be an unclean animal, is never admitted into their houses. Concern for the welfare of this animal has, indeed, occasionally induced pious Turks to add to their good works testamentary bequests in favour of the dogs of their quarter of the city of which the "dean and chapter" of the mosques—or their Moslem equivalents—are constituted the permanent trustees and administrators. Some recent writers on Constantinople have asserted that the number of these canine *lazzaroni* of its streets have greatly diminished of late years. One can, however, at the present day hardly walk a dozen yards, even in the European quarter of Pera, and still less in Stamboul, without being impeded by half a dozen or more dogs curled up in a row on the narrow pavement, or in the roadway. A driver may occasionally hurry them from under his wheels with a touch of his whip, but the pedestrian invariably walks round, or steps over their prostrate bodies, and disturbs not their slumbers. Here and there, too, one may see a temporary kennel built under a house-wall for the accommodation of a litter of puppies, regularly fed and cared for by the good folk of the neighbourhood.

But we have now reached the *Balouk Bazar*, or fish-market, famous from Byzantine days for the variety of fish brought hither for sale. Here the epicure may have his choice of piscatory delicacies, and carry away, if he pleases, strung on a rush—like the Turkish infantry captain in front of us—mullet grey and red, turbot and mackerel, pilchards and tunny, *ulufer*, taken by moonlight, and a hundred other species that lurk among the rocks or dart through and between "the two seas," followed under water by dolphins and sword-fish, and pursued on the surface by halcyons and kingfishers.

A street outside the Bazaars. Shoemakers', furriers', and turnery shops, closed at night by the overhanging shutters

Another and quite different scene, how-

ever, presently claims our attention as we pass through the old arched gateway leading into the *Mis'r Teharshi*, the Cairene, or Drug Bazaar, and instead of the "ancient and fish-like smell" of the Balouk Bazaar, our nostrils are at once assailed by a penetrating aroma made up of compounds the most diverse. On either hand are small shops or stalls, in which are exposed for sale, displayed in piled-up heaps and in open sacks, or carefully guarded in curiously shaped and decorated jars and flasks, henna and antimony, mastic and ambergris, frankincense and myrrh—in a word, all the *materia medica* and all the spices and perfumes of the East. To our right in front of one of the shops stands an old woman, her corpse-like face, half hidden by a white kerchief, bargaining volubly for the materials she has just selected for the concoction of cosmetics, while the venerable-looking Turkish shopkeeper, seated cross-legged on the carpet covering the raised floor, which serves at the same time as counter, reiterates impassively at intervals, "*On groosh*," "ten piastres!" To our left an Armenian cook is laying in a store of spices for his master's kitchen. And presently we pass an old *ébé*, or Turkish "wise woman," in search of special ingredients—dried violets, mallows, and lime-blossoms—from which she will brew soothing, and not unsavoury *tisanes* for her lady patients.

Leaving the *Mis'r Teharshi*, our way lies along a narrow, ill-paved street, the projecting upper stories of whose houses almost meet overhead, while in the little, low, dark shops below is sold the commodity, termed in the figurative language of the East, the "Fourth Column of the Canopy of Voluptuousness," or the "Fourth Cushion of the Divan of Enjoyment"—tobacco. This thoroughfare leads us to the Grand Bazaar, a city within a city, containing arcaded streets, lanes, and alleys, squares and fountains, all enclosed within high protecting walls, and covered by a vaulted roof, studded with hundreds of cupolas, through which penetrates a subdued light more favourable to the vendor than to the purchaser. Here, as elsewhere in Stamboul, each commodity has its special *habitat*. In one quarter of the bazaar we find boots and shoes of every size, shape, and material, from the coarse, heavy *baboush*, affected by the sturdy porters of Galata, to the dainty, pearl-and-spangle-bedecked satin slipper destined for some pasha's petted daughter; in another are embroideries in gold and silver, brocades and damasks, with gauzes of silk, cotton, and linen from the looms of Anatolia; in a third are displayed specimens of all the rugs and carpets woven in nomad tent, in village hut, and in town factory betweed Smyrna and Samarcand; while in a fourth the jewellers and dealers in pearls and precious stones conceal, rather than display, in diminutive shops their valuable stock-in-trade.

Resisting all the solicitations addressed to us in almost every European language by the numerous touts who haunt the entrances to the *Teharshi*, we take our way leisurely through the labyrinthian thoroughfares, and presently reach what is, for many, its most interesting section, namely, that devoted to the sale of arms and antiquities generally.

Mohammedan Pilgrims from the interior begging at the Marble Gate of the Suliemanieh Mosque

Here, side by side with *bric-à-brac* of every description, lie jewel-hilted Damascus scimitars with which Saladin might have performed his famous feat of cutting in twain a suspended down pillow; *khandjars* and poniards of blue steel so perfectly tempered as to pierce a coat of mail as easily as a sheet of paper; and ancient trumpet-muzzled firearms decorated in silver on ivory with inlaid traceries of exquisite design; briefly, the whole picturesquely barbaric arsenal of bygone Turkey.

An Ox-cart excursion to the shores of the Bosphorus, opposite the Giant's Mountain

As we pass, on leaving the bazaar, through the great courtyard of the Suliemaniyeh mosque, the *muezzin's* cry rings out from one of its four minarets: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God;" and in obedience to this summons the majority of the loiterers on the steps of the vast façade rise and pass into the interior to perform their accustomed noontide devotions. Among them are a number of pilgrims and strangers, dark-skinned fakirs from India, and dervishes from Central Asia on their way to the various shrines in European Turkey venerated by these mystics. Into the mosque we do not propose to follow them, nor does apparently the Kalender from Bokhara clad in a patched coat of many colours from whom we purchase a rosary of brown beads; but we take our way in company with a large drove of turkeys along the broad straight street lined on either hand with shops which leads to the Bayazi-dieh mosque. Presently the turkeys get into difficulties with a file of *hamals* bearing piles of bedding and curiously decorated chests and coffers on their atlas-like shoulders who form a sort of procession, led by a man on horseback, and attended by various persons on foot carrying long wands. It is the wedding trousseau and "plenishing" of a Turkish bride on its way to the home of the bridegroom with whom she has never yet exchanged a word, and who is supposed to behold her face for the first time on the bridal day. And the turkeys have no sooner been marshalled into marching order by the

long sticks of their baggy-breeched conductors than they are again dispersed in every direction by a smart brougham and pair, which is closely followed by a mounted servant holding in one hand a basket tied up in pink gauze, and decorated with flowers and ribbons—evidently a party of ladies on their way to a *djemiet*, or birth-reception, when such offerings from guests are customary. And now a sound of chanting falls on our ears, and a long procession approaches headed by a small boy bedecked in jewels and ornaments, mounted on a gaily caparisoned led horse, in front of which grave turbaned and long-robed *hodjas* are walking backwards. It is the first day at school of some little Selim or Achmet, and followed by all his future school-fellows—one bearing on a silken cushion the Koran, another the folding book-rest and a third a gold-embroidered writing-case, he is thus announcing the important fact to all the neighbourhood.

At last we, and the turkeys, find ourselves on the *meidan* of the Bayazidieh, the vast tree-planted space which skirts two sides of the mosque. On the eve of the *Kourban Bairam*, or Feast of Sacrifice, this great market-place resounds with the bleating of thousands of victims tended by a motley assemblage of nomad shepherds, Vlachs from the mountains of Macedonia, and Tartars, Turcomans, and Yuruks from the plains of Asia Minor. And in preparation for this greatest of Moslem festivals every householder who can afford the expense sacrifices a sheep or lamb, one-third of its flesh being invariably reserved for the poor. To-day, however, turkeys, ducks, and geese are the only live stock exposed for sale, though sellers of sweetmeats and small craftsmen are, as usual, not only encamped under the shade of every tree and under every wall on the *meidan*, but also in the outer court of the mosque, as we find on passing through one of its elegant ogival arched gateways. The whir of a myriad iridescent wings greets our entry as an innumerable flight of pigeons suddenly descends, literally covering the pavement two or three deep in their attempt to secure some grains of the millet which has just been scattered for their benefit. These birds are said to be the progeny of a couple of pairs purchased some four centuries ago from a beggar by Sultan Bayazid and presented to the mosque together with an endowment for their maintenance and that of the pariah dogs of the neighbourhood who assemble every Friday at the door of the "Pigeon Mosque" to receive the imperial dole.

Crossing the cypress-shaded inner court with its graceful cloisters of variegated marble and its cupola-covered ablutionary fountain, we pass through a beautiful doorway, the shell-shaped lintel of which is decorated with drooping stalactite-like ornaments, into the sanctuary itself. According to Moslem tradition, this mosque was orientated in the direction of Mecca by a miraculous inspiration, and, therefore, to quote a seventeenth century Turkish chronicler, "all sea-captains regulate their compasses by it; and all the infidel astronomers of Firengistan (Europe), as is universally known, correct their watches and compasses by the mosque of Sultan Bayazid. . . . When the foundations of this noble mosque were laid, the Mimár Bashi (architect) having asked the Sultan where he should place the *mihráb* was desired by his Majesty to tread upon his foot, having done which he immediately had a vision of the noble Ka'bah, and knew consequently where to place the mihráb." The interior is extremely simple, with the exception of the royal gallery which is supported on pillars of verd-antique and jasper. "Sultan Ibrahim," says the same quaint writer, "enclosed three sides of the gallery with gilt gratings, so that it resembles a beautiful cage, or network, or rather a palace of the immortals. . . . This mosque is always illuminated by flashes of light, and before the window of the mihráb there is a garden like that of Irem, adorned with various fruits and flowers." Here, beneath a monument of white marble, rest the remains of its founder, Bayazid the Second (1481–1512), surnamed "The Mystic," son of the Conqueror of Constantinople, and brother of the gifted but unfortunate Prince Djem, who, after an unsuccessful struggle for the throne, died a prisoner in Italy, poisoned, it was believed, by Pope Alexander Borgia.

Recrossing the inner and outer courts with

their multitudinous feathered denizens, and making a purchase here and there at the stalls of a few of "the thousands of people who gain a livelihood by selling all sorts of things," we sally forth from the shady precincts of the mosque with their many historical associations into the noontide glare of the meidan. A carriage awaits us at the gate, and as its Turkish driver dexterously pilots the pair of strong horses down the steep incline leading to the bridge, we are already planning for the morrow another stroll in Stamboul.

Spring

NURSED 'mid the terrors of the angry storm
With song and bloom now comes the joyous Spring:
Northward the roaring Winter flies, while warm
The zephyr blows, and forests chant and sing.

Rocked by the blasts of want, how oft are found
Hearts tender as the new-blown rose at morn!
Deep, prisoned in the dark and lonesome ground,
Gleam precious gems that yet may crowns adorn.

The boughs and brakes are silver'd o'er, and Spring
Reigns blossom-sceptred with enchanting sway;
Beneath the cold seal of the wrathful king,
What leafy realms, what festal beauty lay!

O'er verdant slopes, o'er smiling vales and hills,
The sun, all-glorious, spreads his genial beams;
The lonely heath is warm with quickening thrills,
And love unlocks the gate of golden dreams.

Who has not felt the heart's quick rapture-beat,
The wondrous witchery of bud and bloom
And jubilant song, when Spring so gently-sweet
In glad array wakes from the wintry tomb?

The happy birds sing 'mong the amorous bowers,
With adoration trembles every spray;
Hope, rosy-pinioned, speeds the jocund hours,
And flowerets strew the bridal paths of May.

Even to the bleak and dagger'd whin is given
A shower of gold, glinted with tender green;
Enchanted by the sunny beams of heaven,
The joyous rills attune the vernal scene.

When breaks the glad morn in the purpling East
With loud acclaim the groves and valleys ring;
The full heart revels in the rapturous feast,
The earth is jewelled to greet her glorious King.

And when the wonders of the day unfold
'Neath sovereign smiles, when glade and steep so fair,
Wreathe fumes of incense to the heavens, behold
Melodious warblings fill the tremulous air.

But lo! when fairy fingers close each flower,
And through the wood night's eerie rustlings stray,
With flute of gold, within a twilight bower,
The blackbird pipes the vesper hymn of day.

Though armed with javelins, Winter smite the land
And shroud it o'er, though tempest, ice and hail,
With pitiless sweep make mute the minstrel band,
And ghostly trees all shivering rend and wail,

The vernal airs again shall softly blow,
And Nature smile in green; the wilds shall sing:
Joy shall exult where brooded Winter's woe,
And garlands wreathe the sweet-apparelled Spring.

ANDREW CLARK.

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—I. Mr. Hall Caine

We publish below the three open letters to Mr. Hall Caine, to which the prizes (of £5, £3 and £2 respectively) have been awarded. The result of the competition has been peculiarly interesting, as proving by overwhelming weight of evidence two things. The first of these is the practically unanimous disappointment created in the reading public by the author's later work. Not only once, nor yet a dozen times, but in scores of letters the same sad tale is told—the tale of the high hopes aroused by the glamour and the enchantment of the Manx and Cumbrian stories; then the doubts and misgivings awakened by "The Christian"; and, finally, the dust and ashes of bitter disillusionment following the reading of "The Eternal City." This, they say,—this!—from the man who gave us "The Deemster"! The pathos and the heartbreak of it!

The second point which is driven home by the reading of the letters is the immense number of friends that Mr. Hall Caine has alienated—or rather the immense amount of the dearest admiration that he has missed—by what nearly all writers call his handling of the "sex problem." In some letters the protest is gentle and veiled, in others fierce and outspoken. In one form or another it is rarely absent.

A few letters there are of almost unqualified admiration, and one of these has been awarded a prize by the committee; but these represent only a very small proportion of the whole—a whole the spirit of which can be but poorly represented by three letters, the selection of which out of so many has been governed by various considerations.

We believe that this volume of testimony, coming from the members of the reading public at large, form a more valuable criticism of an author's work than do the estimates of the individual professional critics. And guided by this testimony—well, we believe that if any one member of the committee had been the person to whom the letters were addressed, he would have made up his mind forthwith to do his best to disown "The Eternal City," to suffer "The Christian" to drop from public notice, and to turn again for his inspiration to the more wholesome stories of the country folk on which, whatever else he may do, Mr. Caine's chance of a place in the affection of future generations must inevitably rest.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

To Mr. Hall Caine

Sir,

Those who are interested in the best traditions of English fiction have long watched your career with hope, mingled, during later years, with something of anxiety.

From your first flight over your beloved Cumbrian fells, to your latest wide excursion under alien skies, all lovers of good literature have felt that your power and passion, your purposes and ideals, are important factors in determining the future of the English novel.

To one, at least, of your readers, the later phases of your activity have caused alarm and disappointment. Do you, I wonder, ever recall an article entitled "The New Watchwords of Fiction," which you wrote in 1890? That article sounded the inspiring battle cry of Idealism. You denied that the tendency of fiction was towards Realism, and said it was necessary to protest against an error which must be fatal to the making of good literature, fatal also to its appreciation and moral effects. You defined Realism as "the doctrine of the importance of the real facts of life," and Idealism as "the doctrine of the superiority of ideal existence over the facts of life." You spoke somewhat scornfully of the ambition of the Realists "to paint life as it is," and asked, "Is the world likely to be much the better of it?"

Though your definition left much to be desired, the article was written with such verve and conviction, that one was inclined to overlook the gaps in your theory, because

of the practical applications of it which you had made, and which it was hoped you would make still more successfully.

You had then written "The Shadow of a Crime," "A Son of Hagar," "The Deemster," and "The Bondman," and there was nothing in these powerful stories to belie your theory; but much in them to encourage the belief that you would completely justify it.

You have told us how you charmed the tedium of Rossetti's insomnia by stories of the Isle of Man, and how on his suggestion you saw "how readily the Island lent itself to literary treatment, not merely for its own sake, but for the sake of those great themes of sin, sorrow and atonement which are never so well illustrated as when brought down to a little scene." Thus happily inspired, you wrote your first novel. The scene, it is true, was not laid in the Island, but in the neighbouring County of Cumberland, which seemed to have kindred traits, and to be almost equally familiar to you; and it dealt with simple types in a small, lonely valley.

Is it a sign of crudity of taste in me, that I still regard "The Shadow of a Crime" with partiality, and think it set to a sweeter tune, and sustained by a loftier impulse than some of your later, more applauded works?

I remember that fine scene where Willy Ray, the plighted husband of Rotha Stagg, accused her of wishing to secure her future at the expense of his brother Ralph, whom, though all unconsciously, she really loved. He warned her that the course she recommended might send Ralph to his death. "And even so," said Rotha, throwing up her head, "death comes to all: it will come to him among the rest, and how could he die better? If he were a thousand times my brother I could give him up to such a death!"

There speaks the novelist of the ideal! There is here none of the weak surrendering to circumstance which marks so many of the heroes and heroines of your recent creations. The story is absorbingly interesting, and yet it contains a greater proportion of virtuous, heroic and likeable characters than most of your other books. In it you have demonstrated that it is not necessary to the effect of a scene to have your stage crowded with vicious and tawdry characters.

Then followed "A Son of Hagar," also true to ideal ends, and marked by an especially graceful dedication to the author of "Lorna Doone." After this, setting your scene in the Isle of Man, you gave us "The Deemster."

Is it our fault, sir, that having read "The Deemster," with its beautiful descriptions, its insight, its development of character, the noble-spirited Ewan, the passion-driven Dan, its piling up of Fate's inevitable load, its many tragic and pathetic scenes, and that wonderful never-to-be-forgotten culmination of moral forces on Tynwald Hill—is it our fault, I say, that after reading work such as this, your Philip and Kate, your John Storm and Glory Quayle, your Baron Bonelli and Roma (Yes; even Roma, poor soul, in spite of her great qualities and her beautiful letters!) are an offence to us!

It is even so: loth though we are to confess it. You are your own strongest rival, and from the writer of "The Deemster" we look for better things than malodorous scenes in London slums, and journalistic descriptions of Italian riots and processions. Is not this, alas! painting life as it is? What has become of your lofty theory of the Ideal? You said "The world wants to be lifted up, to be inspired, to be thrilled, to be shown what brave things human nature is capable of at its best." Truly, the world does want just that; wants it most urgently; is near to perishing for want of it. Yet, knowing this, you give us to contemplate Glory Quayle, Kate, and Roma, when you had given us Rotha, Greta, Mercy Fisher and Mona! you take us away from Manxland's gleams and glories, and Cumbria's bleak grandeur into crowded cities and corrupt artificial society where Italian statesmen intrigue, and raw lads go to ruin on Derby Day. Worst irony of all, you ask us to look upon the paroxysmic John Storm as *The Christian*, forsooth, when you had won us to the love of Parson Christian, and awed and thrilled and mastered us with the sweet, heroic figure of Bishop Mylrea!

There are many better judges than I can pretend to be who look upon "The Deemster" as one of the great books of its time, "A book," says one, "so rich in promise, that its writer might not unreasonably be regarded as the possible successor of Scott."

A touch of spiritual aloofness, more reserve in the treatment of certain sins, a few quiet interludes in the onrush of your style, these added to the qualities proved by "The Deemster" would have fulfilled its promise, and made you a great man. But you must needs try your hand on London slums and Italian imbroglios, with the result that the masses of fact, artificially acquired, have given to your latest work a realistic tendency and effect. On me, at least, rising from the perusal of "The Christian" and "The Eternal City," the depression caused by contact with world-evil, is deepened; faith is blotted out, hope cancelled, effort paralysed. Is not this the legitimate outcome of realistic friction? It once seemed so to you; it still seems so to me.

The value of an ideal literature is in its counteraction to the benumbing influence which experience has on all the nobler feelings. Wearied with bargaining and competitive greed, sick of working for reforms which for ever tarry or disappoint, pained with too familiar instances of the irremediable wreck of fair young lives, we fly to a book written by some great idealist, and are won away from our despair by the witchery of genius, showing us essential truth and latent nobleness, beyond any which the sordid real can suggest.

Ideal literature has an effect exactly opposite to that which experience produces. By this test, your earlier works (spite of occasional lapses) are justified. By the same test your later works are condemned.

Perhaps I misjudge you. Possibly you still "follow the gleam." It may be, that borne down by "the burden of the unintelligible world," absorbed in theories of social regeneration, drawn from dreams of better things by the constant solicitation of near and pressing problems, it may be, I say, that you think it possible to take a short cut to your end, to idealise the present, to transmute raw temporal fact into lovely and eternal truth, and so instruct as well as ortify your fellow men.

If so, sir, it is a generous and noble ambition, but I fear, a chimerical one. The actual present refuses to be so transfigured. It is too gross, too obtrusive, too closely connected with animal passions and necessities to take on the glory of that "light which never was on land or sea."

With all submission and regret may I say that in deserting the sources of your earlier inspiration you have missed your way to greatness, a greatness which "The Deemster" foretokened, and which I sincerely hope you may yet achieve.

Yours,

12, Pelham Street, Lincoln. THOS. JESSOP.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

SIR,

It was only a few days ago, when dining out, that I was told by one of the younger generation of men, that the power of writing novels was becoming fast exhausted, and that, after having done good service for some hundreds of years, the novel, as a form of literary work, must now die out. Now I do not wish to argue this; but I am able to see the point of view of the promoter of the idea. Each year, lately, has brought fresh disappointment to those who look for healthy relaxation in the reading of a good novel. Even the most conservative of us wish, at times, to read something quite new; not because we are weary of the old favourites, but, because, the world now goes so fast that we feel we must make an effort to keep in touch with one, at least, of its phases, while that phase lasts. Perhaps too, it may be that we feel curious to see what those of our own generation are thinking and writing about the problems of life as they see them.

It is difficult in these days, to define the proper province of a novel. One of the characteristics of the age is the plethora of novels published. Drama, if we are to believe the most pessimistic of critics, is an almost lost art. Essay writing, too, needs far too much care and time for this hurrying age. It is the novel which forms the mainstay of all our libraries.

There are certain writers of novels to whom these conservative ones have learned to look for interest and amusement when they would, for the moment, leave their own old favourites and read "the book of the hour." And you, sir, are one of these writers—in fact I have known people who regarded your earlier works as "old favourites." The reason of this is not far to seek. Novels must deal to a very great extent with elementary human needs and passions, and these would become very stale reading unless constantly placed in new surroundings. It fell to your lot, sir, to introduce the novel-reading public to a new race of people; a people, actuated indeed by the same instincts and passions as ourselves, but who, from their physical surroundings were affected in a totally different way from ourselves. We owe to you these studies of men and women who have all grown up in an almost isolated community, or in solitary places, into whose souls in some cases the iron has entered, but who are played upon by human passions as we are. We who are wearied of the veneer of civilisation and the necessity of hiding our real selves, have seen our elementary passions holding sway over people who live simpler lives, and who, from the very circumstances of those lives, are swayed to their very depths by the tragedy of life. These were not the people we met in ordinary, every-day novels, though the passions which actuated them were the same. "The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," "The Son of Hagar," "The Shadow of a Crime," and the "Manxman," were all books to be read again and again with ever fresh interest.

No doubt, technically, their construction was not perfect, but in each the line of thought was followed out; each character and each incident seemed to be an inevitable part of the whole. What was especially noteworthy was, that the canvas was kept clear of figures which might obscure the view, retard the action, minimise the value of the main action of the story. There was no flow of fine language, nor of the peculiarities of style which mar the enjoyment in reading the works of one of our greatest, present-day novelists. Care too was taken to let the reader see, as a spectator, the surroundings of the actors in the drama.

Now this strikes the keynote of the reasons for so much dissatisfaction with many popular novelists. They write books which can with the least amount of trouble be adapted for the stage. They miss so many points which would tend to polish their work, to harmonise it and make it what it pretends to be. Your work, I know, has been in several instances dramatised, but the novel itself shows no such first intention. Dramatic power and power of characterisation are shown most pre-eminently; but the book forms a coherent whole, and does not, of its own accord, fall into acts and scenes.

But now, sir, I come to my charges against you. Formerly it was a moment of excitement and interest when one came into possession of a new book by you. It was read with care, thought, and delight. But now, well, let me confess it at once, it is only within the last two months that I have brought myself to read your latest work. I knew disappointment awaited me, but I did not like to form an opinion on it from the tone of the Reviews. I preferred to make up my own mind.

In the first place, neither "The Christian," nor "The Eternal City," shows signs of the good workmanship we expected from the author of "The Deemster," I find but little trace of literary style, and none of clear characterisation. The heroes of both are but puppets, they never felt the passions the author tries to make them feel, they dance at his will, but there is no soul of their own in them. As to the women—here too, the author fails to be convincing.

Then a new fault appears. Hitherto the canvas has been kept free for the main actors. In "The Eternal City," the fatal overcrowding of the scene is one of the most prominent faults. Incidents, events, and adventures follow one another so fast that it is impossible to keep a firm hold of the thread of the story. The balance is not kept as in your earlier works, sir, and the consequence is that one's mind is a confused jumble, in which no one character stands clearly out; a critic is lost if he attempts to weigh the value of the different incidents

in their effect on the character or life of the hero.

But a more glaring fault can be found with the earlier of these two works. They both impress one with the idea that they were written with a purpose; but surely "The Christian" was written with an idea of its adaptation for the stage. Both books are entirely unconvincing, the later especially is far too long and prolix; the dramatic power so noticeable in your earlier work is altogether wanting; and the books evoke nothing but a feeling of the greatest disappointment and disillusion. Can it be indeed true that the novel is worked out? Pardon me for my free criticism of your work, sir, and believe that it is only because I so sincerely admire your earlier work, that I dare, thus boldly to criticise at all.

Yours, &c.,

The Grange,
Timperley,
Altrincham.

B. K. C. THIRLWALL.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

DEAR MR. HALL CAINE,

The invitation of the editor and the temptation of his offer are not the only excuses for addressing you in a letter that all the world may read. One had not ventured on such an audacity did he not think that it might be interesting to you as telling what the mere reader thinks of your work, and at least there is this to be said for my temerity—when one has been made happy through another's endeavours, it is surely only common gratitude to return thanks for the same.

Pleasure I have had from all your books (I refer only to the novels) but not pleasure in an equal degree nor always pleasure undiluted. With others of your readers I have my list of favourites and your two earliest books as your two latest are not included therein. My own preference is for the three that are located in Man and in Iceland—"The Deemster," "The Bondman," and "The Manxman." I like these stories of a primitive folk with their strong virtues and simplicity. I like the wind of elemental instincts and emotions which blows through these books, and I believe that nothing is lost and much is gained by your setting the great themes of your narratives in communities little known to the outside world. To have the spectacle of great human tragedy unfolded on a little stage is to have it burn its way into the soul, and one feels that this—this tragedy of sin, of sorrow and atonement is after all an epitome of the great world of humanity. One is made conscious of this as he reads any one of these three books, and is compelled to recognise that whilst the story is local the theme is universal, and that under the garments of these upon your stage throbs and beats the great wayward heart and life of humanity. The same is doubtless true of all the novels whether of Cumberland or Morocco, London or Rome, but for my part I am most conscious of it in these books whose small world is Man or Iceland. But not this alone the ground of my preference. I like the men whom you make walk through these pages, not least of all the saintly bishop whose fatherhood shared the weakness of Eli's, but in particular I like Dan Mylrea, Stephen Orry, Red Jason, and Pete Quilliam. These all are men, and one has cried out at their mistakes and sorrowed with their sorrow. And I have a feeling that the two first are brothers even as the third is the son of his father. It may be that the likeness lies simply in their sharing a common manhood, but when they are set side by side it seems that there is a bond of blood between them, though they were to different fates. There is precisely the same strength in each and the same weakness; they are of the same clay and iron compounded. Each is heroic in his own fashion. Orry in his sacrifice of his own happiness for the sake of little Sunlocks, Red Jason in the old Berserker way—one has visions of him at the mines with broken Sunlocks on his shoulder, stalking forth, trumpeting his wrath, no man daring to say him nay—tru son of the Vikings, but dying a greater tha a Viking's death. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend." And for Dan, brave, foolish, erring Dan moving in his darkling way, going into the deeps but at last asserting his manhood and climbing the steeps of expiation that lead to heaven, for him one has nothing

in the end but pity and love, and a wish that he might have had his earthly reward in Mona (who surely deserved this little happiness), but that I suppose was imposible or your art had not denied it. And last Peter Quilliam—gentleman, of him it is almost a desecration to write. But it is a sure testimony to the greatness of your triumph in him that through all, one's sympathies are with this true lover whom true love wronged, and that whilst Philip and Kate set out to build life anew, Peter has not passed from our remembrance with the sound of the gun that proclaims his passing to exile and the triumph of his friend.

One has heard that in these books you had such and such purposes. I know not. For my part, I see beneath something not commonly found in novels—the declaration of the love that may be between strong men. "The manly love of comrades," as Walt Whitman happily terms it, love passing the love of women. In "The Deemster" it fails in the ruin which sudden passion brings, but in "The Bondman" and "The Manxman" it is triumphant. The intervening woman, whether Gruba or Kate, cannot break the affection between man and man. Red Jason in the end will die for Sunlocks, and Pete will sail to exile though each knows that by so doing he gives the woman that he loves to his rival's arms. For this rendering of "the manly love of comrades" one cannot but give you thanks; thanks all the more because in so doing you have dared to set aside that accepted convention of the novelist's art—that the intervening woman must always turn the love of the men to enmity and hatred.

So far, as you see, I have written only of my favourites among your books. In the others one has pleasure and—a testimony you may value more—much food for thought; but to my thinking they are not so happy in their themes, and the art of one—"The Scapegoat"—beautiful as it is, one may directly challenge. For the gradual opening of the doors of life to the girl Naomi does not seem an inevitable thing. The stage management is too much in evidence, and one hears the creaking of cords and turning of pulleys that proclaims the whole business but a painted show. Indeed, after her ears were opened I caught myself waiting for the next rise of the curtain. When that came, and she could speak, I was sure that with the next act she would see. I say nothing of the means by which these changes are brought about—they may be commended by all the Faculty—I only say that it is not like life, that it is so evidently part of the novelist's design that this development of Naomi becomes unreal, and that the whole story is in this unlike the others that I have mentioned, which seem to move to their climaxes through storm and night with all the inevitableness of a divine predestining.

The limits which the editor has imposed leave me little space for "The Christian" and "The Eternal City." I cannot say that I care greatly for that neurotic, fanatical personage John Storm. He may be the embodiment of a type, but, as Mr. Kipling would say, in his own elegant manner, "he isn't all one's fancy paints!" And Glory—of the world, the flesh, and the devil compact, surely after all her name should yet be "Gloria" (of the advertisement posters) and she should remain at the halls to entertain those whom, as I am convinced, she cannot save. Her soul develops late, and there is a coarseness in the grain of her that does not promise well for her success in the dedicated life.

You see I leave the problems of "The Christian" untouched, and whilst for your theme in "The Eternal City" I have nothing but praise, and give you respectful admiration in that you consecrate your labour to these high things, I am compelled to leave this untouched also. But your Roma, and one thinks of her with pity and affection (surely you beset her too sorely in compelling her for love's sake to denounce her husband), and rejoices that you gave her that little happiness at the end, and could wish—but there, you surely know best!

There are other characters and other things in your works, sir, to which one would like to refer—the Cumberland novels I have not touched—but these all must wait for a more convenient season. As you will see, the prime purpose of this letter is to thank you for the good gifts of your art, and to tell

Please Take Notice

that, when the next issue of this Magazine appears, the time for sending in CORONATION ODES in competition for the £75 in prizes offered by GOOD WORDS will be about expiring; for competitors living in the British Isles must see to it that their compositions are received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than March 31. This notice, therefore, may be the last reminder which you will receive.

Her Majesty the Queen

has been graciously pleased to accept from the author a copy of Mr. F. D. HOW'S book

Noble Women of Our Time

Mr. HOW is already well known as a writer by his excellent biographies—first by that admirable biography of his own father, Bishop Walsham How, then by the Life of Bishop Selwyn, and, finally, by the Life of Archbishop Plunket.

In the present volume, published this winter, Mr. HOW has given us the life-stories of twelve "noble women"—the simple narratives of twelve beautiful lives lived in "our own time" by women who, by their example and their work, each in her own sphere, made the world better for their being in it, and men and women happier because they moved among them. There is perhaps no one among the twelve whose name would be generally recognised as that of a Great One, but there is not one who did not in her life do great good by her works and set an example of beautiful living.

> *Great Thoughts* says: "Too often we are taken into the remote past for examples of noble and winsome womanhood. But this book deals with names that are still fragrant in the memory of those that have been blessed by a Christ-like ministry and a self-denying service. The biographies are well written and the salient features of character seized and depicted by the pen and brain of a master of his craft."

Published by ISBISTER & Co., 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. Price 5/-.

We Desire

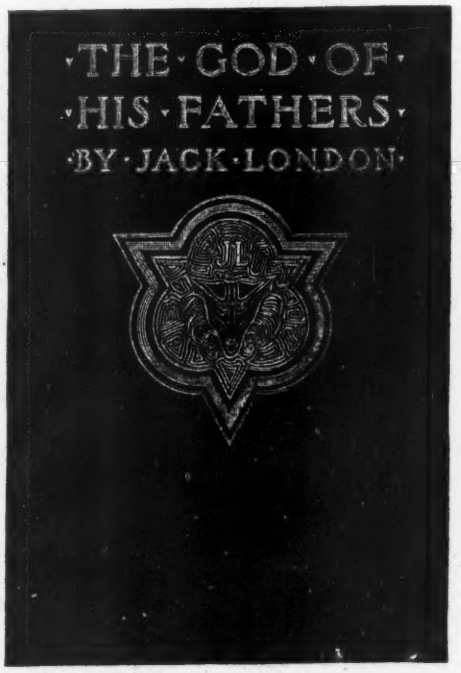
to take this opportunity of thanking all those of our readers who have been kind enough to comply with our request that they would write and tell us what, in their opinions, are the ten most beautiful poems in the English language. We shall still be glad to hear from others, but we hope that those who have already been so kind to us will accept this expression of our gratitude in place of an individual letter to each.

This Month

MESSRS. ISBISTER & CO. have published a book by a new writer, Jack London, with the title

The God of His Fathers

It is not, as might be inferred from the title, a religious work, but a collection of tales of mining life in the Klondike—a stern, desperate life of bitter hardship and elemental passions. They are stories of love and hate, of suffering and heroism, of tragedy and tenderness. It is dangerous to speak too confidently of a new writer, but some of these tales appeared first in magazines on the other side of the Atlantic, and the *New York Times* in its "Saturday Review" (perhaps the soundest literary authority in America) says that Jack London is "doing for the Klondike what Bret Harte did for California *and doing it better.*" This is high praise. "The Kipling of the Klondike" others call him: some even doubt whether Kipling is his master.



Be this as it may, it is certain that a new author who can be seriously compared to Kipling and Bret Harte must at least have some remarkable qualities.

The volume has been so recently published that so far few reviews of it have appeared in English papers.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Here is a new writer with stuff in him and the trick of bringing it out. . . . There is really not a weak story in the whole book."

Country Life says:—"It is not too much to say that in *The God of His Fathers* Jack London has made good his claim to be ranked as one of the very small band of men and women who can write good short stories in the English language."

Is the name "JACK LONDON" soon to be as familiar to us as "Rudyard Kipling" (which sounded very strange fifteen years ago), and is *The God of His Fathers* to-day what *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Soldiers Three* were in 1888?

[Price Six Shillings.

Donegal Fairy Tales

BASED on old Irish folk-tales, running over with Irish fun, told in excellently lucid English (with just a trace of an Irish brogue in some of the phrases) Mr. Seumas MacManus has given us under this title a most readable, laughable, lovable book, which is published this month by ISBISTER & Co. It is a new field of rollicking delight that it opens—delight for young and old.

"Fairy tales of the right sort," says the *Scotsman*, "put into very heartsome and animated English. . . . The pictures are fine, and the work, in a word, is a first-rate fairy-book."

"The quaint racy tales," says St. Andrew, "are replete with Celtic wit and Irish fun, and must be read in their totality to be properly appreciated."

"It deserves success," says the *Daily Mail*. "The illustrations are delightfully funny."

Very beautifully bound and with charming pictures.

Price Five Shillings.

From "Donegal Fairy Tales."

IF YOU HAVE A CAT

(Not a horrific cat like that in the picture above, but an ordinary comfortable, necessary cat) you will be interested to know that Messrs. ISBISTER & Co. will in the first week of March publish

Cats—and all about Them

a thoroughly practical manual for all lovers, keepers, breeders, and exhibitors of cats, by Miss Frances Simpson, one of the best authorities on cats now living. It will have 24 illustrations of champion cats, and will tell you everything you could possibly want to know about caring for your cat as cats ought to be cared for. You can order now, 2s. net.

THERE ARE FEW

Perhaps there are no better books on scientific subjects for popular reading than the books of Sir ROBERT BALL, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. They are at once sound science and charming reading. Two of the distinguished author's best books, viz:

In the High Heavens and Great Astronomers

have been put by the publishers (Messrs. ISBISTER & Co.) into a cheaper (five shilling) form so as to bring them within the reach of a larger circle of readers.

These volumes are *printed from the same plates* as the more expensive edition heretofore before the public. They are copiously illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth with gilt tops

A Manual of Devotion for Lent

BY

THE REV. W. J. KNOX LITTLE, M.A.

(Canon of Worcester)

The Church Times calls this manual "Very simple and withal thoughtful, composed with the main object of building up the Christian life."

The Aberdeen Free Press says: "It is a striking book of its kind."

The Globe declares it "Excellent in idea and execution."

The Church Family Newspaper says: "We have seen no book approaching it for helpfulness in the matter of keeping Lent."

The Scottish Guardian says: "The readings are marked by a manly piety, and several of them are beautiful."

CANON KNOX LITTLE'S

A Manual of Devotion for Lent

Price 3/6. Price 3/6. Price 3/6.

Before Easter

is the time to buy and read these two books:

From the Garden to the Cross

A Study of Our Lord's Passion

By the REV. A. B. CAMERON, D.D., of which the *Sunday School Chronicle* says: "Dr. Cameron has a matchless subject and he deals with it in a noble spirit." Crown 8vo, gilt top, 3s. 6d. And

The Forty Days of the Risen Life

By the RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, Bishop of Ripon. "A choice volume," says the *Methodist Times*, "pervaded by a spirit of cultured devotion." Post 8vo, 1s. net (post free, 1s. 2d.).

In the First Week of March

MESSRS. ISBISTER & Co. will have the pleasure of publishing a new volume by the REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. under the title

Twenty Two Talks on Every Day Religion

Dr. Cuyler needs no commendation from us to the readers of this magazine. Though he lives in the United States he is as near and dear to us as if the eighty years of his life and the half century of his pastorate had been passed in the British Isles. When he reached the conclusion of his eightieth year last month the day was almost made into a public holiday by his parishioners of Brooklyn, and messages poured in upon him by letter and by cable from nearly all parts of the world. One of the most lovable and beloved of men of this day, his kindness and high-minded gentleness shine through everything that he writes.

"Twenty-two Talks" is not a large volume, and will be put out at 2s. 6d.

you how glad one of your humbler readers is that all your strength is found on the side that fights for right and truth in a world of wrong. And if I have dared here and there to set coils about you—why, doubtless, Samson has the strength to break these green bands of mine.

I am, sir, yours sincerely,

OTTWELL BINNS.

Alexandra Park, Scarborough.

The next Competition

LAST month we announced that we would give three similar prizes (of £5, £3 and £2) for the three best letters, not exceeding 1500 words in length, addressed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The winning letters will be published in our April number. We now announce three similar prizes, under the same conditions, for the three best letters addressed to

MR. J. M. BARRIE.

They must not exceed 1500 words in length; must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than March 25, and will be published in our May number.

The Soldier's Pocket Filter

KNOWING that men on active service will, regardless of consequences, throw themselves down by the first water pool they come to, the War Office has been at pains to procure a filter capable of being carried in the pocket, and used with absolute safety, without necessitating the boiling of the water before use. The ordinary big filter was not enough to protect our soldiers from the consequences of their own impatient thirst, and it was no use trying to compel soldiers to go to big filters whenever they wanted a drink.

Our snapshot shows the new "Atkins" filter in use, and this excellent invention enables the thirsty owner to drink when and where he pleases, no matter how dangerously unclean the brook, water-hole, river, or pond may be, nor need he fear the least ill effect after he has drunk provided he uses this valuable little filter.

The filter was used in the Egyptian and Transvaal wars, the various Soudan and South African expeditions, the Abyssinian Ashanti, and Benin campaigns, &c.

That the Government looks after the health of our soldiers will be seen from the fact that they recently ordered 10,000 of

The soldier's pocket-filter

these useful little filters, which, by the way, only weigh about eight ounces, and are of the highest value in dealing with what Mr. Bennet Burleigh calls "khaki water."

The soldier's pocket filter consists of a solid porous block of pure charcoal, three inches in diameter by about one and a half inches thick. Into this block a white metal nipple is fitted, and on this nipple a canvas-lined india-rubber tube, provided with a white metal mouthpiece, is made fast. The tubes are made according to the War Office specification, and their canvas lining enables them to stand hot climates far better than ordinary rubber.

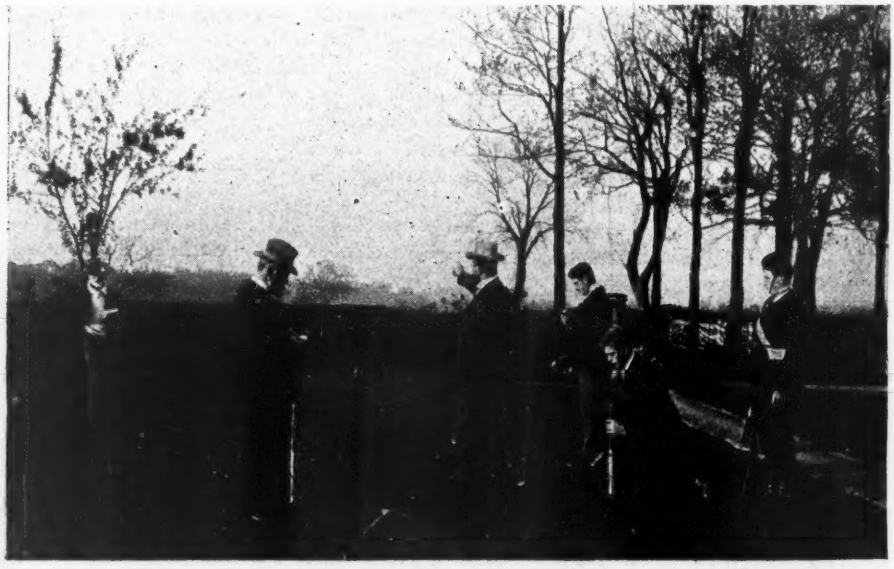
W. G. F.

The Newest Thing in Wireless Telephony

MR. MARCONI, although he has done wonders in wireless telegraphy, has never been able to transmit speech from one place to another without employing connecting wires between the transmitting and receiving stations. Mr. Axil Orling, a young Swedish electrician and Mr. T. T. Armstrong of London, have, however, succeeded in telephoning across space without wires.

Wireless Telephony at Hughenden. The Inventors and their assistants

A patent for this method which is known as the "Armorl system" was taken out before that of Marconi, but the inventors refrained from making it public until they could develop up to a point when it would be available for practical use. The inventors now claim that this point has been reached. They have been giving a series of exhibitions of their system of wireless telephony, wireless telegraphy and wireless torpedoes before representatives of various governments, scientific men and experts, who have expressed their astonishment at the results achieved, and have prophesied for the Armorl invention a useful and profitable future. Messrs. Orling and Armstrong use earth or water as the "conductor" for their system and transmit messages and signals through land or through sea. The whole apparatus is contained in a very small compass, and all that is necessary is to connect it up to two side stakes which are



Sending a wireless message through the earth to a distant station

driven into the ground a few feet apart. A similar arrangement having been fitted up at the other end signals can be sent backwards and forwards from one station to the other, and audible speech can be exchanged over a distance as great as twenty miles. The inventors claim that their apparatus is simple and portable, infallible under the most adverse conditions, cheap and easy to manipulate. The currents employed are of very low potential, a current of eight volts being more than sufficient to transmit a message a distance of twenty miles, while the feat has actually been accomplished by a current of four volts only.

The Marconi apparatus is costly, bulky, unwieldy, and a high mast has to be used for long distance work or the signals can be read and intercepted by those for whom they are not intended. The Armorl system is simple in the extreme. There are no induction coils, coherers or high masts and the whole apparatus can be compressed within the compass of a box 7 inches by 4 inches by 8 inches, weighs 5 or 6 pounds, the cost of which is under £2. The key to the new invention lies in the receiver, which has been devised by Messrs. Orling and Armstrong, the details of which are of too technical a nature for description here. The new system of wireless telephony promises to be of great value for communication between ship and ship, and between ship and shore for military and naval signalling, and for sending messages in districts remote from civilisation.

Receiving a wireless message sent through the earth from a distance by means of a telephone

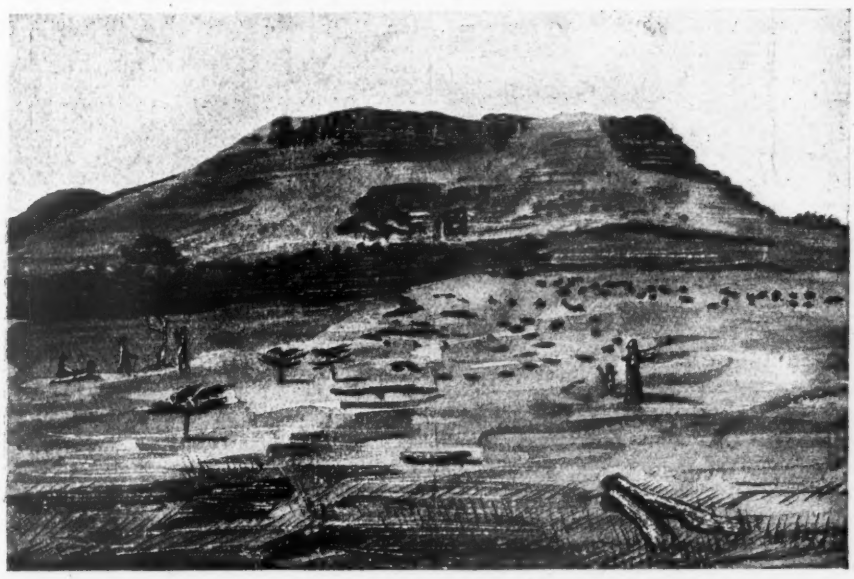
H. H.

Perfumes, Fragrant Herbs and Spices in the Early Modern Period

It may well be doubted if we use scent now more than they did at the end of the mediæval period, for the successive plagues in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and especially during the sixteenth century when the "Sweating Sickness" added a new terror to life, led to their general use. We certainly do not carry them about our persons to the same extent. The first Tudor entered a plague-stricken London after Bosworth Field (it was the first appearance of the "Sweat"); and several times in Henry

VIII.'s reign the Court was driven from London by the Plague or the Sweating Sickness. Our forefathers, indeed, were great people for scents and perfumes, fragrant herbs and spices, and the astonishing amount of seasoning they put with the simplest dishes prepares one for almost any combination. When to make a cherry tart they found it necessary to make a syrup of cinnamon, ginger and "sawnders," and to add rosewater to the icing, one can imagine how they set to work to cook a cormorant. Perhaps if we remind our readers that many chambers were provided with "draughts" which occasionally required cleansing, and that rushes took the place of carpets, they will realise one of the reasons for the use of perfumes. "Sweet waters" were occasionally sprinkled under the rushes in great houses, or for revels, or on the mattresses and bedding. The state the floor got into can be imagined, and charwomen well earned their *2d.* or *2½d.* a day, which was a fair woman's wage then. Wealthy people perhaps had their "sweet sedges" from Norfolk, but others used the soft rush. The pith of these, the common rushes, was extensively used for wicks, so one can well understand that when dry they would ignite easily and raise a most suffocating smoke. At the dissolution of the monasteries one of Cromwell's visitors was nearly burnt in his bed from this cause. But to the perfumes. People carried their perfumes about with them slung from neck chains, in the shape of "pomanders," perforated balls or lantern-shaped baskets or boxes of metal, often beautiful specimens of artistic work, containing in an inner case perfumed gums, benzoin, storax, with ambergris, musk, civet, cinnamon and rosewater. From one recipe we learn that garden mould steeped in "motherless rosewater" was a good basis to start upon. There are pomanders in the South Kensington Museum, and there is an interesting article on them in the *Portfolio* of 1881 by Professor A. H. Church. As is the way of the world, "pomanders" are being revived as "scent baskets," just as Milanese bonnets have come into fashion again. Then there was the "pouncet box," with a perforated lid for sprinkling "pounce," *i.e.*, powdered cuttle-fish bone or gum sandarac on ink, which was also used for holding perfumed powders. The strong meats, the scarcity of vegetables, and the coarseness of the clothing, especially the shirts, and the even coarser habits, must have made "pomanders" almost a personal necessity. Pomanders and pouncet boxes reached their greatest vogue in Elizabeth's reign. Gloves too, being an essential part of costume for all, except those performing work actually hindered by gloves, were the commonest present to persons of distinction, distinguished visitors or patrons. Therefore what could be more natural or more sensible than perfumed gloves, a gift which was generally handsomely acknowledged. They were strongly and lastingly scented, probably with musk, civet, or ambergris, else we should not read of "swete glovys" in inventories. Another reason that made the use of "swete glovys" not altogether a fancy was the absence of forks. You washed your hands after a meal, at least in any decent house, in rosewater; for it stood to reason that you could not keep your left hand clean by continually wiping it on a napkin. The use of frankincense in churches and private chapels accustomed people to strong scents. Wood was burnt in courtyards and cloisters in time of plague, and birch would be a good wood for the purpose. Sweet herbs were laid in chamber windows—bay and rosemary probably. Locally other fragrant herbs would come in and flowers camomile, and various orchises. Lavender was not known till rather later. One hears a great deal about bay and rosemary grafts, rosemary being used at funerals, as symbolical of remembrance. Few gardens are properly supplied with even pot-herbs nowadays, and many who started to "roste a swanne" after a Tudor recipe would go a-begging for their winter savory, sweet marjoram, pennyroyal, rosemary, striped thyme, poly and others. Probably many people have forgotten that the "good King Henry" goosefoot makes a capital spinach; it was a great pot-herb once upon a time. Cinnamon seems a strong spice to flavour spinach with, and it may seem unnecessary to introduce sandal wood into a cherry tart. Wild fowl required cooking with strong herbs, and forced meat and

stuffing is part and parcel of them; you went out and "gathered the sweetest herbs you could find" for a very good reason. Fruit, one thinks, would not require cinnamon, mace and cloves, yet cinnamon pervades a large number of these old recipes. A mere matter of habit, we suppose—and habits which were filthy to a degree then—



Doornberg, from a drawing made on the spot by an officer during the Zulu War of 1880

and one could always drown the taste in "jolly good ale and old," so highly recommended by a bishop of that time. M. C.

V.C.'s chopping wood

DOORNBERG and Doornkop are both names that have appeared in telegrams from South Africa, and though held now against the Boers were held twenty years ago against the Zulus. The sketch we publish, by an officer of our army in 1880, is not exactly a finished landscape, a Millais, a Constable or a Vicat Cole, but it suffices to show us how the berg, with its apparently innocent sloping sides and dangerous approach of close mimosa-bush running right up the deep ravine-like kloof, makes an ideal trap for any party who, signalling or scouting, should ride up to the summit without the utmost caution. In the picture we see a party of soldiers cutting fuel for the camp, their rifles (not easily distinguishable in the gallant artist's sketch) stacked close by, and a note scribbled on the back says the heroes of Rorke's Drift were utilised by Chelmsford as hewers of wood, and seeing a handful of them hacking away in the sun I mistook them for men on defaulters' work. "Oh no," said ——, "those are some of Broomhead's chaps, and they're most of them V.C.s!" P. R.

Wonderful Letters

A FEW weeks ago one of the most wonderful letters that has ever reached a European was handed to the Emperor of Germany. This letter, comprising the apology offered by the Emperor of China for the murder of the German Minister at Pekin, with its wonderful embroidery, will be fresh in the memory of our readers; it will, therefore, suffice to say that it was painted on yellow silk, and its length of over four yards presents a striking contrast to that of an epistle which

passed through the New York Post Office a couple of years ago. This letter, the smallest that ever went through the United States of America post, boasted a length of just $\frac{11}{16}$ of an inch (equal to the depth of five lines of this paragraph) and was just half an inch wide. In the pillar-box the missive looked like a stamp that had escaped from off an envelope, but, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions, it contained a four-page letter comprising 134 words that were perfectly legible without the aid of a microscope!

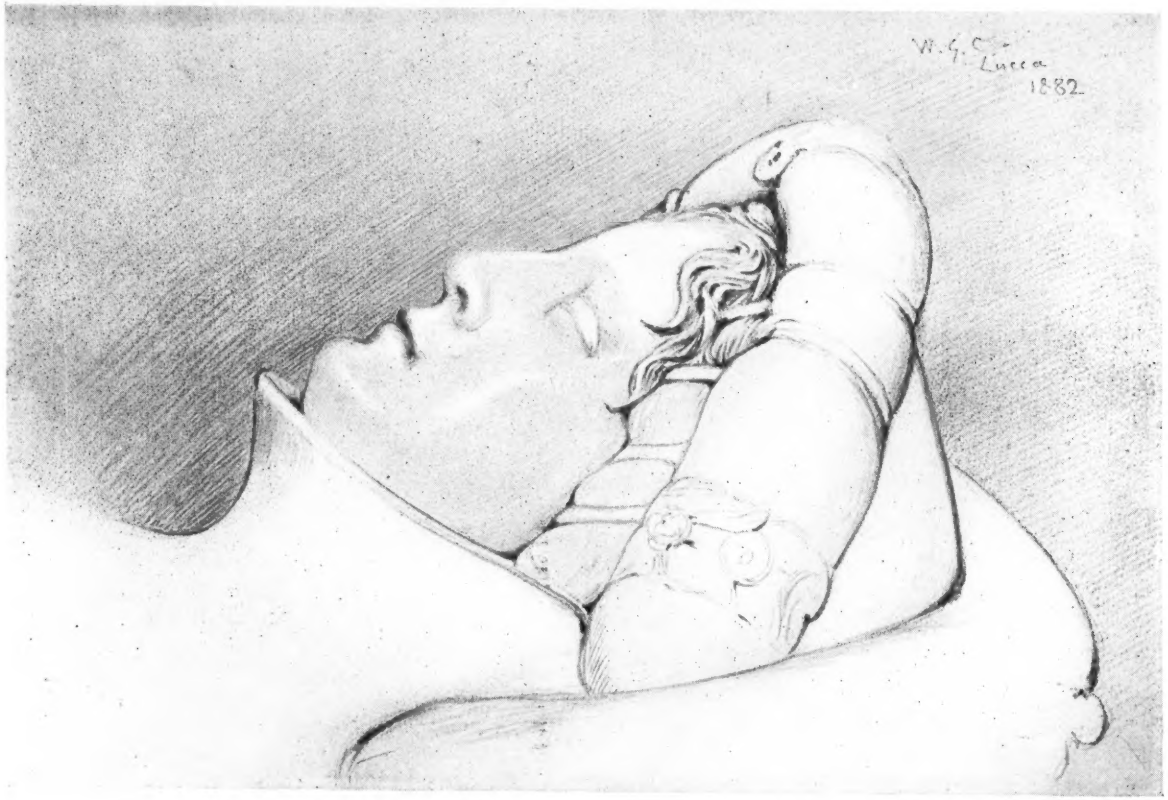
This latter document, so different from those State epistles addressed to Indian princes by their equals, which etiquette insists upon being written on special paper sprinkled with gold leaf and enclosed in two envelopes of muslin, the second being of a crimson and gold tint, and the whole being tied up with a slip-knot of gold thread to which a ponderous seal is added, recalls a missive that was on view at the Royal United Service Institute almost two years ago. This letter was written by a trooper in Ladysmith during the siege and was conveyed to Mid Illovo in Natal by a native runner who, when searched by the Boers, hid it in one of his nostrils. The missive, which was about an inch and a quarter in length, would form the nucleus of a very interesting collection of war correspondence, which collection would be further enriched if the envelope enclosing a letter from Bugler Smith, of the 2nd King's Royal Rifles, to his mother was added to it. Smith, who was in Ladysmith during the siege, having written a letter to his mother, found that he possessed no envelope, but necessity, promptly living up to its characteristic, proved the mother of invention, and the document was forthwith sewed up in a cardboard cigarette-box, which in due course was delivered in Lincoln.

The very sad incident that occurred last August, when a labourer of Rawcliffe, Goole, prior to drowning himself in a dyke, wrote a letter on a matchbox adds yet another example to the assemblage of letters written upon strange "paper," but, so far as peculiarity is concerned, it is quite eclipsed by the document received by Miss Aloise Bates, of Portsmouth, Virginia, from her brother during the American-Spanish War. At the village of Wold Newton there is a postman who is also a Wesleyan local preacher, who, during his long walks between that village and Gunton on his daily round, has taught himself Greek: if the fashion set by Mr. Archie C. Bates in the aforementioned epistle becomes general, this learned postman will probably find the study of ancient Egyptian a very useful accomplishment, as most of our correspondence will be somewhat hieroglyphic in character. Mr. Bates apparently found paper and envelopes a somewhat rare commodity in camp at Cuba Libre, for he took an ordinary army biscuit, penned his epistle on one side, and having added his sister's address and the necessary postage-stamps, posted it in the ordinary way. The fact that the letter was delivered unimpaired is undoubted proof of the durability of the American biscuit, and perhaps of the fact that the censor was not particularly hungry when it passed under his jurisdiction. H. M.

Life

YESTERDAY'S bud is born a rose to-day
That will to-morrow shatter without sound,
Casting her full-blown petals all around
On the damp grass, to faint and fade away.
But let no foresight present bliss allay,
Deep feel the pleasures that to-day abound,
And, after all, in all times may be found
A loveliness: even the naked spray
Sleeping in mists that the autumnal sun
Is slow to scatter, will not speak of pain,
But rather of a perfect cycle run—
Dark nights divide each moon's nocturnal reign;
In that life ends wherein life is begun,
Silence conceives and sleep reclaims again.

ROSA WAUGH.



ILARIA DEL CARRETTO

HEAD OF THE EFFIGY BY JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA IN LUCCA CATHEDRAL

From a Drawing by W. G. COLLINGWOOD

Ruskin's Ilaria

By W. G. Collingwood

With Illustrations by the Author

IT will be just twenty years next Michaelmas Day since I went to Lucca with Ruskin. He was wandering in search of health; Sir William Gull had told him to rest, and a change, they say, is as good. His notion of resting, and a very fair one, was to take up new work, and drive out the worries of public affairs with energetic drawing and the sort of writing that amused him.

An autobiography was among his projects. The first chapter had come out casually and accidentally in "Fors," but he still needed to look up local colour among the scenes of his youth. So he travelled step by step from one French town to another, and drove over the Jura and through Savoy in the ancient, pre-railroad style, discoursing as we went about old times, and his parents, and his early friends. Once, when the talk was rather confidential, I said, "Never mind, I'm not Boswell taking notes." "I think you might do worse," he replied.

Even then I had no notion of writing about him. I was too busy. He was a unique employer, so exacting and so indulgent, "spoiling" you and slave-driving you at once. Nothing was too much for him to ask or to give. I can quite understand why some of his *protégés* turned again and rent him; unless you were ready for everything you could not work with him long. But he was always eager to teach all he knew and to learn all you knew; as patient as a saint in ordinary worries of life, but as craving for sympathy as a woman. Kim's Lama puts me often in mind of him, but Ruskin was not so lucky in his *chela*.

In September 1882, it was dull weather at Pisa after the first dewy morning for the Campo Santo; and there were "entirely diabolical" trams and chimneys in the town since his last visit. The streets, every reach of them loved of old for some jewel of mellowed architecture, were changing with modern progress. The town was noisier and dirtier than in days of yore. He had come to meet Nicola Pisano and company; but the ghosts wouldn't rise. So he broke off work in the Baptistery on Michaelmas Day at noon, and ordered the carriage for Lucca.

Every one knows the route; over the Maremma, between the sea and the mountains. Peaks of Carrara clouded to the north; ruins of Ripafratta frowning over the crags; "vines, olives, precipices." At last you see a neat little town, boxed up in four neat walls, with rows of trees on the ramparts and towers looking over the trees; it is just like the mediæval town in the background of a triptych. Silk-mills there are, but not in evidence—at least, so it was twenty years ago.

As we drove up to the gate that afternoon the customs officers turned out, and we laughed when the coachman shouted: "English family! Nothing to declare!" and the officers bowed, unquestioning. "So much nicer, isn't it?" said Ruskin, "than being bundled about among trucks and all the hideous things they heap round railway-stations": and in a few minutes we were in front of the Hotel Royal of the Universe. Signor Ruskino was expected; family and servants were at the door; everybody shook hands. The cook was busy with the dinner, I think; for when we had seen our rooms —he took the plainest of the tall, partitioned suite with rococo decorations, palatial but tarnished—"First," he said, "I must go and see the cook"; and so away to the kitchen.

He was patient, I said, of life's little worries; but he liked a good dinner when it was there. I remember the serviette full of crumbly chestnuts, and the Hermitage—afternoon sun meanwhile beating through half-shut persianes in dusty air, and a peep of greeny-blue hills over the square—Ruskin lifting his glass for a birthday toast. There was a certain damsel, whose own folk called her the Michaelmas goose; he put it more

The palace of Paolo Guinigi, Lucca

prettily: "Here's to St. Michael, and Dorrie, and All Angels!"

Then we went out to see Ilaria.

She was an early flame of his. He must have seen Ilaria before 1845, but it was in that eventful year he fell in love. Ilaria was, of course, the marble Lady of Lucca; but falling in love is not too strong a word.

The Forty-five in the nineteenth century had its Rebellion almost as full of consequences as the Forty-five of the century before. The raid of Prince Charlie opened up the Highlands, and gave us Ossian and Scott and Romanticism; little else. The raid of John Ruskin, in 1845, for the first time wandering free and working out his own thoughts among the Old Masters and mediæval ruins of Italy, started the whole movement which made British art decorative and philanthropic. There were others helping, but he led the way; and it was in that Forty-five that he "went up the Three Steps and in at the Door."

The passage in which he first described Ilaria is almost hackneyed. "She is lying on a simple couch with a hound at her feet. . . . The hair is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow, the sweet and arched eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet; there is that about them which forbids breath; something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both."

Who or what the lady might have been in the flesh he hardly seems to have cared; at least he never dwelt on the story. She was daughter of a Marquis of Carretto, and wife of Paolo Guinigi, chief of a powerful family in Lucca. In 1405 she died. In 1413 Paolo was building that palace with the tower, now a poor-house, from which he ruled his fellow townsmen with a rod of iron. She never saw the arcaded palace, and the frowning, machicolated tower; she could never have had part or lot in the tyranny of his later rule. We often read in history of a woman keeping within bounds the nascent fierceness of a man who—losing her—let himself go and became the scourge of his world. But in all his pride Paolo remembered the pretty wife, untimely lost. The very year he built his castle he tempted away the greatest sculptor of the age from his native town and thronging engagements to carve her a tomb. Jacopo della Quercia came to Lucca in 1413, and six years later left after finishing this and other sculptures there. He could never have seen Ilaria; he must have worked from very insufficient materials in getting her portrait, and it must have been a tiresome and delicate business to satisfy his patron, the tyrant. But then Quercia was "a most amiable and modest man," and he had the secret of noble portraiture, "Truth lovingly told." The sort of critics who do not gush say of this work that it was the first masterpiece of the Early Renaissance. It has all the best qualities of mediæval art—its severe symbolism and decorative effect, with all the best of the later classicism—its reality, softness and sweetness.

Paolo's enemies before long drove him out of Lucca, and the city wreaked vengeance on the tyrant by shattering his wife's tomb, this masterpiece. Somehow the effigy itself was spared, and set up again with bits of the wreck against the bare church wall. It was this dead lady, this marble lady, with browned, translucent cheeks, and little nose just bruised away at the tip, that took Ruskin's imagination in his youth. In his age he wrote, "It is forty years since I first saw it, and I have never found its like."

For a month, with an interval at Florence, he kept me pretty closely at work drawing Ilaria — side-face, full-face, three-quarters, everyway; together with bits of detail from the early thirteenth-century porch of St. Martin's and other churches, and some copies in the picture gallery. He painted hard himself, and never did better work in his life. Two studies, "half-imperial," of the façade of St. Martin's are especially well known; one was at the Academy last winter, and one at the same time at the Royal Water-colour Society's Exhibition. He used to sit in quaint attitudes on his camp-stool in the square, manipulating his drawing-board with one hand and his paint-brush with the other; Baxter, his valet, holding the colour-box up for him to dip into, and a little crowd of chatterers always looking on. He rather enjoyed an audience, and sometimes used to bring back odd gleanings of their remarks

when he came in to luncheon. One ragged boy, personally conducting a friend from the country, was overheard enumerating the strangers' meals at the hotel: "They eat much, much, these English!" Of course, most in the crowd knew him, or about him. started in the usual carriage driven by the boy with the red tie. As we left the hotel an army of beggars hailed the Professor" (so he was always called at home) "who solemnly distributed pence, to lighten his pocket and his mind. Then we scampered

The marble mountains of Carrara and the valley of the Secchio from the Lucca hills

The dean and chapter came to approve, the choir to grin, and the gendarmes to patronise; a few French tourists hovered round, but no English that I remember.

After these long mornings of work—inside when it rained, outside when it shone—we always went for a ramble or a drive. One venturesome start in a thunderstorm I recollect, for Ruskin was not the least timid, as you might expect from his highly-strung temperament. He used to walk planks and look down precipices, too, like a regular steeple-jack, and handle all sorts of animals fearlessly. This thunderstorm gave us grand Turneresque effects, of which I have a sketch, but no description; but I have borrowed an old letter of the time which gives a fair sample of an afternoon with Ruskin. It is dated October 28, 1882.

"A biting scirocco was blowing, but we through the streets, which are all pavement, and none broader than Hanway Street; but everybody drives furiously in them as a point of Lucchese and Tuscan honour, and nobody seems to be run over.

"Out through the city walls you are in the country at once. Indeed, I can't help thinking of the town as a garden where houses are bedded out instead of flowers; they are so close-packed, so varied and pretty. But out at the gate it is a wide stretch of plain with mountains all round, and bright cottages, cadmium-yellow in the stubble-fields and cane-brakes, for they thatch the maize-heads over the roofs by way of storage. Out of one quite decent looking farm-house a decent-looking woman came rushing and gesticulating after the carriage. The Professor called on the driver to stop; and the woman, out of breath,

declared she was the mother of five and wanted charity. He gave her a note; notes, you know, can be a good deal less than five pounds in Italy.

"At the foot of the hills, south of Lucca, we left the carriage and walked up the road; Baxter, too, with the umbrella, coat, camp-stool and geological hammer as usual. The road goes up through chestnuts and under vines, till you get to some farms and a church on the top of the buttress-hills, with a splendid view of Lucca and the valley, behind rich slopes of autumn colours, and a monastery with its cypresses in the middle distance. Then we dived into a valley and crossed a marble quarry, for all the stones here are marble; the road is mended with marble, and the pigstyes are built of marble; and then we scrambled up the main hill. There is a sort of track through chestnut and myrtle and arbutus with scarlet fruit against the sky. Girls were gathering chest-nuts and arbutus berries — such a picture!

"So with an hour's scrambling we came out through a wood of stone pines to the top, a sort of marble platform. The scirocco had blown us up fine weather; the Carrara hills were clear, and the Apennines for miles; fantastic peaks, all sorts of gables, pyramids, cones, and domes. The sea was ridged and beating hard on the shore of the Maremma; the bay of Spezia in the distance, and little Lucca, tidy and square below, tucked into its four walls like a baby in a cot with a patchwork quilt. I stayed ten minutes to get a sketch, while the Professor and Baxter howkel out a particularly contorted bit of marble, and then we plunged through the pines on the back of the ridge to get a view southward. This, you know, is the wood where Ugolino in Dante dreamed he was hunting when they had shut him up to starve in the Famine Tower at Pisa, and it deserves its fame. It is quite another world from the hot rich valleys below; among the trees there are fresh, English-looking meadows with daisies very big and very pink, and beyond—the wonderful Mediterranean coast, rose colour in the sunset. Pisa far down there showed every detail distinct, cathedral and leaning tower like toys; even at Leghorn, we could see the ships in port. It was like looking on the world from the angels' point of view; a glimpse through the centuries.

"But the sun was half-way below the sea, and we turned and raced the darkness down to the valley, along a path some six inches wide, with a marble precipice below and a clay bank above. Then the moon rose; a regular conventional Italian moon, chequering the path like sunshine, lamping the cypresses and campaniles. Our driver was asleep; we stirred him out and drove through misty by-roads to the town gates. Out came the customs officer. 'Have you anything to declare, gentlemen?' 'Nothing, sir!' 'Felice sera, signori!' 'A happy evening, sir!'

"The streets were very quiet though it was not late. By the Dominican convent, in the moonlight, there was a woman kissing the great crucifix; few other folk about; and we made the square ring again when we chased the moon into the plane-trees and rattled up to the hotel door."

One morning toward the end of October, soon before we left Lucca, I went to work on a drawing of Ilaria (since honoured by Ruskin with a place in his Sheffield museum) and found the marble wet and fouled. Somebody had been taking a cast. After long days in the quiet cathedral, among so many haunting thoughts, studying the face, it had grown almost as alive to me as it always was to him. Even I felt a little shock. It was a liberty, somebody taking a cast! At breakfast entered a not very prepossessing fellow carrying a plaster mask. Signor Ruskin had asked at the shop; one was now made.

I never saw him more moved. In a storm of anger he left the room, crying out, "Send him away." Fortunately we had with us Henry R. Newman, the American artist, then working for Ruskin at Florence. He could do the talking to the disappointed, enraged Italian, and got rid of him—and a Napoleon of mine—after a while. I was thankful to Newman for getting rid of the cast as well; and when the coast was clear Ruskin looked in, rather apologetic after his outburst. "I hope you didn't give the

fellow anything," he said, and, of course, I was much too weak-minded to fight the case.

But I still think the object-lesson was well worth a Napoleon. That ghastly thing was not our Ilaria; any cast is a hard, dead caricature if once you have really known the living, ancient marble. And the wrath of Ruskin laid his secret bare. Do you think he could have stirred the world with mere flourishes from the pen? Falling in love was not too strong a word for the feeling that dictated, over Ilaria's marble portrait, his plea for sincerity in art: "If any of us, after staying for a time beside this tomb, could see, through his tears, one of the vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which, in these hollow and heartless days, feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride, he would, I believe, receive such a lesson of love as no coldness could refuse, no fatuity forget, and no insolence disobey."

Memory's Pictures

I

THERE is a Master-painter
  Who paints with a subtle skill,
Yet never an eye has seen him,
  And never a mortal's will;
But still he is ever painting,
  Though not for reward or fame,
And his work is known to all men,
  For "Memory" is his name!

II

He paints for the youth a picture
  Of sweet childhood's golden hours,
When life was a merry playtime
  In a garden of summer flowers;
For age he recalls youth's pleasures,
  When the pulse beat firm and free,
And Love was the radiant helmsman
  O'er the waves of a sunlit sea!

III

But not in this sombre earth-light
  Can the grace of his work be seen;
Not here can we grasp the beauties
  Of his paintings of what has been;
But shadows shall lose their harshness,
  And the crude "tones" softer be,
When we gaze on Memory's pictures
  In the Light of Eternity!

A. FREWEN AYLWARD.

Dileas: A Child of the Mist

By the Rev. Norman Maclean

Illustrated by R. M. B. Paxton

I

IT was on a day of grey mist and weird shadows that Dileas came to the weather-beaten manse beside the sea. The rain clouds were trailing slowly through the glens, and the waves as they rolled lazily towards the land from a windless sea, and broke in white foam on the shore, had a prophecy of coming storm in their muffled roar. With the breaking of the storm, and the blotting out of the great world beyond in a deluging rain came Dileas, blending her little cry with the wild voices that rose and fell in ceaseless roar without. While yet her eyes were dim with the shadows of the mist they called her Dileas, for the word was dear to them; and from the first they would thus endow her with the fellowship of their own high ideal —they would have her grow up *faithful* to truth, to purity, and to God.

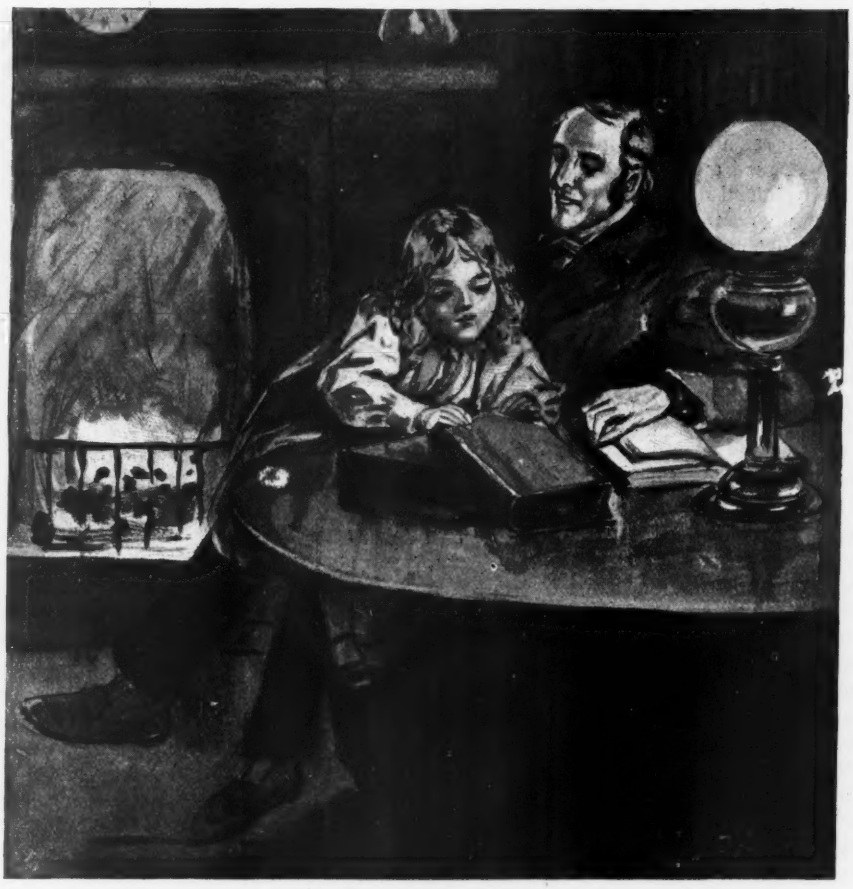
Her father was the minister of the grey church that stood on the hill over-looking the sea. Its walls were green with lichen, and its flooring was the damp clay in which the narrow, moth-eaten pews were fixed. Though it was erected but fifty years ago it was already far advanced in decay, for it was built in haste to provide a place of worship for the people who had then left the parish church in a body, leaving it empty and desolate. The old parish church stood near, and in it a kindly old man, known in the parish as the "Ministeir Moderate," ministered to a congregation so small that one of the qualities of the church triumphant might be claimed by it—for it was almost invisible. When the people wanted seed in the spring, or meal in the winter, they always went to the old minister in their need, and they never went in vain. That they should turn to him in their difficulties, while they would never dream of entering his church, seemed quite natural to them. Was he not there to care for their temporal needs?—and glad he was to have even that to do—while their own minister, whom they supported with much self-denial, cared for their spiritual needs. While the parish church was well nigh empty, the grey church on the hill was filled by a congregation of stern and sturdy men, who won a precarious living from the deep and looked on life with serious eyes.

How he came to be settled there as their minister was a wonder to all who knew William Macleod; his companions had prophesied in the old days that he would do great things. When he was moved none could speak with such fiery eloquence, and when he chose none could so easily master the deep thoughts of men. Though a Free Churchmen to the core, yet in the city his favourite place of worship had been the old Cathedral where he would sit under the tattered flags of dead soldiers, for he loved to hear the great organ "surge through arches dim," and to look at the great windows through which the dim light fell on him consecrated by the glowing pictures of the Man of Sorrows. These things never failed to touch his heart.

And now he was minister of a church whose walls were green with damp, in which a precentor with but one tune led the praise, where a cracked bell called the people to prayer, and where even the mention of a hymn or an organ would scare the congregation for ever from his ministry. It was his duty to come there, he said. Ministers who could preach to the people in their own tongue were scarce. Good people had helped him through his studies for the very purpose that he might minister to such as these—and so when the invitation came, he felt in honour bound to accept. He would not stay a very long time he told himself, but once settled in a far-away place, remote from the centres of activity and thought, even the best of men are passed over and forgotten. Ten years have gone and he is still minister of a sea-washed promontory where steamers come once a week, and he has become a dreamer of dreams, a gazer at clouds, a listener to

the voices of the sea. Thither he brought his wife from the great city; she would be there but a little while he told her; and mid his loneliness she alone could cheer and comfort him. When the little child came to them he was at rest.

On the long winter nights by his peat fire he loved to bury himself in his books. Sometimes it would be Gibbon, sometimes the ponderous pages of Milman; but he would suddenly sit up and listen eagerly when he heard the patter of little feet along the long-flagged lobby which led from his study to the back of the windy manse. He knew well what followed—the impatient tapping of little hands at the closed door, the imperious childish cry "Ope' doo'," Dada, ope' doo'"; the clambering up on his knees, and the throwing away of his books in obedience to the order, "Bookie away, Dada, bookie away!" and the half-hour of perfect contentment as he played hide and seek in the dark corners where the shadows cast by the glowing peats lay. The innocent prattle and the merry romp made him forget the bitterness that was eating into his heart, and his troubles with Eachann Donn, his stern elder, who suspected his orthodoxy and whom he looked upon as his thorn in the flesh. Ah! what would he not give now as



Bookie away, Dada, bookie away!

he sits by the fire thinking moodily of all that Eachann Donn has said and done, if he could hear again the eager rush of little feet along the long-flagged passage, and see the vision of golden curls and blue eyes with the look of the sea, and the mist in them, invading his dusky room, and hear the little voice cry, "Bookie away, Dada, bookie away!"

II

The troubles which had been long brewing in the minister's congregation—those troubles over which he brooded many long nights—at last came to a head. They were not of his making. All over the Isles a spirit of restlessness had possessed the people. Strange rumours passed from township to township of strange doctrines and stranger laws which were being propounded by their church—their own church to which they had given all their hearts. One day an old paper came to the parish in which was a short account of a service held for the Scotch soldiers at York, when the Pipers of the Cameron Highlanders took part in the praise. That paper went from house to house, and many a grey head wagged ominously in the peat reek over the degeneracy of the times. Were there not organs in their churches in the South? Was there not even a thing which a man blew with his feet, and worked on with his hands, drawing out fearsome sounds in the church on the Meall at Port-a-Righ? Soon they would have Domhnull Cam, the piper, the ne'er-do-weel of the parish, supplanting old Murachadh, their precentor, with the one tune, who always explained apologetically that if he had not many tunes, yet that he sang with the spirit—and so he did! And were there not teachers who taught that there were errors in the Book—their only treasure—and some that said that God did not make Adam at all—only sea-worms which grew to be men? And their own minister—was he all sound? Did not the schoolmaster—for whose sake and for his own wife's he preached in English—say that he never heard a minister who could quote poetry so beautifully in the pulpit—what right had he to introduce any poetry save the holy Psalms into the pulpit? Truly he was not sound!

So they talked by their fires in the long winter nights. What else had they to talk about? The ban of a deadly puritanism had been imposed on their lives by their own religious leaders. Music, dancing, and innocent games—all were under the one condemnation. What their fellow churchmen in the south laughed at was a matter of life and death to them. Children of the mist, driven to barren lands and rock-bound shores with nought to make life beautiful to them—they had only the Book. On it they anchored the hopes of eternity—it was their one comfort—if there were errors in it might it not be all one error? Where then would be the one hope for which they lived?

It may seem strange to others that they should muse over these things till the fire of anger burned within them; but William Macleod was of their blood and he knew. He felt the chill which fell between him and his people. Each Sunday the sensitive man in the pulpit felt they were moving farther away from him. The knowledge was bitterness, heaped-up bitterness, that he felt himself helpless. But each day as he turned sad and cheerless from his church, the little child with the rippling, golden curls met him at the rickety gate, and clasping his hand, would say "ti'ed Dada, poo' Dada," and the clinging, tender fingers comforted him.

Then it was that Eachann Donn waited on his minister and spoke his mind. He told him that the people were waiting for him to speak out against the backsliding and heresies of the day; and he made it plain that unless this was done the church would be left empty. But William Macleod was an honest man. He was there, he said, to preach the gospel, and he would not degrade his pulpit by entering on useless controversies.

"It is my opinion," said Eachann, "that you yourself do not believe in the doctrines of election and eternal punishment. It is long since I waited to hear you preach on them, but never a word you uttered. These were the truths on which we were nurtured; and I tell you the people will not endure it unless you speak out on the evils of the day."

"I came here," answered the minister,

"determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. To that I mean to adhere."

And so Eachann Donn went back to his thatched house, and as he told the tale he declared that it was his own conviction that their own minister was as bad as any in the south. The leaders met, and they resolved to invite a deputation from the body which had already seceded, to visit them.

It was an early summer's day when the deputation came, and the crowd round the church on the hill was great. But the church was locked. When the key was asked for, it was refused. Then the wrath of the leaders broke out into white heat. Their own church that they had built with much self-denial, would they suffer themselves to be locked out? Was it for this that they left the bondage of the State Church fifty years ago? No! they would break in the door first! On the thatch of a house across the road there was an old mast; eager voices cried, "Let us ram in the door with the mast." Quickly the younger men ran for it, but ere they came back one got in at a window and opened the door, and in they poured, an excited throng waiting for the word that would settle their religious position for the future.

The meeting was remarkable, and they will long remember it. They sang with a peculiar wail like the sea moaning round their own shores; and the sermon might have been preached at Drumclog. They heard in cool and measured tones of the backslidings of their Church. They heard more than enough to make them resolve never more to have part or parcel in the Church which they had loved so much. When William Macleod on the following Sunday went to his church he found it empty. After a little a dozen people appeared, and sick at heart he proceeded with the service. He had a great desire to weep; he felt he would weep; and his one thought was that he must not weep. The tears were in his voice; the desolation of the church in its naked ugliness, empty of the living congregation, fell on him like a pall. But he went on to the end and played the man.

III

The hour, however, was near when the minister would weep. As he went sadly home carrying in his bosom a heavier heart than ever he knew before, Dileas, with the waving hair and the eyes with the mystical shadows in their blue depths, was not at the gate to meet him. Usually she burst out like a sunbeam through the gloom, lightening his heart; but to-day the gloom is unrelieved. Dileas was not well in the night; but she was better in the morning, and when he left she said, "Dileas meet 'oo at the gate, Dada"; but she was not there. He hurried in and found her ill indeed—she tossed hot and feverish, her breath came hard and laboured. All night they watched in hopes and fears, but when morning came she was not better.

The doctor lived fourteen miles away, and at first they hesitated to send for him, the distance made the expense great, and it might be but a cold. Now they hesitated no longer; and when the gruff but kindly old man came and saw her he asked sternly why he was not sent for sooner, and muttered many awful words under his breath not fit for a minister to hear. He whispered to the father the dreadful word which blanched his cheeks—diphtheria—and he said he feared he was too late, and so it proved.

How William Macleod lived through the day and the night that followed he never knew. He, however, remembered how at the end the wearied, white face lined in the damp gold curls smote his heart like a sword in the flesh when he dared look at it; how each fluttering gasp for breath pulled at his heart-strings; how, after a few moments' sleep, she opened her eyes and saw him and whispered, "Ti'ed, Dada, ti'ed," and closed them never to open again in this world; and more keenly than all, perhaps, he remembered how his wife, who bore it all unflinchingly till then, fell in a dead faint. Well for her, he thought, as he carried her out and laid her on her bed. Then he stumbled to his study where he had often played with his child. He sat before the grate but he saw nothing, felt nothing; the world was one emptiness in which he groped with blind hands.

How long he sat there he could not

tell, when suddenly there came a clear, loud tap on the window-pane. He started up trembling with horror. What was it there tapping in the darkness at his window? by the gusts of wind that blew fresh from the sea driven against his window. He saw the waves with white crests tumbling on the shore, and away in the east he saw

They sang with a peculiar wail like the sea moaning round their own shores

A messenger from the dead! Ah! There tap, tap on the highest pane it was again. He staggered to the closed shutters and opened them, and it was only the straggling branch of a Rambler rose caught the clouds turning golden and red with long, fan-like streams of light rising upward over the hills, and as he turned from the dawn he realised it all. The grate before which he sat held a dead fire—a mere handful of grey

peat ashes—and all his hopes were dead; and his golden-haired Dileas was dead; and his congregation, that was once living and warm at heart, was dead; and the waves as they washed backward from the shingly beach making the grinding pebbles moan—the weirdest sound in nature, he thought—seemed to echo dead, dead!

As the day advanced he felt that arrangements had to be made for laying the little one in her long home, but he could not rouse himself. His heart was full of a wild revolt against his lot. Then there came one to give him comfort—one that he never expected—the old parish minister. The two men as they clasped hands, felt the thrill of a common sympathy—were not both their churches now empty, only that of the young man more so? Thirty years of solitude do not produce facility of speech, and the old minister said little as he sat beside the stricken man, who however felt the unspoken sympathy and knew it good.

After a long silence the old minister asked if he might pray, and the two knelt together there, pouring out their hearts before God. Macleod never forgot that prayer; its yearning, pleading tones fell on his heart like healing balm. When he heard the petitions—"May they realise in their sorrow how tender the Hand is which wipeth away the tears from their eyes; may they believe that their little one is better with Thee than with them, better in Thy house of glory, where sin and sorrow are not, than on earth, where sin and sorrow and death are; may they be taught to say the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord"—the heart-broken man said Amen in his heart, and rose up strengthened for the duties that remained. He had one feeling as he thought of the child's burial, and that was that he could not place her in the parish graveyard which lay on a hill round a ruined chapel of the old faith. The site was most beautiful. These old builders knew where to plant their churches. The Minch shimmered before it and wailed around it; a stream sang near it, and green fields stretched behind it. But there was none to care for the little God's acre; nettles and weeds grew rank in it; cattle strayed among the graves and rabbits burrowed in them. Round his own church there was a well-walled plot of green grass which he himself had beautified with daffodils. He resolved to lay the little one there, that he might look on her grave as he passed in to prayer.

Thus he arranged; but with the next day came to the manse old Murachadh, his precentor and elder—the only office-bearer left to him—who asked where the child was to be buried. When the minister explained his intentions, old Murachadh straightened his back, and said, with a stern voice, that now he was the only trustee left in the congregation, and that he would not allow the child to be buried at the church. She must be laid where all the parish laid their dead. Was she different from others that she should need a place all to herself? "We always knew," he said, with frank brutality, "that you were not as other men; but I never thought you would seek to do so foolish a thing as this." And so he left. It was then that the minister's cup of humiliation and bitterness ran over. He bowed his head on the table and moaned, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

* * * * *

Now he has no desire to leave the wave-washed, lonely parish where he has suffered so much. He is anchored to it by a grave in the old churchyard, where the wind from the sea blows through the nettles and the weeds. That one little grave is always green with flowers around it. His wife prays that he may yet be called to a place where happiness might come to him again, but he has ceased to wish it. In the mouldering church he preaches to a dozen people, but he sees them not, for often his face shines as he pictures in living words the beauty of the Shepherd who carries the lambs in His bosom, and his hearers feel that he is looking far beyond them, on the invisible. His wife's heart throbs as she listens, and she feels convinced that his merits must win him a place. How can they? The great world knows nothing of that lone land with its sad other-world people. But she never despairs; she is certain a call will come; and perhaps it will—too late!

Minute Marvels of Nature

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

III.—Animal-Plants and Sea-Weeds

PEERING amongst the rocks and rock-pools in search of "the flowers of the sea," one catches glimpses of wonderland. In great waving masses the sea-weeds fling out their long coloured tresses to be caressed and carried by the waves; for these "algæ," as science calls them, have no strong branches to support their own weight. If they had, they would be broken and tattered after each storm; but, bending and twisting with the waves, perfect in every movement, they are beautiful and as safe as may be in so dangerous an environment. After a gale we find them uprooted rather than broken. Their beauty is marred and draggled on the sand, but, if we take some of these apparently shapeless tangles of slimy weeds from high-water mark and place them in the nearest pool, in an instant their fairy beauty has returned, and they are once again gracefully waving to and fro.

Fig. 1. The branches of an animal-plant (magnified slightly)

Fig. 2. An animal-plant which has beautiful coralline branches. The actual size is shown in the square to the left

But these large fronds will not monopolise the interests of those who study the sea-shore in search of Nature-marvels. These are often best seen in her most insignificant and apparently unimportant works. To illustrate this, I have collected almost at random a few tiny specimens of what would popularly be considered as "sea-weeds," if they were considered at all; for all of them would find abundant room in a thimble.

But there are often many so-called "sea-weeds" gathered from the sea-shore by the unscientific, and given a place as ornaments in vases, which are really not sea-weeds at all. As a matter of fact, they do not even belong to the vegetable kingdom, but are placed by modern biologists with the animals. My

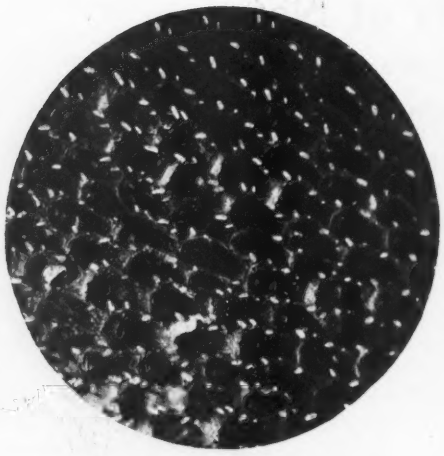


Fig. 3. Animal-plant cells arranged after the manner of a leaf, instead of branches

thimbleful of specimens contains many of these animal-plants, for it is seldom that you can gather algæ or sea-weeds without finding some of these curious living growths attached. Nor is it only adhering to the fronds of algæ that we find them, for it may be from an oyster, or any other shell, a bit of wood or stone, that the primary bud commences to branch.

These plant-like forms of symmetrical and graceful outline, mimic in general appearance many of the sea-weeds amongst which they live, and may readily be mistaken for them on a first acquaintance; but, if we examine some of their structures and learn something of the strange organisms that build and inhabit them, we shall see how unplant-like they really are. Fig. 1 shows a small portion of a few branches taken from one of those animal-plants slightly magnified. It is branched like a plant, but if its thread-like branches are examined, they are seen to be notched. Moreover, these notches are found to have cellular orifices at their points forming tubular openings into the interior of the main stem. These openings as will be seen occur along each side of the branch; and each orifice is tenanted by a tiny living animal. Here then we have a colony of animals; hundreds of little cells each forming the dwelling-place of a living inhabitant, which is called a polype. Figs. 2 and 3 show other dwelling-houses of the polypes. The former of these has, like our first specimen, tiny tubular cells arranged on opposite sides of the branches, but instead of being membranous in texture, the branches are constructed of an exceedingly beautiful ivory coralline substance. The polype in Fig. 3 reverts to the membranous structure, but with an entirely different cellular arrangement. The figure represents a few magnified cells, from one of a leaf, or frond-like arrangement. The cells are packed and crowded together on each side of the leafy organisms, which are familiar to seaside visitors as sea-mats. Wonderful habitations are these and built entirely by their tiny inhabitants.

Remains of similar organisms are found in some of the oldest rock formations, giving abundant proof that the type flourished in the remote past. Fossil species are unearthed from every corner of our country,

Fig. 4. A very thin and minute portion of limestone, showing how it is built up of tiny living forms

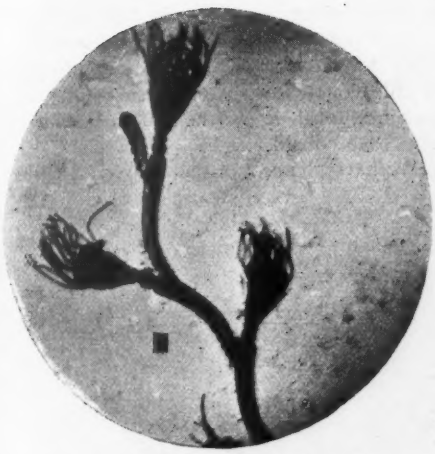


Fig. 5. An animal-plant feeding, by catching particles from the surrounding water with its tentacles. Actual size shown in little square

the rocks remaining as the record of their existence. The fossil zoophytes or "animal-plants," abounded in the primitive seas, fulfilling the same employment as the many living zoophytes of to-day; separating the carbonate of lime from the waters, to build habitations for themselves; and at the same time by their myriads of accumulating skeletons during the countless ages, unconsciously raising materials which afterwards would be quarried as solid rock for the dwelling-places of man himself.

As is well known our limestones were built up chiefly by various tiny living organisms which possessed this power of separating the lime from the waters. Fig. 4 illustrates the structure of a minute portion of a very thin slice of limestone, showing how it is built up of what were once living animals. In this particular specimen zoophytes are not prominent; but each limestone varies according to the locality and period in which it had its origin.

It is easier to understand how masses of rock substance may be built up by the united efforts of minute zoophytes after examining one of those Mediterranean corals which now constitute quite an article of commerce; and the harvesting of which affords employment to some thousands of seamen and a large number of vessels specially fitted out for the gathering of these beautiful works of Nature. For the tenants of these fantastic abodes are but other kinds of zoophytes, which hold an intermediate place between our own tiny British species and those organisms which have built up thousands of "coral-reef" islands in the Pacific Ocean, extending in some instances hundreds of miles. Such are the mighty works of these little artificers of the deep.

While we have been considering the habitations of these marine wonders we have seen nothing of the living organisms themselves. Those who have never seen these minute marvels will naturally be wondering what these little workers of great things are like. In Fig. 5 are shown a few cups of the branch of another form of zoophyte, with its polypes busy seeking food. And if we carefully watch these in their living state, we soon observe that particles of living matter that may come within reach of one of their spread tentacles, is greedily drawn in, the

Fig. 6. A portion of the branches of a tiny sea-weed

other tentacles are soon around it, and it is quickly engulfed and disappears into the mouth of the polype, which the tentacula surround.

To all appearances they are just little starry blossoms, almost like the flowers of the apparent plant that bears them. And so an independent zoophyte, by first becoming a single polype, and then budding, and each newly formed polype also again buds. So in due course the parent stem grows and branches, until we get the structures that we have been considering.

We have glanced at the zoophytes collec-

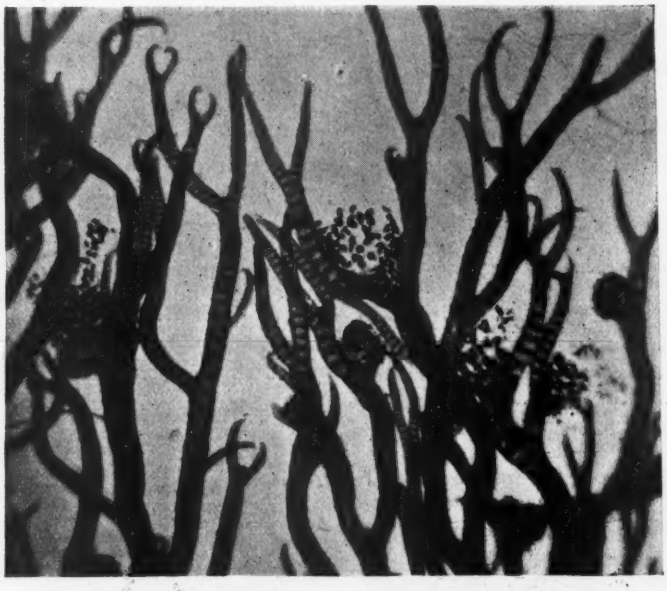


Fig. 7. A tiny sea-weed scattering its spores, or seeds, into the water

these organisms gather in material to support their own substance, and build the structures in which they dwell. Such is the general arrangement of all zoophytes; but each family varies in its habits and forms. As will be seen by the illustration, the resemblance of this animal structure to a plant is carried to the length that each new polype appears first like a bud.

Still again, like a plant producing seed, certain receptacles are developed which contain minute eggs (Fig. 1), and, when ripe, open at their apex by a tiny lid, discharging their contents into the surrounding water, as a plant-capsule scatters its seeds in the air. But here the resemblance ceases; for, unlike a seed, each egg at this stage is endowed with locomotion, and swims gaily about for a time, afterwards settling down upon a shell or algæ frond, from which it commences life as tively without regard for their relationship in modern zoological classification, although some of our specimens are much more highly organised than others. And, before leaving the corals, I may notice that the hard red coral of necklaces, and the "coral and bells" of teething infants, taken from the depths of the Mediterranean, are but the work of other zoophytes. When brought up from the depths this hard stem is incrusted with just a film of living matter. The slightest rough handling will remove it; yet the solid red coral was entirely formed by this incrusting film, for it consists of soft jelly-like polypes; and if we examine this stony formation in section, we see plainly that it was once a slender rod gradually increased in thickness by additional layers secreted by the tiny inhabitants of its outer surface. For the sake of the beauty alone of their work these tiny

living wonders are well worthy of our consideration; and, in addition, there is the legacy of usefulness left by their ancestors. Also, what an important part the work of these lime-extracting organisms play in regard to the magnificent edifices which

Fig. 8. The tip of the frond of another kind of sea-weed. Actual size shown to the left

Much of the beauty of our native marbles is due to the remains of extinct zoophytes; and fossil corals add to the artistic beauty of other rock structures by their marvellous effects when crystallised with other substances. oftentimes we consider as "built" by man, whereas all that man has done is to utilise and arrange the material already built, by these insignificant living atoms of the past.

We have seen how animal organisms

Fig. 9. Another kind of sea-weed discharging its capsule of spores into the sea-water

apparently mimic plant structures. We have seen them bud, branch, and on occasion bear flowers, and also later produce vessels, which seemed to produce seed. So we need not wonder at sea-side visitors bringing home these animal-plants in mistake for sea-weeds, with so many striking resemblances to mislead them.

But now we will endeavour to examine a few sea-weeds or algæ, and see in detail how far the resemblance really goes.

The first thing that we have to observe is that the smaller algæ are not so membranous in texture as the zoophytes, but are more delicate, many being so transparent that their internal structure can be readily examined. Fig. 6 shows a portion of a few branches from a family of algæ which probably will be the first weeds to attract the eye of the sea-side visitor. Their thin red and pink, thread-like, jointed branches, with repeated forkings, and tips always forked, will serve to identify them. It will be seen that here there are no cellular arrangements for polypes, but instead, a pretty formation of vegetable cells, their rosy-red joints alternating with the transparent cells of the filamentous stem.

So the branches of a true sea-weed are altogether unlike those of the zoophytes, though in structural details, they may differ between themselves even more than do the zoophytes. At Fig. 7 a nearly related form to the one we have just examined is given, but in this instance bearing fruit. A kind of capsule or berry containing the spores or seeds is developed amongst the branches; and some of these will be seen in various stages of development in the illustration, including some just scattering their spores into the surrounding waters.

To show how beautifully varied are the structures of these tiny plants of the deep, I have shown the tip of a frond of a still more elegant form at Fig. 8. This also shows reproductive seeds amongst its frondlets. And then again at Fig. 9 we have a wonderful photograph of a capsule of another species just discharging its crimson spores from its capsule. This calls to mind the urn-like vessels of the zoophytes which we have previously examined. But the resemblance is only superficial, for it is seen that the structure of the branches is not adapted for the little wonder-working polypes.

Now, perchance, some readers of this article may, on their holiday visit to the sea-shore, endeavour to seek some of these marvels of beauty and minuteness that we have been considering. In that case some very common forms would probably come at once under their notice, to puzzle their ingenuity to discover whether they were animal-plants or true sea-weeds. The reason for this would be that they possess characteristic features of both. Here, for instance, in Fig. 10 we have the beautiful white stony and coralline appearance of some of the zoophytes; but on the other hand there are no orifices for the polypes. The illustration shows a greatly magnified and also a natural size representation of a portion of the frond. Clusters of these little fronds, an inch or so in length, form tufted masses of stony foliage, and line the rocks, or often, like our zoophytes, grow on old limpet or other shells. But if we observe carefully we notice

that these are true sea weeds, and not animal-plants. Some instead of being snowy white are pink, or purple in colour; and these are generally living plants. When they are

Fig. 10. A curious sea-weed that develops hard and stony foliage. Shown at actual size to the left

thrown up on the beach by a gale, to such a height that the waves cannot again reach them to carry them back into the water, the sun scorches their tissue, and they become beautifully bleached, thus acquiring the chalky appearance that gives them a resemblance to coral. But what does this mean? True algæ with hard and stony jointed fronds? Well, the fact is simply that we have here a sea-weed which has acquired the same power as our zoophytes possessed, of separating the carbonate of lime from the water. This it deposits equally over its vegetable tissues, and so presents the chalky white foliage we have observed.

It is, I think, a remarkable feature of these lowly organisms, that they should possess this strange characteristic of making

Fig. 11. Another more delicate species with stony branches. Actual size shown to the left.

lime incrustations from their natural element the water, in the same way as the animal forms which we have been considering. But it is a characteristic common to innumerable forms of low life which we have no space here to consider.

The geological history of the coralline algæ goes back into remote ages like that of the zoophytes; and like them, these families of lime incrusting weeds have contributed largely to our limestone strata. With the true corals also, they occur in particular abundance, and often form a sort of mortar which holds the reef-building corals together. Fig. 11 shows a more delicate form, possessing the same traits of character, which is found in clusters amongst the shingle-like masses of white moss. As a concluding example Fig. 12 shows a small portion of the same species as Fig. 10, but in this instance the sea-weed is not alone in fulfilling the functions assigned to it by Nature, but is accompanied in its task by other organisms, which are also diligently working for the same end. On the lower portion of the frond stem will be seen some of the cellular tubes of a form of zoophyte, while above these are a number of other minute animal organisms, that require similar materials to build up their dwelling-places.

Each wrought alone, yet altogether wrought
Unconscious, not unworthy instruments
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed.
Slime the material, but the slime was turned
To adamant by their petrific touch:
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. *J. Montgomery.*

Fig. 12. A stony sea-weed and its companion stone-masons. Actual size shown to the left

The Scotch Regalia

By the Rev. J. H. T. Perkins, M.A., Sacrist of Westminster Abbey

ALTHOUGH the English Regalia infinitely surpass those of the Northern Kingdom, both in workmanship and in intrinsic value, yet the history of the latter has borne so remarkable and so romantic a character, that they deserve considerably more attention than a mere passing allusion.

The employment of a crown at the commencement of a new reign, is an early feature of sovereignty in Scotland, as in other nations. At the coronation of Malcolm Canmore, in 1057, the high privilege of conducting a new monarch to his royal seat was permanently annexed to the Earldom of Fife—a ceremony which plainly implies use of a crown. Some two and a half centuries later, Edward I. poured forth his fury upon the unhappy John Baliol. The distracted kingdom was stripped of every vestige of independent sovereignty. The unscrupulous plunderers fell upon the sacred Stone and transported it, without more ado, to London; while the crown and such regal ornaments as were at that time in existence, were probably broken up. At any rate, they disappeared for ever.

When, however, the gallant Bruce had once more rallied the drooping spirits of his countrymen, he proceeded forthwith to reassert his country's rights. Like the ancient Scotch Kings who had gone before him, Bruce was inaugurated at Scone, in 1308, with as much solemnity as a maimed ceremonial would permit. In the absence of the Stone of Destiny, the new monarch had to content himself with the chair, of which it had at one time probably formed a part—while a plain circlet of gold was substituted for the old time-honoured crown of Scotland, gone never to return. Six brief years passed away, and the positions were reversed. The victor of Bannockburn proceeded to impose his ruthless and triumphant terms upon the craven-spirited son of a mighty father. Yet, strange to say, during all the negotiations which then ensued between the Bruce and Edward II., not one single solitary reference is recorded of the crown. It can scarcely be doubted but that the crown had been altered, or more probably still, destroyed, beyond all hope of recovery. Judging then by this fact, combined with the special character of its own ornamentation, we may reasonably assume that the present diadem of Scotland now to be viewed in the crown room of Edinburgh Castle, dates from the first quarter of the fourteenth century. It was distinctly mentioned, for the first time, at the coronation of King David II. in 1329, and from that time forward it was employed at the coronations of all the Scotch Kings in succession. The sixteenth century, and more especially, the reign of King James V. witnessed a considerable development in the ornamentation of this crown, together with the addition of at least one important item to the Scotch Regalia. James V. caused several new arches at the summit of the crown to be constructed, by foreign artificers, besides beautifying the whole with gold from the mine on Crawford Moor. His matrimonial connection with Mary of Guise and the reigning house of France was probably instrumental in bringing about these changes. In 1543 his daughter, the hapless Mary Stuart, at the tender age of nine months, was taken from her cradle to the great church at Stirling, and there invested with her father's crown, whilst the sceptre was placed in her tiny hand, to the accompaniment of her own piteous wailing. During the century which followed, both Charles I. and Charles II., despite the superior position conferred by their connection with English sovereignty, were compelled to undergo the ancient rites of the Scotch Kingdom at Scone in 1633 and 1651 respectively; the strength of the political feeling displayed in the North, precluding all attempts to dispense with the national ceremony.

With the coronation of the last named monarch, however, a fateful era commenced in the history of the Scotch Regalia. A few brief years, and Cromwell with his Ironsides were sweeping over the land like a

scourge. Visions of Edward Plantagenet, or some still more terrible "Hammer of the Scots," were filling all hearts with abject terror. And so in the hope of attaining some real safety for their national treasures, the authorities placed the Regalia in Dunottar Castle, an impregnable rock overhanging the waves of the North Sea. Here George Ogilvie of Barras, a gallant soldier, defended his almost sacred charge night and day, stoutly refusing to surrender them under any pretext whatsoever. But, still, the threatened danger grew closer and closer at hand. Attempts were made to discover a more secure resting-place for the Regalia, by removing them to some inaccessible Highland fastness; but every effort collapsed in utter failure. At length, Lambert and his army sat down before Dunottar Castle, and the doom of the English Regalia seemed to be within an ace of repetition in the North. As has so frequently happened, however, female ingenuity proved equal to a perilous emergency, and the danger was averted. Three ladies shared the burden of this anxious secret—the Countess Dowager-Marischal, Lady Keith, with Mrs. Ogilvie and Christian Grainger, wives respectively of the Governor of the Castle and the neighbouring parish priest. The crown, sword, and sceptre, were carefully concealed in bundles of lint, and conveyed, by means of this subterfuge, through the ranks of the blockading army to the little church of Kineff, four miles distant. Here Grainger and his wife carefully secreted them. Dunottar very shortly fell, but no severity could wring the secret from either of the Ogilvies; not even the sufferings and privations which ultimately cost the poor lady her life. A period of sickening suspense followed, but the astuteness of the Countess-Marischal once more stood her in good service. She succeeded in placing the pursuers upon a wrong track, with the result that the Regalia remained in their hiding-place beneath the pavement of Kineff church, being guarded with loving care by the Graingers, husband and wife, until with the advent of the Restoration happier days dawned upon the land.

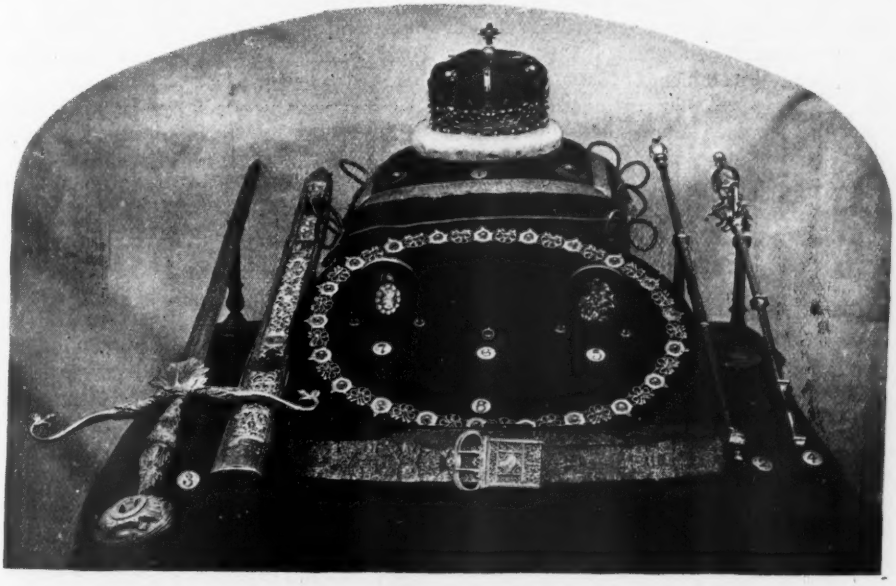
The Act for the Union of England and Scotland, which came into force in 1707 heralded a series of fresh incidents, almost equally exciting in the history of the Scotch Regalia. The anti-English party, borne along by the wave of popular feeling, succeeded in carrying a supplementary clause to the Treaty which enacted that "the Crown, Sceptres, and Sword of State, records of Parliament, &c., continue to be kept as they are in that part of the United Kingdom now called Scotland and that they shall so remain in all time coming, notwithstanding of the Union." This was a point gained, which, however, the English government met with a countermove. The danger of exposing to public view these treasures, so venerable and so beloved, symbolising, as they did, all that was opposed to English rule and influence, was sufficiently obvious. Accordingly, the authorities determined to erase them out of sight and out of mind. On March 27, 1707, the Commissioners of the Treasury took over the possession of the Regalia, to the indignation of the Earl Marischal, who declined to degrade either himself or his office, by his presence at the ceremony, in his eyes, so full of humiliation. The Regalia were henceforth lodged in the Crown room of Edinburgh Castle and hidden away in an iron chest. Many a long day was destined to elapse ere mortal eyes gazed upon them once more.

The years rolled on. A new generation arose which had never yet beheld these ancient emblems of Scotch kingship. Legends sprang up. A curious halo of mystery began to envelop the Regalia, till at length the impression spread abroad, that, entirely contrary to the promise contained in the Act of Union, they had been removed by stealth to London. Once and only once during the space of upwards of a century had the Crown room been opened, and then no attempt was made to investigate the contents of the iron chest, in which presumably the Regalia were reposing. At length, with the year 1818 the Prince Regent, who had taken the deepest interest in the whole subject, determined to solve the problem for good and all. The century which had just passed away had exercised a mollifying influence, and had succeeded in soothing the

passions and discords which accompanied the Act of Union. All apprehension as to possible political trouble was at an end. Accordingly, a Commission was appointed, prominent amongst whom was Sir Walter Scott. The duty was entrusted to them of conducting the necessary investigations. The iron chest was wrenched open—and then, amid a scene of the most intense excitement, the light of day fell once more upon these ancient "honours" of Scotland, while the royal standard was hoisted upon the castle

public position, and an authorised body of custodians was constituted. From that date onwards their history has been almost wholly uneventful; indeed, one event only stands out with any prominence. It was in the year 1830 when, by order of William IV., several highly interesting items were added to the collection, in the shape of the bequest made a few years previously to George IV., by Henry Cardinal York, the last descendant of James II.

Not only are the Scotch Regalia inferior in beauty, they are also fewer in number



(From a photograph by A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh)

The Scotch Regalia

tower, amid the mingled tears and plaudits of a delighted people. There they lay—crown, sceptre and sword—the marks of time being scarcely apparent. The handle and scabbard of the sword of state, it is true, were somewhat broken, and the head of the sceptre had been slightly bent. It is interesting to notice, however, that these very disfigurements were distinctly mentioned in an Act of the Privy Council dated so far back as July 10, 1621, when an official examination of the Regalia had taken place.

The Regalia were at once placed in a

than the Regalia of England. On the other hand, quite apart from their stirring history, they possess certain points of interest which English cannot but envy. The crown is especially remarkable, displaying, as it does the combination of both Scotch and French workmanship. It consists of two circles, the lower adorned with Oriental pearls and precious stones, the upper with alternate sapphires and diamonds. This upper circle develops into ten cross-florées intermingled with fleurs-de-lys, and having for their respective centres a large diamond surrounded

by four pearls. Above rise the arches, and the cross-patée added by James V., which exhibit a marked difference in character to the rougher work of the Scottish goldsmiths. These arches are adorned with enamelled figures, while the centre of the cross-patée consists of an amethyst, together with a large pearl, beneath which are the initials I.R.V. The sceptre—a silver-gilt rod, surmounted by a capital of embossed leaves, supporting figures of Our Lady, St. Andrew, and St. John—bears the same initials. The scabbard of the sword of state is composed of crimson velvet, exquisitely adorned with filagree work and silver. The main subject of the ornamentation consists of oak leaves and acorns, the emblem of Pope Julius II. The title of that military pontiff is also indented in golden letters upon the blade; this sword of state having been presented by him to King James IV.

Second only to the crown, however, in general interest is the coronation ring of Scotland. For many centuries past, in England, the ring has always been treated as being the personal property of each individual sovereign, and is newly manufactured at the beginning of each reign. The Scotch ring exhibits a very remarkable difference, in that it must have been clearly intended to fit fingers of varying sizes. It is composed of a pale ruby, backed with red foil, engraved on which is a couped cross, enclosed in a circle of twenty-six table diamonds. It possesses a joint, resembling that of a bracelet, together with a long spring connected with the snap. It may be accurately described as being the only ring in existence which is the property of the nation.

The traditional history of this Scotch ring is of the most tragic, not to say melancholy, character. It is believed that it was the favourite ring of Mary Stuart, and that, after her judicial murder in Fotheringay Castle, it was transmitted to her son. From James it descended to Charles I. at whose coronation at Scone in 1633 it played a distinct part. Once more did this ill-fated ring figure at an untimely and ill-merited death; for, with almost his last breath upon the scaffold at Whitehall, Charles bequeathed it to Bishop Juxon in trust for his son. In due course of time the ring came into the possession of James II., and was carried away with him on his flight to the Continent. When, however, he was detained by the fishermen at Sheerness, the ring, which had been secreted in the King's underclothing, only escaped robbery by the luckiest of mistakes, on the part of the sailor who searched him. Thus the ring was passed on uninjured to James' descendants, till, by the bequest of Cardinal York, it became the property of the reigning dynasty once more, and was by them replaced among the royal jewels of Scotland, from which it had been separated for many a long year.

We can hardly conclude this brief account of the Scotch Regalia better than by quoting a touching story related by Frances Ann Kemble in the "Record of a Girlhood." "Sir Walter Scott told me," she writes, "that when the Scottish Regalia was discovered in its obscure place of security in Edinburgh Castle, pending the decision of Government as to its ultimate destination, a committee of gentlemen were appointed its guardians among whom he was one, and that he received a most urgent entreaty from an old lady of the Maxwell family to be permitted to see it. She was nearly ninety years old and feared she might not live till the Crown Jewels of Scotland were permitted to become objects of public exhibition, and pressed Sir Walter Scott with importunate prayers to allow her to see them before she died. Sir Walter's good sense and good nature alike induced him to take upon himself to grant the poor lady's petition, and he conducted her into the presence of these relics of her country's independent sovereignty, when he said, tottering hastily forward from his support, she fell on her knees before the crown, and clasping and wringing her wrinkled hands, wailed over it as a mother over her dead child. His description of the scene was intimately pathetic and it must have appealed to all his own poetical and imaginative sympathy with the former glories of his native land."

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two travellers arrive at Perrancove Towers, a mansion standing on the sea coast on the borders of Devon and Cornwall. The elder, Mr. Endicott, is owner of the place. He has been travelling for ten years, and for the past five has had the companionship of the younger man, Cuthbert Gregson, whose life Mr. Endicott had saved. On arriving at Perrancove, Gregson learns Mr. Endicott has an adopted child named Una Cartaret. She is now twenty-one. Mr. Endicott tells Gregson he cannot live more than a few months longer, and asks him to marry his ward, who will also be his heiress. She is the daughter of a scoundrel who is still alive, and who would endeavour to obtain an evil influence over her if he heard she was an heiress. Cuthbert and Una are married. One night a ship is wrecked off the coast, and Una, hiding in a cave, sees two wreckers robbing a man who has been washed ashore. They leave him for dead, but Una finds he still breathes. She tells a fisherman—Jim Tanner, who carries the stranger to his own home. The next day he asks for his money and jewels. Jim seeks counsel of Una, who goes to the cottage of the thieves and demands their return. After a stormy interview she secures them and returns them to their owner, a Mr. Duncan Thiselthwaite. Mr. Endicott dies. Una, Jim, and his father, in order to defeat wrecking, start secretly building a lifeboat in a haunted cave. Jim's sweetheart, Kathie, is devotedly attached to Una. A sister of Gregson's, Marjorie, comes from America to stay with her brother. She meets Duncan Thiselthwaite, whose wife has just died, and becomes on visiting terms with him and his mother.

CHAPTER IX

A FISHER'S BRIDE

A maiden, modest and yet self-possess'd,
Youthful, and beautiful, and simply dressed.
LONGFELLOW.

IT was Kathie's wedding-day. Her courtship had been brief. There was nothing to wait for, and Jim's choice had been much approved of by the village. It had almost reinstated the Tanners in the favour of all. But their unpopularity was not due only to their keeping aloof from their neighbours. It was well known that neither of the three men took pleasure in wrecks and their salvage. They were never seen dividing the spoils that were washed ashore. They were under suspicion of trying to warn and prevent vessels gliding on to their doom. And it was this that caused them to be eyed with so much disfavour.

Kathie was a general favourite. She had been born and bred in the village; and Jim's choice of a house in the centre of the village street was the cause of much satisfaction.

"The lass will be the makin' of him," was the opinion of the married women.

Una was up early. She had insisted upon giving Kathie her wedding-dress, which was a soft white merino; and she was the first at Kathie's cottage, to help her array herself in her bridal garments.

Kathie met her with flushed cheeks and lustrous eyes.

"It feels such an awesome thing!" she whispered. "Oh, tell me how you felt, Missy, when you went through it?"

"Just nothing at all," responded Una cheerfully.

Kathie shook her pretty head doubtfully.

"But then your man wasn't Jim!"

"No, he wasn't. Now stand still, Kathie, and don't be excited. Brides never are. They're supposed to be as white and cold as their dress!"

From whence Una got her experience of brides she did not say. She was engrossed in fastening some flowering myrtle and winter jasmine to Kathie's dress, and even ventured to put some in her hair. Kathie was entirely oblivious of what was being done to her. Suddenly she turned round upon Una with fervour.

"Oh, Missy, it has come to me so often lately, and I never could say a word before me and Jim were courtin'! But if ever I can do a thing to show my gratefulness to

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you I will, if it costs me my life! You saved my Jim from drownin'! 'Tis you that have brought about this day, for if he'd a-perished, I'd never have mated with any other man, and I'd have gone lone and sorrowin' all my days. May you be blessed as you have blessed others!"

Una laughed lightly, then bent forward and kissed Kathie's hot cheeks.

"Don't be a goose, Kathie! You deserve to be happy, and I know you will be. Now here is your cousin, Mrs. Polperran. I must leave you in her hands and run home. You will see me in church; and Miss Gregson is coming too. She loves weddings!"

A little later, and Perrancove Church was crowded with the whole population of the village. Una and Marjorie sat in the front seats, and the scene was intensely amusing to Marjorie. The wedding clothes of the guests brought delighted curves to her lips and eyes; but even she was impressed with the simple beauty of the bride and the quiet, manly bearing of the bridegroom.

As they passed down the churchyard, one little scene seemed to cast the only shadow across their path. A poor, half-crazed woman, who made it her business to wander about the country and attend any village festivity, sprang up on the low stone wall and addressed them.

Shaking her withered fist in Kathie's face, she cried:

"Christened in white! Married in white! Buried in white! Time be goin' to hurry thee on! An' mated to a man that the sea be wantin'! Poor maid! Laugh to-day, for the sea be sleepin'. But 'tis wakin' shortly and callin' for thy mate!"

Then, breaking into a shrill laugh, she sang:

> Waves be wakin', waves be callin',
> Waves be watchin' for thy mate.
> Keep him, hold him, time be comin'
> When he'll have to meet his fate.

Kathie trembled as she listened; but Jim strode on, and only pressed the hand that lay inside his arm the tighter.

"She be only a poor crazed creetur," he whispered consolingly.

Kathie raised her dark eyes to his somewhat wistfully.

"Oh, Jim, if my love can hold thee, it will!"

"Ay, sweetheart!"

They had reached the new house, where a well-spread table was awaiting the wedding guests behind them.

For a moment or two they stood alone in the room; then Jim stooped and took Kathie's burning cheeks between his two hands.

"Lassie," he said brokenly, "God Almighty has joined us together. May He give us His blessin' now."

Kathie gave a little sob, and as her husband's kisses fell quick and fast, she put her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Jim, I'll be a good wife. God helpin' me I will."

The vows in church had not been made with a fuller heart. It was a moment of deep and sweet solemnity to them both.

"These rustic weddings are so charming," said Marjorie to Una that same afternoon. "I am not sure that they do not enjoy themselves much more than we do under similar circumstances."

"You speak as if they are quite a different order of beings," said Una. "Kathie is a dear friend of mine. I like her better than anybody I know."

"She is a handsome girl, I allow. Who was the old crone that tried to cast a spell over the happy couple as they went out to the church gate?"

"That is old Patty Jessop. She is a harmless creature."

"I shouldn't feel very comfortable under her prophecies," said Marjorie with a little shiver. "I thought she might be the occupant of the Witches' Hole. I am longing to investigate that mysterious spot."

"You will never get any one to row you there."

"Do not be too sure. A few golden pieces will be too great a temptation."

Una shook her head, but she looked a little troubled. She began to wish her sister-in-law would leave them, for she found it more and more difficult to escape her vigilance, and visit the Witches' Hole in the day-time.

Marjorie seemed too well satisfied with her

Kathie trembled as she listened; but Jim strode on, and only pressed the hand that lay inside his arm the tighter

surroundings to take her departure. Her rides with Duncan Thiselthwaite became of almost daily occurrence. She would come in from them in radiant spirits.

"Where have I been?" she would say in reply to Una's inquiries. "How can I tell? Through the airy clouds of fancy and dreams. I can tell you what I have been doing—bringing solace and comfort to the heart of a disconsolate widower."

And then one day Una witnessed a little scene through her turret window that made her see and understand.

Duncan was standing near an old oak in the garden, one arm through the bridle of his horse, the other round Marjorie. Her head was reposing on his shoulder; she put up one of her little hands and lightly caressed his cheek. He bent his head until his face touched hers, and Una turned away from the window, saying to herself:

"He has soon forgotten his young wife. It might be Kathie and Jim, to look at them."

Marjorie soon announced her engagement. Cuthbert was astonished, and at first not well pleased.

"The fellow has only just lost his wife, and now he is taking another already!"

"But we do not intend to make our engagement public at present," argued Marjorie. "And Duncan's first marriage was planned and arranged by his mother. He told me so. She was a sweet, gentle girl, but there was no affinity of soul between them."

Cuthbert shook his head.

"I don't understand such language. Many loves are lightly loved, I have always heard."

Then Marjorie flashed round upon him.

"Duncan adores my little finger more than you do Una's soul and body! Don't talk to me of being lightly loved! How much do you love your wife? What is the depth of your affection for her? I never came across a more indifferent, cold-blooded husband than yourself! She is no more than a housekeeper, and you do not deserve such a pretty winsome morsel of humanity!"

She left the room, and her brother lifted his head with a dazed, bewildered look.

He felt as if he had received a blow. He had been talking to his sister in his study, and he was in the midst of his writing. Yet now he sat gazing before him oblivious of his book. What did Marjorie mean? Why did she upbraid him? He supposed he had made a mistake in mentioning the word "love." It was not an experience he had passed through. At least, not since he had attained middle life. Yet his wife was entitled to respect. What right had Marjorie to call her his housekeeper? He was fond of her; of course he was. If anything took her away from him, he would not dream of proposing to another woman within six months of her death. It would be most unsuitable, outrageous!

Whilst he was pondering these things in his mind, Marjorie was holding an animated conversation with his wife.

"It was love at first sight with both of us, Una," she was saying as she leaned back in a comfortable chair, and regarded her young sister-in-law with laughing eyes. "I am no country miss to be taken with the first handsome man I meet. I have met with too many of them for that, and I may say without conceit that I have refused more than one highly advantageous offer. Good looks, good birth, and wealth all included! But from the first moment I saw Duncan's eyes and heard his voice I knew that I had met my fate."

"How very curious," said Una wonderingly. "I cannot understand why he should appear different from any other. And yet," she added with a rising blush, "I thought his voice and look very pleasant when I first saw him. He made me think, in that one moment, that he liked and understood me."

A little pucker came in Marjorie's white brow. Then she laughed.

"Sometimes I think you are a woman," she said, "sometimes a baby. I do not know why I am descanting to you like this. Duncan and I were drawn together in true lover fashion. He could not get my image out of his thoughts; he is madly, mightily in love with me. He tells me, poor fellow, that he only lives when in my presence."

Una was silent. She found herself often

now mentally comparing her experience with others, and she dimly began to wonder whether her courtship and marriage had not been an exception to the rule. She left Marjorie, and wandered about the house a little restlessly. It was a pouring wet day. She had a cold, a rather unusual event for her, and Marjorie had persuaded her to stay indoors. But now she felt she must escape out of the house. Snatching up her old worsted cap and shawl, she was making her way to the front door, when her husband called her.

She put her head in at the study door a little impatiently.

"What is it? I am going out."

"Not this weather, surely?"

"Now, Cuthbert, do I ever mind the weather?"

"But you are not well; Marjorie told me she heard you coughing all night!"

This sudden interest in her health surprised Una.

"A cough is nothing," she said indifferently. Then a catch in her breath made her stop speaking, and the cough came on.

Cuthbert quietly drew her in, and shut the door.

"I am not going to let you go out to-day; sit down here and talk to me."

Una's soul at once rose in hot rebellion.

"I am going out," she repeated. "You promised when you married me that you would not interfere with me."

"You promised when you married me that you would obey me."

Una opened her eyes, and looked at him like an astonished child.

"Have you finished your book?" she asked.

"No."

"Then I think you had better return to your work, and leave me to go on with mine."

She spoke with quiet dignity, but Cuthbert would not be silenced. He seemed a different man. Without a word he gently went towards her and removed the shawl from her shoulders.

"I am going to exercise a husband's privilege," he said, with a little smile, "and take care of my wife. No, I cannot permit you to go out again to-day. I am considering your health. I have been too neglectful of you hitherto. Marjorie has opened my eyes."

"If Marjorie is the cause of this, I shall ask her to leave the house."

All Una's hot blood was roused. She spoke with flashing eyes and quivering lips; then, before her husband could stop her, she had dashed past him and out of the room. It was but the work of a moment to get another cloak, and then out into the blinding rain she ran, stumbling over the short, thick grass on the edge of the cliff, and finally making a hasty and precipitous descent to the Witches' Hole.

Eli and Jim Tanner were busy hammering away at the precious craft, and they looked up with consternation at Una's appearance.

"I thought I should never get here," she said by way of explanation. "I was delayed, and I have run all the way."

"'Tis a bad day for ye to be out," said Eli.

"I never stay in for weather; are you going, Jim?"

"I promised the wife to be back soon," said Jim, a little bashfully. "Her doesn't know where I be, or what us be doin' here. I'm wonderin' if I might tell her. Her b'ain't a talker."

"Oh, Jim, you mustn't! I have your promise that you keep our secret."

Jim rubbed the back of his head.

"'Tis ork'ard 'twixt man and wife. Her be brave an' sharp, Kathie be, an' her dussn't rightly like what her can't come at!"

"Nonsense! She must trust you. I have never told my husband about it. He never asks questions. Tell Kathie you are doing some business for me, if she wants to know where you have been."

Jim went off down to the beach, pulled his boat to the water's edge, and rowed off, but there was a depressed air about him that even old Eli noticed.

He said to Una, with a little smile, "Jim be discoverin' that his actions be not so free as they was back along."

"Marriage hasn't made any difference to me, so I do not see why it should to him,"

She made a hasty and precipitous descent to the Witches' Hole

was Una's quick reply; and then the scene with her husband that afternoon made her stop in her work and ponder.

Presently she said, with a little laugh, to Eli, "It is a good thing to know your own mind, and to stick to it, isn't it? If the way is a right way, one ought to take it, however much others may try to prevent you."

"Ay, Missy, if it be the right way."

"I ran away from my husband this afternoon," Una said, looking at the old man with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "He wanted me to stay in, and I wanted to come out."

Eli shook his head.

"I'm doubtin' if your way was a right one."

"Of course it was. Every stroke of work we do to this dear boat means that she will be launched the sooner."

"Ay, Missy, your will be a strong one, but it needs to be broken," said Eli, with a sorrowful look in his honest eyes. "'Tis not the spirit of the Good Master, who was meek and lowly in spirit. Seemeth to me, a young wife must obey her husband. 'Tis in the marriage vows."

"Oh, but my husband and I arranged we shouldn't keep to those," Una replied hastily. "We each go our own way, and do what we like. It is much the best plan. I don't know what made him speak to me so this afternoon. His sister, Miss Gregson, has been talking to him. It would be quite dreadful if Cuthbert began ordering me about."

There was silence, then Eli said slowly:

"When I were a young lad, I went across the Channel in a timber barque. The captin, he be an' old sailor an' a cock-sure 'un! Us used to say, 'No one need teach Dan Denton how to pilot his craft inside any harbour!' Us got into a nasty squall outside the coast o' Holland, an' there were sandbanks. 'Twas a dark night when we ran on 'em, an' the lights o' the Dutch harbour were close in sight. By-an'-by, off come a lifeboat to us, wi' a Dutch crew, but captin, he shook his head. 'No, lads, no; I'll wait here till mornin' an' then I'll get her off sure enough,' says he. The Dutchman warned him, an'

begged of him to leave his barque an' save his life. But the captin had a will o' his own, an' his way were the right way he said. The lifeboat were sent back, an' two hours after the sands begun to suck us down. I pitched myself out, an' by the Lord's goodness were washed ashore, but I were the only one saved. Captin an' crew an' barque were nowheres in the mornin' light. Were that the lifeboat's fault, Missy?"

"No," said Una gravely. "What an obstinate man!"

"He knowed his own mind, an' he stuck to 'un!"

Eli's look was a knowing one. Una laughed aloud.

"Ah, you think you have turned the tables on me; I knew the moral before you finished your tale!"

"Seemeth to me," old Eli continued after a pause, "this 'ere lifeboat us be so at pains to make will be a thing o' nought, unless men be willin' to leave their sinkin' craft an' trust 'emselves to it!"

"Of course it will."

"An' the dear Lord who be the World's Lifeboat, be not able to save a single one of us that sticks to our own ways an' plans, an' won't just giv' 'em all over, and let Him plan an' carry us into harbour safe."

Una looked serious.

"You always make me unhappy, Eli. You make the way to be good so difficult."

"Nay, Missy, 'tis so easy like—'tis the simpleness an' sureness of it that makes us all so glad."

"But you make out that we have to give up our own wills and do nothing, and I am quite sure that is wrong."

"Us has to take a big step. Our Lifeboat have been made at the cost o' the dear Lord's precious life, but 'tis us that has to step inside an' trust ourselves entirely to 'un."

"And is that all?"

"Why, that be but step number one! We bends our backs to the Master's will; He be the Pilot an' the Captin, an' us sits us down an' begins to pull just here an' there, where He be guidin' an' tellin' of us. Us have to pull all our lives, an' pull against the tide, an' wind, an' storm, but us does it, an' pulls to save others, an' all the time our Captin be comfortin' an' leadin' us safe through the currents, away from the rocks, until He lands us safe in port."

Una did not reply. These conversations were sinking deep into her heart and mind; and Eli saw it, and prayed for her the more.

CHAPTER X

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

TUKE.

UNA was wet through before she reached home, and her cold was none the better for it. Cuthbert did not see her till dinner-time. He seemed to have forgotten her wilfulness, and talked to his sister with more interest and warmth in manner than usual. Later in the evening, when they were standing round the drawing-room fire, preparatory to retiring to their rooms for the night, Una's cough became troublesome again.

Marjorie looked at her and shook her head.

"You will find your body will assert itself one of these days," she said. "You are treating it badly."

"You did not go out this afternoon?" Cuthbert asked.

Una nodded.

"Against my wish. Where did you go?"

Una flashed a proud little glance at him.

"Give her a scolding," laughed Marjorie. "I will leave you, for I am longing for bed. These dark, rainy days are very wearying."

She disappeared; and Cuthbert's eyes rested on his young wife in a meditative fashion.

"Where did you go?" he repeated gravely.

"To my usual haunts," Una replied lightly; "they do not interest you."

"I cannot have you set my wishes aside in this fashion. You are such a child that you seem to think life is merely a game—a husband a nonentity."

Una was startled by the stern ring in Cuthbert's tone.

But she was not submissive. She flung her head back impatiently.

"Why are you making this disturbance?

You are generally too engrossed in your books to care what I do or where I go. I cannot understand your sudden interest in me."

Then a hidden fire leaped into Cuthbert's eyes; he turned and put his hand on her shoulder, and Una's head drooped beneath the intensity of his gaze.

"Child, I would not have our marriage a failure. I am responsible for your welfare. I promised your guardian I would protect and care for you. I own I have been absorbed in my work, but it will not last for ever; and when it is done, and I wish to have more of my wife's society, I shall not expect her interests and pursuits to be entirely apart from mine. We are man and wife, Una; remember it; and when I wish for your confidence, do not withhold it."

The mastery of the man was making itself felt. For the first time Una began to realise that her husband was not a non-entity.

She bit her lips to prevent the tears starting to her eyes. She had never experienced a harsh word or harsh dealing in her life.

Miss Endicott's rule had been a lax and a loving one.

And Cuthbert, looking down at her face, realised afresh her childishness and inexperience.

Some instinct—he knew not what—prompted him to stoop and give her a kiss.

"We will not quarrel," he said, trying to speak lightly; "but when I ask you to do, or not to do, a thing, think twice before you ignore my wishes."

Una bravely battled with her feelings. His kiss had touched and softened her.

She clasped her hands round his arm and, looking up at him with laughter and tears in close proximity, said winsomely:

"Have you any liking in your heart for me?"

Cuthbert was speechless. Una continued:

I have been thinking lately that we are a strange couple. Marjorie seems to think so, and I know Kathie does. Perhaps, after all, the Prayer-book was right and we are wrong."

"In what way?"

"In not loving one another."

She released his arm and slipped out of the room.

Another married couple had been having words together that same evening.

Kathie welcomed Jim back to tea with a blushing smile. Her cottage kitchen was a picture of neatness and order. She herself, clad in a scarlet flannel bodice, dark serge skirt, with just a knot of scarlet ribbon in her hair, looked the picture of health and beauty.

"Oh, Jim, I've bin wearyin' for the sight of ye!"

Jim squared his shoulders, then sat down in his chair by the hearth.

"I'm in for the night, sweetheart. What have ye bin at?"

"I took out my boat, but brought it back. The lads were askin' where my man was. Us must row in the same boat now, Jim; 'tis no good for me to play at bein' a single woman agen."

"Ay," said Jim silently.

"Martha Crake were in a while ago. Her said her seed you rowin' past Condy's Cave. Why couldn't ye have had me wi' ye, Jim?"

Jim did not answer.

Then impulsive Kathie came and threw herself on her knees by his side. Laying her dark curly head against his shoulder, she turned her glorious eyes up to his.

"Jim, lad, tell me where ye have bin?"

Jim put his arm round her with a tight nervous clasp. He bent his head till his lips were touching her hair, but not a word did he say.

Kathie waited. She was determined to know her husband's secret.

At last Jim gave a heavy sigh.

"Sweetheart, my life isn't much without thee, but I have business that must be done away. 'Tis for Missy at the Towers."

"Then tell me what it be."

"Nay, that I cannot."

"A husband's secrets must be his wife's."

Jim could only shake his head.

"Jim, do ye love me?"

Jim pressed her closer to him with a convulsive grip.

Then Kathie sprang up and planted herself on his knees; she took his face between her

two hands and showered kisses upon it; she wound her arms round his neck, and whispered coaxingly in his ear:

"Oh, Jim, we're part of each other; your secret must be mine, and I'll ne'er let on to a soul. Trust me, lad, and tell me."

Poor Jim groaned in anguish of spirit.

"I've passed my word, Kathie. Ye wouldn't have me break it! But if ye go to Missy an' tell her ye must know it, her will tell 'ee!"

Kathie sprang up and away from him with a scornful laugh.

"Am I the one to go whinin' an' cryin' to an outsider to tell me what my husband be doin', when he will not open his mouth? If ye be workin' in secret, an' treateth your wife like a stranger, ye had best have remained unmated!"

With which passionate words Kathie left him for the rest of the evening alone, and fled up to her bedroom, where finally she sobbed herself to sleep, feeling marriage was a failure, and her husband a bitter and heartbreaking disappointment.

Oh, Jim, I've bin wearyin' for the sight of ye!

But the building of the *Triumph* went rapidly on. It was a comparatively small boat; for, as Una represented to Eli, the crew would be so few in number.

"Myself and you three men. We dare not trust any one else."

It was one fine sunny afternoon that, as Una and the Tanners were hard at work, they were suddenly surprised by the splashing of oars outside. It was high tide, but it was seldom any boats passed so close to the ill-fated spot. Una ran down to the entrance and cautiously put her head outside. To her consternation she saw Marjorie and Duncan Thiselthwaite. They were in the act of landing their boat within a few feet of the cavern.

"We shall be discovered," she said breathlessly, as she returned to her companions. "What shall we do?"

"Stop workin'," Eli said quickly; "now back all into this dark corner. If so be that they have no lantern, they'll find nothin', an' Tom can skeer 'em away. Jim, run up the

ladder and shut out the light with the tarpaulin."

This was done, and almost immediately voices were heard.

"Oh, Duncan, is it not a gruesome place! Now, what do you think we shall find here: three old witches dancing round a cauldron of bones, or a sexton hammering coffins and digging graves? We were told on our way, you know, that we should hear our coffins being made. And really I began to think when we were passing Condy's Cave that the strong current there would draw us on to the rocks. How superstitious every one is! Even my little sister-in-law seems afraid of coming here."

"I do not think there is much to see, dearest. Do you want to go right in?"

"Of course I do. But I did not think it would be so dark. Where are you? Let me hold your arm and strike a light. How stupid of us! We have brought no candles."

Duncan took matches out of his pocket, but the damp atmosphere prevented them from burning. There was deathly stillness. Cautiously they advanced, and then Tom, with his mouth close to the ground, gave vent to a most blood-curdling wail: it rolled round the cavern and echoed back from its walls with such ghostly effect that Marjorie's nerves were shaken, and with a scream she beat a hasty retreat.

When outside, she sank to the ground, white and trembling. Duncan tried to soothe her.

"It is only owls. There are always echoes in those great caverns. Don't be frightened, dearest."

"Oh, let us come away," gasped Marjorie. "It is a horrible place. I wish we had not come."

A very short time after, their boat was retreating over the waves; and Una left her hiding-place with mingled feelings of relief and amusement.

"I would not let them discover us for worlds," she said. "Now we have so nearly finished our work we must be doubly careful."

"Missy," said Jim shortly after, as Una was just taking her departure, "would you miss my service now that the boat be so far on?"

"I should think we would, Jim. Surely you are not tired of it?"

"No, I be not that," was the grave reply, "but the wife wants me, an' I cannot hold out no longer."

"Kathie must not be selfish," said Una in her most royal tone. "She must spare you to us as long as we want you. I think, Jim, it is best for husband and wife not to be too much together, then there is no interference with each other, or quarrelling."

Jim could only stare uncomprehendingly at her. After a pause he said:

"'Tis comin' betwixt us, Missy; and I've promised the wife that if I can't let on to her where I be, that I'll be away no more."

Una was unused to opposition. She stamped her foot angrily.

"Kathie wants a good talking to! She is not going to spoil our plans with her selfishness. You ought not to give in to her, Jim; the husband ought to be master."

As she said these words it flashed across her that circumstances alter cases. She had a keen sense of justice and some little humour; and as she realised that her own husband dared not thwart her in any of her plans, her impatience vanished, and she laughed aloud.

Jim's face was clouded.

"I'm learnin' that I don't understand women," he said humbly. "But I give ye my word that Kathie would hold her tongue if ye let me tell her all."

Una looked at him meditatively.

"I suppose she must be told if it is a question of losing you, Jim. But bind her to secrecy, and I will come and see her to-morrow morning, and show her what a failure all our work will be if any one gets to know of it."

Jim strode off home that afternoon with a sense of freedom and relief in his soul that he had not known for some time past. And Una went home pondering many things, unmanageable wives amongst them.

Marjorie was full of talk about the Witches' Hole that evening.

"I told you I would go," she said in triumph to Una, "and I accomplished it.

But what an uncanny spot it is. I am more than half-inclined to believe the stories I hear about it. Can you not give me the full and true history of it?"

Una shook her head.

"I don't know the origin of all the stories. They say there is a bottomless hole in it. Do you remember old Patty who warned Kathie on her wedding-day? The story goes that soon after she was left a widow, many years ago, she was out catching lobsters in her boat; and on her return home she missed her way, owing to a sea-fog, and rowed into the Witches' Hole. She did not come home till morning, when she was half-delirious from fright and exposure. She had some kind of fever, and when she recovered, her reason was gone. The fishers say she was 'overlooked.'"

"It is an age of superstition," remarked Cuthbert gravely. "The lower class are so ignorant and so uneducated that they believe in anything."

"Well, there is something or somebody in the cavern," persisted Marjorie, "for I heard them."

"Owls or sea-gulls," her brother said shortly.

"No, I am sure it was not. But do not let us talk of it. I never want to go there again. I am sure I shall dream of it all night."

Una was intensely relieved to feel that Marjorie was never likely to trouble the Witches' Hole again; but she was uneasy about Kathie, and hurried down to her cottage the first thing the next morning.

She found her in, singing about her work and looking so bright and bonny that Una felt she could not scold her.

"Come in, Missy, and welcome," said Kathie, a little shyly. "Jim told me last night I might have a visit from you."

"Yes," said Una, with a grandmotherly air; "I am afraid you have been giving your husband a good deal of trouble."

The colour dyed Kathie's cheeks a deep crimson. Then she looked up and said simply:

"It were hard on me, Missy. 'Twas a tug when I parted wi' my own boat, and giv' up goin' out wi' the smacks like I always did. But I says to Jim, 'The wife must be wi' her husband, an' not have a life to herself no more!' So I hasted through my work of a mornin' to be ready to go wi' Jim later, an' then he tells me curt-like I were not wanted, an' he liked best to go alone. An' that was not enough; he stayed out hours an' hours when other boats were in and the lasses had their men home, an' I were kep' in the dark."

"You should have trusted him, Kathie. You know how steady he is; you knew he could not be doing any harm."

"It has cost me the two miserablest months in my life," said Kathie, with a quick-caught sob in her breath. "I've said words to Jim that have cut him to the heart; an' words cannot be unsaid. I've been mad wi' anger an' sulks; an' Jim, he—well, he have bin an' angel!"

She paused, then went on hurriedly:

"Missy, my Jim's religion be worth havin', for he lives it out. I tempted him like the devil, but never a sour look or cross word did I get; an' I told him on my knees this mornin' that I wasn't fit to be his wife. I prayed him to make me like himself, an' he be goin' to learn me of an evenin'. He says 'tis God's Book will learn me, an' I be goin' to be a right good woman from this day forth."

"You have never been a wicked one, Kathie," said Una, interested in the girl's earnestness.

"I've bin livin' like a haythen, Missy! I've never had one thought of God all the day, an' never thanked Him for His love."

Una was silent for a minute, then she said:

"I don't think I have either."

"My Jim hath bin taught proper by his grandfeyther, but he told me for years he used to think it foolish to be so on at religion like his grandfeyther. But then he said the time come when he see he were a rebel a-fightin' against his rightful King. He were turnin' the Captin out o' one o' His own boats, instead of servin' under Him. An' now he says, quite solemn like, he have signed for life service under a Captin who will be a Pilot too, an' will bring peace in any storm. Jim says 'tis what our Lord

died for, to bring us to Himself an' to God Almighty; but I don't rightly understand, Missy; only I be goin' to learn."

Una sat silent for some minutes. Her own secret was forgotten under the pressure of these more serious thoughts.

Then Kathie began, with kindling eyes, to speak of the lifeboat.

"Wild horses won't tear it from me, Missy. I'll give Jim up willin'ly to work at so great a job. Oh! it will be grand to save the poor wrecked sailors! I don't rightly see how it will be done; but when the boat be ready, things will fit in, I reckon!"

"But, Kathie, do you understand the importance of keeping the secret? If Martin, Enoch, and others once heard about it, they would come and smash the boat to pieces!"

"Ay," said Kathie gravely; "an' the lads would be knocked to pieces, too. There would be murder, sure enough, if wreckin' an' robbin' were to be put a stop to! Missy, my Jim's life be in it, and mine too. Rest easy about my tongue!"

The Garden in Early Spring

By E. Kay Robinson

RECENT gardening experiences suggest that a few hints about wind might have been useful a month ago. The great thing in dealing with wind in a garden is firmness. Be positive and insistent in placing things exactly where you wish them to remain; because it is a great comfort to know on which side of the house you may look for them next morning. During the gales that we have had lately this was no certainty. Indeed, for some hours the other day it was almost feared that our cat, who had been left out over-night, would never get her fur the right way again.

After a prolonged and powerful storm it is interesting to observe how a sturdy unstaked plant in an exposed situation will have worked itself round and round till it stands, or rather lolls, in a funnel-shaped hole in the ground, and how its branches have whipped a smooth hard surface on the flower-bed round it, or even cut an accurate circle in the mould. Also you can observe how much vegetable fibre large-leaved plants contain when their foliage has been reduced to shreds by the battering of the ceaseless wind. These things are more interesting to observe in a neighbour's garden.

To avoid the experience you should tie your loose plants betimes — about three weeks ago last Monday would have been a good date this year, if you had left it undone till then—to suitable sticks. If the stick is too stout and blunt you may find, on thrusting it into the ground, that it carries the plant down underground. This is because its blunt end covers so many tough rootlets. If the stick is large and too lightly inserted, an extra blast may carry it away and the plant with it. Also a thin and flexible plant, tied to too slender a rod will gradually work it out of the ground during the evening and use it like a flail upon the surrounding vegetation all night. Never give opportunities like this to an evil-disposed plant, but measure them all for their fetters. There is art in tying them too. You may make the ligature just a shade too tight and then be surpised next morning to find that the plant has flopped over at that point, or you may make it too loose and find that it has fallen down like an untidy garter and that the stick and the plant are standing coldly apart. But the great thing in tying plants in wind is to keep your temper. When you have the stake in position the wind will often blow the strand of raffia out of your hand and carry it away—just a yard or so. You lean over gingerly to pick it up, still keeping the stake and the plant—perhaps a thorny one—in position with one

hand, when the wind blows your coat-tails over your back and carries the string just another foot or two, playfully rolling it over and over to the middle of the flower-bed. Be deliberate at this juncture, else in your haste to recover the string you will certainly plant your foot upon your best hyacinths.

When you think that you will confine your gardening to a sheltered corner on a fine breezy morning do not be annoyed when the wind suddenly whisks dust and dead leaves at you out of the corner. Remember that providence so tempers the wind to a walled garden that it can make an all-round cannon on to you off any angle. If you are tying a loose creeper to a trellis you will also discover the interesting scientific fact that the wind can blow through both sides of the trellis at once, and that if you have a covered walk it will use this as a funnel to blow through at you when you pass the end of it with both hands occupied so that you cannot hold your hat. If there are boys in the house, the wind is likely to whirl on to the lawn various unsightly articles that they have left in the shrubbery; but do not be irritated into throwing such things over the fence without accurately calculating the force of the wind on the other side of it. I have known the old brim of a straw hat to behave like a boomerang in such circumstances and playfully suspend itself upon the creeper over the spare bedroom window whence ladders had to be procured from the barn to remove it. Thus gardening in windy weather teaches self-control.

But even in early spring gardening is not all wind and fury. Near the sea-coast lack of shelter for a new garden in the early year may nearly break your heart; but even there each bulb that flowers, nay, each bulb that sends up its stout, healthy looking spike of green above the soft brown mould, is a joy. From the swinging white bells of the snowdrops, the golden tapers of the crocus and the azure star-eyes of the glory-of-the-snow, to the delicate tints and tender graces of the daffodils, the rainbow hues of hyacinths, and the blazing glory of the tulips, the procession of spring marches onward in a crescendo of colour that gladdens the mind and quickens the pulse with the same mixture of satisfaction and high hope as that with which one views the preliminary march-past of gay squadrons of cavalry leading the way for a royal pageant. For the charm of the beauty of spring lies in its foretaste of summer. It impels us to buy flower-seeds forthwith and sow them. So inevitable is this reaction of "spring-like" weather upon the human mind that florists could construct a meteorological calendar backwards, always telling us what kind of weather we had yesterday from the number of orders for seeds which they received this morning. And in sowing seeds, it may also be a generous spring impulse which prompts you to scatter them thickly because so few will come up: yet the wiser sower is he who distributes seeds in the niggardly spirit of one who has but a penny packet for half an acre. So will you save yourself much wasteful labour in "thinning out" or the alternative of weedy, starved, overcrowded, short-lived weaklings in summer; and more than half of the art of sowing seeds lies in marking the spot with a base, utilitarian label. Amid the changing circumstances of a thriving garden in spring, memory becomes amazingly fallacious: and three weeks hence an isolated bare patch of soil will be inviting you to fill it with seeds of some striking crimson annual, when a little label would warn you that it already forms part of a harmony that-is-to-be in mauve and scarlet. Why, by the way, should this combination of two unrelated colours be satisfying to the human eye, while the addition of crimson makes it loathsome? Artists may reduce colour-harmonies to rules; but who can give us reasons for the horror that we have for colours that, to our eyes, "clash"? Yet amateur gardeners who did not keep their bulbs properly sorted will have bizarre sensations on their colour nerves when a magenta-crimson tulip suddenly displays itself in a group of vermilion and gold.

But the tulips are not yet: and meanwhile the glamour of spring and the quick succession of charm upon charm in the filling flower-beds leaves no time for much mourning over mistakes. There is no day from February till May, save when lingering

frost binds or snow covers the ground, that a well-ordered garden does not yield you a new joy. For horticultural purposes we control now the botany of both hemispheres and most latitudes; and the dainty spring-flowers of semi-arctic regions give mid-winter blossoms in our temperate zone; while you may gather the May flowers of the Alps in a suburban rock-garden in March. There are more of these Northern and Alpine gems than there are gardeners in the British Isles who know them by sight or name. Then come the sweet company of wall-flowers, old and new, single and double, and their near relatives, the snowy arabis, the blue and purple aubrietia, and the gleaming yellow gold-dust—as the alyssum of the rocks is so well called. The wind-flower anemones, almost endless in number and styles of beauty, in colours that range from purple-black to snowy white, through every shade of scarlet, pink, and blue; the columbines, fantastic in shape of bloom and unlimited in hue; the early flowering clematises, especially the mountain clematis, covering large spaces with its veil of maiden purity; the hardy plants of our own country, such as the king-cup or marsh marigold, a blaze of royal yellow in moist ground meet for the coronation year; the lavish primroses, cowslips and oxlips with their rainbow-tinted relatives from many lands, besides florists' hybrids and varieties, the polyanthus of banded velvet and the auricula, each bloom a mosaic of deep contrasts and subtle harmonies. Is there any plant more glorious than the pæony of spring? more blazing than the Oriental poppy? more curious than the Colchic hellebore and its quaint hybrids? more dainty than the fritillary? All these and the massed wealth of bloom in flowering shrub and tree we see in endless perspective behind the few bold blooms that splash our borders with their clustered stars in early March. The first wild violet of the year is not the sweetest, nor the finest; but it is by far the dearest, for it is the herald of the host of beauty, the first-born of the woodland's spring.

If you have taken pleasure in working for your garden in winter, you may be forgiven some indulgence in ecstasies in early spring, for the joy of new-born blossoms in the sheltered nooks which you provided for them is enhanced by the privacy of your pleasure. The flower-beds of summer almost shout with their loud colours to all who pass within a score of yards; but the whisper of the tiny scented hyacinth from the snow-capped mountains of the east, as it rears its fragrant three inches of pale azure from a tuft of glossy leaves between your rockery's blocks of quarry stone, which mimic the Alps at one inch to the mile, carries more tender meaning than the full chorus of colour in July.

But, alas! last year our spring flowers were more "forward" on the First of March than they are to-day, and yet in mid-March we were gathering starved foreign thrushes in our snow-veiled, wind-swept fields. Perhaps the chief joy of pleasant "garden" days in February or March lies, after all, in the fear of ill to follow. We dare not rejoice too loud: and the sweetest sentiment speaks always in the lowest key.

A Book of Tongues

By Leonard W. Lillingston

MASTER John Minsheu, author of a dictionary published in 1617, speaks of himself as having "not only exhausted and spent thereon all his Stocke and Substance but also run himself into many and great debts vnpossible for him euer to pay, without assistance of the like receiuers of the said bookes from his hands." The rewards of the modern lexicographer are scarcely less uncertain. Professor Wright of Oxford, had exhausted his Stocke and Substance in the production of the English Dialect Dictionary. In plain prose, he had spent upwards of £2000. There accrued, none too soon, the bequest of Mr. Thomas Hallam, of Manchester, and a grant from the Civil List of £200 a year, "in consideration and for the promotion of his services to philology, especially in connection with the Dialect Dictionary."

Dr. Wright, upon the death of Professor Max Müller, succeeded to the Chair of Comparative Philology at Oxford. The idea occurs at once that a man, elected to fill the place of so notable a scholar, must himself have a remarkable record. He is in fact a philologist of more than European reputation. To schedule the academic honours he has reaped, would therefore be a piece of ineptitude. The altitudes of scholarship are accessible to but few. This fact endows the personal equation with a special interest. How was such a reputation won; what is the history of it?

I venture to think, in this relation, Professor Wright's career is one of the most remarkable among his contempories. He was born at Thackley, in Yorkshire; near by for twenty years he worked as a mill-hand. As a boy he never had an entire day's schooling, for at seven years old he was already working as a "half-timer." The three and-threepence which "little Joe" brought home each week played an important part in the economy of that little household, for Mrs. Wright was a widow with four children to keep. The rent of the tiny cottage was tenpence three farthings a week! Receipts and expenditure were equally exiguous. At five o'clock each morning the little fellow set out for Saltaire Mills against the starting of the looms at six. Meanwhile, out of hours, he picked up scraps of knowledge at a day school, established near the mill, by Sir Titus Salt. It has been said that he was induced to learn to read that he might follow the progress of the Franco-German war. This is one of those picturesque half-truths which

(Bonloft, photographer, Ilkley)

Professor Wright's mother and his children

captivate the popular imagination. That a desire to follow the war may have been an incentive is likely enough. But the incentive was the desire for knowledge. Soon he attended a night school as well. At fourteen, when he was bringing nine shillings a week into the exchequer, the question came up, should he be apprenticed to the wool-sorting? This might mean better times in the future, but in the present it meant a reduction of his wages from nine shillings to seven. Two shillings a week is little enough to most of us, but it was a vast deal to the mother of the little family. No matter for that, our Joe must have his chance. And so mother discovered another hour or two in the day which might be profitably employed—as only mothers know how—and the deficit was made good. Joe lent a hand with the housework in the evenings. Some things there were, of course, which he could not help in. The lads, however, must be as neat as the neighbours'. And so it is scarcely a matter for surprise that mother woke up once at midnight to find she had been asleep over the washing!

(Hill and Saunders, photographer, Oxford)

Professor Wright, editor of the Dialect Dictionary

Though the question of where the two shillings were to come from was settled, there was still a difficulty. As a wool-sorter, little Joe must have a "brat," or wool-sorter's apron. Happily, a good-natured neighbour provided that. He now wore boots instead of clogs, a white collar and a billy-cock hat.

He was going up in the world. "Nah, Joe," said a friendly spinner as the little chap went into the mill, "sing us a melody and I'll gie the' me brat." Joe was nothing loth and became the owner of two brats.

Young Wright started a night school of his own. With the money thus earned he paid for his education. Even in these early days he seems to have shown a special bent for languages. Often he sat studying till two in the morning though due at the mill at seven. Only a herculean constitution could have withstood the strain. The way in which he cut himself loose from the mill, illustrates happily the well-known saying that, "It is the trifles which count." His employer moved; the foreman insisted upon the workpeople following. They must live in the neighbourhood of the mill. The Wrights declined to comply with the order. So young Wright had to look out for something else to do. He secured a post as master in a private school, at Manningham. He spent £40 which he had saved, upon an eleven weeks course of study at Heidelberg. He afterwards left Manningham for a school in the south. This marks the close of his career as Yorkshire mill-hand and schoolmaster. But the ties which bind him to his native county have only been strengthened by his absence. There is, in his estimation, no tongue in the world like the Yorkshire Doric, and he is never so happy as when revisiting his native place. "He," writes one who knows him, "'thees' and 'thous' his old mates, just as in former days, absolutely unspoilt." There is an attraction for him there, however, which transcends all others. In a little house at Windhill, Mrs. Wright still lives, the mother whose self-denial helped to make his career possible. The dedication "To my Mother," of his Grammar of the Windhill Dialect, is no mere literary formality.

The interest in Dr. Wright's career from this time forward, to the appearance of the Dialect Dictionary, is chiefly academic. He studied at Heidelberg, Leipsic, and elsewhere. The student evolved into the ripe scholar, the friend and collaborator of the foremost German philologists of his day. The attractions which Oxford has for the

(Kolle, photographer, Göttingen)

Mrs. Wright

scholar, are many and great. It is scarcely a matter for surprise then, that upon his return from the Continent, he found his way there. Yet the studies which brought Dr. Wright to the Chair of Comparative Philology at Oxford would probably have been impossible there. Dr. Wright's own words will be interesting in this connection.

"Our system of secondary education," he says, "is greatly inferior to that of France, Germany, Austria, and Holland. It is impossible to graduate at an English university and 'live in,' under £150 a year. On the other hand, the cost of living at a German university is exceedingly low, the fees moderate. In British schools, too, there is the vile system of scholarships. In most cases these scholarships go to those whose parents have been able to give them a superior preparatory education. Yet these very scholarships were intended for the children of the poor, or, at least, of persons of limited means."

"One of the chief educational difficulties is how to differentiate between the mere possession of knowledge, more or less mechanically acquired, and native ability. The tendency of our universities is to stereotype. There is a want of elasticity in the

prescription of the subjects to be studied. If a man enters at a German university, he is not told what he must study; he decides for himself. In universities like Leipsic or Berlin, there are hundreds, one may say thousands, of ways of qualifying for a degree, whilst in England, apart from physical science, it nearly always turns upon classics, history, or mathematics."

The headquarters staff of the Dialect Dictionary

Dr. Wright is only forty-five, so that it is impossible to set a limit to his future achievements. The production of the Dialect Dictionary will, however, probably remain his chief claim to the gratitude of posterity.

The dialects will soon be reckoned amongst the dead languages. The literary language is fast elbowing them out of existence. Thus the dictionary can never be superseded or grow out of date. The philological interest of it, of course, surpasses all other interests. But the book is a storehouse of information upon popular customs and superstitions, rural games and pastimes. These though they have a special fascination for the ethnologist and folk-lorist, have also a charm for the general reader. The dictionary is a complete vocabulary of all dialect words still in use, or known to have been in use during the last two centuries, in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. American and Colonial dialect words, still in use in the United Kingdom, as well as those found in early printed dialect books and glossaries, are included. The exact geographical area over which each word extends, with quotations and references to the sources from which the word has been obtained, are given. The pronounciation is indicated, and the etymology given, so far as it relates to the immediate source of each word.

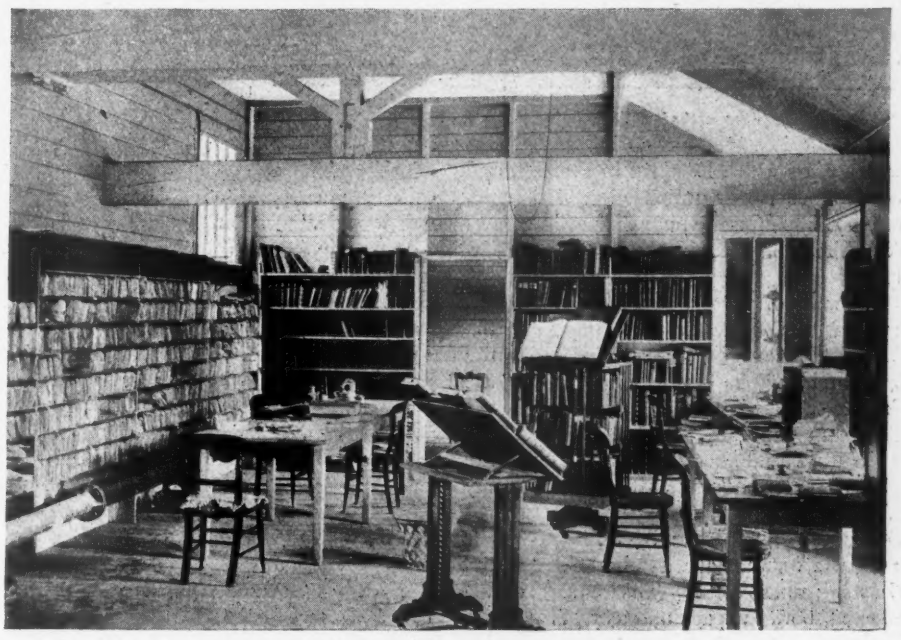
Some idea of the scope of this great undertaking will be gathered from the state-

ment that a thousand people have been engaged in collecting the material for upwards of a quarter of a century. The dictionary will include the contents, so far as desirable, of some eighty volumes published between 1873 and 1899 by the English Dialect Society. Dr. Wright had access besides to the unique library and manuscript collections of the late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, working amongst them for upwards of two years and rescuing from oblivion thousands of words and quotations contained in books not to be found in any of our great public libraries. Three thousand dialect glossaries and collections, some unpublished, as well as other works containing dialect words, have been laid under contribution.

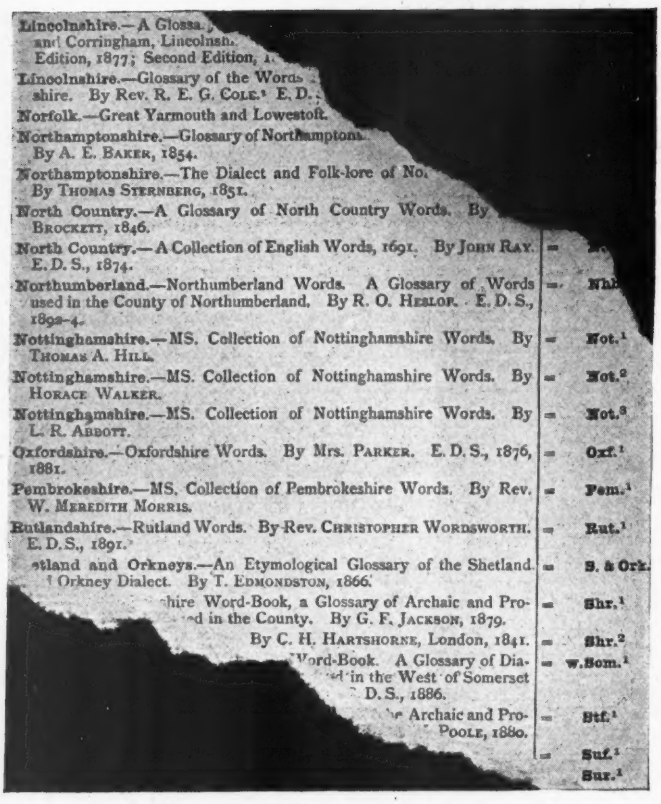
When Professor Wright, in 1895, took in hand the material available, he decided that he would require just twice as much. He got together a band of six hundred voluntary workers in all parts of the kingdom. Five thousand post-cards a year on an average have been sent out collecting and verifying data. The "copy" fills about two million slips; it cost several hundred pounds merely to sort into alphabetical order the slips in hand when the work was commenced. The headquarters staff of the dictionary, with the exception of the editor, consists exclusively of women. Mrs. Wright, the professor's wife, who studied under him until the relationship was changed for a nearer one, is one of the sub-editors. All the members of the staff are specialists in philology. The professor must be regarded as a firm friend of what is known as the "woman's movement," for want of a better phrase.

"If I were asked," he said, "what was one of the greatest discoveries of the latter half of the nineteenth century I should say it was the discovery by the middle-class parent that his daughter had brains."

The professor is his own publisher. He told me that he made it an invariable rule for some time of writing to possible subscribers thirty letters a night after supper, posting them before going to bed. But few of us are so concerned about the moments after supper. But the professor is temperamentally and constitutionally a hard worker. The



The "Workshop"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and Corringham, Lincolnsh
Edition, 1877; Second Edition, 1
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shire. By Rev. R. E. G. Cole.[1] E. D.
Norfolk.—Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft.
Northamptonshire.—Glossary of Northampton
By A. E. Baker, 1854.
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used in the County of Northumberland. By R. O. Heslop. E. D. S.,
1892–4.
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Horace Walker.
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E. D. S., 1891.
[illegible]tland and Orkneys.—An Etymological Glossary of the Shetland = S. & Ork.
[illegible] Orkney Dialect. By T. Edmondston, 1866.
[illegible]hire Word-Book, a Glossary of Archaic and Pro- = Shr.[1]
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By C. H. Hartshorne, London, 1841. = Shr.[2]
[illegible]Word-Book. A Glossary of Dia- = W.Som.[1]
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D. S., 1886.
[illegible]e Archaic and Pro- = Stf.[1]
Poole, 1880.
= Suf.[1]
Sur.[1]

An ingenious method of abbreviating the authorities cited

twenty years which he spent in the mill, and the arduous career which succeeded them, have not impaired the buoyancy of this burly Yorkshireman. He is alive to the finger-tips.

In point of typography, it is sufficient to say that the dictionary is printed by the Oxford University Press. It was, by the way, an ingenious device of Mr. Hart, the Controller of the Press, which made the dictionary typographically possible. This is the use of numbers in citing authorities. Thus: "Cum. 1" stands for "A Glossary of Words and Phrases pertaining to the Dialect of Cumberland: by W. Dickinson"; "Cum. 2" stands for another Cumberland Glossary, and so forth. The immense saving effected, both in space and cost, is at once obvious.

The Workshop itself, where the parts of the dictionary are polished and adjusted into place, is at the University Press. It is not in itself interesting, other than as the home of a great project, though the tiers of pigeon holes with their millions of slips are not without their appeal to the imagination. There are, indeed, all the elements of romance in a great dictionary like this. The life history of a word is often full of the most extraordinary vicissitudes. Not less interesting are the words which have never lived at all! There are scores of these "ghost" words in dialect books, and not a few in ordinary dictionaries of the literary language. There is a verb in common use in the north of England. It is found in the imperative, in conjunction with the adverb never. The phrase is "niver rack," that is, "never mind." The compiler of an eighteenth-century glossary thought the phrase was "nivir ack." Later writers copied the blunder: "Ack, to heed, to take care." This is what is called a ghost word.

"One of the first of fallacies," says Professor Wright, "is that dialect is necessarily a corruption of the literary language. The dialect word is often older by several centuries than the literary word which resembles it. Thus apricock, alablaster, obleege, lailac, and crowner are older forms than the modern literary versions, and once themselves belonged to the literary language. We are able to get at the meanings of some ancient words only through their survival in the dialects. The word "crundel," for example, is still used in Sussex and Hampshire. It means a ravine. In the "Codex

Diplomaticus" more than sixty crundels were mentioned. The meaning of the word remained a puzzle to Anglo-Saxon scholars until it was re-discovered in the living dialect.

"Many priceless literary treasures have come down to us without so much as the name of the author having survived. The dialect words contained in them, however, enable us to determine approximately where they were written. It is, however, necessary to go to the original text to escape the perversions and corruptions of the modern editor. Thus, the text of a Shakespeare first folio contains words peculiar to Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire. The first edition of the Pilgrim's Progress affords similar evidence that the writer was a native of Bedfordshire."

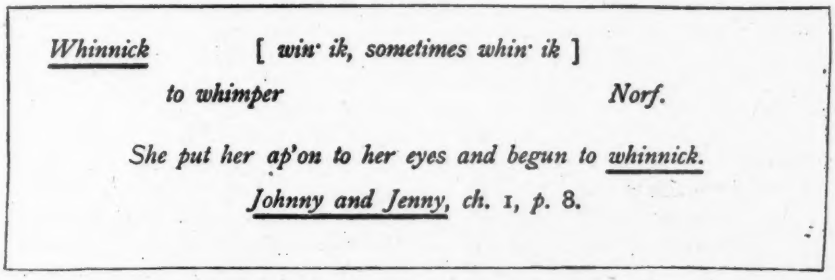
In the same way dialect words have an important bearing upon questions of race.

"From the number of words of Scandinavian origin which are found in the Yorkshire dialect it is certain that there was a Scandinavian settlement in that county. Prior to the Norman conquest the Flemings established a colony in Monmouth and Glamorganshire. Hundreds of Flemish words are still in use in the dialects of those counties. So the first British colony in Ireland, invaders who had followed the banners of Strongbow in the reign of Henry II., left words behind them which prove them to have been west country folk. There is similar evidence of Norwegian settlements in Cumberland, Westmoreland, North-east and East Yorkshire, and North-east Lancashire, whilst the dialects of East Anglia, Norfolk, and Suffolk show traces of the Danish occupation."

I thought that the professor's opinion on the value of the dialect of the modern novel would be of interest.

"The dialect of the novelist is practically valueless," he said, "that is, since 1850. Before that date dialect fiction was often written by men who wished to give people some idea of the common speech of their native place, rather than to make a profit by their writings. There are few, if any, writers of that class to-day. Sir Walter Scott may be relied on for general but not for local Scots dialect. The same holds good of John Galt. Johnny Gibb of Gurhet Neuk faithfully reproduces the Aberdeenshire dialect. By the way, more than half of the dialect words contained in the dictionary are Scottish, whilst the bulk of the subscribers are either Scotch or German. It follows, of course, that a large part of the material has been supplied by Scotsmen. The Rev. Alexander Warrack, of Stranraer, alone has contributed about one hundred and fifty thousand slips. Almost every Scots book published during the last two centuries has been read for the dictionary."

"The impression that the vocabulary of dialect speaking people is limited is entirely erroneous. There are upwards of one hundred thousand words in the dialects of the United Kingdom; thirty thousand different words in the Yorkshire dialect alone. In short, the total number of dialect words is far in excess of the number of words in the literary language, technical and obsolete words excepted."


Whinnick [*win· ik, sometimes whin· ik*]

to whimper *Norf.*

She put her ap'on to her eyes and begun to whinnick.

Johnny and Jenny, ch. 1, p. 8.

About two millions of these slips have gone to make the Dictionary

The Dialect Dictionary, when completed, will contain more than one hundred thousand words, illustrated by half a million quotations. Since the preparation of the material for the Press began in 1895, the work has proceeded at the rate of two parts a year, so that twelve parts have now been issued. Four parts a year are to be published, so that Professor Wright expects to be able to write "Finis" at the close of 1905.

The advent of the last volume will be a notable event, both at home and abroad, not only because it will be the last volume of one of the most important literary undertakings of modern times, but because it is to contain a Comparative Grammar of the English Dialects. For the purpose of checking his grammar Dr. Wright has constituted himself into a new species of collector. The entomologist equips himself with a net, the geologist with a hammer, Dr. Wright arms himself with a phonograph. He has secured already a number of first-rate specimens of parts of speech. These, when they have served the purposes of the grammar will remain of interest and value to future generations. A hundred years from now, when both speaker and language are dead, they will live again vicariously by the mouth of the phonograph.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for April

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

THE TRUTH IS MORE THAN THE MESSENGER

WE have glanced rapidly at the views of St. James upon one or two important matters, and the time has come for us to follow more carefully the course of his letter, and see how he seeks to instruct and help his fellow Christians.

We open his letter, and we are brought to a pause upon the threshold. We read, "James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad, greeting." These words are very simple, but we pause, because we ask ourselves who is this James, and to whom is he writing? Let us endeavour shortly to answer these two questions.

We have seen what manner of man he was, we have recognised his love of nature, his shrewd and humorous interest in his fellow men, his reticent but passionate attachment to his Master, and his unhesitating confidence in the power of right; but we have said nothing about his personal history, we have made as yet no attempt to identify him with any of those who bore the name of James in early Christian days.

But before we attempt to answer the question, "Who is this James?" a preliminary caution is needed.

No doubt an answer to such a question is full of interest; it satisfies our curiosity, and it gives, perhaps, some added personal attraction to our study of the letter, if we can call up historical facts about the writer. But it is well to remember that the ethical and spiritual value of the letter is one thing, and the historical or critical interest is another, and we ought to be able to separate these aspects from one another. It is too much our habit to judge what we read by the name of the author rather than the author by the book we read. We accept as good what comes to us bearing a familiar name: thus we think more of the name than of the good. We should rather invert the process, and ask first, Is it good? and then, Who wrote it?—instead of making our judgment upon good or bad vacillate till we are led captive by an author's name. Does it seem that in saying this we are disparaging overmuch the

authority of great names? If it should seem so to any, let me recall Christ's indignant expostulation—"Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" (Luke xii. 57.) Let me recall, also, the fact that Jesus Christ was ever earnest that men would concern themselves about truth, rather than about the sources of truth. Though He came down from heaven, and was the supreme revealer of the Father to men, yet He sought to turn aside the questions of curiosity. He would not answer him who asked, "Whence art Thou?" (John xix. 9.) He knew that those who sought truth would grasp truth, and that those who grasped truth would soon find out whence the truth came (John xviii. 37); while He also most sadly knew that those whose minds were set upon knowing the sources of truth too often missed the truth altogether. His principle was ever that an earnest moral affection for what was true and good soon led to a solution of questions of origin. "My teaching is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man willeth to do His will, He shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John vii. 17). In the spirit of the same principle He refused to satisfy the Scribes and Pharisees respecting His authority; and threw them back upon their consciences and the relation of their consciences to the righteousness proclaimed by John the Baptist. It is, therefore, no trifling matter to settle with ourselves the relationship between truth and authorship. There is a radical ethical difference between the man who accepts truth because of authority and the man who accepts authority because of truth.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE MESSENGER OF TRUTH

In our study we have followed the method of the latter man: the truth has been first with us, and we can now gain an added interest, but not a greater ethical force, to our study by asking, Who was this James?

The most probable answer (though in this case probability cannot even suggest approximation to certainty) is that the writer was that James who was known as the "brother of the Lord." We must not confuse him in our minds with one of those brothers James and John, the sons of Zebedee, whom our Lord named Sons of Thunder. The writer we have to deal with is one who, without having been one of the twelve, yet reached a position of great influence among the Christian society at Jerusalem. He is the person whom St. Paul tells us he saw at Jerusalem when he spent a fortnight there in A.D. 38—three years, as he tells us, after his conversion. He went up to Jerusalem, and stayed with St. Peter, but he saw no other apostle except James, the Lord's brother (Gal. i. 18, 19). This is the same James to whom St. Peter sent word after his escape from prison, as we read in Acts xii. 17, a chapter, be it noticed, which opens (verse 2) by telling of the martyrdom of the other James, the brother of John. There are two other references to James which we must notice. The 15th chapter of the Acts tells us of an important conference or council which was held at Jerusalem. The subject under discussion was practically the position of the Gentile converts in the Christian Church. It met, as it seems, under the presidency of James, and it is he who closes the discussion and suggests the resolution which was finally agreed upon. One thing will become clear from the narrative, if we now turn to the second reference to James, which deserves notice. The passage is in Gal. ii. 11–14. In it St. Paul narrates the troublesome character of the influence of certain people who came to Antioch from Jerusalem. They caused division; they set up a fence of prejudice between Jewish and Gentile Christians. They were what have been called Judaisers—*i.e.*, they insisted that Jewish customs or ceremonial ordinances ought to be observed by Gentile converts; in other words, the Gentile Christian was to conform to Jewish religious observances. Out of this arose the first conflict for freedom in the Christian society: the decision on the apparently small questions of eating and drinking involved the whole future of the Christian society. These Judaisers held James in high esteem and reverence: they were intimate with him, they came to Antioch under the sanction of his name.

They are described by St. Paul as those who came from James. This does not, of course, mean that James approved their action at Antioch, but it does imply that they belonged to the group of Christians at Jerusalem to whom James was a central and leading figure; and it may well have been that, animated as they were by a fanatical spirit, and consequently unable to realise the deeper principles of action, they reckoned upon his sympathy in their sturdy Judaism. At any rate, he was one whose judgment would have weight with them and with men of their school of thought. They were Jews who held everything Jewish, the injunctions of the ceremonial as well as those of the moral law, as sacred. Their confidence in James arose not out of the fact that he was a Jew, but out of the fact that he was a devout Jew, who, brought under the Christian teaching, had not flung aside his Jewish habits and customs. This was the man who presided when the subject of the status of Gentiles in the Christian Church was formally discussed.

We can realise the interest and, indeed, anxiety with which the result of the debate was awaited by Jewish and Gentile Christians and their respective sympathisers. To those whose sympathies were strongly Jewish it would seem that the dignity and authority of divinely appointed ordinances were at stake; the law had been given by Moses, and here were men who were planning to set it aside. Their feelings were akin to the feelings with which men who have been brought up to believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible hear of the results of modern criticism; or to the feelings of those who have been taught to believe that the Christian Church has one fixed pattern, when they are told that the work of the Spirit is independent of stereotyped forms. To such men the question in dispute appeared to be whether the new society was going to be loyal to God or not. But to those whose sympathies were Gentile, the question was whether they were to accept along with the spiritual teaching of Christ a series of national and local traditions. To such it was a question of freedom. To us who look back upon it, it was one of many conflicts, ever recurring in the world's history, between formalism and spirituality.

THIRD SUNDAY

DECISIVE INFLUENCE OF ST. JAMES

THE result of the discussion at Jerusalem (Acts xv.) was a step towards freedom. Probably the decision was the best which at that time could be arrived at. Violent changes provoke reactions, and violent measures were skilfully avoided by the council. The attitude of the extreme Judaisers, who insisted that Gentile converts should submit to the Jewish custom of circumcision, was repudiated; on the other hand, on the question of meats, an authoritative wish, hardly amounting to a formal injunction, was expressed that Gentiles should conform to the Jewish custom. This decision was substantially the judgment of James, whose words were: "My judgment is that we trouble not them which from among the Gentiles turn to God; but that we write unto them, that they abstain from the pollution of idols, and from fornication, and from what is strangled, and from blood" (Acts xv. 19, 20).

This judgment could only come from one who realised the paramount importance of the spiritual bond among men, because only such an one could have consented to set aside so sacred a rite as circumcision. On the other hand, the judgment could only have proceeded from one also who not only realised the importance of conciliating the Jewish party in the Church, but who, to a certain extent, sympathised with their views. This will be more evident if we notice that in the circular letter which embodied the views of the council, the things enumerated by St. James, pollution of idols, fornication, things strangled, and blood, are described as "necessary" things (Acts xv. 29). We know that St. Paul would never have described these things as necessary; his judgment on things offered to idols was characterised by greater freedom; to him it was a matter within Christian liberty, to be modified by motives of consideration for weaker brethren (1 Cor. viii. 1–13). Thus to a

certain degree, Jewish sympathies reveal themselves in the judgment of James on this matter, and these are even more distinctly evident in the letter which embodied the judgment. The hand which drafted the letter emphasised the necessity of a certain conformity to Jewish custom. This emphasis, though stronger than the tone of St. James's speech, may be due perhaps to St. James himself; for in the close of his speech, he gave as his reason for advising conformity to Jewish custom, that "Moses from generations of old hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogue every Sabbath." Clearly what was passing in his mind was the importance of not alienating or shocking the multitudes of Jews who were to be found in every part of the empire. A Jewish Christian like St. James would, in the early days of Christianity, be anxious to draw all Jews just as they were into the faith of Christ; and while assured that Christianity was for the Gentiles also, he would fain avoid—nay, he would sensitively refuse to accept—any rapid or revolutionary change in customs which had become religiously sacred. There is, therefore, in the decision of the council the mingling of the two elements: one, the recognition of the dominant value of the spiritual tie; the other, the application of a cautious common sense to a very difficult and delicate matter.

The reader of the Epistle of St. James will feel that the writer of that letter displays both of these qualities. He is empathic in his insistence upon the spiritual aspect of things (iii. 13–18); he possesses also that clear and sound sense which is of more value than genius in moments of crisis.

Such, then, as far as we can guess, was the writer of this letter.

The next question we ask is, To whom did he write? Much has been written on this subject; but we need not linger over the answer. Some have held that those who are addressed were Jews; others, that they were professedly Christians. It does not seem to me to be needful to set aside the simple and plain meaning of the writer's own words. He tells us that he writes to the twelve tribes of the dispersion, and I am quite content to take his word for it. There is no ground, that I can see, for not giving to these words their obvious interpretation.

In the early days of Christian preaching, the Christian society was the expression of a religious movement among the Jews. The sense of nationality was still strong. The believers in Christ were Jews: they thought, spoke and felt as Jews; they yearned to make their compatriots sharers of the new hopes which Christ had awakened within them; they still adhered to Jewish customs; they still frequented the synagogue, and went up on solemn occasions to the Temple at Jerusalem. It would not occur to a Christian of this period to do otherwise than address his countrymen collectively on a matter which was near to his heart, and which was bound up, as he believed, with the best hopes of Israel. Later, separation and division arose; and Christian writers distinguished between Jews and Gentiles, between believing and unbelieving Jews. Of course, if we give a late date to this letter of St. James, the form of his address to the twelve tribes of the dispersion becomes a difficulty, but not otherwise; and seeing that the language of this address is an integral part of the letter, and that no critic has challenged it as the addition of a later hand, the address itself becomes a very strong argument for the early date of the letter.

For the rest, it only needs to be remembered that partly owing to transplantations after conquest, and partly owing to the commercial instincts of the race, Jews were widely scattered in all parts of the world. Thus colonies of Jews were to be found in Upper Mesopotamia, in Babylon, in Egypt, in Syria, in Asia Minor, and in Rome. The list of places given in Acts ii. 9–12 illustrates how far they had been dispersed and from what distances they came to be present at the feasts at Jerusalem.

It is interesting to note that the faults which St. James censures in his letter are many of them faults to which the Jews as a race were specially liable. These we shall touch upon in due course.

FOURTH SUNDAY

SPIRITUAL AFFINITY MORE THAN KINSHIP

We may now turn to the description the writer gives of himself. This is what we read, "James, a servant (Greek: bondservant) of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ." He is, in his own view, a bond-servant. This is the word by which St. Paul describes himself when writing to the Romans and to the Philippians; it is the word, too, which meets us in the openings of the Book of Revelation and of the Epistles of St. Jude and of 2 Peter. Those who realised the freedom which had come to them in Christ were glad to describe themselves as bondslaves of God and of Christ.

But it has been asked, If the writer of this Epistle could rejoice in the title, the brother of the Lord, and could thus, whatever the significance of that phrase, claim special kinship with the Lord and Master of the Church, why is he content with describing himself simply as a bondservant? The answer lies in the extraordinary fraternal enthusiasm which prevailed in the early Christian society: we know that this enthusiasm led them to have all things in common; personal ownership was lost sight of in the claims of the community (Acts ii. 44–47). In the same way the ties of the flesh were absorbed in those of the brotherhood. These human ties were not harshly broken as they were under the hard legalism of Pharisaic religion (Mark vii. 10–13): they were lifted into a higher plane; they were seen to be tokens and symbols of more enduring bonds. In such times of spiritual exaltation the sense of earthly things grows less. St. Paul will no longer boast of his tribe, lineage and education; St. James will not dwell on the glory of his earthly lineage, or vaunt himself great because he is of kin to Christ after the flesh. These things, sweet and precious as they are, have been lost in the joy of the spiritual relationship, they pale before a glory which is eternal. This line of thought involves no mere figure of speech: it was the dominant line of thought among men who were spiritually enlightened. Knowledge of Christ in the spirit was more than any knowledge of Him in the flesh—"Even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know Him so no more" (2 Cor. v. 16). This was the language of St. Paul; and it was the echo of Christ's own words. "The flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I have spoken unto you, they are spirit, and are life" (John vi. 63). Indeed, it was ever this spiritual aspect of things which Christ insisted upon. Spiritual affinity was more than blood relationship. He reverenced ties of blood: He would not tolerate the breaking of bonds which God's providence had created. Men were bound to accept and fulfil the duties which accompanied domestic and social relationship, but these ties brought duties rather than rights; they were precious only in so far as a divine call and obligation were seen in them. Mere physical kinship, however, conferred no spiritual capacity: the divine judgment dealt only with a man's spiritual character. Those whose lives were in harmony with God's thoughts were more truly blessed than those who could claim blood relationship with the Christ of God. Those who heard the word of God and kept it were more blessed than His own mother (Luke xi. 27, 28); more truly akin to Him than the members of his own family were those who did the will of His Father in heaven (Mark iii. 31–35).

As we read these reiterated and emphatic words of Christ, we no longer wonder that the men who shared His spirit never thought of giving prominence to their family kinship with Him. To do the will of God: to exhibit the spirit of their Master: this was enough: all else belonged to that passing life which was but as a vapour: the boasts and glories of earth faded, the word of the Lord endured. It was more to be bondservant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ than to be brother of the Lord after the flesh. Union with Jesus Christ was not ensured by blood relationship, but by spiritual affinity.

The practical reflection upon all this is obvious. The unspiritual mind is always yearning after some link with the divine, other than the link of spiritual affinity. This

unspiritual mind finds a place in all of us at times; and it is the fertile cause of pagan ideas among so-called Christian people. It is, if we reflect, only a manifestation of the indolent wish to secure divine help without personal moral harmony with the divine. We know that God is great: we know that we need His aid; if we can secure it without spiritual conditions, we escape the yoke, which our weak nature needs but resents. Hence, if we can get the divine power on our side without troubling ourselves about the state of our hearts and the disposition of our spirits, we shall have found a way easy to follow. If we can partake of the gift of Christ by an action or by a ceremony, it is far simpler than examining our hearts and testing our lives. Thus it happens that popular religion is so largely a crude paganism disguised under Christian names and forms. It is to be feared that the frequent communions which are urged upon people as duties are too often thoughtless communions. If our hearts are not one with Christ, if we have no desire for what God promises, and no love for what He commands; if our spirits are not set wholly and completely upon His service; if we are not one with Him and He with us, then, though we take the sacred symbols of His love, we have no real communion with Him. In these hasty and busy days, when thought is increasingly difficult, and leisure for meditation and prayer is hard to command, it is more imperative than ever that all faithful spiritual teachers should remind their people of the mockery of religious forms without spiritual participation. We have need to go back to the sober directions of St. Paul. Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. We have need to recall the grave and Apostolic wisdom of our forefathers, who fenced the Holy Table against superstitious and shallow worshippers. "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life—draw near."

But from this deeper and more spiritual aspect of fellowship with Christ, crude and needless notions of some material and inevitable blessing turn our thoughts. The spiritual conditions of God's blessing are forgotten. Yet these spiritual conditions are indispensable. Repentance is the realisation of how far our hearts have been alienated; faith is the swinging of the heart back into harmony of aim and purpose with God; communion is the sharing of the spirit of Christ; and it is the Apostle's word that—"If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

Do not these thoughts suggest to us how shallow our religion has often been? Do we not realise that our whole idea of what the Christian faith means needs to be revolutionised, if we are to share in the spirit of those men who, beyond all other privilege and title, delighted to describe themselves as the bondservants of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ.

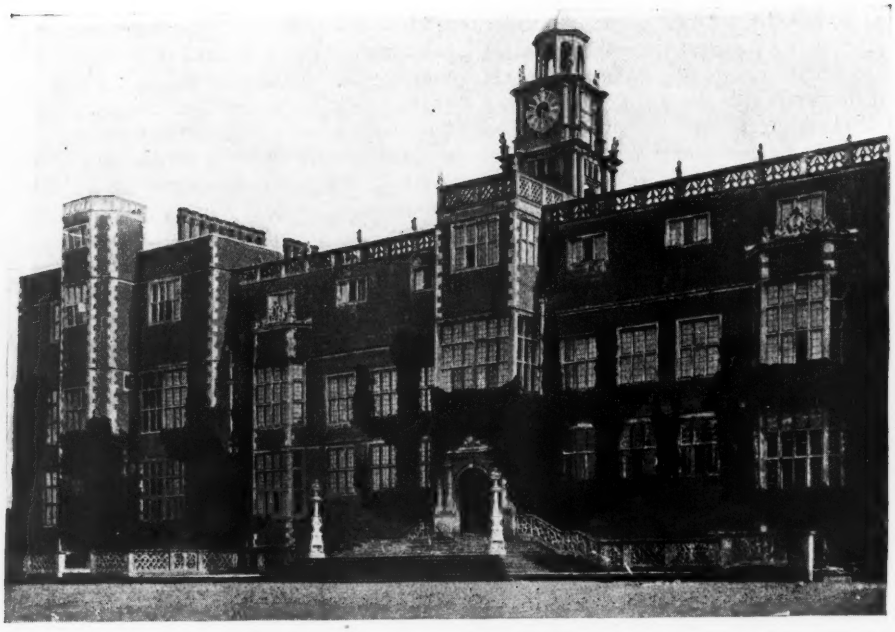
Daddy's Sentinel

WHEN Daddy went away to fight
And kissed us all good-bye,
He held me in his arms so tight
And told me not to cry,—
"My gallant little Sentinel,"
He whispered, "you must be,
And you must guard dear Mother well
For Daddy o'er the sea."

And so I take my sword and gun
And drill and march each day
Until the fighting all is done
And Sentinels can play;
And when dear Mother's face looks sad
I tell her not to fear,—
Though Daddy's gone I know she's glad
His little Sentry's here!

And when I kneel to say my prayer
To God so good and kind,—
"Please keep our soldier safe, and care
For those he left behind,"
I somehow think he hears and knows
While far across the foam
Dear Daddy fights his country's foes
His boy's "on guard" at home!

MARY FARRAH.



Hatfield House. North Front

(Elsden, photographer, Hertford)

The Marquis of Salisbury

By Frederick Douglas How, Author of "Bishop Walsham How, A Memoir," &c.

IV. Marriage—Becomes Lord Cranborne—Secretary for India

IT has been said that no specially great things were expected of the young Lord Robert Cecil by his constituents at Stamford. But it has also been shown that their acquaintance with him was by no means great. There were others who knew him better—those friends who, in the imaginary Governments which they formed as they sat round the fire in their Oxford rooms, invariably made him Prime Minister —who were on the tip-toe of expectation now that he was fairly launched into political life.

And they had not very long to wait. In 1854, not many months after his first election, a Bill was brought in by Lord John Russell as the result of a Commission which had been sitting under his Chairmanship for the Amendment of the Statutes of Oxford University. This may be said to have been the beginning of that system of diverting the incomes arising from ancient endowments from their original purposes—a system which has become so far-reaching that there is no scheme or benefaction sufficiently small or remote to escape the clutches of the terrible Commissioners, provided only it be carried out according to the will of the pious founder. To oppose this Bill Lord Robert Cecil rose to make his maiden speech. He not only objected to it on the ground that it was wrong to sweep away as of no account

the intentions of the original donors, but he looked forward to the future as well as back to the past, and feared that "if they squandered in this way the endowments of the various founders, they would have no more endowments to deal with again." There were, of course, the usual compliments paid to a maiden speech, but on this occasion an unusual impression was made upon the House, and Mr. Gladstone spoke warmly of the new member as one "whose first efforts, rich with future promise, indicate that there still issue forth from the maternal bosom of the University men who, in the first days of their career, give earnest of what they may afterwards accomplish for their country."

Thus his first speech was not, as might have been expected, upon external politics, but was uttered in defence of the University which he had so lately left. But his opportunity was at hand. Foreign politics had assumed a gravity which demanded the closest attention from politicians old or young. Lord Aberdeen and his Coalition Ministry had let England drift into war with Russia. In February 1854, our Foreign Office sent its ultimatum, on the rejection of which by Russia war was declared. From the first there was that terrible story of confusion and reverses, of defective transport and commissariat, of soldiers dying of disease and neglect, which drove Englishmen nearly mad during the days of the Crimea. If ever there was a chance for a man with a real gift of diplomacy, with a gift for dealing with foreign powers, it was then. The member for Stamford made his first speech on foreign affairs in 1855 on the question of closing the Black Sea to ships of war, and so much ability did he display that, in the same year, less than two years from the date of his entering Parliament, he was paid the high honour of being selected to second a motion which was to express the views of a large and influential portion of the Opposition. The occasion arose thus: Lord Aberdeen's Government had been dismissed, and Lord Palmerston was now at the head of affairs. A Commission had sat upon the conduct of the war, and, on the strength of its report, Mr. Roebuck brought forward a motion condemning the Government for its incapable administration, to which was ascribed the state of things existing at the seat of war. But this Government had not been six months in office, and the real offenders had already been turned out. Besides which, it would have been a most disastrous matter to unsettle the Government again while the country was in the throes of a European war. It seems extraordinary that the official Opposition could have for a moment contemplated such a course. But the fact was that party feeling was just then extremely bitter, and this motion of Mr. Roebuck's, while apparently condemning the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, was aimed in reality at Lord Palmerston. There was, however, as has been said, a strong body of the Opposition who declined to follow the official lead, and General Peel proposed, and Lord Robert Cecil seconded, the previous question. "It was," says Mr. Edward Salmon in his brief Life of Lord Salisbury, "largely through Lord Robert Cecil's representation that such a motion [*i.e.*, as Mr. Roebuck's] was not only historical and retrospective, but dangerous as a precedent, and wholly futile, that the vote of censure on the late Government was defeated."

Thus we find that at the early age of twenty-five our present Prime Minister was a prominent Member of Parliament, whose opinions and words were already influential. In 1857 he made his first attempt to introduce a Bill. Those were the days before the ballot was more than a dream in the brain of politicians of the most advanced type. Lord Robert Cecil wished to encourage a larger number of people to vote by letting them fill up a voting-paper at home instead of enforcing their attendance at the poll. This plan would, of course, have done away with a great deal of the rioting and disturbance of an election, and this was one of his great arguments in its favour, though it seems to come strangely from him with his sole experience of the tame and somewhat farcical elections at Stamford. This Bill was withdrawn—a fate which inevitably awaited it from the first. In connection with this, and while speaking

of the matters which specially interested Lord Robert from the first, it is impossible to avoid saying something about the subject of Reform. It formed a considerable item in his first speech at Stamford on his election in 1853, at which time there was a proposal for a Reform Bill among the suggestions of the Liberal Government of the day. Speaking of this, he said: "Looking at the composition of the Cabinet, we know that the opinions of the men forming it are not so extreme as some of their supporters desire; but the fact cannot be concealed that it is to bribe the democracy that the alteration will be proposed. . . . They will do the bidding of those who wish the suffrages of the nation to be vested in the hands of all people alike, however limited their education, however small the amount of their intelligence, and however meagre their stake in the country. . . . I shall oppose as well as I am able any proposal to unsettle the adjustment which took place twenty years ago."

Here we have his very earliest utterance on this great question. It is impossible to help asking whether his last words on the subject may be to advise the readjustment of the present representation of the United Kingdom so as to bring Ireland into line with Great Britain.

But between 1853 and the present day what changes have occurred! In 1857 the Liberal Government was defeated, and it seems to have occurred to them that the best way to return to favour with the constituencies was to start an agitation for Reform. During this period, a paper, by Lord Robert Cecil, on "The Theories of Parliamentary Reform," was published in the volume of "Oxford Essays" for 1858. In this paper he examined the various species of possible Reform, and concluded by saying that while he allowed that the present representative system was not absolutely perfect, yet that, for the time being, it seemed best to leave it undisturbed. Judging from this carefully considered opinion, it may well be imagined that it was a source of some vexation of spirit to him when, in 1859, the Conservative Government found that their one chance of existence lay in introducing a Reform Bill themselves. Mr. Disraeli took charge of the measure, which contained a number of "fancy" qualifications, chiefly on the lines of giving larger suffrages to the more highly educated, and it was loyally defended by Lord Robert Cecil when attacked by Lord John Russell—an attack which proved successful, and which caused the resignation of the Conservatives. Speaking of this in his election address for that year, the member for Stamford said: I voted against Lord John Russell's motion in the late division not because I regarded the Reform Bill of her Majesty's Government as altogether free from defect, but because I thought it was a more straightforward course to follow the usual Parliamentary practice and remove those defects in Committee than to adopt an amendment almost unexampled in the history of Parliament. I was anxious, and am still anxious, for an early settlement of the question, believing that any delay will only facilitate Mr. Bright's revolutionary scheme for transferring all political power from the counties and smaller boroughs to the cotton factories of the North."

No doubt this was a very general fear at that time. But the writer of those words has lived to see the Lancashire operatives returning a large majority of Conservatives, and the agricultural districts becoming the happy hunting-grounds of the Radical agitator.

During these early years, and before the next important occasion on which the subject of Reform again came to the front, several interesting events happened in the career of the subject of these papers. First of all, in 1857, his marriage took place with Georgina Caroline, daughter of Sir Edmund Hall Alderson, Baron of the Exchequer. Of this marriage, and of its beneficent results, more must be said hereafter, when speaking of the domestic as opposed to the political life of Lord Salisbury. The second event was his succession to the title of Lord Cranborne on the death of his elder brother on June 14, 1865. It is said by more than one of Lord Salisbury's biographers that there seems to have been no thought that he would be likely to succeed

The Marquis of Salisbury, in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Oxford

(From a painting by G. Richmond)

to the position of Marquis. It is difficult to understand how this could have been so, for his brother had always been an invalid, whose tenure of life must have been considered precarious. The end was, however, to some extent sudden, for the younger brother was actually speaking in the House of Commons when the message arrived, which announced to him the sad news and the important change in his own position.

The third event occurred in 1866, when Lord Cranborne (as he then was) for the first time received office, being appointed by Lord Derby to be Secretary for India in the Conservative Government which was formed by him after Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill of that year had been defeated. It need hardly be said that Lord Cranborne spoke and voted against the Bill, one of his most vigorous utterances being that in which he lashed the Liberals for their apparent truckling to the working classes, whom, as he said, they seemed to adulate as their future rulers.

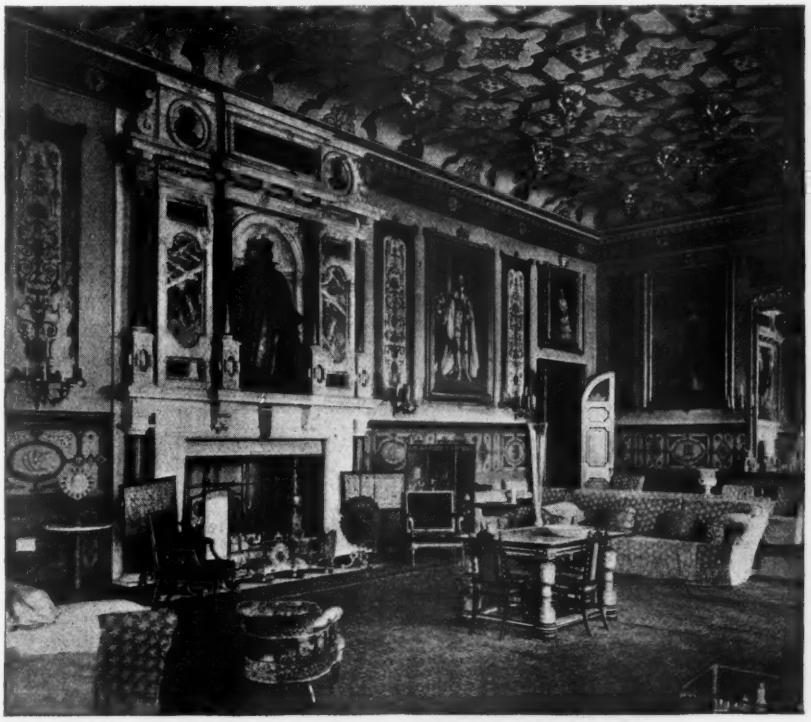
But a crisis in his career occurred in the following year. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli determined to take the wind out of the sails of the Liberal Party—or, as the former afterwards described it, to "dish the Whigs"—by introducing a Reform Bill which practically granted household suffrage! Lord Cranborne's horror and indignation may easily be imagined. No sooner was the ultimate form of the proposal determined upon by the Cabinet than he sent in his resignation. His old companion and friend of his Oxford days, Lord Carnarvon, did the same, and General Peel had already for the same reasons tendered his resignation. Remembering that he was still a young man, and that he had held his first office for no more than a few months, it is impossible to withhold admiration for the courage and independence which actuated Lord Cranborne on the occasion.

Before entirely leaving the subject of r form, it may be as well to refer here to the further notable action taken by him in the matter. This occurred some years later when Mr. Gladstone brought in his great Franchise Act of 1884, which was mainly concerned with the remodelling of the borough constituencies and the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer. Mr. Gladstone in a somewhat high-handed manner proposed to bring in his Bill without any explanation of its contents and without any scheme for a redistribution of seats. Against this the Conservative party rebelled. By this time, Lord Beaconsfield having died in 1881, Lord Salisbury was their leader, and while not objecting to the introduction of a Franchise Bill, he strenuously opposed the way in which it was introduced. Under his guidance the Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords, and immediately an agitation was set on foot by the Radicals, who held "monster demonstrations" everywhere. These were the cause of Lord Salisbury giving utterance to one of his well-known caustic sayings. He sneered at his opponents for what he called their attempt at "legislation by picnic." Mr. Chamberlain met this by the reply that "although legislation by picnic was not an altogether desirable thing, obstruction by privilege was an unmitigated nuisance." There was, as may be imagined, something very like a deadlock, and it is said that the Queen by her wonderful gift of statesmanship brought about interviews between the leaders on either side, which ended in the Radicals giving way on the question of redistribution and a *modus vivendi* being discovered. But, although the initiative was no doubt due to her late Majesty, it was the skill and tact of Lord Salisbury, as leader of the Conservative party, which brought the matter to a satisfactory conclusion, and which enabled a Franchise Bill to be passed which contented both sides of the House, and which has proved a settlement of the question up to the present time.

This matter of "Reform" has been mentioned here at some length for two reasons. First, because it was one of the two questions of home politics in which Lord Salisbury showed from the first a keen interest; the other one being the welfare of the Church, about which more must be said later. Secondly, because it affords a splendid instance of the way in which Lord Salisbury has ever made the best of things when they have not gone exactly as he would have chosen, and has guided the ship with a firm

hand even when her owners—the nation—have ordered a course of which he could not altogether approve.

It is necessary now to return to the days of his earlier Parliamentary career before, that is, he became the acknowledged head of the Conservative party, and to try to see what was the nature of the influence which he wielded. No doubt his hereditary gifts had



Part of the King James Drawing-room at Hatfield House

(Elsden, photographer, Hertford)

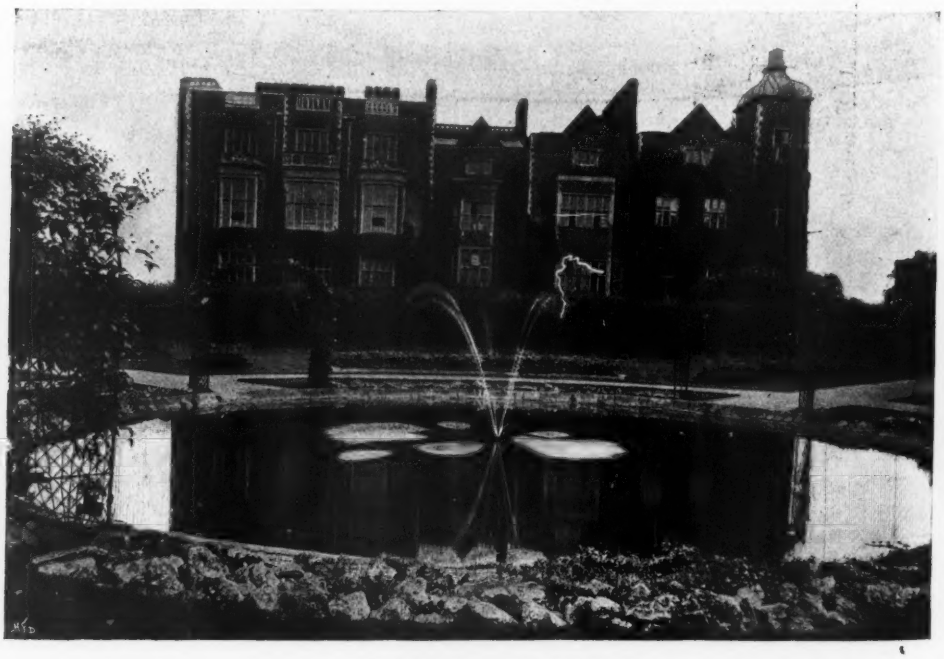
much to do with it. As was seen in the first chapter politics were in his blood, and not politics only, but the control of men and things political. Next must come his power of speech. There is evidence of this from the very first. Had he not been a really remarkable speaker he would never have been selected to second General Peel's important motion in 1855. Then again there are several well-known stories which point to the keen and slashing character of his oratory. Chief among these is the occasion when the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1861 included the whole of his proposals (including the repeal of the Paper Duties) in one Bill. The Member for Stamford strenuously attacked the Minister in question, saying that his conduct was "more worthy of an attorney than of a statesman." Being subsequently brought to book for using such an expression, he allowed that it was perhaps rather too strong, and admitted that an apology was due—to the attorneys!

When, as Lord Cranborne, he felt it his duty in 1867 to resign his office as Secretary for India, there is little doubt that he let himself go and used towards the leaders of his own party some of the hard language which he usually reserved for the Opposition. What makes this probable is that in 1874, during the debate on the Public Worship

Regulation Bill, he used in the House of Lords some words which were mistaken to mean that there was a "great deal of bluster" in the House of Commons. The matter was taken up warmly in the latter place, and Sir William Harcourt described his utterance as "the ill-advised raillery of a rash and rancorous tongue." Mr. Disraeli, replying to this, spoke of Lord Salisbury as a man who did not measure his phrases, and as one who was "a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers." It is extremely improbable that this would ever have been said by a close political ally unless there was some old soreness which prompted the ill-natured exaggeration. Is it not more than possible that Mr. Disraeli had never forgiven or forgotten the words spoken by the Secretary for India when the Reform Bill was suggested of which he (Mr. Disraeli) had charge?

Besides his political genius and his power of speech, his great intellect always impressed those with whom he was brought in contact, and proved greater than anything of which his personal appearance gave promise. An exceedingly able man once sat next to him at dinner in the early days of his career, and did not know the identity of his neighbour. Speaking of this afterwards the former said: "I soon found out that he was a clever fellow—a very clever fellow—a much cleverer fellow than I was myself!"

As a matter of fact there were few subjects which the young politician was not able to master. It may not be generally known that as a business man he proved of the greatest service to the Great Eastern Railway Company. He became their Chairman in 1867 at a time when the Company were in serious embarrassments. An application had just been made to Parliament to borrow one and a half millions and had been refused. Under his auspices, however, better things began. He induced the Company to amend their Bill and to ask for leave to borrow three millions. This they did, and so ably did he conduct the matter that this time they gained the day. Having put their



Hatfield House. West Front

(Elsden, photographer, Hertford)

affairs on the high road to success he retired from the Chairmanship in 1872, having held the post for just five years.

A little later, in 1874, he assisted Lord Cairns in dragging the London, Chatham, and Dover Company out of an apparently hopeless state of financial muddle and set their affairs also upon a sound basis. This is strong evidence of a mind able not only to seize upon the points of a political argument, not only to work out the most difficult scientific problems, but able also to grasp and to manipulate vast business matters with the clearness and decision of one who might have been from his earliest years at the head of great commercial concerns.

When all these things are considered, and it is further realised that his birth and position gave him exceptional advantages, it is a matter of less surprise that our Prime Minister has occupied a foremost place in controlling the destinies of Europe.

Browning's Treatment of Nature*

By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

Author of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life"

THIRD PAPER

MUCH has been said in the previous chapter about Browning as a poet of Nature, but not enough. Some points were not sufficiently illustrated, others were omitted. The best way, perhaps, in which we can repair these deficiencies will be to take chronologically the natural descriptions in his poems and to comment upon them, leaving out those on which we have already touched. New points of interest will thus arise; and, moreover, taking the natural description as it occurs year after year, we may be able—within this phase of his poetic nature, and chronologically—to place his poetic development in a clearer light.

I begin, therefore, with *Pauline*. The descriptions of nature in that poem are more deliberate, more for their own sake, than elsewhere in Browning's poetry. The first of them faintly recalls the manner of Shelley in *Alastor*, and I have no doubt was influenced by him. The two others, and the more finished, have already escaped from Shelley, and are almost pre-Raphaelite, as much so as Keats, in their detail. Yet all the three are original, not imitative. They suggest Shelley and Keats, and no more, and it is only the manner and not the matter of these poets that they suggest. Browning leaped into originality at once in this as in other modes of poetry. It was characteristic of him from the beginning to the end of his career, to possess within himself his own methods, to incessantly draw out of himself alone new things and new inventions.

From one point of view this was full of treasurable matter for us. It is not often the gods give us so opulent an originality. From another point of view it was unfortunate. If he had begun by imitating a little; if he had studied the excellences of his predecessors more; if he had curbed his individuality sufficiently to mark, learn and inwardly digest the noble style of others in natural description and in all other matters of poetry as well, his work would have been much better than it is; his original excellences would have found fitter and finer expression; his faults would have been lessened instead of being developed; his style would have been more concise on one side, less abrupt on another, and we should not have been wrongly disturbed by obscurities of diction and inadequacies of expression. He would have reached more continuously the splendid level he often attained. This is plentifully illustrated by his work on external nature, but less perhaps than by his work on humanity.

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The first natural description he published is in the beginning of *Pauline :*

Thou wilt remember one warm morn when winter
Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills; the blackthorn boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.

That is fairly good; he describes what he has seen; but it might have been better. The blackthorn is not white with coming buds; it is not white till they have opened. The comparison of them on the dark and leafless boughs to the bright side of sorrow weakens the description, and the violets do not open from sleep like swiftly-lifting eyes. We know what he means, but his words do not accurately or imaginatively convey this meaning. The best lines are the first three, but the peculiar note of Shelley sighs so fully in them that they do not represent Browning. What is special to him in them is his peculiar delight not only in the morning which here he celebrates, but in the spring. It was in his nature, even in old age, to love with passion the beginnings of things; dawn, morning, spring, and youth; their quick blood, its changes, impulses, its unpremeditated rush into fresh experiment. Unlike Tennyson, who was old when he was old, Browning was young when he was old. Only once in *Asolando*, in its *Prologue*, can we trace that he felt winter in his heart. And the lines in *Pauline* which I now quote, spoken by a young man who has dramatised himself into momentary age, are no ill description of his temper at times when he was really old :

As life wanes, all its care and strife and toil
Seem strangely valueless, while the old trees
Which grew by our youth's home, the waving mass
Of climbing plants heavy with bloom and dew,
The morning swallows with their songs like words,
All these seem clear and only worth our thoughts:
So, aught connected with my early life,
My rude songs or my wild imaginings,
How I look on them—most distinct amid
The fever and the stir of after years!

The next description of *Pauline* is that in which he describes—to illustrate what Shelley was to him—the woodland spring which became a mighty river. Shelley, as first conceived by Browning, seemed to him like a sacred spring :

Scarce worth a moth's flitting, which long grasses cross,
And one small tree embowers droopingly—
Joying to see some wandering insect won
To live in its few rushes, or some locust
To pasture on its boughs, or some wild bird
Stoop for its freshness from the trackless air.

A piece of careful detail, close to nature, but not close enough, needing to be more detailed or less detailed, but the first instance in his work of his deliberate use of nature, not for love of herself only (Wordsworth, Coleridge or Byron would have described the spring in the woods for itself alone), but for illustration of humanity. It is Shelley—Shelley in his lonely withdrawn character, Shelley hidden in the wood of his own thoughts, and, like a spring in that wood, bubbling upwards into personal poetry—of whom Browning is now thinking. The image is good, but a better poet would have dwelt more on the fountain and left the insects and birds alone. It is Shelley also of whom he thinks—Shelley breaking away from personal poetry to write of the fates of men, of liberty and love and overthrow of wrong, of the future of mankind—when he expands his tree-shaded fountain into the river and follows it to the sea :

And then should find it but the fountain-head,
Long lost, of some great river washing towns
And towers, and seeing old woods which will live
But by its banks untrod of human foot,
Which, when the great sun sinks, lie quivering
In light, as some thing lieth half of life
Before God's foot, waiting a wondrous change;
Then girt with rocks which seek to turn or stay
Its course in vain, for it does ever spread
Like a sea's arm as it goes rolling on,
Being the pulse of some great country—so
Wast thou to me, and art thou to the world!

How good some of that is—how bad it is elsewhere! How much it needs care, concentration, and yet how vivid also and original! And the faults of it—faults of grammar, of clearness, of irritating paren-

thesis, of broken threads of thought, of inability to leave out the needless—are faults of which Browning never quite cleared his work. I do not think he ever cared to rid himself of them.

The next description is not an illustration of man by nature. It is almost the only set description of nature, without reference to man, which occurs in the whole of Browning's work. It is introduced by his declaration (for in this I think he speaks from himself) of his power of living in all the life of the living things in nature. He does not think of himself as living in the whole Being of Nature, as Wordsworth or Shelley would have done. There was a certain matter-of-factness in him which prevented his belief in any theory of that kind. But he does transfer himself into the rejoicing life of the animals and plants, a life which he knows and which is akin to his own. And this distinction is true of all his poetry of nature. "I can mount with the bird," he says:

Leaping airily his pyramid of leaves
And twisted boughs of some tall mountain tree;
Or rise cheerfully springing to the heavens;
Or like a fish breathe deep the morning air
In the misty sun-warm water.

This introduces the description of a walk of twenty-four hours through various scenes of natural beauty. It is long and elaborate —the scenery he conceives round the home where he and Pauline are to live. And it is so close, and so much of it is repeated in other forms in his later poetry, that I think it is drawn direct from nature; that it is here done of set purpose to show his hand in natural description. It begins with night, but soon leaves night for the morning and the moon. Here is a piece of it:

Morning, the rocks and valleys and old woods.
How the sun brightens in the mist, and here,
Half in the air, like creatures of the place,*
Trusting the element, living on high boughs
That swing in the wind—look at the silver spray
Flung from the foam-sheet of the cataract
Amid the broken rocks! Shall we stay here
With the wild hawks? No, ere the hot noon come
Dive we down—safe! See, this our new retreat
Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
Dark, tangled, old and green, still sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep,
Amid the trailing boughs turned water-plants:
And tall trees overarch to keep us in,
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts,
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together
Wondering at all around—

* Creatures accordant with the place?

This is wandering, nerveless work, tentative, formless, no clear expression of the whole; and as he tries to expand it further—in lines we may study with interest, for the very failures of genius are interesting—he becomes even more feeble, though the feebleness is traversed by verses of power.

It is an attempt at accurate, truthful detail, and the chief thing to say about it is, that he got out of its manner as fast as he could. He never tried that kind of thing again, but passed on to a sharp, quick suggestiveness; one or two things in the landscape chosen and shot into prominence, and the rest left to the imagination of the reader.

He is better when he comes forth from the closed-in woodland pool into the clear air and open landscape:

Up for the glowing day, leave the old woods!
See, they part like a ruined arch: the sky!
Nothing but sky appears, so close the roots
And grass of the hill-top level with the air—
Blue sunny air, where a great cloud floats laden
With light, like a dead whale that white birds pick,
Floating away in the sun in some north sea.
Air, air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,
The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us,
Where small birds reel and winds take their delight!

The last three lines are excellent, but nothing could be worse than the sensational image of the dead whale. It does not fit the thing he desires to illustrate, and it violates the sentiment of the scene he is describing; but its strangeness pleased his imagination, and he put it in without a question. The finished artist could not do this; he would hear, as it were, the false note, and destroy it. But Browning, a natural artist, never became a perfect one. Nevertheless, as his poetry went on, he reached, by natural power, splendid description, as indeed I have fully confessed; but, on the other hand, one is never quite

sure of him as a poet of nature. He is never then quite "inevitable."

This attempt at deliberate natural description in *Pauline*, is not renewed in *Paracelsus*. By the time he wrote that poem the movements and problems of the spirit of man had quenched for a time his interest in natural scenery. Nature is only introduced as a background for the players, who are the passions, thoughts, and aspirations of the intellectual soul of Paracelsus. It is only at the beginning of the second part of the poem that we touch a landscape:

Over the waters in the vaporous West
The sun goes down as in a sphere of gold
Behind the arm of the city, which between,
With all that length of domes and minarets,
Athwart the splendour, black and crooked runs
Like a Turk verse along a scimitar.

That is all, nothing but an introduction. Paracelsus turns in a moment from the sight, and absorbs himself in himself, just as Browning was then doing in his own soul. When a full natural description again occurs, Festus and Paracelsus are looking at the dawn; and now Browning's work on nature has so greatly improved that one can scarcely believe he is the same poet who wrote the wavering descriptions of *Pauline*. This is close and clear:

Morn must be near.
FESTUS. Best ope the casement: see,
The night, late strewn with clouds and flying stars,
Is blank and motionless: how peaceful sleep
The tree tops all together! Like an asp
The wind slips whispering from bough to bough.

. . . . . .

PARACELSUS. See, morn at length. The heavy darkness seems
Diluted, grey and clear without the stars;
The shrubs bestir, and rouse themselves as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night, let go
His hold; and from the East, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river, flowing in;
But clouded, wintry, desolate and cold.

That is good, clear, and sufficient; and there the description should end. But Browning, driven by some small demon, adds to it three lines of mere observant fancy on a little affair, which, enfeebling the force of the previous lines, irritates the whole description.

Yet see how the broad prickly star-shaped plant,
Half-down in the crevice, spreads its woolly leaves
All thick and glistering with diamond dew.

What is that for? To give local colour or reality? It does neither. It is mere childish artistry. Tennyson could not have done it. He knew when to stay his hand.*

The finest piece of natural description in *Paracelsus* is of the coming of Spring. It is full of the joy in life for life's sake which filled Browning when he was young, which clung to him almost to the last year of his age. It is inspired by a passionate thought, lying behind it, concerning man. It is still more inspired by his belief that God Himself was eternal joy, and filled the universe with His own rapture. Nowhere did Browning reach a greater height in his Nature-poetry than in these lines; yet they are more a description, as usual, of animal life than of the beauty of the earth and sea:

Then all is still; earth is a wintry clod:
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
Buds tenderly on rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swol'n with blooms
Like chrysalids impatient for the air,
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
Along the furrows, ants make their ado;

* There is a fine picture of the passing of a hurricane in *Paracelsus* (p. 67, vol. i.) which illustrates this inability to stop when he has done all he needs. Paracelsus speaks:

The hurricane is spent,
And the good boat speeds through the brightening weather;
But is it earth or sea that heaves below?
The gulf rolls like a meadow-swell, o'erstrewn
With ravaged boughs and remnants of the shore;
And now, some islet, loosened from the land,
Swims past with all its trees, sailing to oceans:
And now the air is full of uptorn canes,
Light strippings from the fan-trees, tamarisks
Unrooted, with their birds still clinging to them,
All high in the wind. Even so my varied life
Drifts by me;

I think that the lines I have italicised should have been left out. They weaken what he has well done.

Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;
Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews
His ancient rapture.

Once more, in *Paracelsus*, there is the lovely little lyric poem about the flowing of the Mayne. I have driven through that gracious country of low hill and dale and wide water-meadows, where under flowered banks only a foot high the slow river winds in gentleness, and this poem is steeped in the atmosphere and sentiment of the scenery. But, as before, Browning quickly slides away from the beauty of inanimate nature into a record of the animals that haunt the stream. He could not get on long with mountains and rivers alone. He must people them with breathing, feeling things—anything for life!

Thus the Mayne glideth
Where my Love abideth.
Sleep's no softer; it proceeds
On through lawns, on through meads,
On and on, whate'er befall,
Meandering and musical;
Though the niggard pasturage
Bears not on its shaven ledge
Aught but weeds and waving grasses
To view the river as it passes,
Save here and there a scanty patch
Of primroses too faint to catch
A weary bee.
And scarce it pushes
Its gentle way through strangling rushes
Where the glossy kingfisher
Flutters when noon-heats are near,
Glad the shelving banks to shun,
Red and steaming in the sun,
Where the shrew-mouse with pale throat
Burrows, and the speckled stoat;
Where the quick sandpipers flit
In and out the marl and grit
That seems to breed them, brown as they:
Nought disturbs its quiet way,
Save some lazy stork that springs,
Trailing it with legs and wings,
Whom the shy fox from the hill
Rouses, creep he ne'er so still.

"My heart, they loose my heart, those simple words," cries Paracelsus, and he was right. They tell of that which to see and love is better, wiser, than to probe and know all the problems of knowledge. But that is a truth not understood, not believed. And few there be who find it. And if Browning had found the secret of how to live more outside of his understanding than he did, or had not forgotten it, he would not perhaps have spoken more wisely for the good of man, but he would have written better poetry more continuously.

"They that Worship Him"

An Actual Experience

By the Rev. J. Scoular Thomson

I WENT to hear a preacher Sabbath last—
It was a church of quite superior caste,
Where God was worshipped in a cultured way,
And finer shades of feeling brought to play.
There was nought there to grate the most fastidious,
Well-cushioned pews and footstools all luxurious,
Dim, brooding light, rich windows, flowers pure white,
That subtly bring to mind Christ's anguished night,
Soft, languid music and a rich-voiced choir.
What could æsthetic lady more desire
For comfort of the soul and praise of God
Than the rich music swelling forth great laud
And praise? And so with joy her full heart fills
And the deep organ's chord her bosom thrills.

Then down she sits to bend her dainty head
And prettily her nose in otter fur imbed.
And while the matchless phrases of the prayer
Come dimly floating through the perfumed air,
Her soul is caught away in sweet amaze,
And Heaven itself is open to her gaze.

Near by another sate and sorrowed, sad
For sin and for the barren life that had
Been his. Now humbly trusting that he might
Some day attain, if he would do aright
And work for God, he not himself presumed
In favour, loved of Heaven, but dull-eyed gloomed
And brooded on the sin that cannot be
Forgiven to mortal man if once that he
Hath sinned—O what if thus his soul were lost!

And so upon a sea of doubt he tossed,
Dark sea wherein no rest can be nor peace,
But sullen waves of blackness never cease
With grim resistless force to hurry on
To doom and dark and light for ever gone.

Thus sate the lady. Thus the man, downcast
For sorrow, sadly sure that he had past
God's mercy, when the preacher 'gan to speak
Of God and man, how man was vain and weak,
At this the bended head bent lower still—
How man had power for good but used it ill.
While thus the preacher faltered o'er man's fall,
How sweetly melancholy was it all,
The æsthete thought.

But ah! the other's heart
Was sick and cold. Now with orator's art
The speaker changed his note and kindling said,
"If this were all, then hope for man were dead.
That *we* have hold of God, is not our trust,
But God hath hold of us—and trust we must."
The lady murmured o'er this pretty thought.
A fancy sweet—no more than this it brought.
But that was not the way it touched the heart
Of him who feared in Christ he had no part.
As through a dark cloud on a gloomy day
On dusky waters falls a sudden ray,
On one sad broken life so burst the light;
And his dull soul took joy, and fear took flight.
And up there rose a man as one amazed,
And cried, "O God be praised! O God be praised!"

This rough, rude tumult in the house of prayer
Was more than cultured piety could bear.
The folks at worship started with surprise
And shook themselves amain and rubbed their eyes;
And men of office rose to thrust him out
Who had God's praise proclaimed with such a shout.

And when the lady with an aching head,
Distressed, disturbed and shocked, reached home, she said,
"O what a dreadful scene took place to-day!
A man rose in the church—he's mad, they say.
I'm sure he is—he shrieked such insane things!
What shudders still the recollection brings!"

And yet what did he more, this man, than did
The man in Acts, the lame Man Healed, unchid,
Who in the very Holy Temple walked
And leapt and praised his God—and no mouth mocked!

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—II. Mr. Rudyard Kipling

LAST month we published the prize-winning papers in the first of our "Open Letter Competitions," the subject being Mr. Hall Caine. This month we give the letters to which the prizes have been awarded in the second competition, the letters being addressed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

From a comparison of the two batches of letters, one fact became quickly obvious—namely, that the reading public places a much higher estimate (and it is a conclusion with which the critics, we imagine, will not quarrel) on Mr. Kipling than it does on Mr. Caine. The first evidence of the fact was furnished by the immensely greater number of letters—nearly twice as many—sent in for the second competition. But the evidence of the tone of the letters themselves was overwhelming. Not that the reading public seems to be entirely satisfied that Mr. Kipling is one of the truly great. It is a point on which there is almost universal and frankly confessed perplexity. The writers themselves, in almost every case, believe in the quality of his genius, but there is evident uneasiness as to whether future generations, to whom, it may be, the imperial spirit which inspires so much both of Mr. Kipling's prose and of his verse will have lost its significance, will endorse their individual verdict. If so, it appears to be generally believed, the verdict of those future generations will be based on three or four only of his compositions: "The Jungle Book" (which seems to rank easily first in popular regard), "The Recessional," the character of Mulvaney, and "Kim." Again and again the changes are rung on these same things. Almost every writer has also one or two individual favourites among the short stories: "The Brushwood Boy," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "William the Conqueror," "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" (though the professional critic, as well as Mr. Kipling himself, will be surprised to hear that there is a lack of reference to "The Man who would be King"); and once in a while a writer at long intervals picks out one or other of those poems—"White Horses," "The Native Born," "The Feet of the Young Men," "The English Flag," &c.—which lie between the two extremes of the "Recessional" and the "Barrack Room Ballads."

One book there is which is accursed by all—anathema. That is "Stalky and Co." It has scarcely a friend; but many bitter personal enemies. On one other charge also there is a practically unanimous verdict against Mr. Kipling, his inability (or his refusal) to draw a woman who is a woman and a lady. If he can do such a thing, he is begged and implored to do it, not once but in many voices. So will he set the seal on his claim to be honoured as a Great One in all ages.

This month we invite open letters under the same conditions to

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

The letters must not exceed 1500 words in length. They must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than April 25, being addressed "Open Letter Competition," GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. They must be addressed to Mr. Meredith as an author—with him as a personality apart from his writings we have nothing to do. Prizes will be awarded to the three letters adjudged to be best as follows: First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £3; Third Prize, £2. The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final.

The winning letters addressed to Mr. Kipling are given over:

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash

To Mr. Rudyard Kipling

DEAR SIR,—That Britain, as an Empire and a home of letters, may be proud to claim your sonship is, we may take it, an axiom well proven. Your work has always been extremely unequal; but whilst at the best it rises very high indeed, at the worst it never fails to move many. We have to reckon with you in several characters, as realist, artist, prophet, critic, ballad-maker; scarcely I think as poet. For while much of the poetry you have produced, and notably the two first verses of "Recessional," has reached the very highest mark of your accomplishment, I conceive that it is hardly as a poet you set yourself to write it. The burning words are the most fitting expression for the burning thoughts behind them: you write because you have a thing to say, a lesson to teach, a problem to solve, an abuse to castigate, not for mere love of lovely words in meet and sonorous sequence. Your thoughts fall naturally into ringing lines, and in that form touch quicker and live longer in the hearts of those who read them. "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation," said one who knew, and to you that post is unquestioned and of all right conceded. To you also we count due the thanks for many a close-hugged failing laid bare, many a merited rebuke shot home, many a hardly understood reverse made clear; above all for the quashing of false sentiment, and the retention and development of that manly yet thoughtful character as a nation of which the greatest Englishmen have ever been so justly proud. This at the present moment seems the highest crown of your achievement, but we are yet perhaps too near to realise how far your cherished creed of Imperialism will guide us, and to what conclusion. This much at least is certain: should you die to-morrow, men might say of you, "He was a force in his own generation, and a force that will endure."

Your early work, mainly based on Anglo-Indian life, had, I am aware, some amount of prejudice to encounter. It was urged, and not without justice, that you had portrayed but one side of the picture, and that this especial class of society was not so altogether rotten and objectionable as you would have believed. In defence you were so far justified as that the point of view is an important factor in fiction as an art, and you were perfectly at liberty to use your own; that power of vision, so necessary an item in the equipment of any novelist of note, in fact, consists of little else. But if justifiable, the blemish can hardly be accounted admirable, and as such may be left. In all matters we mainly find what we have looked to find, and in those days you were a stern realist, sterner perhaps than now, though of that you yourself may hardly be aware. In any case, your work possessed such inherent strength that it was impossible it should be overlooked, even by the most prejudiced; and by mere force of gravity it would have been certain to make its way, even while ignoring the keen insight, the firm grip of subject, and the wide and familiar knowledge of detail it undoubtedly possessed.

Your powers of description are great. The mysterious word-magic of the delicious "Jungle Books," the salt splash of "Captains Courageous," the throbbing thrill of life breathed into so unpromising a subject as the locomotive in ".002"—these, with a host of other instances, all attest it. In you I behold the apotheosis of the war correspondent, but you are worthy of more than that ephemeral fame, and I am glad that you have never seriously undertaken such work. You have written much, and little that will not live; moreover, that little may be accounted less direct failure than a wilful stooping to a lower level, perhaps with the not altogether unlaudable intention of influencing a wider public. With all your remarkable versatility, however, it is impossible to expect that you should meet with equal success in every branch of literature, and you have been well advised in the main to stick to the short story, a form in which it would be difficult to surpass you. It is in the novel proper that you have nearest approached failure. This weakness of sustained narrative may, I think,

be chiefly traced to your lack of structional ability, and also to your manifest love for works of the intellect rather than the feelings, less for your characters themselves than for their environment and what they type and symbolise. You have always written more for the head than the heart, more of things than people. On the other hand, it may be argued that your last, and in some ways your most notable achievement, "Kim," is not a short story. That is undeniable, but neither in any sense of the word can it be described as a novel. Rather is it a mystic allegory of the spirits of age and modernity, their fusion and impossibility of fusion, the vast banyan tree of India presented in telling contrast side by side with the sturdy oak sapling of Britain.

Your sense of colour, and the manner in which you grip at the heart of every subject you attempt, are wholly admirable. Yet you lack the eternal feminine that should hold a certain balance in every soul, and for some of us that means much—repose, reflection, sanity, a trustful calm. You are restless as the age you personify, your energy is boundless, your enterprise untiring: no active form of life can escape you. Yet the more intimate knowledge of the delicater shades of feeling only native in a tranquil peace has never touched you. I cannot recollect any woman who truly breathes and lives in your pages, and even your male characters are less individually interesting than regarded as masses and types of masses. Your views are broad: you can interpret the soul of a nation, you can perceive the germ that shall develop to a mighty movement even while it yet looms unimportant to most: but of people to live, breathing, human, old friends to whom we can return, familiarly sure of character consistent and understood, you have created few. Even the immortal "Soldiers Three" are less individuals than types, and they, I take it, are your most lasting work in this line. It is not easy for an England-dweller to speak with confidence of your delineation of the native Indian character; that would appear masterly. No Englishman has probably ever reached so near the heart of it: certainly none has ever yet so well mirrored it to the other quarters of the Empire. That also may be as a type, but even so it is an achievement.

When all is said and done, it is as prophet that you have most deeply carved your name upon your country's shield of honour: prophet in the literal sense of the word—one who interprets the will of God and the march of destiny to a people. It would be idle to pretend, while the majority of us islanders are yet smarting beneath the stinging scorn of your latest reproof, whether merited or not, that your word is not a potent one in the land. No such storm of indignation, exculpation, approbation could have been aroused by a less consequent hand, directed less straightly at a less evident plague-spot in the national character. That the scorn may have been overdone, that at least one epithet was ill-judged, are but small flaws to find in a work that has so manifestly obtained its object as to induce most thoughtful Englishmen to give pause, and reflect whither their love of sport and hatred of display—intrinsically healthy enough impulses—may be leading them. Your hand set the ball rolling; the final outcome may with safety be left to the good sense of the nation.

This is but one instance out of many. The voice that spoke in "Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden" has wakened an echo in the heart and brain of all British peoples such as will ensure it an eager and watchful attention when at any time hereafter it shall find occasion to bestow comment, reproval, or applause. A national critic, strong, undaunted and far-seeing, was a sore requirement among us in the days before your coming: and in you the hour found the man. Also we remember always,

> The song that nerves a nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed.

You are too great and wide-minded a thinker to make it necessary for me to apologise for writing my thoughts thus freely. Therefore I may subscribe myself,

Honestly, because not blindly,
Your admirer,
B. C. HARDY.

41, Barkstone Gardens, S.W.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash

SIR,—When the first editions of books by an author still living, in their crudely illustrated paper covers, command more than their weight in gold, and his schoolboy verses are only obtainable by collectors with long purses, whilst his latest work, whether in prose or verse, is heralded by astute paragraphists through the length and breadth of the Empire, there can be no question as to the success of the fortunate author.

Such success is yours to-day, but will such fame as alone makes a name immortal be yours when the dispassionate critics of the future sit in judgment on your multifarious literary achievements?

Undoubtedly gifted beyond your contemporaries, endowed with a keen intellect, an absolute realist in those technicalities which transform the crudely commonplace into the realm of fantasy, a perfect master of thought-arresting language, with a power of felicitous description well-nigh photographic in its accuracy, a deep-seated insight into the motives which inspire men for good or evil, has it never occurred to you that, with all these exceptional gifts, some malign influence seems ever present to make your work, otherwise so well and worthily done, a power for evil rather than for good?

To men who deemed Tennyson mawkishly sentimental, Browning hopelessly obscure, and Byron, Shelley, Keats and the rest old-fashioned and out-of-date, your "Barrack Room Ballads" came as a revelation of virile force, and the thoughtless crowd hailed you as the heaven-sent poet!

Passages of infinitely tender beauty therein are marred by words, phrases, and ideas so repellent, vulgar, and blasphemous, one wonders how so much filthy alloy can be mingled with the gold in the crucible of your imagination.

So it is with all your work. That same malign influence creeps in, and with its insidious poison transforms a life-giving draught into a deadly, soul-destroying potion. You seem deliberately to have set yourself to portray the worst moral phases in our peccant humanity. In a less gifted writer, devoid of that compelling magnetism you possess, the harm would not be so far-reaching, but even your genius cannot reconcile us to a world peopled with drunken, dissolute soldiers, the Hauksbees, Gadsbys and the rest of the graceless crew you have elected to be your types of men and women. I allude to your group of stories "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "The Story of the Gadsbys" wherein the violation of the seventh Commandment forms the basis of nearly every plot. Are we to accept those cynical, Godless, worldly, false-hearted creatures as real men and women, forming Anglo-Indian society? Is nothing but immorality the mainspring of their lives? Have they no object but illicit passion, no aim but the interchange of scandalous intrigue? No ideals but lust and laziness?

I take it, there, as elsewhere, pure-souled women, with honest heart and reverent feelings, live, move, and have their being, to whom such criminal follies as you describe would be impossible, even in thought, and who would look in righteous scorn on the heartless wantons, for whom pity would be impossible.

I feel in all you write there is a lack of reverence for all most of us are taught to respect, and even in your early verses, "Departmental Ditties," you were guilty of the execrable taste of parodying the Scriptural narrative of Bathsheba, Uriah's wife!

In contradistinction to that I heartily admire your felicitous parodies on contemporary poets, showing as they did a keen sense of humour, as well as an augury for your own future verses, when you should free yourself from conventional metrical forms, and make us the music of words in "a manner as strange as new." Who that has ever read or heard

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river

can ever forget the haunting insistence of that weirdly pathetic refrain? It conjures up the whole scene in its dread reality, the horrors of that starless night in that torrent-swollen, treacherous river, the anguish of the man over his drowned comrade; indeed, I know nothing in modern verse to equal its poignancy and dramatic effect, and here, for

once, expletives seem the natural expression of the heart-tortured survivor.

It is a far cry from Kabul River to the "Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," the first story I ever read of yours. I shall never forget that story in its sordid detail, its unsavoury environment, its blatant vulgarity, its shocking blasphemies; and I remember tearing the pages containing them into fragments, and throwing them from the window of my railway carriage, rather than my mother should read what I had read, or the women-folk at home deem me a blackguard for bringing such literature into the house.

Years have passed since then, and I think the Coster Creature with the outlandish name the only *real* woman you have ever drawn.

Born, bred, and placed in an atmosphere of all that is vilely repellent, inured from her earliest years to scenes and speech loathsome in their frightful depravity—a depravity the worse because its commonplace conversational change seems nothing horrible to its users, Badalia possessed the gift of righteousness and held to a standard of honour, where dishonour was as the breath of life to her associates.

Her refusal to betray her murderer, even in the agonising hour of her shocking death, deserves to rank as a companion picture to that of the Sister of Charity in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," whose heroic lie saved the convict, Jean Valjean. Yes, the character of Badalia stands brightly pure as some exquisite lily in a pestilential swamp.

In all your books your descriptive writing is admirable, indelibly impressing us with all you wish us to see, and this power is manifest in a marvellous degree in your articles on "The City of Dreadful Night." Even your pen cannot reconcile us to the subject, for whether the creatures debased for man's cruel passion are clad in the costliest of Eastern stuffs, laden with gems beyond price, and hidden away in the perfumed recesses of palaces, or whether clad in loathsome rags, lurking amid dark places full of cruel habitation, no word-pictures, however transcendent, can cause us to forget the hideousness of the theme.

No glamour of fine phrases can gloze over the subject or lend a charm to what is vile and objectionable. Moreover, no good purpose is served by exposing these moral cesspools, and as I read I thought your main idea was not to suggest any remedy for the removal of the abuse, but only to shock, surprise and startle your readers, at times overstepping the narrow line which divides allowable realism from vulgar obscenity!

How different is your treatment of a painful theme in "Without Benefit of Clergy." There is the tragedy of a ruined life expressed in simple, direct, and pathetic language, devoid of sensational theatricalism, appealing in its human lovableness to all that is best in us, and saddened by its absolute truth we feel her sins are all forgiven, for "She loved much."

Whether we approve of the subjects of your short stories or not, the fact remains that in this difficult form of your art you are unapproachable by any living writer. Your masterly treatment, the grip, vigour, and apparent ease in which you epitomise in a sentence a life-history, are all your own. It all seems so easy, because so natural, therein lying the potency of the spell of art which conceals art!

You thoroughly master every minutest detail, with infinite pain, sparing yourself no labour of research, not only to understand the most complex mechanisms yourself, but making your readers understand them also, as, for instance, in "The Ship that found Herself." I actually realised the imaginary dialogues between plates and screws, levers and boilers, valves and piston-rods, until I heaved a sigh of relief when, with the sea-crust on her plates, the battered, twisted, sorely-tried vessel steamed safely after her hazardous trial-trip to the haven where she would be.

So, also, in "M'Andrews' Hymn," the wondrous wealth of your technical knowledge transforms a subject, itself of seemingly little interest, to a poem full of sustained thought, acute analysis, altogether admirable in its subtle characterisation of the old Scotch engineer.

You are at your best in those gruesome, eerie stories such as "At the end of the

Passage," or "The Mark of the Beast," mingling together as you do the terrible with the trivial, and I do not find it difficult to single your work from that of your collaborator in "The Naulahka," so grimly awe-inspiring it is. I think the episode of the Sacred Crocodile could only have emanated from such a powerful imagination as you possess.

Tell me, were Public School boys ever such a horde of unparalleled hooligans as you depict in that very worst of your books, "Stalky and Co."? Did ever such insolent, ill-mannered, slang-using cubs exist? To me the whole crew, boys and masters, seem as unreal as a nightmare!

It is impossible in the limits of a letter to do more than select such few examples of your too prolific pen as best exemplify your genius.

Yes, sir, genius; for, although I take exception to so much you have written, and candidly believe it will work for evil, yet I can never read some of your poems without a sense of mental exaltation, and a thankfulness that, in these decadent days, one is with us to whom the noble title of POET is justly given.

But beauties are sandwiched with beastliness. I need not particularise such by their titles, but I ask you, if in the years to come your children point them out to you, and ask you the meaning of this and this, how will you answer them?

You will be ashamed and justly too, and bitterly regret ever having pandered to the impure and vicious.

Great possibilities are yours, boundless opportunities for good! Use your talent in a manner befitting your high calling, taking for your motto those sublime lines of a great dead poet,

> Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to fate!
> The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.

Yours truly,
WILL EDWARDES-SPRANGE.

18 Hornsey Rise, London, N.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash

SIR,—It cannot be denied that your name—the name of Rudyard Kipling—has become a household word amongst the English-speaking peoples. Your personality has swept, with cyclonic force, through the Empire of which you are the avowed spokesman, leaving behind a prostrated public capable only of bewildered admiration. By the strength rather than by the beauty of your writings in general, you have won your way to the hearts of an audience representative of the race whose praises you are never tired of setting forth. You will, however, be the first to admit that popularity, though not necessarily an evil thing, is, by itself, inadequate as a test of literary workmanship. For, estimated by the reception accorded to it, "The Absent-minded Beggar" would have to be considered an immortal masterpiece, while, judged by the same standard, your more recent verse, "The Islanders," would stand condemned as unworthy of the labour expended upon it. This sort of criticism might be more complimentary to the former than unjust to the latter. But whatever their respective merits may be, the one was a jingle timed to suit the mood of the moment; the other a tirade pitched in a different key from, and therefore out of harmony with, the tone of prevailing sentiment.

These are the days of the specialist in every department of human activity, not excepting the profession of letters. Society has reached so complex a condition that an extensive process of delegation has come to be an absolute necessity. It has thus been brought to pass that housewives do not usually bake their own bread or preserve their own jam, and even what little gossiping they indulge in may be done for them between the covers of a book. Furthermore, the triumphs of physical science have fostered a love of travel in the few and a spirit of curiosity in the many. You, sir, are so fortunate as to belong to the less numerous category, having been led by a happy fate to visit distant lands and to study the manners and customs of their various populations. Naturally, you have not been disposed to neglect the market provided for your wares by those who, being tied to a short tether at home, are on that account the more eager to give their imagination

It is with great pleasure that we find ourselves able to announce that in the May number of **THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE** we shall begin publication of what probably the most noteworthy, and can certainly hardly fail to be the most interesting, narrative that it has been the good fortune of any magazine to lay before its readers for many years past. This is no less than

Miss Stone's Own Story of Her Life Among the Brigands

It is doubtful if in all the thrilling history of missionary work there has been any incident so dramatic and astounding as the capture of this lady and her retention for half a year with her fellow prisoner, Mme. Tsilka, among the wild mountain fastnesses of the Turko-Bulgarian frontier. Certainly no incident of recent times, involving the welfare only of a private individual, has commanded the active interest of so large a portion of the inhabitants of the civilised world. As an episode in international politics it is not yet possible to measure its importance or to foresee its ultimate consequences. The relations between three powers have been imperilled by it, nor is that peril yet passed. Whether the motive of the "brigands" was the common one of gain, or whether it was no act of brigandage at all but only one more mysterious move in the inscrutably complex politics of the Eastern Question, is still uncertain. Whether the robbers were acting on their own initiative, or whether they were the political agents of a National party, the world is still wondering. Whether it is to Turkey or to Bulgaria that the United States will finally have to look for the satisfaction

which it is now understood to be demanding for the outrage on one of its citizens, has yet to be seen. Indeed, ever since the fateful 6th of September of last year, when Miss Stone, going about her ordinary mission work, was suddenly snatched away, everything has been one unfathomable mystery.

It was in Roumelia that the actual act of capture took place, near the little town of Banisko, where Miss Stone has done so much and such noble work. Twenty-four hours later the whereabouts of the brigands were unknown. The Turkish police vowed that they were in Bulgarian territory; the Bulgarian authorities knew that they were in Turkey. One thing only seemed to be

Miss Stone

accepted as fact by all alike, namely, that if any serious attempt was made by the military, Turkish or Bulgarian, to overtake the fugitive robber band, the captives would assuredly be put to death.

Now and again some single ray of light came filtering out of the darkness. The touching news reached us that Madame Tsilka had been delivered of a child; and the imagination and the pity of the world were touched at the thought of such an incident among such surroundings. Then the news came that the child had died; but this we now know to have been untrue. Then the report was repeated many times that the two ladies, as well as the baby, had been killed, to

show the resentment of the brigands at the delay in the payment of the demanded ransom. So persistently was this report circulated, that just before last Christmas many of those most competent to pronounce an opinion believed it to be true. Then we heard that the party was all well, being detained at the house of a person of some standing in a remote village, where the owner of the house was doing all in his power to make Miss Stone become his wife. But the only result of the various rumours was to make the mystery the more baffling, a mystery which was maintained even in the manner of the release of the captives at the last, when after the newspaper correspondents who were seeking to be present at the paying of the ransom had been misled and taken to one place, the ransom was paid at another,—and the prisoners were given their liberty at yet a third!

A type of Turkish Brigand

What really *did* happen in those six long months during which Miss Stone and her companion were shut off from communication with their friends, and from the eyes of the world? That they must have passed through a wonderful, and in some respects a terrible, time, this only we know; for since their release neither of the two ladies has said one word about their experiences to any one through whom the story could reach the public. Some newspaper correspondents at the time made up fragments of a story from their imaginations, but the great majority told the truth, viz., that they were able to tell nothing. And they gave the reason.

That reason was, that from the moment of her release offers of large sums of money had been made to Miss Stone by various publishers for the right to publish her narrative as told by herself, a right which would be rendered valueless if she suffered any one else to know the facts of her story in advance. It was reported that one American firm had offered Miss Stone £1000 per article for a series of articles in a magazine. Then it was announced that another firm had agreed to give her £10,000 for the exclusive right to publish the story in

magazine and in book! But how much really was paid is, like everything else connected with the incident, a mystery. Until now it has not even been known through what firm of publishers, or in what Magazine, the wonderful narrative would appear: now it is that we make the first announcement. In England the lucky firm is Isbister and Company; the fortunate magazine is

The Sunday Magazine.

in the United States the rights are owned by the firm of McClure, Phillips & Company, and the articles will be published in *McClure's Magazine.*

It is peculiarly appropriate that the story should appear in THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, the leading magazine for Sunday reading, and the publication most closely identified with the religious life and thought of the country in all their phases. The narrative will be illustrated by a series of photographs and drawings which are of extraordinary interest.

Let us say again that it is with great pleasure that we find ourselves able to make this announcement. And let us add a word of advice to our readers:

It is impossible to tell how great the demand will be for copies of THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE containing Miss Stone's narrative. We shall, of course, print a very large edition of the next number in which the first instalment of her adventures will appear; but we cannot guarantee that orders coming in at the last minute will be filled. The only way to ensure getting the magazines containing the story (which will run through at least six monthly chapters) is to become a regular subscriber at once through your local bookseller. Annual subscribers are always taken care of, no matter what orders go unfilled.

Madame Tsilka.

the rein. For which reason the village pump having ceased to be the centre of the social system, has been transported to the circumference to mark the boundary line between Civilisation and Barbarism. Round the entire circle of outposts you have been privileged to peregrinate more than once, working at each handle in turn, and producing by the strenuousness of your exertions a copious draught of information sparkling with wit, and effervescent with a kind of dramatic interest. Nor has an extra smack of salt been lacking in the beverage, serving to stimulate the craving after it without noticeably impairing its flavour.

Inasmuch as you are very well pleased with humanity, humanity is very well pleased with you. Yet nobody knows better than you do yourself that your stories depend for their effect, not upon any startling originality of theme, but mainly upon the manner of their telling. The subject is often trivial enough, the humour somewhat coarse in texture; nevertheless your reader is bound to be amused, just as though he were watching the antics of a clever toy while it imitates the motions and gestures of breathing men and women. From the beginning of your career until now, your methods have ever been the same. That is why "False Dawn" is as truly typical of your style to-day as when "Plain Tales from the Hills" first appeared. Brick by brick, on a foundation of coincidence, the edifice of a particular plot is built up, the result being an almost perfect piece of mechanical construction. The pity is that the clay, ingeniously modelled as it frequently is, should remain dead, yes, always dead, in your hands. Nor can it be made to live otherwise than by contact with the vital energy of inspiration. Your command and arrangement of detail are really prodigious, pointing unmistakably to the conclusion that, howsoever they might have been employed, whether in dressing a shop-window with drapery, or in controlling the management of a vast network of railways, they would still have achieved a large measure of success. Extraordinary, too, are your powers of description, as exemplified in "A Fleet in Being" and "The City of Dreadful Night," each of which consists of a series of brilliant photographs focused by that lens, your eye, and recorded upon that film, your brain. Howbeit, in spite of the lavish appreciation of enthusiasts, the difference between your vivid and accurate presentments and the less minute but more spiritual creations of the artist is by no means difficult to detect. Wide indeed is the gulf separating the camera from the painter's brush, and that indefinable something called genius is alone qualified to take the leap. And since man was never meant to play the part of a mere machine, it behoves him not to miss the vision of absolute beauty through being too much preoccupied with external appearances. In the light of which truth your chief defects as an author are seen to be inherent and not superficial, inevitable and not accidental. For instance, "Stalky and Co.," with its dry and tropical atmosphere pervading a Devonshire landscape, is sadly disfigured by the irreverence of its allusions to eminent personages—a mannerism foreshadowed in "Departmental Ditties." Regarding the characters of the three principal figures, one may be inclined to forgive their angularity, their pugnacity, and the brutality of their jokes. What is not so pardonable is an occasional over-ripeness of opinion attended by a levity suggestive of inability to realise the finer issues involved in the struggle for existence. Genuine heroism may be likened to clear water flowing over a granite bed; while your boys have plenty of good solid rock at bottom, you have not taken sufficient pains to keep the stream of emotion from being fouled.

The germs of a far greater danger are present in another taint which has crept into your pages. Born in a country where two codes of morality meet in rivalry, you have formed your views, unconsciously perhaps, on a basis of compromise. Look at the attitude you adopt towards woman, and the rôle you would allot to her in the world-drama. Apparently you do not desire to illuminate the problem of the relation of the sexes; your sole idea being to send bright flashes of epigram against the dark background. Not rarely, however, the effect of the scintillation is marred by the nasty smel.

that follows, portions of "M'Andrews' Hymn" and "The Mary Gloster" being especially offensive. "Mary, Pity Women" furnishes a disgusting glimpse of Realism stripped of the glamour and refinement peculiar to the Orient. Had you consulted Tennyson, who is always careful to walk inside the fence whenever he ventures near a precipice, had you consulted him previously to penning it, you might have copied his exquisite treatment of a similar situation to be found in the little poem entitled "Forlorn," and so have escaped an ugly fall. The marriage of East and West is an event most notable in the history of this planet, and well worthy of being celebrated with pomp and circumstance; but if the offspring are going to reproduce the failings of both their parents, instead of displaying the more excellent qualities of each, of what avail will be the splendid ritual and the solemn feast? You remember what a flutter of foreboding ran up and down this island recently when a case or two of suspected plague was reported at a northern seaport town. Yet a visitation of cholera, or even the Black Death, would be a small matter by the side of a possible contamination of ideal resulting from touch and intercourse with communities not so high in the scale of ethical development.

Heavy, therefore, is the responsibility resting upon you and your fellow workers in the field of literature. At a time when the whole earth seems likely to be consecrated to the service of the God of Things as they are, it is imperative that the claims of the Invisible should be lucidly and powerfully stated. To decide in final fashion whether you are a poet or a rhymester, a seer or a picker-up of odd scraps, does not come within the province of a contemporary. But according as the thoughts you utter are addressed to the higher or to the lower nature in man will be the ultimate verdict of posterity. Is it too fantastic a hope that the writer of the "Recessional" may one day be conspicuous as a worshipper in the temple dedicated to the God of Things as they Ought to Be?

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours obediently,

India Audit Office, Whitehall. E. S. EVANS.

Costly Cameras

A FEW weeks ago it was stated that the Indian Government Survey Office at Calcutta had received a camera that has been on order some time, that with its stand measures 10 feet by 5 feet by 6 feet, and weighs over a ton. To lift the dark slide into position, we further learn, is the work of two men, from which it can be gathered that it would be hardly appropriate to call this monster snapshot-taker a hand-camera. Judging from its weight the Indian camera should be the largest in the world, for it eclipses by 840 lbs. avoirdupois the gross weight of the previous largest photographic machine, together with its giant plate—that alone weighed 500 lbs.—that was built to the order of the Chicago and Alton Railway, in order that a faultless photograph at least eight feet long should be taken of a certain train, the most beautiful in the world if report speaks true, running on their system.

When fully extended the camera, which takes a plate measuring 8 feet by 4½ feet, which cost £5 16*s.* 8*d.* alone, measures 20 feet in length, and weighs 900 lbs., and its proportions are such, that with a ruby glass cap placed over the lens the photographer can get inside, have the plate-holder and its contents put into position, and the shutter being drawn, dust the exposed plate to his heart's content.

Plates at £70 a dozen recall the fact that so long ago as 1898 there was constructed for use in a cinematograph apparatus a photographic film 9½ miles long, that cost about £200 a mile, a price that the layman in matters photographic would naturally associate with the plates of cameras such as the one built last summer for the Sultan of Morocco, rather than for a prosaic machine designed for business purposes. These cameras built for the exalted snapshot cost £2100 and £900 respectively, from which fact it will be readily gauged that they were somewhat out of the ordinary. As a matter of fact, in the first-mentioned instrument gold, and in the latter silver, was used wherever it was possible, and every piece of metal, down to each of the 200 tiny screws, was duly hall-marked. When

such small items of the ordinary man's apparatus as the plate-holders are made of gold or silver, and the shutter is either of chased drilled gold or of the white metal, photography, instead of being the hobby of the million becomes the sport of the millionaire, who alone can afford to indulge in a quarter-plate camera weighing almost a stone, that contains not less than 150 ounces of the purest gold. If the contemplation of a 2000-guinea camera, having a dozen gold plate sheaths, valued at £120, and a lens mounted in eighteen carat gold that cost £100 alone, instead of inducing the reader to "look pleasant," is found by the owner of a five-shilling pocket apparatus to be conducive to feelings of envy, it will be a matter of some satisfaction for him to know that the commercial camera upon which the Sultan's was based, possesses all the essential movements contained in the costly freak of the African potentate, which freak has entailed an outlay that could easily have been invested so as to bring in a safe £80 a year, or a film of £5 Bank of England notes that could not be covered by forty-seven quarter-plates.

The Plymouth Aquarium

CLOSE to the citadel, and a hundred feet or so above the blue waters of Plymouth Sound, is a conspicuous white building, which local connoisseurs vaguely indicate to those of an inquiring turn as the Aquarium, and, indeed, for the average visitor it holds little of interest beyond the well-stocked, dimly lighted tanks, which, arranged on somewhat more scientific lines than those at Brighton, most nearly recall the institution at Naples, of which I some time ago gave an illustrated account in GOOD WORDS.* Here, on the hottest August days, when not a breeze stirs even the dust on the Hoe, is cool and shady retreat among great congers sulking in their drain-pipes, silvery bass frisking amid the rockwork, and stirring the angler to thoughts of great deeds from the pier beneath, mullet red and grey, pipe-fish, hermit-crabs, swimming-crabs, and crabs reduced to the semblance of skeletons by some gruesome octopus that sucks from their shell the last fragment of nourishment. Five minutes earlier the luckless crab had alighted close to the gleaming eye; there was a whirl of arms, a confusion, and a quick movement and the crab's shell was without a tenant.

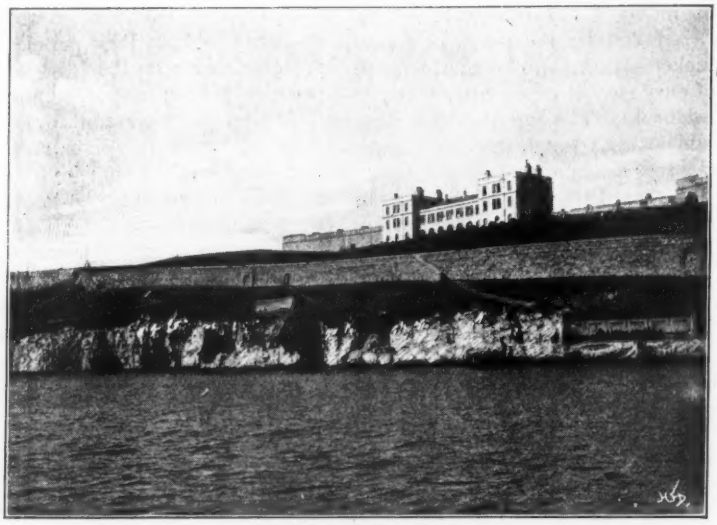
In another tank are the red and grey mullet, and their sharing of one dwelling in this fashion pleasantly emphasises the popular savour of this annexe of the more sternly serious rooms upstairs. For two fish of more different habits and affinities could scarcely have been chosen to bear each other company, and I have often wondered at the similarity between their popular names. In yet another watery compartment are some promising little turbot, almost arrived at table size, and all reared by Mr. Allen, the director, from tiny creatures scarce distinguishable in the sunlight from five shilling pieces. Mr. Allen, with whom I had a most interesting chat on the possibilities of fish-hatching as a means, not so much of re-stocking our seas as of maintaining a supply for the markets, is somewhat of an enthusiast on the subject, and he certainly, in showing me over the upstairs laboratories, gave more than one justification for the expected aid that science may yet give an industry with none too bright a future.

Shallower tanks in the aquarium itself contain young fish in various stages, all kept vigorous by the constant trickle of pure water, such pure water that the Sound, blue enough and clear enough to the unsophisticated eye, cannot supply it, but it must needs be brought in specially constructed vessels from the deeper grounds beyond the breakwater. This possibility of recuperating by artificial means the enormous drains on the harvest of the sea, carrying, in fact, the practices of agriculture to the deep waters, has exercised many minds at home, on the Continent, and in America. Perhaps it is in respect of economic marine animals that are not fishes, such as the oyster and lobster, that the most encouraging successes have hitherto been achieved; but the St. Andrews Laboratory and the Fishery Board for Scotland have also carried out valuable experiments, and a less known marine laboratory, at Peel, has contrived to turn down in the

* November 1898.

shallow waters of Morecambe Bay in a single season no fewer than fourteen millions of fry of plaice, cod, haddock and flounder. It remains, of course, to determine satisfactorily what approximate proportion of this really enormous output ever reaches the stage of being able to struggle against the thousand odds of life in the great waters, and thus materially improve the conditions of the fishing-grounds.

But the officers of the Marine Biological Association are meanwhile plodding away at the beginnings of knowledge that bears on problems which many will think less chimerical in their issue than that of re-stocking. There, in the working rooms, and also aboard the Association's vessel, they study many of the difficulties in the way of a better understanding of those mysterious fish migrations that have so long—for centuries, in fact—puzzled the fishermen and rendered nugatory their best efforts. For empirical guesswork, for rule of thumb that depends for its knowledge of the whereabouts of shoals, on the movements of gulls, gannets and cormorants, often (as those can realise who have followed such signs in the pursuit of fish for sport) most deceptive, science hopes to substitute fixed principles; and to this end not only the migratory fish themselves, the mackerel and pilchard and whiting, are carefully studied, but also the minute creatures, copepods largely, and even vegetable weed spores, on which they subsist, and which greatly influence their movements. Moreover, the surface-drift in the Channel is not without its bearing on the movements of both fish and fish food, and this also has lately been the subject of close and careful investigation. It is not, of course, possible that all the matters under notice should have so directly practical a bearing, particularly as private students, paying for the privilege, occupy more than one of the laboratory tables; thus, while one man is hard at work on data touching the spring migrations of mackerel, and another is busy with the artificial rearing of larval fishes, a third may have his eye glued to the microscope in a minute examination of the sexual characters in some marine animal of which the man in the street has never even heard the name.



(Photo by E. H. Micklewood)

The Marine Biological Association Laboratory, Plymouth

The relaxation of such indoor work comes

(Photo by E. H. Micklewood)

The Dredge aboard

aboard the little steamer, when the otter-trawl is sent to the bottom for such treasures, mainly flat fish and crustaceans, as it may perchance bring to the surface for the eye of science, or, more important still, the tow-net scours various depths, mostly near the surface, for specimens of the floating food, the "plankton," on the careful analysis of which depends the solution of so many of the problems that continue, though in diminishing force, to confront the marine biologist.

In both its structure and manipulation this plankton-net is a delicate piece of work, and the pattern in use at Plymouth gives, I understand, results as satisfactory as any employed elsewhere. I noticed a very elaborate plankton-net in the Prince of Monaco's elegant little pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, but it is said—though I cannot vouch for the truth of this—that that enthusiastic inquisitor of the ocean's secrets is by no means satisfied with its working.

It is impossible, in a short paper like the present, to give any adequate idea of the scope of work undertaken by the Association since its inception seven years ago. That might be better acquired from a glance at its published literature, which embraces both economic and biological works, the former ranging over the food, development and migrations of the chief food fishes; while under the second head may be found morphological contributions, for the most part on the lowest invertebrate forms. A useful summary of these books and papers was published in a recent number of the Association's Journal.

F. G. AFLALO.

The Biddenham Cake

WHEN service is over on the afternoon of Easter Sunday a pleasant custom is annually observed in the little village of Biddenham in Kent when a distribution of bread, cheese, and biscuits, termed the Biddenham cake, is made at a place locally known as the "Old Workhouse." The origin of the distribution dates back to the middle of the twelfth century, and is some-

(Photo by E. H. Micklewood)

Surface Spoils

what legendary but none the less interesting. Two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary Chulkhurst, who, it is stated, were born in the year 1100 at Biddenham, and who died at the same place some thirty-four years later, are alleged to have bequeathed by their will to the churchwardens of their native parish, henceforward and for ever, some twenty acres of land for the purpose of providing a certain number of cakes with bread and cheese to

The Biddenham Cake, showing the two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary Chulkhurst, who, legend says, bequeathed a certain sum of money to provide cakes for the Biddenhamites, at Easter. By this means the sisters hoped to perpetuate their memory

be distributed to the parishioners who should come after them with the view of perpetuating their conjoint memory. Elizabeth and Mary, according to the accounts handed down to posterity, were a devoted couple; wherever Elizabeth went Mary was sure to go and *vice versâ*, so when after thirty-four years of close companionship Mary (or Elizabeth) elected to proceed hence to a better world Elizabeth (or Mary) announced her intention of immediately following her sister. Some six hours later she started.

It was only natural, therefore, that a couple so attached should wish to perpetuate their conjoint memory, and without doubt no more attached sisters than Elizabeth and Mary ever lived—they were indeed joined like the twins of Siam at the hips and shoulders, as all can see who obtain a Biddenham biscuit, for upon the same they appear in bas-relief.

It was unfortunate for this pleasant tale of Mary and Elizabeth and their close alliance that the one time Master of Corsham Hospital, Edward Hasted, inquired into the matter and published the result in his "History of Kent" (1799); unfortunate because he throws cold water on the "vulgar tradition . . . that the figures on the cake represented the donors of the gift." "The truth," he avers, "seems to be that it was the gift of two maidens of the name of Preston, and that the print of the women on the cakes has taken place only within these fifty years, and was made to represent two poor widows as the general objects of a charitable benefaction."

For the sake of the legend we would that Hasted's ultimatum could be proved untrue, but there appears to be no doubt that what the artist who designed the "print" or die lacked in powers of portraiture, succeeding generations of Biddenhamites supplied in imagination.

According to the antiquarian the twenty acres are known as Bread and Cheese Land and were divided into five parcels. In Hasted's day six hundred cakes bearing the strange impression of the twi—two poor widows, were distributed, together with two hundred and seventy loaves, weighing three and a half pounds each, and two hundred and seventy doles of cheese of one and a half pounds. Perhaps the artist who designed the "print" for the cake, partook too heartily of the cheese—there is something of the nightmare in his design.

Poor Mary and poor Elizabeth, though no cup was provided by the maidens Preston in which your fellow parishioners could drink to your memory (false though it may be), yet shall that memory be ever in their hearts as long as Biddenhamites remain to assimilate the biscuit.

THE FLAGELLATION. By TABACHETTI

Tabachetti and the New Jerusalem

By J. E. Whitby

TO most people the words the "new Jerusalem" convey only the idea of the glorious heavenly city promised to the faithful, and described in Revelation, with its gates of pearl and streets of gold; and but few of that immense band of travellers who every year fly south "on swallows' wings" when the cold and dark of the year are upon us, realise that within a short journey of the Italian lakes—that happy hunting-ground of tourists—lies what is locally known as the "new Jerusalem," and as imagined by a monk of the fifteenth century.

Here is no throne of gold, no sea of crystal; here are no gems or precious stones, naught but a little Italian village, "far from the world and all its motley rout," and an agglomeration of churches and chapels, which give rise to the title so striking to the ears of Christendom.

The village of Varallo stands between Milan and Turin, on a small plain through which the busy Sesia hurries from its mountain bed, fiercely disputing the right of way with great rounded boulders, that its own impetuosity has brought down from the hills above. Scattered on the bank lie the groups of quaint houses that make up the little town, looking in their delicate colouring of pink, of blue, and of faint ochre, like some old-fashioned flowers that Time has forgotten to reap. Varallo is indeed wrapped about with ancient memories, and has preserved much of her old-world charm. Lovers of the unusual or the picturesque will find great attractions in this out-of-the-way place, where the civilisation of to-day has as yet only laid the tip of her withering finger on the customs and manners of older times.

Set in the deep green of the wooded heights that begirt the town, the scene is very attractive, but the eye is at once caught by a hill which stands immediately behind Varallo, and whose summit bears, sheltered in chapels, those curious groups of figures that are the worthy objects of a visit. The town itself is 1500 feet above sea level, the hill 500 feet higher; and towards the end of the fifteenth century the form of the latter greatly impressed an old and travel-worn monk just returned from a mission to the Holy Land.

With heart on fire with religious fervour, with mind steeped in every incident in the Saviour's life, with vision yet full of the actual scenes in which those incidents had passed, Bernardino Caime fancied a resemblance between the hill at Varallo and the sacred mount at Jerusalem. Burning with a desire to bring home to his country-people still more the great truths he had been teaching abroad, he determined to found at Varallo a sanctuary, within whose walls should be represented, in such form as should easily reach the minds of the ignorant peasants, the great religious events of the Christian world, but specially those of which the real site was the theatre. Filled with these sentiments his excited imagination saw the Kedron in the little brook Mastallone, the lake of Orta in the distance became that of Cesarea, and the river Sesia appeared the Jordan. He obtained permission to build on his chosen eminence, but was destined to see only the commencement of his truly original undertaking. However, the pious enterprise waxed steadily even after his death. It languished somewhat towards the middle of the sixteenth century, but received fresh life from the visit of San Carlo Borromeo, and after him from the constant encouragement and assistance of the Dukes of Savoy. Stories of miracles brought important pilgrims to a spot with so uncommon a name, and that in an era of great religious generosity.

At length forty chapels were built, scattered through the chestnut woods that cling to the sides and shelter the top of the hill, these clustering round a central church; and it is within these chapels that the story of Christ's life and death is set forth, by means of a collection of lay-figures, with frescoed backgrounds.

The first effect on the mind at the sight of the most sacred scenes connected with

the Christian religion as presented in a series of peep-shows—for the beholder must peer in through small windows or wire gratings—is undoubtedly one of repulsion and displeasure. The great coloured images, many of which have suffered from time and damp, the shabby clothing in which they are clad, the dilapidated state of the tawdry "properties" that are supposed to adorn the scenes in which they are set, strike a jarring note

The Fall. Beautiful terra-cotta figures over life size, modelled by Tabachetti in the "New Jerusalem," Varallo, Italy, in the sixteenth century. They have a frescoed background and are surrounded by artificial trees and animals

in connection with the subject, that leads to a momentary feeling of derision and contempt on the part of those making a first visit, and who have not studied the history of the "new Jerusalem."

But a little careful examination dispels this first impression, and as the excellence of the sculpture and the frescoes forces itself into recognition, the evident religious aim of the artists makes itself felt; while it should be remembered that these chapels, with their extraordinary figures, may have served a good purpose when instruction was not so general as it is to-day.

The three principal artists engaged in the work on the hill of Varallo, were Gaudenzio di Ferrari, Tabachetti, and Guglielmo d'Enrico.

Of the former's abilities it is scarcely necessary to speak, as his work is well known, and it will be remembered he assisted Raphael in decorating the Vatican. He must be placed first at Varallo, because it was he apparently who started the idea there of this, one of the most ambitious sculptural attempts of the Middle Ages, and certainly one of the most daring among works of art. A statue to Gaudenzio is to be seen in the centre of the town below. To Enrico, who was the latest of the three to work at Varallo, is due much good work, but it is Tabachetti whose statues are most interesting to us; partly, because his was undoubtedly the finest modelling, the most artistic grouping; partly, because he—almost unknown to the world of art—has never received the recognition that is due to his memory; and partly, because we are able, not only to give photographs of his finest figures, but to point out to our readers that the only three casts ever made from any of these remarkable statues, may be seen when next they take a holiday trip to Brussels. Not even Italy herself possesses any replica of the marvels at Varallo, and it is due to the generosity and enterprise of Sir Moses Montefiore, who was determined that Belgium should see what wonderful work one of her sons had done in the long ago, that the casts are to be found in the Museum of the Parc du Cinquantenaire. What difficulties he met with in overcoming the objections and dilatoriness of Church and State only he knew, but, thanks to the assistance of the Abbé Calderini of Varallo, he succeeded in his desire, and the models are an unanswerable proof of the greatness of Tabachetti's talent. His style has been considered as perhaps not so pure as Gaudenzio's, but freer, and showing more vigour; while his grouping was admirably natural, and he was clever enough to recognise the advantage of an unequal surface for his ground. Gaudenzio was, however, the superior in being a good painter,

and filled in his own frescoes. The figures, it must be explained, are of terra-cotta, slightly over life size, are coloured, clothed according to the somewhat hazy idea of the times (which admitted many amusing anachronisms), and are adorned with luxuriant tresses and beards of horsehair.

Tabachetti, an Italianised version of Tabaghet (which seems to have been an assumed name, his real cognomen being Jean de Wespin), appears to have been a native of Dinant on the Meuse, in Belgium. This has been well established, and many of the descendants of his family, who were celebrated workers in copper, are still to be found in the neighbourhood. The exact date of his arrival in Varallo is uncertain, but it would seem that he appeared there about the same time as San Carlo Borromeo, in 1576.

The agreement between Tabachetti and the founders of the different chapels is still extant, and of this the Brussels Museum owns a copy. Herein it was expressly stated that the artist was to receive twelve ducats for each figure, and that all were to be as good as the Adam and Eve by the same hand. It is evident that those in power were minded to be economical, for they expressly stipulated that two small figures should count as one, a horse and his rider as three. One statue over and above the exact number was to be thrown in, and it was carefully noted that if the artist failed to satisfy in any detail of his work, it was to be done over again, a bargain in which it would be difficult to persuade modern artists to agree.

Nearly all the figures are in terra-cotta, though some are in wood, and this proves that the tableaux were not constructed in the order of events; as in that of "The Last Supper" the wooden models are neither so life-like, nor so natural in pose, as the later terra-cotta statues.

According to Mr. Butler, who has made a very exhaustive study of Varallo, Tabachetti is the author of eight of the tableaux to be found there; certainly of six, while it is believed he reconstructed the "Temptation in the Wilderness" and supplied the greater part of the figures in the chapel, representing "The Crowning with Thorns," if he did not indeed model all the figures.

The first chapel to be examined is that of "The Fall," which must of course be taken as a prelude to, and the reason for, the New Testament story. This is considered to contain two of the finest figures by Tabachetti, and they are undoubtedly of masterly workmanship. Our first parents are represented as standing in a garden; the background in this, as in all the chapels, being of fresco. Eve is offering Adam the fatal apple, watched by a serpent with a truly remarkable head, while some wonderful animals disport themselves around. The figure of Eve is

Figure of the man in the Flagellation who is binding Christ to the column. This is the finest of the remarkable figures by Tabachetti in this chapel. Notice the natural position. One terra-cotta foot has disappeared

particularly beautiful, easy in attitude and natural in expression. Her left arm has been cleverly restored.

The Bible narrative in its principal events pursues its way through the forty chapels. Some of the tableaux are very effective, even if not of that highest excellence afforded by the work of the three principal artists, and all bear the mark of a simple religious earnestness, that does not fail to leave its impression. That of "The Flight into Egypt" is pleasing, the figure of Joseph carrying a gourd as he toils along behind Mary and her son seated on an ass led by an angel, being particularly good. "The Massacre of the Innocents" is realistically harrowing in its

Christ carrying the Cross on the way to Calvary. This chapel by Tabachetti contains forty-nine figures of people and horses instinct with life and is the most astonishing sight of the "New Jerusalem." St. Veronica is showing the handkerchief on which Christ's features are imprinted

details. In "The Temptation," which Tabachetti is supposed to have reconstructed, the figure of the devil comes as a sort of surprise, accustomed as we are to see him more realistically treated by old masters. In this case he is presented as a highly respectable looking old Jew, whom nothing but his cloven hoof betrays. Following on the series of tableaux we come to "The Paralytic" which, with "The Nailing to the Cross" (containing sixty figures), is d'Enrico's best work. As this artist was a child at the time of Tabachetti's death, it is evident his chapels must have been added much later.

The finest figure in "The Flagellation" is undoubtedly that of the man who is binding Christ to the column. This is one that Tabachetti is believed to have added to the group, if he did not supply the whole of it. One foot has unfortunately crumbled away, either from bad clay or insufficient baking.

St. Joseph. The plaster cast of this fine statue of St. Joseph sleeping may be seen in the Museum of the Parc de Cinquantenaire, Brussels. St. Joseph is being told of Mary's high destiny in a dream

St. Veronica. Sir Moses Montefiore's cast of this figure is also to be seen in Brussels

"The Crowning with Thorns," Mr. Butler is of opinion, is entirely by Tabachetti, the two laughing, mocking figures, being among the finest examples of the work he has left.

But undoubtedly the most astounding piece of work on this sacred mountain is his "Chapel of the Calvary," which astonishes all who see it. Here, a surging mass of excited men, women, children, and nine horses, have been so modelled in forty-nine terra-cotta figures, that they look instinct with life. They stand in every variety of attitude, the naturalness of the positions chosen exactly carrying out the artist's ideas; and an air of reality is given to the terrible scene, that not even the hideous horsehair wigs can destroy. A glance at the illustration will confirm this. The effect of the grouping is greatly increased by the unevenness of the stage on which Tabachetti set his figures. The fresco is by Morazzone. Here Christ is seen stumbling under the weight of the Cross, while one of the crowd is just in the act of

The Virgin at work. One of Tabachetti's most charming figures cast in Brussels Museum

extending his foot to kick. Near him is a figure of St. Veronica, holding the handkerchief with which she is said to have wiped His brow. This statue is one of those of which Sir Moses Montefiore obtained the cast for the Brussels Museum. The other two are those of Joseph and Mary, which appear in the chapel known as the "First Vision of St. Joseph," and which though it is of course visited in the chronological order of incidents, was, with the exception of a single figure known as "Il vechietto" the last of Tabachetti's work at Varallo, and was probably finished in 1591. Previous to this he had either left Varallo, from mental incapacity, or for some years was unable to continue his work there, from the severe strain in connection with his Calvary chapel.

In examining the Brussels casts in the Museum of the Parc de Cinquantenaire (which it is a pity more travellers do not visit), most people will agree that they gain in beauty from the absence of colouring, &c., though naturally they lose somewhat in effect from being shorn of suitable surroundings. The addition of metal halos is to be regretted from an artistic point of view.

The figure of St. Joseph will instantly be recognised as most admirable. He is presented asleep, with his head lightly resting against the top of his chair. The folds of the drapery are easy and graceful, and one hand is carelessly tucked into his waistband. Before him in the tableau stands the angel, who is supposed to be invisible to Mary, of whose charming figure Sir Moses secured the third cast.

The idea for this statue is said to have been taken by Tabachetti from a small model by Gaudenzio di Ferrari, and still existing at Valduggia in the possession of the Rivaroli family. This charming figure, full of sweetness and innocent unconsciousness of the heavenly visitor appearing to her husband is seated calmly at work, and is very attractive.

Il Vecchietto. One of Tabachetti's masterpieces. This figure was intended for a Transfiguration group but stands now beneath the Cross

"Il Vecchietto," of which we also give an illustration, is the model of an old man, who stands looking upward, his hand shading his eyes. Nothing could be more natural than his position, and the work in face and throat, and indeed throughout, is excellent. It is supposed to be the portrait of some benefactor. At present it forms part of the crucifixion scene, but Mr. Butler thinks it was intended by Tabachetti for a transfiguration chapel, and that it has since been placed where it now stands, looking apparently up at Him on the Cross. And the very position bears out Mr. Butler's idea, as the attitude presupposes sunshine, while it will be remembered that while He hung on the Cross, darkness covered the earth. In any case it is one of Tabachetti's most powerful figures, and a remarkable proof of the greatness of this Belgian artist's talent, who worked in Varallo so long ago as the sixteenth century.

In 1591 Tabachetti left Varallo, and settled in Crea, where he bought land. Many families still exist at Serralunga close to Crea, bearing his name. After 1608 nothing more can be traced of him.

Besides his work on the Sacred Mount of Italy he left an exceedingly beautiful Madonna in the Church of St. Gaudenzio, and the head of a man with a ruff in the Museum.

Markham's Choice

By Harold Bindloss

Illustrated by A. D. M'Cormick

IT was a balmy night in spring, and the scent of dew-damped firs came out of the mist which rose like steam from a hidden river, when two men looked down into the depths of a British Columbian valley from the verandah of a chalet hotel. Far above, clear moonlight sparkled on untrodden heights of snow, while between snow and river stretched the sombre forest which sheltered the wooden edifice. In spite of all that art could do it seemed out of place among the towering redwoods which were ancient before the first white men crossed the Atlantic, and more in keeping with the smell of kerosene, litter of empty cans, and other tokens of modern civilisation strewn along the steel highway winding down from the passes beside it.

There were glasses and a cigar-box on the little table before the two men who were not admiring the scenery, while the light of a nickelled lamp showed a likeness between them, and a difference. Both came of an English family long famous for riotous living, and each knew the taint of the blood was in him. One, however, had awakened to a sense of individual responsibility; the other accepted the hereditary instincts, and what they led to, as part of his destiny. Soft music broke in upon their talk, for in an adjoining room a woman was playing a nocturne dreamily.

Wilfred Markham sat upright in his chair, a sinewy handsome man with a steely suppleness which suggested continued use of the heavy axe. The light hair was bleached on his forehead, and the face beneath it, bronzed by wind and sun, was that of a well-trained Englishman vigorous with a clean life in the woods. But there were signs of a struggle in his eyes when he glanced at the wine, and he had left England hastily under a cloud. Gordon Markham lounged. His figure was portly, his face sensuous and pale, while he smiled at his cousin ironically through the blue cigar smoke.

"We have made a thousand-mile *détour* to find you, and you don't seem grateful," he said. "It's a chance some men would sell their souls for, and in all probability your last. Can't you bend your pride, and tender submission—making if necessary your own reservations? The old man can't last very long."

We have made a thousand mile détour to find you and you don't seem grateful

"And then?" asked Wilfred; and his cousin laughed as he answered, "Then you can take your pleasures in accordance with the Markham traditions, and when the time comes end up as most of the Markhams do. There's only one proviso, and you'll find a fitting helpmate in Caroline."

Wilfred Markham poured out a glass of wine and glanced into the lighted room. His cousin's wife, a dark and coldly handsome woman, sat at the piano, and he remembered that her sister Caroline whom he had grown up with surpassed her in beauty. For four years after a certain quarrel concerning that lady he had wandered among the ranges of the Pacific slope earning his bread hardly in the sweat of his brow, while the last three days had been spent luxuriously at the chalet. The return to the old life was strangely pleasant, and at the cost of a few words he might continue to enjoy it; but his stubborn pride and something the scent of the firs suggested restrained them.

"What does Caroline think? I never by word or look hinted that I desired it," he asked; and Gordon answered, "That nobody knows, and it does not greatly matter—are you affecting modesty? At least, she is willing to marry Clinton Markham's nominee, and consolidate the property."

Closing the piano Mrs. Gordon Markham strolled out on to the verandah, and smiled at Wilfred saying, "I hope Gordon has persuaded you to return with us. There will be a royal welcome, and you have really been vagabonding long enough. May I ask —in confidence—what is the last field you have found for your talents?"

Wilfred noted the expressionless patrician face, stately figure, and immaculate dress. Any man might point to such a wife with pride, he thought, even if she never touched his heart, while in outward graces her sister was even better dowered. And yet, for there are instinctive warnings, his fancy turned suddenly upon the fresh simplicity of Lucille Cameron who when he tramped footsore and hungry into that valley gave him the best in her father's ranche and had since encouraged him with kindly sympathy.

"I am building a log bridge down the cañon, and hope to clear the sum of five hundred dollars by it," he said; and the woman repeating, "Five hundred dollars!" laughed a silvery laugh that was more expressive than many words.

"That is more than any Markham has earned by his own exertions for a hundred years," she added. "But seriously, we want your decision. Why not make it now, and we will arrange your contract forfeit?"

"No," was the troubled answer. "You must wait ten days. By then the frame will be finished, and I shall have learned the fate of another tender. Meantime, you can say that I ask forgiveness for my folly. But you must ride over to the bridge. All this," and he pointed to the table and the chalet—"appeals too much to me."

He rose with an evident effort, mounted a Cayuse pony, and when he disappeared into the scented silence of the woods Mrs. Markham said, "We shall win him if you can bring him here again. Building a bridge for five hundred dollars! That at least is surprising—I wonder if there is a woman concerned."

Wilfred who rejoined his Ontario partner worked with axe and saw for some days, feverishly, in a troubled state of mind. The offer was tempting, but he knew his decision had great issues. On the one hand there was a life of self-denial in the health-giving freshness of the bush, and the possibility of a good woman's company; on the other, luxurious idleness with most of the pleasures money could buy, but, remembering the hereditary taint, he dare not hope in such surroundings to break free from family traditions or escape the fate of those who had gone before him. Besides, he had grown to love the life of sturdy effort, and his bridge. He had helped to frame every timber, and he knew the work was good, while he realised dimly that he was groping his way towards better things than riches in the stillness of the mountain solitude. So six days passed. He rose when the first sunlight touched the snow-fed river, clear-eyed and vigorous, swung the heavy axe all day, and slept soundly, while his cousin whiled the time away staking heavily on games of chance and running up a long wine bill at the chalet.

On the sixth evening the momentous question was still undecided, and Wilfred sat long after his partner over the dying fire outside their little tent. A half-moon hung over the eastern ranges, and its silvery light faintly touched the great rock walls of the chasm the river had fretted out during countless ages, while above it serried pines climbed in shadowy battalions to meet the snow. There was a black gap on one side down which a new waggon road wound to the head of the bridge that rose black as ebony, two tapering piers of open trestle work supporting the stringers which spanned the thundering gorge like a fabric of gossamer. Below, a rapid tossed whitely under the moon, and, for the snows were melting fast, odd slides of débris from the frost-split rocks above fell rattling into the cañon. The bridge and road would bring sturdy axemen and a measure of prosperity into the thinly peopled wilderness, and on the morrow the last stringers would be swung into position and bind it fast.

Markham's assistants had gone back to the railroad with the ox teams to haul the necessary gear in, while higher up river a boom, or raft, of giant logs for a saw-mill was held back by a chain, and his thoughts wandering from the debated question he wondered what would happen if that chain gave way. Then, as it were from out of the blue wood smoke, a winsome face rose up before his drowsy eyes. It was that of rancher Cameron's daughter, kissed into a delicate rose-bloom by the cold breeze from the snow. The eyes were clear and kindly, and one might look down through them into a loyal heart, he thought, while in this and other points Lucille differed greatly from the woman family interests seemed to have destined as his bride. He could also remember how a sweet voice once inspired him with the courage to continue what appeared to be a profitless struggle when in the face of manifold difficulties he commenced the bridge.

He stretched himself on the spruce twigs presently, and the vision faded as he sank into unbroken slumber, which may or may not have been unfortunate for results sprang from it. As it happened another man who had been working waist-deep in icy water among grinding logs all day, after a last look at the chains which held the boom fast, settled himself under a cedar so comfortably that by-and-by his head sank back against the tree. Thus he did not see that one chain working loose allowed a few logs to slip from under it until each minute the gap in the boom grew larger. So while Markham slept, at first by twos and threes, great trunks rolling over and over with the current sailed down the cañon, plunged between the bridge piers, and vanished into the white smoke of the rapid, until a larger one striking a froth-ringed boulder ashore with its butt swung round and jammed its thinner end against the nearest pier. Another drifted against it, a third wedged them fast, and there was formed the nucleus of what log-drivers call a jam which is often responsible for considerable destruction of property, because once started it collects all the drifting timber behind it and increases until ruin follows the sudden yielding of the king log under an overwhelming pressure.

The man who should have watched woke up too late, and, fearing what would happen even before they got there, roused his comrades and bade them struggle straight across the divide for the bridge, while he ran his hardest to borrow a horse from Cameron to warn its builder. Cameron was absent with his men driving stock to the railroad, and with one Indian woman Lucille kept the ranche alone, but being both keen-witted and practical, she said, "You can hurry your men along; Markham and Kennedy are alone. I will go on and warn them cutting off the big bend by crossing the Hog's Back Pass. Perhaps we may get through before the bridge goes down."

The partners slept soundly, and heard neither the shock of grinding timber nor the increased roar of water about the trembling bridge, but at last a sharp metallic ringing of iron on shingle reached one faintly, and it was curious that at the first sound of a clear voice he woke up with a start. "Turn out, Contractor Markham, and save your bridge," it said.

Dragging on his deerskin jacket he shook his partner's shoulder, and stood up fully

dressed, then blundering out on the shingle at first saw only Lucille Cameron looking down on him from the back of a horse which was white with lather. Loose wisps of wind-blown hair hung about her forehead, slippery rock and down slopes of treacherous shingle which slid away under her, at a flying gallop few men would have attempted in broad daylight.

"You here! an unexpected pleasure, Miss

You here! an unexpected pleasure, Miss Cameron. Has anything happened at the ranche?

her face was intent, and her eyes eager. She looked very slim and girlish sitting there panting under the pale moonlight, and it was only afterwards he learned how she had swept over fallen trunk and tangled thicket through the black depths of the bush, then across Cameron. Has anything happened at the ranche?" he said bewilderedly, noting how the simple dress heaved with her laboured breathing. "Let me help you down. You have been riding recklessly, and Cæsar is trembling."

He held a hard hand towards her, the girl turned her head away, then looked down on him saying, "You have not a moment to spare for me. The Syndicate's boom has broken, and the river is full of live logs—look!"

Markham also caught his breath as he followed her beckoning hand, for already. half-buried in froth and foam a mass of straining timber stretched between shore and pier, while huge trunks in legions were driving down the cañon. Even as he gazed one mighty mass struck the dam butt foremost like a battering ram, and in spite of its stout shoe casing the slender trestle work trembled visibly. In his perplexity he looked from her to Kennedy.

"Got to do something and do it right away," said the big axeman simply. "I guess if we could find the king log we might hew it through. Bring along them axes, and stand by handy."

Three minutes later Markham standing on a rock ledge stared down upon the end of a redwood cylinder three feet in diameter wedged immovably against a boulder, while his comrade said, "The king, sure! it's just this one that's keying them. Couldn't chop her through in half-a-day here, but we might get a better slant at the other end of her. Then it's a chance the river gets both of us. You're running this contract, what are you going to do?"

"Try that other end," said Markham grimly. "The logs can't hurt us until we have saved the pier, and they can grind me small before I lose the bridge. Ah, Miss Cameron, I did not see you; afraid I forgot to thank you for the warning. This operation looks just a little risky, and I should like your good wishes for what we are going to do."

Lucille Cameron had a keen perception, and as she looked at him tried to hide the fear in her face. But she sprang from a pioneering race which had, taking the chances as they came, for generations fought a stubborn battle with wild nature, so there was a ring which suggested pride instead of shrinking in her voice as she answered, "You have no time to waste in small civilities. You are going to do a brave thing, and Providence is strong enough to take care of you."

Wilfred Markham swept his battered hat down to his knee with a traditional courtesy which was then at least sincere. Before leaping from the ledge he followed Kennedy out upon the groaning timber. There was a heavy axe on his shoulder, and he clung by the creeper-spikes upon his heels which men who toil among the live logs wear because they are not born four-handed. A great cylinder of timber forced suddenly upwards by the pressure barred his way, he sprang from it to another which rolled sideways under him, whipped one leg out of a crevice that next moment closed with a crash, and then finding firmer bark worked his way along it. Meanwhile Lucille Cameron grew white in face as she watched him, saying, "Very few of the old log-drivers would laugh at gilt-edge Wilfred now—I wonder if I have sent him to his death."

"If we could cut her half through here I allow the river would do the rest," shouted Kennedy at length. "Whether we could fetch the pier then I don't know, but that's not the first question. Are you ready, partner?"

Markham ripped off his deer-skin jacket, and it was rent in three places when he flung it into the river, then rolled up the coarse shirt sleeve leaving one splendid corded arm bare to the shoulder, and drawing a deep breath balanced the heavy axe. If they could sever the king log keying the dam it was highly possible those behind it would drive through, but very unpleasant things might well happen to both axemen then. Still, qualities that are vices under some circumstances shade off into virtues under others, weaknesses are changed by an honest purpose into strength, and the reckless stubbornness which had led too many of the Markhams to sacrifice themselves and others for some passing gratification impelled the youngest of them to peril his life freely for the safety of his bridge. So instead of fear he was filled with a fierce excitement, and wild joy in the conflict. His partner was a simple bushman, who, like most of the forest clearers, ran similar risks daily as part of his lawful business.

"Ready!" said Kennedy. "Lay into it good," and Wilfred whirled the double-

handed axe aloft to the full stretch of his arms, while the wedge of steel made a bright flash in the moonlight before it came down. When it rose Kennedy's fell hissing into the notch, and a white chip flew out as high as the hewer's knee; then, marking the time by their laboured breath, they kept quickening stroke for stroke, the trenchant blades wheeling like circling brightness past head, and side, and knee, while the two sinewy figures swayed and panted under them. It takes half a lifetime to obtain the full mastery of the axe, but several years assiduous practice does much, and Markham had been a skilful fencer. Death or amputation would have followed the first false stroke or slip, but the pair had hewn together for hours before, and had there been any disinterested watcher the spectacle would have equalled the fastest sword-play. With eyes fixed steadfastly on the widening gap in the redwood, balancing themselves on a

He kept time with the bushman's stroke, and now the two men seemed fenced in by shimmering steel

treacherous platform which heaved and crackled beneath them, while great spouts of feathery foam leapt aloft between, and behind huge logs climbed out crashing upon their fellows, swinging in rhythmic measure with every tendon stretched to utmost strain, they were facing as heavy a risk as any duellist ran, and the result they fought for was the opening up of new homes for the homeless, instead of murder.

But the one spectator was not disinterested, and she clenched both hands as she saw bridge and dam shiver, and the rising river roar whitely over its depressed end. By this time Markham could scarcely see the chips shoot up in one continuous shower, his arms which grew leaden seemed to work without his volition, and he was only conscious that the timber was trembling under him and a few minutes must decide the fate of the bridge. Above the grinding and crackling he could hear the groan of the pier framing through the boom of the river. Straining his right side, he dashed the perspiration out of his blinded eyes with his left hand, and heard Kennedy gasp as he did so, "You've got to hold out, partner; we're going right through. A dozen more chips, and the dam will go."

The water was over Markham's ankles, his breath was almost gone, but still he kept time with the bushman's stroke, and now the two men seemed fenced in by shimmering steel, while the jar of the circling axes rang athwart the diapason of the river in an apparently ceaseless hammering. There was a sound of running feet in the ravine, a clamour of voices on the bridge above, but Markham smote on unheeding until his companion hurled his axe into the angry water. "She's going. The pier—for your life!" he panted.

Kennedy sprang across a widening gap in the logs, clutched at the trestle framing and swung himself on to it across a gulf of foam, but the king log bent, and those behind it were revolving before Markham who must add a reckless last stroke could follow.

"Take the river for it. Don't fool away a moment—jump!" a voice fell brokenly from the bridge, and Markham filled his lungs with the night air as he balanced himself upon a yielding log. Close beneath him green and white-streaked water shot thundering from under the timber, and swung with a side whirl from a boulder towards the shingle. With good fortune he might land in the slack of it. Dark figures were waving to him from the lofty stringers, and a girl beckoned from a ledge ashore. There was at least one reason why he should make a good fight for his life, and he realised now that it was not connected with Caroline Graham.

He leapt with hands flung forward. The drainage of snow-field and glacier closed about him with a shock of icy cold; there was a muffled thunder in his ears, and he rose again, his head buried almost in the smother that came back from a foam-licked mass of stone. It surged away beyond him, he shot with the swing of the eddy into a slacker flow, staggered dripping up the shingle, looked round for Lucille but could not find her, and then while a shout greeted him from the bridge forgot the shock and cold in the wonder of the spectacle.

Leaping, rolling, diving, smiting the pier-shoe casing until the whole structure rocked, the logs plunged like animate creatures through the gap, whirled their great ends aloft as they struck some submerged boulder, and then, by hundreds, scores, and dozens, drove on into the dimness, thrashing the rapid into whiter confusion. At last the river grew empty, and Markham staggered into his tent cold to the backbone.

It was some time later, and a fire roared before the tent, when Kennedy who had done his best to induce his partner to swallow a kettleful of boiling green tea, laid down his pipe and said: "I guess those logs will beat their owners in a go-as-you-please race to the sea. It was a close call, partner, and Cameron's daughter saved the bridge for you. Came over the Hog's Back at full gallop—in the dark—she did. It's more by a long way than I would care to do. I wonder if any of your gold-spoon friends in the old country would have done the same for you."

"The best men and women in the world are raised in that old land," said Markham, who resembled a mummy with his wet head sticking out of the roll of blankets, gravely. "Still, in my own case, I don't think they

would. In fact, to-morrow I purpose riding over to tell her so."

Some days later Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Markham found a characteristic company gathered upon the partly finished bridge. There were brawny freight contractors with loaded pack-ponies and ox-teams, all the scattered ranchers, two Government authorities, and a tastefully attired young lady on a big black horse, whose bearing puzzled Mrs. Markham because she did not know that rancher Cameron's daughter had been carefully taught in Ottawa. But the central figure was the bridge-builder, who stood beside his ox-team axe in hand, while the roads and trails official thanked him publicly for conscientious work on the structure, which he declared open. Then, after a cheer died away, the cousins stood face to face; one in blue jean and deerskin, hard and supple as steel with the glow of health upon him; the other, pale and puffy, in tourist tweed, with something which would have decided an insurance surgeon stamped upon his face.

"We have come to take you back," said Gordon Markham; and Wilfred smiled as answered, "Then you have come too late. Why? It's somewhat difficult to explain, and I'm diffident; but you know what is born in us, and when I saved the bridge several nights ago I knew a double portion had been bequeathed to me. Well, any man who must have risk and excitement can get good measure here without either the cards or the betting-book we sought it in at home. Only the results are different—instead of what has happened—this road for instance. As to the other side of the trouble, steady work with a wholesome ambition is the best cure I know, and I purpose to continue it. In short, I'm grateful, Gordon, but I know this land is good for me. I choose health, sound sleep, contentment—you can keep the rents and royalties."

Gordon Markham answered nothing for a few moments, then he said, "And you willingly choose loneliness and poverty?" but Wilfred answered, "No. I have to-day secured a profitable contract, and in reference to the loneliness—I have been reserving the most convincing reason. I wish to introduce my future wife to you. Lucille—this is my cousin from England."

The visitors returned disappointed up the climbing road, and as they did so Mrs. Markham said, "All your people were irresponsible, Gordon, but I fancy your cousin is mad."

"At least there is a method in it," said Gordon, with something between a sigh and a smile. "It is too late—but he almost convinced me. And, if you will allow me to say so, that girl will do him more good than Caroline. Before the end comes it is quite possible we may envy them."

Gordon Markham's words were prophetic. One evening, when some years had passed, Wilfred, who had won himself a name for bold enterprise which helped forward the future prosperity of the land he dwelt in, stood outside his pretty wooden house, on the edge of the climbing forest above his new sawmill, while Lucille sat near him with a black-edged letter in her hand. The musical clash of cow-bells came out of the darkening bush, and the strident scream of saws, converting the forest giants into building lumber and dollars to the credit of Wilfred's bank account, rang through the song of the river, while one by one the glare of electric lights flamed out across the water from the noisy mill.

"It is very terrible," said the woman. "Your cousin shot himself, and all the estate has gone! He had a kind voice, Wilfred; I remember him well. It seems such a little time since I met him on the bridge."

"Poor Gordon," said Wilfred, with a slight shiver. "He was born handicapped, and, but for two things, that is probably what would have happened to me. One of them was, and will be, Lucille Markham. Ah, here is his nephew—I'm thankful in most aspects he is a Cameron. Ceaseless vigilance is the price of liberty, but I'm hopeful this branch has escaped the doom of the family."

(Carlton & Sons, photographers, Horncastle)

Scrivelsby Court, the home of the Dymokes

The King's Champion

By the Rev. J. H. T. Perkins, M.A., Sacrist of Westminster Abbey

THE coronation of Richard II. stands out as one of the chief landmarks in the history of our great national solemnity. More than one of its own peculiar features appeared on that occasion for the first time, to remain, however, for generations to come, as an inseparable accompaniment of its splendour.

Worn out with the unwonted strain, the eleven-year-old monarch was carried at the conclusion of the Coronation Mass, down the Abbey Church, on the shoulders of his knights, in a state of utter collapse, being "oppressed with fatigue and long fasting." As the stately procession with Henry Percy, the Earl Marshal, at its head, swept out through the western doors, it was suddenly confronted by Sir John Dymoke, the Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby. Mounted upon a magnificent steed, "the best but one" to be found in the Royal stables, and attended by his esquires, with the words "Dimico pro rege" (in playful allusion to his own name) inscribed upon his shield, this gallant knight had presented himself in order that he might challenge to mortal combat all who would gainsay the paramount claims of his Sovereign Lord the King. To his utter discomfiture, Sir John Dymoke was greeted with but a chilly reception. In the curtest possible manner the Earl Marshal bade him begone, with the kindly advice that he had "better take his ease and rest awhile" and appear later on at the proper moment and in the proper place!

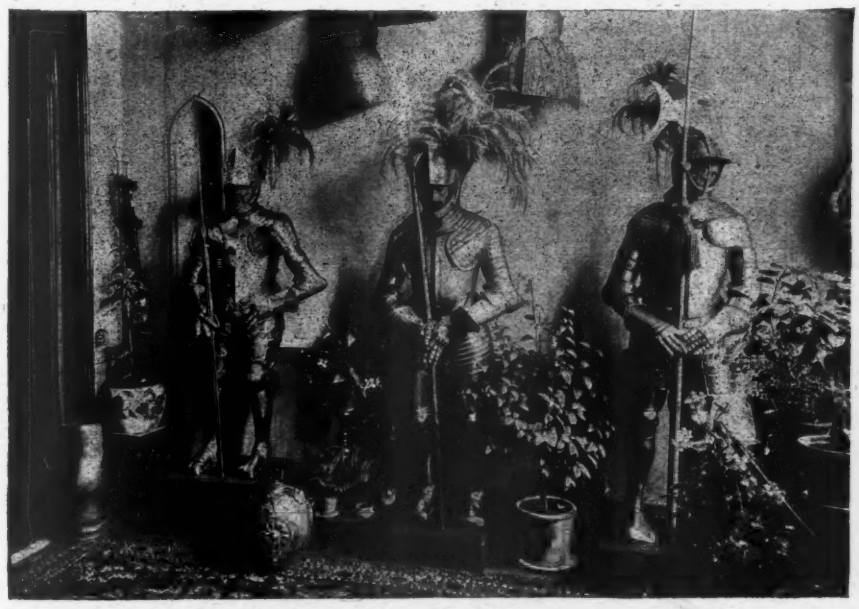
Such was the somewhat undignified entry of the Honourable the King's Champion upon the theatre of English History, that is to say, so far as the actual performance of the duties attached to his office are concerned.

At the same time, the office of Champion, speaking in general terms, can be traced back to an exceedingly distant past. The word itself, derived from a Gothic root, signifies the act of contending. Hence it came to be synonymous with the custom immortalised in the pages of Sir Walter Scott by which persons were permitted to appear in the lists and to defend their rights by means of some duly accredited representative, while, in process of time, to play the part of Champion, implied the chivalrous duty of taking arms from a mere sense of honour, in aid of the defenceless and oppressed.

The King's Champion, however, stands upon a somewhat narrower footing. The Emperor Otto I. employed Champions in order to decide the succession to the Empire, while in ducal Normandy, according to tradition, a certain noble house once held the barony of Fonteney by the service of being hereditary champions to their liege lords on the day of their inauguration. No sooner had the Conqueror and his train of Norman barons passed over the sea, than the head of this self-same family of Marmion (originally descended from Rolf the Ganger) became lords not only of Fonteney but also

> Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye
> Of Tamworth tower and town.

A considerable portion, if not the whole, of these broad spreading acres was held upon the same identical tenure as their Norman lands. For upwards of two centuries the house of Marmion continued to occupy the post of hereditary King's Champion, though for some obscure reason the actual duties attached to this office seemed to have remained an absolute dead letter. It has been conjectured, and with some show of probability, that the early Norman and Angevin kings felt some compunction in displaying before the eyes of their new Saxon subjects a ceremony which might conceivably remind them, and moreover, in a very forcible manner, of their lost independence. Be this as it may, the fact however remains that neither the Conqueror's friend, the great Robert Dispensator, the



(Carlton & Sons, photographers, Horncastle)

The Entrance Hall, Scrivelsby Court

founder of the English branch of the Marmions and first "Lord of Scrivelbaye," nor yet any of his seven immediate descendants, were permitted to fulfil this obligation, attached to their landed property, upon one single occasion. These estates passed on from father to son with varying fortunes. One Marmion, Sir Robert by name, found himself despoiled of all his possessions by King Henry I. Another, while engaged in the sacrilegious plunder of the monastery hard by his castle walls, fell into "the pit which he had made for others" in literal truth, and was there ignominiously done to death. Others there were, however, who more nobly fulfilled the grand traditions of their line, notably, a fourth Sir Robert, who, after spending many years in the holding of high legal office, proceeded to sign Magna Charta and boldly flung down his defiance to King John. Best of all, there was the gallant Sir Philip, in whom we behold, as it were, the last and loveliest rays of a setting sun. He stood right loyally by Henry III., even in the worst days of that long and troublous reign, and, ere Sir Philip was gathered to his fathers, the house of Marmion was still further enriched by a substantial token of royal gratitude, in the shape of the proud domain of Kenilworth.

Sir Philip passed away towards the close of the reign of Edward I. Four daughters survived him as co-heiresses, to bequeath traditions they had inherited from their sire. Two only, however, of these ladies demand our attention; since, by means of their matrimonial alliances, the fate of the great Marmion estates came to be settled. Through Margaret or Mazera, the elder, Tamworth and all its wealthy appanages passed into the hands of the De Frevile family; while Jane or Joan, the younger, with Scrivelsby as her portion, became the wife of one Sir Thomas De Ludlow. A son and a daughter were born to the new owners of Scrivelsby. The former, however, predeceased both his parents; so that a comparatively brief interval of time found a lady once more bearing rule as sole heiress over the ancestral estates.

It was not long, however, before Lady Margery bestowed her hand in turn to a Lincolnshire knight, Sir John Dymoke by name. In the marriage of this couple the foundation was laid of that noble house, who, one and all, have delighted century after century to uphold their close and romantic connection with the English Crown, as Lords of the Manor of Scrivelsby and Champion to the King's Majesty. Notice first of all the remarkable origin of their famous surname. It is believed to be the offspring of Totemism, *i.e.*, the belief that each family is descended from some particular plant or animal: in this case, of course, the oak. Indeed, there may be detected to this day upon the Lion gate of Scrivelsby Court, a sixteenth-century carving of the outline of an oak-tree, with the latter "y" quaintly formed by the shape of the stem.

We reach at length the coronation of Richard II. in 1377. Here were two parallel lines descended both of them from a common ancestor—Earl Philip de Marmion. Tamworth and Scrivelsby, the de Freviles and the Dymokes, forthwith proceeded to give vent to a jealousy which had been smouldering for many years, and to pit themselves one against the other. A tough struggle now ensued for the privilege of bearing arms, if need be, on behalf of the new Sovereign. The Royal Championship at once sprang into a position of importance previously unknown in England. The case was argued at length before the Court of Claims. Judgment was given, strange to say, for the younger and apparently weaker line, the house of Dymoke. Tamworth, so ruled the Court, was held by the tenure of ordinary knight-service; Scrivelsby, however, by that of Grand Sergeanty and the office of the Honourable the King's Champion was definitely proclaimed to be the inalienable possession of the last-named fief, *e.g.*, the Lincolnshire estate of the House of Marmion. The Court delivered judgment in such terms as implied a willingness to listen to further evidence, if such should be forthcoming, and Sir Baldwin de Frevile was not slow in availing himself of this loophole. Two-and-twenty years later, at the coronation of Henry IV., he returned to the fray with renewed zest. Once more, however,

did the militant Dame Margery, though now well stricken with years, succeeded in routing her opponent off the field. The Championship was secured for ever to the Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, and from that day to this the Dymokes have remained in undisputed and indisputable possession of this ancient and most remarkable privilege.

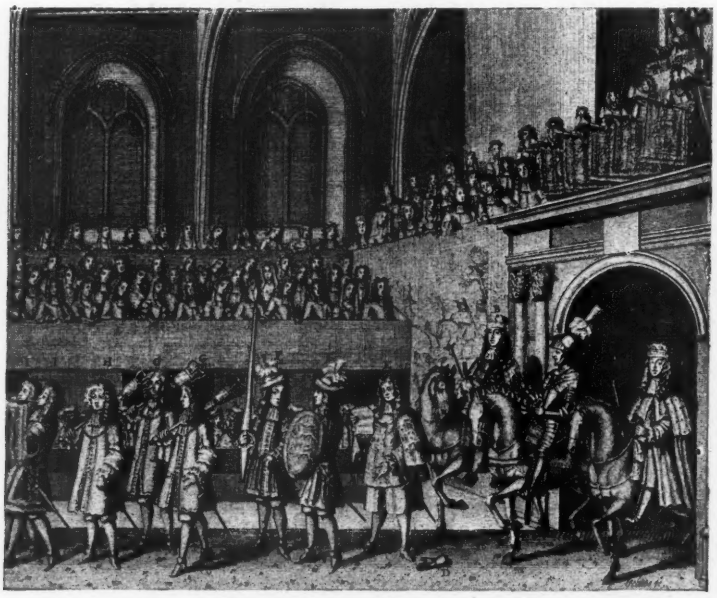
For nearly two centuries onwards then, the Dymokes occupied this commanding position in English national life, almost analogous to that of the Marmions before them. Passing over the three first Champions of the new line, we arrive at Sir Robert Dymoke, who played a very leading part in the Wars of the Roses, and indeed to his own ultimate cost. By reason of his matrimonial connections, Sir Robert happened to be closely connected with the great Welles family, who were Lancastrians to the very core. Hence, when Sir Robert Welles, his brother-in-law, proceeded to rally the Fenmen of Lincolnshire to the standard of Henry VI., the aid of the Dymokes was not sought in vain. Edward IV., transported with fury, forthwith summoned Sir Thomas Dymoke and Lord Welles, the respective heads of the two houses, to London. These rebel leaders hesitated, and finally sought the refuge of sanctuary, receiving, however, a prompt pardon. A very short interval then elapsed, ere tidings arrived of the militant proceedings of young Sir Robert Welles. The Yorkist armies were at once set in motion, and marched for Lincolnshire. The loose array of forty thousand peasants, who gallantly confronted them, could make little effectual resistance, and at the battle of Lose Coat Field were utterly routed. Just before the encounter commenced Sir Thomas Dymoke and Lord Welles were beheaded under circumstances of revolting treachery, and as soon as the battle was over and done, the unfortunate son of the latter met with the same untimely and cruel fate. Thus, the ten-year-old heir, Sir Richard Dymoke, would have been left in a pitiful plight, had it not been for the curious piece of irony by which the murderer of the father became the warm benefactor of the son. Basking as he did in

(Carlton & Sons, photographers, Horncastle)

Tomb of Sir Philip de Marmion and his wife in Scrivelsby Church

the full sunshine of Royal favour, Sir Richard attended no less than three Sovereigns as their Champion, and finally rose to the high position of Treasurer to King Henry VIII.

Sir Edward that, after an experience such as this, he should have succeeded in escaping the dire wrath of King Harry, to die peacefully in his bed upwards of twenty years later.



The procession of the Champion at James II.'s Coronation Banquet. Sir Charles Dymoke, who is here represented, fell down as he reached the King's Table

His son, Sir Edward Dymoke, was in the same manner, Champion to three monarchs in succession, Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth, while, in the general politics of the nation he came to play a still more commanding part. When the Lincolnshire poor, smarting with rage for the loss of the monasteries, proceeded to raise the banner of resistance to Henry VIII.'s blood-thirsty tyranny, Sir Edward Dymoke and the remainder of the county magnates found themselves situated between the upper and the nether millstones in very deed and truth. Personal wishes counted for nothing, or less than nothing, in circumstances such as these, and whether he liked it or not, Sir Edward was compelled to take sides with the Abbot of Barlings, and the body of rebels who heralded the great northern movement usually known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. It speaks volumes for the astuteness and statecraft of

With the next Champion, Sir Robert Dymoke, the fortunes of this noble family attained perhaps to their zenith. He was one of the faithful few who remained stubbornly loyal to his ancestral beliefs, through good and evil report alike. The prelate who at that time was ruling over the see of Lincoln was one Dr. Thomas Cowper, a man representing the very worst type of arrogant and vindictive Protestantism. Neither the distinguished rank nor the personal qualities—not even in fact the failing health—of the King's Champion succeeded in stemming the current of Cowper's unrighteous zeal. Sir Robert was removed from the home of his fathers and flung into Lincoln Gaol, where he speedily succumbed to his sufferings—a martyr, in the estimation of the whole country-side, to his fervid and undying loyalty to the faith of his fathers.

From that date onward the fortunes of

this great family commenced to wane. One and all, as we should naturally assume, were Cavaliers to the backbone, and the very strength of their convictions cost them dear. While Sir Charles Dymoke bequeathed by his last will and testament the sum of £2000 to the support of the throne, his nephew, who followed him in the office of Champion, was haled before the minions of the Parliament at Westminster, for holding "a lewd and malicious title!" For this offence (?) he was condemned to a fine of £7000! Thanks to these misfortunes, both the Scrivelsby estates and their owners came in process of time to be terribly reduced; and it was long before symptoms of recovery appeared.

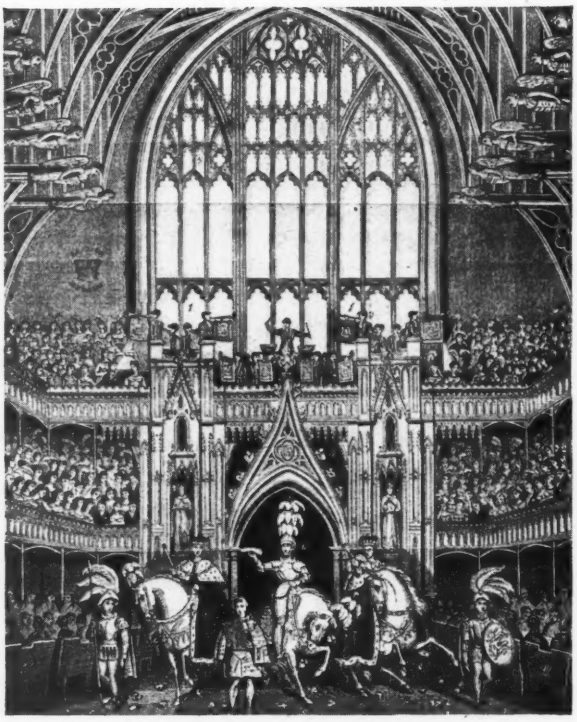
The Champion who officiated at the coronation of James II., in 1685, was another Sir Charles Dymoke. He was unfortunate enough to meet with a somewhat ill-omened accident upon that great occasion. Immediately after the proclamation of the Challenge, Sir Charles, in moving towards the King for the purpose of kissing his hand stumbled heavily, so that he measured his length upon the floor of the hall. "See you, love," cried the Queen, "what a weak Champion you have!" Sir Charles made the best apologies he could under the circumstances, pleading ill-health and weight of his armour, none of which excuses were true. The King, however, merely laughed.

What would have been the King's reply could he but have foreseen the disastrous events of 1689! This ill-starred Champion passed away very shortly after the coronation, but there were not a few whose minds recurred to the story of his collapse in years to come.

The next Champion but one was Sir Lewis Dymoke, who attained to the great age of ninety-one years. He performed the duties of his office at the coronations of George I. and George II., and succeeded in outliving every one of his near relations. On his death in 1760, Scrivelsby was bequeathed to a distant cousin, who died, however, almost immediately. To Sir John Dymoke, son of the latter, there fell the duty of acting as Champion for George III., at the famous ceremony when, according to time-honoured tradition, the gage, as soon as flung down, was accepted by no less a personage than "bonnie Prince Charlie" himself.

The ceremonial observed at the performance of the Challenge must at one time have been considerably more elaborate than it subsequently became. Originally, the Champion seems to have figured not only at the Coronation Banquet with which his name has been indissolubly associated for many a generation, but also in the course of the

Triumphal arch erected and painted on the west end of Westminster Hall for the Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline in 1727, showing the entrance of the King's Champion



Mr. Henry Dymoke, Deputy Champion, entering Westminster Hall at the Coronation of George IV.

grand procession which took place earlier in the day. At the coronation of Henry IV., according to Sir William Segar, the Challenge was repeated, both in Westminster Hall, and also at six different stations in the city prior to the ceremony. It would obviously seem more natural for the delivery of the Challenge to precede rather than to follow the actual crowning of the Sovereign. Consequently, its relegation during later years to almost the concluding scene in the entire solemnity of the coronation, and long after the great central act has been performed, appears to have reduced the ceremony to the position of a mere historical relic.

Whether this be a true criticism or no, the ceremony of the Challenge was repeated with automatic regularity upon the arrival of each coronation; indeed, it appeared to stand upon as secure and durable a foundation as any other of the main features in the "hallowing" of our English kings. The ceremonial which was thus employed century after century must have been intensely impressive. Immediately before the bringing in of the second course at the Coronation Banquet, a short procession advanced from the bottom of the hall. First of all came two trumpeters, with the magnificent falls attached to their instruments embroidered with the arms of the Dymoke family. These were followed by the sergeant-trumpeter, together with two sergeants-at-arms; all three bearing their respective maces of office. Then came the two Esquires of the Champion, armed with lance and shield respectively, while behind them marched a member of the Heralds' College, carrying in his hands a paper, on which were written the actual words of the Challenge. Last of all, there rode the Champion himself, clad in full armour, and with four gorgeously attired pages in attendance. The armour worn by Sir Lewis Dymoke at the coronation of George I. is thus described: "One suit of armour cap-a-pie, white and parcel gilt of King Charles II.; one white manifair; one short gauntlet white engraven and parcel gilt; one target painted with his arms and set round with silk fringe: one sword with scabbard of crimson velvet; one belt of crimson velvet."

The Champion was flanked on either side by the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable, arrayed in their state robes and coronets, each of them bearing his staff of office. Then from the lower end of the hall the Herald proclaimed in ringing tones the formula of the Challenge.

"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our sovereign lord ——, king of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c., son and next heir to our sovereign lord ——, the last king deceased, to be right heir to the

imperial crown of this realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him, on what day soever shall be appointed."

The glove was then flung down and in a few moments restored to the Champion by the Herald, after which the procession advanced to the centre of the hall, where the same quaint ceremonial was repeated. The third and final halt for the same purpose was made at the foot of the steps beneath the Royal table. The Champion having made a profound reverence to his sovereign, a gilt cup full of wine was brought by the Royal Cup-bearer. King and Champion drank to one another in turn, and after making his obeisance once more, the Champion took his departure from the hall, carrying with him the cup and its gilt cover by way of fee. It is curious to note that the gold cups, which are still preserved at Scrivelby Court, are almost invariably found to be lacking their covers. The inference to be drawn is this, that in the excitement and confusion occasioned by the quaffing of his Majesty's health, the Champion forgot to replace the cover upon the cup and consequently retired from the hall leaving this portion of his property behind him!

Of the coronation of George IV. two contemporary accounts among others have descended to us. The first is attributed to Sir Walter Scott. He tells us: "The Champion was performed as of right by young Dymoke, a fine looking youth, but bearing too much perhaps the appearance of a maiden knight to be the Challenger of the world in a King's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of squires and knights around him would permit. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by the assistants and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*, and yet the young lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well." The other account by Haydon, the painter, is of a far more complimentary character: "The Hall doors opened and outside in twilight a man in dark shadowed armour appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, and passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the Champion stood in full view with the doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The Herald read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the Throne."

It is curious to note that the duties attached to the King's Champion on the first and last occasions on which they were performed were placed in the hands of a deputy. As, at the coronation of Richard II., Dame Margery was represented by Sir John Dymoke, her lord, so, at the coronation of George IV., young Henry Dymoke fulfilled the duties which his father, Sir John, was unable to carry out, in consequence of his clerical character.

From this last named date onwards, the glory has departed from Scrivelsby, never, it is to be feared, to return; for, with the coronation of William IV. this delightful old world ceremony was flung to the winds. Although the Dymokes are still to be found in their old ancestral home, the mail-clad figure has ceased to darken the venerable portals of Westminster Hall, and the last chapter has closed on the history of the Honourable the King's Champion.

The Globe-flower

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

THE first time I saw the globe-flower was beside the dying-bed of a little girl, the playmate of my childhood. Her brother, with rare thoughtfulness for one so young—for he was only nine years of age—knowing her great love of flowers, had gathered them in the woods, and put them in a polished black wooden bowl, where her eye could rest upon them. There was no other flower mingled with them, and they looked like a bunch of miniature yellow roses. Rising high above the shadow of their green leaves, the distinctive hue and shape of each little golden ball was vividly brought out by the ebon blackness of the bowl. The sun shone through the window full upon them; and I thought it a very striking picture, which fixed itself in my imagination as one of the earliest of my youthful memories. I seemed to see a kind of subtle likeness between the pale, delicate flower and the wasted features of the child; and the closed cups seemed to speak of the premature shutting up in death of all the beauty and freshness of her young life, when it was at the brightest. I never see the globe-flower without recalling that pathetic picture, which has imparted to the flower a peculiar human interest. Since that far-back time I have got to know this strange flower well, and have many other memories and associations connected with it. I have often gathered it in the summer woods; and seldom does a June come round without my being reminded of its existence in these mystic haunts, by a bunch of it gracing my study table, placed there by loving hands, knowing my peculiar fondness for it.

I love to make a special study of some one particular flower at a time. It amply rewards one by the multitude of unexpected beauties which it discloses, and the subtle, far-reaching suggestions which it calls forth. It is in this way that we ought to consider the lilies how they grow—to sit down before one of them at a time and try and find out what God meant it to say to us; to put ourselves as much as possible into its individual life, and look at it, not from the objective, but from the subjective side. No flower rewards such a study more than the globe-flower. It belongs to a large and most effective class of wild flowers—the crow-foot family or ranunculuses. They are all acrid and pungent to the taste, but exceptionally fair to the eye. They descend to the raggedness and unkempt look of weeds, but they ascend to types that can compare with the finest of our garden flowers; but in all the species the family beauty is conspicuous. The buttercup—with its peculiar glaze, dear to the eye of the child as the daisy itself, and one of the first flowers gathered by the eager, hot little hand, which holds it with a tighter clasp than in after years the substantial treasures of the world—weaves its cloth of gold over the meadow; the marsh-marigold glows with its lavish wealth along the margin of lake and pond; the celandine gives the first floral smile of the year from the wayside bank, and brings back all the divine musings of nature of which Wordsworth is the interpreter. What is characteristic of the family of ranunculuses is their vividness and intensity of colour—a peculiarity which often belongs to flowers of a dangerous class! The most gorgeous scarlets and yellows and crimsons are found among them. The flower of which our Lord said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like it belongs to this family. I never saw such a gorgeous spectacle as the fields in the Plain of Sharon, covered with the scarlet anemone for twenty miles, uninterrupted by a single hedgerow or boundary wall, as if all the land was on fire. They glowed in the vivid sunshine, that made their soft, velvety petals almost transparent, like flames in the heart of a furnace. But the round delicate balls of the globe-flower have none of the vividness of colouring

belonging to their family. They stand out amongst the gorgeous splendour of peony, anemone, and ranunculus as belonging to a different race. Their pale saffron hue is a mark of refinement; and they have a patrician appearance as they crowd along the banks of an upland stream, and nod to the breeze, or bend to listen to the murmur of the water as it ripples past. A group of them makes a striking picture as they rise out of a purple mist of hyacinths, intermingled with the tall green spears of the grass in the woodland shadows; the golden and blue colours harmonising as only nature can blend them.

The sun shone through the window and fell full upon them

There is a striking peculiarity about the family to which the globe-flower belongs. All the members of it are destitute of a calyx, the green ruff that is behind the flower, out of which it springs, seen so prominently in the strawberry and rose, and on this account they used to be called in the days of Linnæus "naked flowers." The blossom seems to arise out of the stem without the intervention of a single green leaf. But a closer examination will discover that such flowers have in reality a calyx, only it is not green but coloured. The entire row of seeming petals forms in reality the calyx; and, as often happens, this outer row has more brilliantly coloured leaves than the inner row. It is so in the ranunculus family. The petaloid calyx is more splendid than the corolla. The blossom of the scarlet anemone has its coloured calyx of a more vivid hue than the real petals themselves; and thus, though seemingly naked and destitute of a calyx, it illustrates in the most literal manner the beautiful allusion of our Saviour to it. God clothes it with more than Solomon's glory.

Its seeming nakedness is a transfiguration of greater splendour.

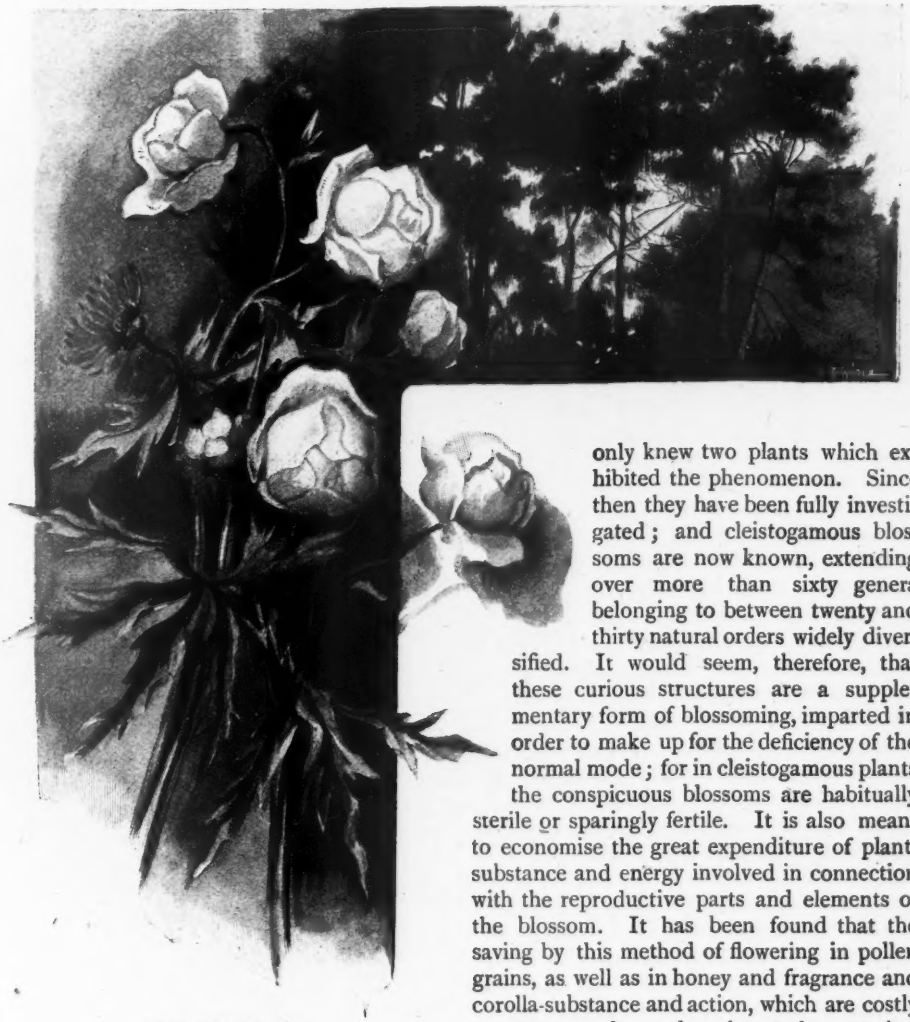
Sharing in the brightness of hue and texture of the inner petals, the leaves of the calyx in the globe-flower are very fugaceous; and in this respect they are unlike the leaves of an ordinary calyx, which are usually green and persistent, when the corolla has faded and disappeared, leaving its socket empty. All the parts of the globe-flower, the calyx and petals alike, drop off very quickly, and strew the table with their melancholy ruins. This is the principal drawback to the flower, which is so ornamental, that it is very quickly over. It makes a brave show for a day or two, but it speedily sheds its golden splendour, and casts its crown at its feet. This is a token that it rapidly accomplishes the vital processes connected with its fertilisation, and seems to have an advantage over blossoms whose petals are fully exposed to sun and air, and have free, open access to insects. In this respect it seems to approximate to the character of a class of blossoms to which I shall presently allude, whose peculiarity is that they are more fertile and more easily propagate the plant than normal blossoms.

In its petaloid calyx the globe-flower approaches the lily-tribe, which differ from all other plants in having their calyx and corolla of similar hue and texture, so that they seem to have no calyx, and the flower seems composed of six petals. In its inner arrangement of a considerable number of distinct pistils, the globe-flower approaches the rose family, which are all characterised by this peculiarity; the great majority of flowers, on the other hand, having the pistils solitary. One seeing the flower for the first time, with its folded petals and its globular appearance, would imagine that it was a small yellow rose; and the potentilla or silver-weed creeping over sandy shores, which belongs to the rose family, is only a buttercup more delicately wrought. Thus by its petaloid calyx and its folded corolla and its numerous pistils, the globe-flower combines the two great types of flower—the rose-like and the lily-like, which constitute the two queendoms of the vegetable kingdom, the acknowledged heads of which are the rose and the lily.

The globe-flower is a remarkably curious flower, suggestive of many thoughts. The habit of its blossom is quite different from that of other flowers. Other blossoms unfold and expand freely to the sunshine. This seems to be their chief function. They open their petals wide, and disclose the vital organs in the centre of their cup, in order that the wind may freely visit them, and the sun glow at their heart; in order, still further, that winged insects may have free access to the stamens and petals, whose mysterious action is necessary to fertilise the blossom and produce seed. This is the purpose for which flowers exist, to attract, by their gay colours and beautiful forms and sweet scents, insects to explore their inmost recesses, and every facility is placed in their way. The flower courts the insect by its charms to its inmost heart. Sometimes indeed the flower remains shut, let the wind and the sun woo it ever so perseveringly, for it has its own hours of opening and closing, in order to guard and economise its precious store of honey, and to recuperate its vital energies by a semblance of sleep. But the globe-flower is always asleep. It never opens its eyes through the whole summer. It seems like the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale, over whom a magic spell has been cast; but it waits in vain, for no Prince comes through the woodland to raise its golden lids with a kiss. It does not act as other flowers do. It never opens its corolla to the sun, nor welcomes the golden sunshine to its golden heart. It ever folds its jealous petals over the elements that are most vital to it, as if it were concealing hid treasure. And hence this hiding of its stamens and pistils gives it the compact globular form which has given rise to its common name.

This remarkable habit of the globe-flower is an echo in a higher form of a curious peculiarity which belongs to a certain number of flowers which are dimorphic, in the way of having two kinds of blossoms—one conspicuous and perfect, the other inconspicuous and imperfect. The latter kind of blossom is called cleistogamous, which means "closed up," because they never open to the sun or air. They are small and unnoticed, and are often mistaken for buds that have not

expanded. In reality, they are just ordinary blossoms arrested in development, with petals rudimentary or aborted, stamens and pistils reduced in number, and anthers containing few pollen grains. They do not yield honey or emit any scent. Consequently insects do not visit them, nor could they find admission through the closed petals. Such blossoms are, therefore, necessarily self-fertilised; but the remarkable thing about them is that they produce an abundance of seed, and are far more fertile than the ordinary conspicuous blossoms. In the time of Linnæus the nature of these adventitious blossoms was not understood, and he only knew two plants which exhibited the phenomenon. Since then they have been fully investigated; and cleistogamous blossoms are now known, extending over more than sixty genera belonging to between twenty and thirty natural orders widely diversified. It would seem, therefore, that these curious structures are a supplementary form of blossoming, imparted in order to make up for the deficiency of the normal mode; for in cleistogamous plants the conspicuous blossoms are habitually sterile or sparingly fertile. It is also meant to economise the great expenditure of plant-substance and energy involved in connection with the reproductive parts and elements of the blossom. It has been found that the saving by this method of flowering in pollen grains, as well as in honey and fragrance and corolla-substance and action, which are costly processes, and greatly exhaust the constitution of the plant, is enormous.



The Globe-flower

The most common example of a cleistogamous plant is the dog-violet, which has long been known to produce, in addition to its familiar purple blossoms, what was at first regarded as arrested buds. A search down among the moss at its root discloses a

singular secret. It has one blossom for the light, another for the da kness; one to face the world, and another mother-earth. Similar buds are also found on the delicate wood-sorrel, which are concealed among the sham-rock-like leaves, and usually escape the notice that is given to the exquisitely delicate and transparent white flowers. Such subterranean flowers are not for beauty but for utility. Lacking brightly coloured petals, they come under the law of nature that fruition is inversely as the petals of the flower. By entirely depriving the flower of its corolla, nature wishes to ensure a fruitful life. The question may be asked, that if cleistogamous flowers produce more fertile seed, and are more effectual in reproducing the plants, and if they save the great cost involved in the ordinary conspicuous flowers, why are these conspicuous flowers produced at all? Why is not the mode of reproduction exclusively by the exceptional or adventitious way? It would seem as if the ordinary flowers of the violet and of the wood-sorrel that call forth such delightful feelings in our hearts every summer, were purely for poetic purposes, to gratify the love of beauty, and to minister to the higher faculties of the soul. We may suppose that they were created for the purpose of being a language of the soul to man. This, no doubt, may have been the ultimate or higher design of flower manifestation; but we must regard the object which it serves in the economy of the plant itself, even if there were no human being in existence whose senses or higher faculties might be gratified by the blessing. When a violet or wood-sorrel flowers, the process has, in the first instance, a utilitarian purpose to serve. It gives to the plant the advantage of another method of propagation. It allows it ever and anon to have recourse to the process of cross-fertilisation, which is as efficacious in its case as the reversion, in the case of the common potato, from propagation by tubers to seed raised from the flowers and fruits, to restore the vital energy of the plant. Every plant would suffer by too long a dependence upon one method of propagation.

Now, the interesting point is that the globe-flower is not a cleistogamous plant, and yet its blossom has the habit of a cleistogamous plant. The usual cleistogamous flower is hidden and inconspicuous, and has all its parts arrested and rudimentary, whereas the globe-flower basks in the full sunshine, and has all its parts fully developed and perfected. May we not regard the globe-flower as an exaltation of this humble method of producing seed; putting a crown of glory upon it, making it conspicuous and exclusive, reigning alone? Just as Petra is the glorification of the cave idea of human habitation, and Venice the glorification of the crannog or lake-dwelling idea; as in art there is the lowest and highest type of the same idea, so in animals and plants there are lowest and highest fulfilments of the same idea. And we may look upon the globe-flower as the crowning of that cryptogamous mode of flowering, which has the least honour with more abundant honour.

And as if to prove the analogy, the colouring of the petals of the globe-flower seems to suggest something exceptional, something more closely allied to the inconspicuous colourless cleistogamous plants. The hue of the globe-flower is not a fixed quality as it is in all the others of its kindred. How brilliant and unchangeable is the golden yellow of the buttercup, and all the other wild ranunculuses. It is varnished and fixed, whereas the yellow of the globe-flower is pale and etiolated usually, and is extremely variable, changing sometimes to a pale straw colour. In a bunch of globe-flowers gathered in the same locality hardly two blossoms have the same shade of hue. And this pale, delicate yellow, of which we can say "How is the fine gold of the buttercup changed," suggests something that is not altogether normal or fully organised. Does it not speak to us of a rudimentary or primitive condition? Does it not connect this high-born maiden with its lowly origin in the cleistogamous condition, still retaining its birth-mark and its primitive habits in spite of its altered circumstances? There are numerous instances in nature of plants still retaining in mature life the parts and functions that were essential in their extreme youth. The Welwitschia of the African desert, though full-grown, consists only of its two cotyledonous leaves, enormously expanded, with several cones round the edges

of the old wooden root, representing the fruit; and I need not say that there are human beings who maintain their youthful characteristics, not only mental and emotional but also physical, in extreme old age!

The peculiarity of the globe-flower, its difference from all others, has attracted the notice of the common people, who have given it the name of the Witches' Gowan. It is also called in Scotland Lucken Gowan, lucken being in all probability derived from the Scandinavian Loki, who in the mythology of the north is regarded as the personification of malice and subtlety combined, and the enemy of all goodness. Its scientific name has the same uncanny reference, being Trollius Europæus. It is the troll-flower, the flower of witchery, specially dedicated, on account of its acrid and poisonous qualities, to the malignant giant who works such mischief in northern lands. But I prefer to consider its magic as not that of superstition, but that of beauty and grace. It has no purpose to serve in human economy; it seems created only to give pure pleasure, and yet its faithfulness to its own idle beauty is its greatest charm. It has a power to soothe the sadness and heal the aches of the weary spirit, which is much more precious than any utilitarian ends. And when it teaches us its secret, and we have learned its lesson, we shall feel that not in vain has it been created to adorn the summer brook, and spread a gleam of floral sunshine on the moist upland meadow, and we shall long for its return every summer with the cuckoo and the swallow.

The Marquis of Salisbury

By Frederick Douglas How, Author of "Bishop Walsham How, A Memoir," &c.

V. Lady Salisbury—Hatfield receptions—Journalism

AS has been already stated, the marriage of Lord Salisbury took place in 1857. Miss Georgina Caroline Alderson, eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Hall Alderson, one of the most brilliant judges who ever occupied the position of a baron of the Exchequer, was the lady who from that day forward until her death, forty-two years afterwards, shared with Lord Salisbury the varied fortunes of his life. At first there were the more or less precarious years during which as Lord Robert Cecil, and then as Lord Cranborne he was, as he afterwards said at a dinner of the Press Fund, "no stranger to the anxieties, the labours, and the rewards of the newspaper press," and afterwards there were the dignity and responsibility of the position to which he attained as Marquis of Salisbury. It is impossible for any one unacquainted with the details of their family life to measure the influence which this marriage had upon his career. Still, something at least may be surmised with an approach to certainty.

All the descriptions of Miss Alderson as a girl agree in picturing her as one who would necessarily fill up and perfect the life of a man of Lord Salisbury's character and disposition. She was one of the brightest, cheeriest, even merriest people possible. She was as clever in her way as he in his, and in one respect, viz., the gift of writing, they had much in common. She was remarkably keen and interested in anything that came in her way, and was of a more practical nature than her husband. The main point of difference between them, however, lay probably in the brightness and liveliness of her disposition. Beneath this there lay a solid foundation of goodness and piety, making a combination of the greatest value, and enabling her to give to Lord Salisbury an amount of support and help in his overwhelming labours, which will never be more than guessed at by the world at large. A lady who knew the Aldersons well, and who was often present at their merry parties in Park Crescent, says: "She was

The late Lady Salisbury

(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

one of the wittiest and cleverest people I have ever known, and once it chanced that I had a few minutes talk with her that made me feel how much more there was. This I have never forgotten."

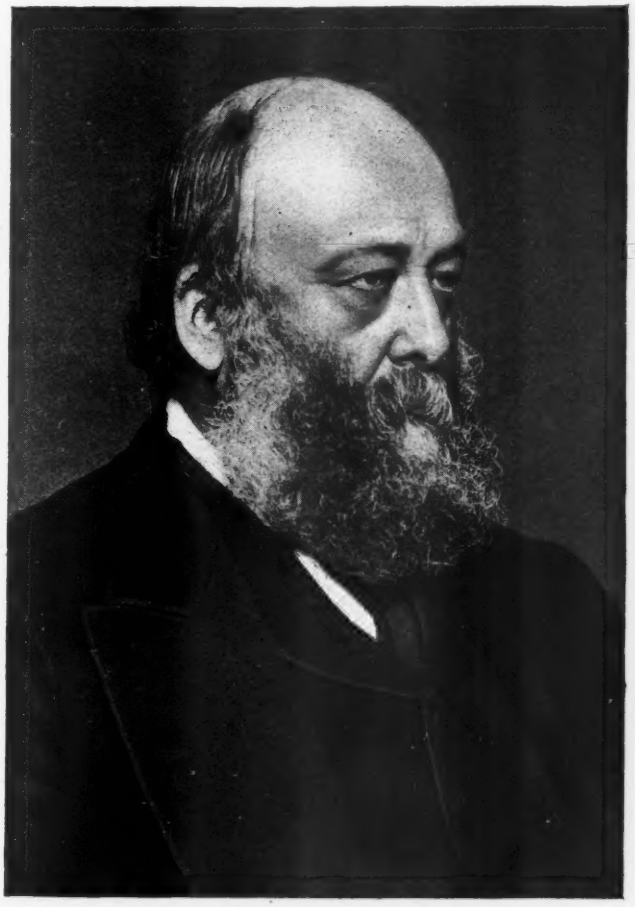
As may be imagined, Miss Alderson was extremely attractive, and not a few envied the young Lord Robert Cecil his good fortune. But with all her cleverness and attractiveness there was an element of simplicity about her which gave a special charm to her personality. There is a description of her in a letter from one who knew her well, which must be quoted, as giving an admirable portrait. This lady says: "As to appearance she was very fair in hair and complexion, and extremely bright and capable looking. She was a very amusing talker, but no one could fail to be struck with her simplicity in every-day life. She was an eminently straightforward, downright natured woman, full of good sense, and warm-hearted and loyal. She was a loyal and very zealous Churchwoman, taking always a great interest in religious education and Church affairs generally. I believe she fully entered into Lord Salisbury's political work. For the rest I knew her as a very devoted wife and a very devoted mother, and, latterly, her chief enjoyment (or one of them) lay in the great interest and pleasure she took in her grandchildren."

One or two things may be mentioned as bearing out this description. Lady Salisbury's sound sense and loyalty to her husband led her to undertake very largely the management of the whole place when they came into Hatfield. It is impossible to talk to any of the retainers there without being struck with this. Each improvement, each detail, is sure to be ascribed more or less to Lady Salisbury. When any great function was at hand it was she who saw to all the preparations. "She was a wonderful one for decorations," said an old man, still in the service of the family. "No," said another, "Lord Salisbury cares nothing about the horses: it was Lady Salisbury who always saw to them." And so on from thing to thing, it was always Lady Salisbury who evidently took every bit of trouble she possibly could off those shoulders so overweighted with the nation's cares. Then again, there is no doubt that the Prime Minister relied much upon her clever, capable mind to advise and help him in matters political as well as domestic. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in a recent issue of his clever little weekly paper, says: "Lord Salisbury is one who may be justly described as a widower indeed. His late wife—a clever woman and keen politician—was his sole and paramount Egeria." The fact was that in all other political matters than those relating to the Foreign Office, Lady Salisbury was probably the keener of the two. "Ah!" she once said to the wife of a neighbouring landowner, "how I wish my husband were as much interested in politics as yours!"

To complete the picture of Lady Salisbury, which it has been attempted thus inadequately to draw, it is necessary to refer to the account of her which was given in some of the leading newspapers at the time of her

death. The *Times* said: "The spectacle of Lord Salisbury's long years of domestic happiness strongly appealed to the best and strongest affections of the race. . . . Lady Salisbury did not take part in many social functions apart from the obligations of her rank. She knew how to draw the distinction between acquaintances and friends. To her friends, and especially to her own family, her common sense, her keen and shrewd humour, and her love of the truth, and the whole truth, were a constant moral and intellectual training. . . . Her sons inherit from her no small part of their gifts, and of the fearless independence some of them have shown so conspicuously on occasion."

The *Daily Telegraph* supplemented this account with much information of a like kind. It said: "Without exactly assuming the functions of a leader of Society, Lady Salisbury was in all the later years of her life essentially *grande dame*, and discharged duties, social, political, and personal, which were of the highest moment and utility. Lord Salisbury, by habit and inclination a domesticated man, has been accustomed



Lord Salisbury

(From a recent photograph by Russell & Son, Baker Street, W.)

in many ways and upon many subjects to trust largely to the keen and practical judgment of his wife, so that there are councils never mentioned officially or publicly reported from which a true and tried adviser will henceforward for ever be missing In the crowded political and social receptions of her London abode, Lady Salisbury may sometimes have appeared a little weary with her share of the 'cares of State,' but she never failed to impress her guests with her strong desire to perform an ever courteous fulfilment of public duty. At Hatfield, however, she was thoroughly 'at home,' and the house parties there never failed to exhibit her as an ideal hostess, considerate, alert, genial, and brilliant." At the conclusion of the article the author added that Lady Salisbury always kept herself in the background politically, and neither spoke nor wrote as a less great woman with her gifts might have done.

In connection with the receptions at which Lord and Lady Salisbury received, it is sometimes said that there was a remarkable difference between the way in which the host and hostess shook hands with their guests. "No one," said an enthusiastic admirer, "ever shakes hands so beautifully as Lord Salisbury," while it sometimes happened that Lady Salisbury with her quick and active mind would look away to some one or something else while in the very act of greeting a guest.

Just one thing more is worth mentioning while on this subject. The fashion of Saturday to Monday parties, which has since become so popular, is said to have originated with Lady Salisbury, who tried the experiment at Hatfield. It is very certain, however, that with her love for the Church and its services, the extent to which the custom has grown and the lack of any recognition of the proper claims of Sunday would have met with little approbation at her hands. From the foregoing description it is hoped that some idea may be gathered of the kind of wife whom the young Lord Robert Cecil selected in 1857. It will never be known to how great an extent England has benefited by that choice.

Curiously enough the one person who did not seem entirely to approve of the marriage was the then Marquis. It is not so very long ago that the idea obtained that to open the windows of a house and let in the fresh air was a most dangerous practice. Some notion of the kind may have influenced the Marquis in opposing the match. Certainly the future Lady Robert Cecil was a different sort of person from those who had mainly formed the atmosphere of the house of Cecil. Her introduction into the family was like letting in a strong fresh breeze, which might indeed upset some ideas of long standing but which could not fail to impart new vigour and vitality. Lady Robert Cecil's life had not been spent in a narrow circle of relations and friends whose standards and prejudices were identical. She had on the contrary, mixed much in the society of the cleverest people of the day. Able writers, notable physicians, brilliant lawyers were amongst her friends, and amongst her relatives were also some of the best known Church people of the day, from whom doubtless she acquired her strong affection for and allegiance to the Church of England.

Amongst these last was Mr. Milman, the rector of Lambourne, afterwards to become Metropolitan Bishop of India. There is an amusing little story told of a visit paid to him at Lambourne by Lord and Lady Robert Cecil when the present Lord Cranborne was a baby. Mr. Milman was a great student, and frequently pored over his books far into the night. It happened that on this occasion he had sat up reading until the small hours, when, feeling very cold, he went into the kitchen to warm himself by what was left of the kitchen fire. He was not a very imposing looking person, in fact he is described as having been a "curious little lumpy man, not unlike a little brown bear." Well, it may be imagined that his odd appearance had not a little to do with what happened. He lay down in front of the fire, the better to warm himself, and fell asleep. Presently he awoke and remembered that he had not said his prayers. He then proceeded to kneel down in a corner of the kitchen, and, as his custom was, to pray aloud. Now that very night the little Lord Cranborne was restless and his nurse had

occasion to go down very early to warm some food for him. Terrified at what she saw and heard she rushed upstairs to fetch Lord Robert Cecil, who came down in his dressing gown to investigate. The ensuing scene and explanations may be imagined!

From what has already been said it can easily be gathered how great a measure of vigour and energy came with Lady Robert Cecil. In many respects it was the beginning of a new era in the family, but in none more than in the principles which underlay the bringing up of the children. Nothing better can be done than to quote from a letter written by one who had every opportunity of judging. The writer says: "Lord and Lady Salisbury were both very genuine persons, and what they seemed to be they were. The standard held up for the children to copy was exactly what they saw and heard from their parents. The parents never pretended to be better than they were, and this from the very earliest beginning of the children's education and career, so that when they grew up they had as much respect for their parents as when they were babes. Though, in the most familiar possible way, the parents gave their best intellectually to their children, yet, owing to the fact that the children were treated as comrades, they did not become prigs. And what they were to one another intellectually, that they were in their religious relations, and the result here is equally satisfactory. . . . No doubt it would be extremely perilous for all parents to follow the example of Lord and Lady Salisbury, for even if they had their minds they must also take the same anxious trouble to stimulate and influence their children's minds and lives, or disaster would result. Few persons, in my judgment, ever had the stimulating power for good that Lady Salisbury had, and this she exercised upon both her husband and her children in a very remarkable way." Surely to get such a light as this thrown upon the life and character of the subjects of

(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

The Long Gallery, Hatfield House

this chapter is of the highest value. To get an insight into the principles which guided Lord and Lady Salisbury in the bringing up of their children so successfully would be worth while even if nothing else could be found to say about them. Canon Lyttelton, of Haileybury, has said that the education of the Cecil family violated every law on the subject, but "with the happiest results."

The more that is brought to light of the influence and character of the bride whom Lord Robert Cecil won on that morning in 1857 the more wonderful they seem, and the stranger it appears that it took her father-in-law so long to be reconciled to the marriage. It is remembered that it was some little time after the wedding that the young Lady Robert Cecil was first publicly acknowledged by him at a function at South Kensington Museum at which she assisted him to receive the guests. One of the results of the late Marquis' disapprobation was found in the limited income which he placed at the disposal of the young couple. Although this may have been a temporary inconvenience, yet the people of England have cause to rejoice at the result, for the future Prime Minister obtained an insight into the life led by a vast number of Englishmen such as he would never have obtained had he been surrounded by the luxury and signs of wealth which usually belong to his rank. His natural sympathy—for Lord Salisbury is not the narrow and exclusive aristocrat which his political opponents delight to paint him—was greatly enlarged by his experiences and, in addition, the literature of the day was enriched by a multitude of articles from his pen in the *Times*, *Saturday Review*, *Quarterly*, etc. There was at a later date evidence of the width of his sympathy in the fact that the Commission on the Housing of the Poor (on which King Edward served with the greatest interest and diligence) owed its origin in large measure to him. In his writing he was aided by his young wife, and between them they earned a very considerable addition to their income. It is no uncommon thing for members of our noble families to make valuable contributions to literature, *e.g.*, the late Duke of Argyll, but that the heir to such a position as the Marquisate of Salisbury should take up the writing of newspaper articles as a profession is probably unique. During the time that Lord and Lady Robert Cecil were thus occupied they lived in various parts of London. They had houses at 20 Arlington Street, 9 Park Crescent (Portland Place), 21 Fitzroy Square, 11 Duchess Street, 1 Mansfield Street, and, when Lord and Lady Cranborne, they had also a country retreat at the Oaks, Headley, near Liphook.

Lord Robert Cecil's articles were invariably anonymous, and, as it is now some thirty years since they were written it is impossible to trace them, and, indeed, it may well be that Lord Salisbury would prefer not to have the opinions he then expressed on the political and other subjects of the day brought once more to public notice. As may be imagined from the description of the partner in his labours which has been given above, the late Lady Salisbury's writings were full of sparkle and genius.

The period during which the main part of these writings appeared was the first decade of her married life. Had the young Lady Robert Cecil been content to occupy herself entirely with her domestic duties, and had her literary achievements, therefore, been all lost to the world there would have been no cause for surprise. It was during these first ten years after her marriage that six children were born to her, the youngest only, Lord Hugh, arriving after this anxious period was passed, and to it had succeeded the new and weightier duties of her position as Marchioness of Salisbury.

For many years the energy and bright vigour which characterised her life brought their full measure of happiness to all with whom she had to do, and chiefly to Lord Salisbury. It was probably these very qualities, as contrasted with the well-known calmness of Lord Salisbury, which caused her life to be the brighter of the two.

In 1898, serious symptoms of a constitutional breakdown showed themselves in Lady Salisbury. The usual visit to Beaulieu —their villa near Nice—was paid in 1899,

and it was greatly hoped that the rest and change might prove beneficial. Unhappily this was not the case. Lady Salisbury herself scarcely hoped for much improvement. At a garden-party at Hatfield during the previous summer she took an affecting farewell of some of the younger members of the family, being evidently persuaded that her days were numbered.

On their return from France the family went to Walmer Castle, Lord Salisbury being at that time Warden of the Cinque Ports, and there the illness became more pronounced. A move was made to Hatfield, and at 2.30 P.M. on November 20, 1899, Lady Salisbury died in the house she loved so well, and had done so much to beautify and improve. All the family were able to be present excepting Lord Edward Cecil, who was serving his country in South Africa. Something has been said of Lord Salisbury's manifold joys and successes. These few words must find a place to tell of the heaviest of his sorrows.

Browning's Treatment of Nature*

By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

Author of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life"

CONCLUDING PAPER

THE last paper on this subject closed with Browning's treatment of Nature in *Paracelsus*. In that poem Browning is chiefly concerned with the inner problem of life. In *Sordello*, that inner problem still is the chief matter, but the poet shows how it developed itself under the stress of warring circumstances. In *Sordello*, therefore, outward life takes an equal place with inward life. And, naturally, Nature and its changes and beauty, being outward, are more fully treated. But Nature is never treated for itself alone. It is made to image or reflect the sentiment of the man who sees it, or to illustrate a phase of his passion or his thought. But there is a nearer grip upon it than before, a clearer definition, a greater power of concentrated expression of it, and especially, a fuller use of colour. Browning paints Nature now like a Venetian; the very shadows of objects are in colour. This new power was a kind of revelation to him, and he frequently uses it with amazing force. Things in Nature blaze in his poetry now and ever afterwards in gold, purple, the crimson of blood, in sunlit green and topaz, in radiant blue, in dyes of earthquake and eclipse. Then, when he has done his landscape thus in colour, he adds more; he places in its foreground one drop, one eye of still more flaming colour, to vivify and inflame the whole.

The main landscape of *Sordello* is the plain, and the low pine-clad hills around Mantua, the half-circle of the deep lagoon which enarms he lonely town, and the river Mincio, seen from the height of Goito, as it enters and leaves the lagoon among its marshes. It is a landscape Vergil must have loved. A long bridge of more than a hundred arches, with towers of defence, crosses the marsh from the battlemented gateway of the town walls to the mainland, and in the midst of the lagoon the deep river flows fresh and clear with a steady swiftness. Scarcely any where in North Italy is there a wider, purer sky at dawn and even, and there is no view now so romantic in its desolation. Over the lagoon, and puffing from it, the mists, daily encrimsoned by sunrise and sunset, continually rise and disperse.

The character and the peculiarities of this landscape are seized and enshrined in the poem. But his descriptions are so arranged as to reflect certain moments of crisis in the soul of Sordello. Browning does not (as he also does not in other poems) describe this

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striking landscape for its own sake, but for the sake of his human subject. The lines that follow tell of noonday on the lagoon, seen afar by Sordello from the golden woods and black pines of the castle; and the sudden vision of the plain, city, and river opening out from the wood symbolises the soul of Sordello opening out from solitude "into the veritable business of mankind."

Then wide
Opened the great morass, shot every side
With flashing water through and through; a-shine
Thick-steaming, all-alive. WHOSE shape divine
Quivered i' the furthest rainbow vapour, glanced
Athwart the flying herons? He advanced,
But warily; though Mincio leaped no more,
Each footfall burst up in the marish floor
A diamond jet;—(Book ii.)

And then he somewhat spoils this excellent thing by a piece of detail too minute for the largeness of the impression. But how clear and how full of true sentiment it is; and how the image of Palma rainbowed in the mist, and of Sordello seeing her, fills the landscape with youthful passion!

Here is the same view in the morning, when Mincio has come down in flood and filled the marsh:

Mincio, in its place,
Laughed, a broad water, in next morning's face;
And, where the mists broke up, immense and white,
I' the steady wind, burned like a spilth of light
Out of the crashing of a million stars.

It were well to compare that brilliant piece of light with the grey water-sunset at Ferrara in the beginning of the sixth Book:

while Eve slow sank
Down the near terrace to the farther bank,
And only one spot left from out the night
Glimmered upon the river opposite—
A breadth of watery heaven like a bay
A sky-like space of water, ray for ray,
And star for star, one richness where they mixed
As this and that wing of an angel, fixed,
Tumultuary splendours folded in
To die.

As usual, Spring enchants Browning. The second Book begins with her coming, and predicates the coming change in Sordello's soul.

The woods were long austere with snow; at last
Pink leaflets budded on the beech, and fast
Larches, scattered through pine-tree solitudes,
Brightened, as in the slumbrous heart of the woods
Our buried year, a witch, grew young again
To placid incantations; and that stain
About were from her cauldron, green smoke blent
With those black pines.

Nor does he omit in *Sordello* to recall two other favourite aspects of nature, long since recorded in *Pauline*—the ravine and the woodland spring. Just as Turner repeated in many pictures of the same place what he had first observed, so Browning recalled in various poems the first impressions of his youth. He had a curious love for a ravine with overhanging trees and a thin thread of water tangling round rocks. It occurs in the *Fireside*, it is taken up in his later poems, and up such a ravine Sordello climbs among the pines of Goito:

He climbed with (June at deep) some close ravine
Mid clatter of its million pebbles sheen,
Over which, singing soft, the runnel slipped
Elate with rains.

Then, in *Sordello*, we come across again the fountain in the grove he draws in *Pauline*, now greatly improved in clearness and word-brightness—a real vision:

Fate has given him here a fount
Of pure loquacious pearl, the soft tree-tent
Guards, with its face of reate and sedge, nor fail
The silver globules and gold sparkling grail
At bottom,

where the impulse of the Spring forces the sand to dance upwards in a cone—a solitary loveliness of Nature that Coleridge and Tennyson have both drawn with a finer pencil than Browning.

The other examples of natural description in *Sordello*, as well as those in *Pippa Passes*, the *Dramatic Lyrics* and *Men and Women*, and the *Dramatis Personæ*, I have spoken of already. As to the dramas, they are wholly employed with humanity. In them man's soul has so overmastered Browning that they are scarcely diversified half a dozen times by any illustration derived from Nature.

We now come, with the *Ring and the Book*, to a clear division in his poetry of Nature. From this time forth Nature decays in his verse. Man masters it and

drives it out. In the *Ring and the Book*, huge as it is, Nature rarely intrudes; the human passion of the matter is so great that it swallows up all Browning's interest. There is a little forky, flashing description of the entrance to the Val d'Ema in Guido's first statement, but even Caponsacchi is too intense round the tragedy to use a single illustration from Nature. The person who does use illustrations from Nature in this poem is the only one who by age, by his life, by the apartness of his high place, is capable of sufficient quiet and contemplation to think of Nature at all. This is the Pope.

He illustrates with great vigour the way in which Guido destroyed all the home life which clung about him, while he himself remained black and vile, by the burning of a nest-like hut in the Campagna with all its vines and ivy and flowers, till nothing was left but the dark, grim walls of the malicious tower round which the flower-covered hut had been built.

He illustrates the sudden event which, breaking in on Caponsacchi's life, drew out of him his latent power and his inward good by this vigorous description:

> As when a thundrous midnight, with black air
> That burns, rain-drops that blister, breaks a spell,
> Draws out the excessive virtue of some sheathed
> Shut unsuspected flower that hoards and hides
> mmensity of sweetness.

And the last illustration, in which the Pope hopes that Guido's soul may yet be saved by the suddenness of his death, is one of the finest pieces of natural description in Browning, and reads like one of his own memories:

> I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
> I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
> Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
> But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
> Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
> Through her whole length of mountain visible:
> There lay the city thick, and plain with spires,
> And like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
> So may the truth be flashed out by one blow
> And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.

After that great poem, Nature, as one of Browning's mistresses, was entirely neglected for a time, and he gave himself up to obscure and disagreeable manifestations of what was odd or twisted in humanity; its smaller problems, like that contained in *Fifine at the Fair*, its fantastic impulses, its strange madnesses, its basenesses, even its commonplace crimes. These subjects were redeemed by his steady effort to show that underneath these evil developments of human nature lay immortal good; and that a wise tolerance, based on this underlying godlikeness in man, was the true attitude of the soul towards the false and stupid in our race. This had always been his attitude from the beginning. He considered it the special duty of a poet to teach this incessantly, and he did it to the end. It differentiates him from Tennyson, who did not always maintain that view: and at that point he is a nobler prophet than Tennyson.

But he became too much absorbed in the intellectual treatment of these side-issues in human nature. And I think that he was left the more unprotected from this absorption by his having quite given up Nature in her relation to man as a subject for his poetry. To love that great, solemn and beautiful Creature, who, even when she seems most merciless, retains her glory and loveliness, keeps us from thinking too much on the lower problems, the ignobler movements of humanity; holds before us infinite grandeur, infinite beauty, infinite order, and suggests and confirms within us eternal aspiration. Those intimations of the ideal and infinite perfectness which are dimmed within us by the meaner aspects of human life or by the sordid difficulties of thought which a sensual society presents to us, are restored in the quiet and beauty of Nature. And at this time of his poetic production, Browning had apparently lost this balancing weight. When he wrote *Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau*, *Fifine at the Fair*, *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*, and the *Inn Album*, Nature had ceased to awaken the poetic passion in him, and his human poetry suffered from the loss. Its interest now lies in the little realm of intellectual analysis, not in the large realm of tragic or joyous passion. He became the dissector of corrupt bodies, not the creator of living beings.

Nevertheless, in *Fifine at the Fair* there is one magnificent description of a sunset which I have already quoted. It is drawn to illustrate some remote point in the argument, but is far too magnificent for the thing it illustrates. Moreover, in the *Inn Album* there is a description of an English elm-tree, as an image of a woman who makes a marriage life seem perfect, which is interesting because it is the third, and only the third, reference to English scenery in the multitude of Browning's verses. There is one in *Pauline:* the second is in that poem, "O to be in England"; and this is the third. "The woman has never ceased to gaze

On the great elm-tree in the open, posed
Placidly full in front, smooth bole, broad branch,
And leafage, one green plenitude of May!
. . . bosomful
Of lights and shades, murmurs and silences,
Sun-warmth, dew-coolness—squirrel, bee, bird,
High, higher, highest, till the blue proclaims
"Leave Earth, there's nothing better till next step
Heavenward."

Browning could not stay altogether in this condition, in which, moreover, his humour was also in abeyance; and in his next book, *Pacchiarotto, &c.*, he broke away from these morbid subjects, and, with that recovery, recovered also some of his old love of Nature. The prologue to that book is poetry; and Nature (though he only describes an old stone wall in Italy, covered with straying plants) is interwoven in its verse with his sorrow and his love. All through that book, even in its most fantastic humour, Nature is hand in hand with humanity; and poetry, which Browning seemed to have lost, has returned to him. That is also the case in *La Saisiaz*, in the *Dramatic Idyls*, of which he was himself fond; and in *Jocoseria* there is very little natural description. The subjects did not allow of it, but yet Nature glides through and through the work, and thrills it into a higher truth than it would have had in that unhappy period when he abandoned her. In *Ferishtah's Fancies*, a book full of charm, Nature has her proper place, and in the lyrics which close the stories she is not forgotten; but still there is not the care for her which once there was, which once ran like a full river of delight through his landscape of human nature. He loved that landscape of mankind the most; the plains and hills and woods of human life, but when he filled it with the great river of Nature, his best work was done. Now, as life grew to a close, that river had all but dried up in his poetry.

It was not that he had not the power to describe Nature if he cared. But he did not care. I have spoken of the invented description of morn and noon and sunset in *Gerard de Lairesse* in the last book but *Asolando* that he ever wrote. They have his trenchant, blazing power, words that beat out the scene like strokes on an anvil, but, curiously enough, they are quite unsuffused with human feeling, as if, having once divorced Nature from humanity, he never could bring them together again. Nor is this what I say a mere theory. The Prologue to *Asolando* supports it.

That sorrowful poem, written, it seems, in the year he died (1889), reveals his position towards Nature in his old age, when he had lost the power of youth to pour fire on the world. It is full of his last thinking. "The poet's age is sad," he says. "In youth his eye lent to everything in the natural world the colours of his own soul, the rainbow glory of imagination:

And now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uncinct by dower
Of dyes which, when life's day began,
Round each in glory ran."

"Ah! what would you have?" he says. "What is the best: things draped in colour as by a lens, or the naked very things themselves; truth ablaze, or falsehood's fancy haze? I choose the first."

It is an old man's effort to make the best of age. For my part I do not see that the things are the better for losing the colour the soul gives them. The things themselves are indifferent. But as seen by the soul, they are seen in God, and the colour and light which imagination gives them is itself divine. Nor is their colour and light only in our imagination. In themselves they are part of the glory and beauty of God, who bids us aspire to see the whole of the glory and

beauty of which they disclose to us only a part. They are not only things seen; the unseen divine is also in them. A flower is never only a flower, or a beast a beast. And so Browning would have said in the days when he was still a lover of Nature as well as of man, when he was still a true soldier in the army of imagination, a poet more than a philosopher at play. He has not lost his eagerness to advance, to climb beyond the flaming walls, to find God in his heaven. He has not lost the great hopes with which he began, nor the ideals he nursed of old. He has not lost his fighting power, nor his cheerful cry that life is before him in fulness. The *Reverie* and the Epilogue to *Asolando* are noble statements of his courage, faith, and joy. There is nothing sad there, nothing to make us beat the breast. But there is sadness in this abandonment of the imaginative glory with which once he clothed the world of Nature, and he ought to have retained it. He would have done so had he not forgotten Nature in dissecting man.

However, he goes on with his undying effort to make the best of things, and though he has lost his rapture in Nature, he has not lost his main theory of man's life and of the use of the universe. The end of this *Prologue* puts this theory as clearly as it was put in *Paracelsus*. Nothing is changed in that.

"At Asolo," he continues, "my Asolo, when I was young, all natural objects were palpably clothed with fire. They mastered me, not I them. Terror was in their beauty. I was like Moses before the Bush that burned. I adored the splendour I saw. Then I was in danger of being content with it; of mistaking the finite for the infinite beauty. To be satisfied—that was the peril. Now I see things as they are, without imagination. Is that well? In one sense yes."

> But now? The lambent flame is—where?
> Lost from the naked world: earth, sky,
> Hill, vale, tree, flower—Italia's rare
> O'er-running beauty crowds the eye—
> But flame? The Bush is bare.

All is distinct, naked, clear; Nature and nothing else; no deceiving fancy round it; no coloured play of the soul upon it; no fire and flame, as if awe and silence were due to a fulness of God in it, not to the infinitely more of God beyond it. Have I lost anything in getting down to fact instead of to fancy? Have I shut my eyes in pain—pain for disillusion? No—now I know that my home is not in Nature, nor do I find in her the highest joy of imagination; no full satisfaction for me in her—no awe and splendour in her which can keep me with her. Oh, far beyond is the true splendour, the infinite source of awe and love which transcends her:

> No, for the purged ear apprehends
> Earth's import, not the eye late dazed:
> The Voice said: "Call my works thy friends!
> At Nature dost thou shrink amazed?
> God is it who transcends."

All Browning lies in that way of seeing the matter; but he forgets that he could see it in the same fashion while he still retained the imaginative outlook on the world of Nature. And the fact is that he did do so in *Paracelsus*, in *Easter Day*, in a host of other poems. There was then no need for him to lose the glory which clothed the world, to reduce it to naked fact, in order to arrive at this point of view. He had conceived it and believed it long ago. And this explanatory poem, placed at the beginning of his last book, only tells us that he had lost his ancient love of Nature. It is sorrowful to understand it of him.

Finally, the main contentions of this chapter, which are drawn from a chronological view of Browning's treatment of Nature, are perhaps worth a summary. Of these, the first is that, though the love of Nature was always less in him than his love of human nature, yet for the first half of his work it was so interwoven with his human poetry that Nature suggested to him humanity and humanity Nature. And these two, as subjects for thought and feeling, were each uplifted and impassioned, illustrated and developed by this intercommunion. That was a true and high position. Humanity was first, Nature second in Browning's poetry, but both were linked together in a noble marriage; and at that time he wrote his best poetry.

The second thing this chronological treat-

ment of his Nature-poetry shows us that his interest in human nature pushed out his love of Nature, gradually at first, but afterwards more swiftly, till Nature became almost non-existent in his poetry; and there his work sank down into intellectual or ethical exercises, clever analysis of problems—and in these his poetry decayed.

It shows, thirdly, how the love of Nature, returning, but returning with diminished power, entered again into his love of human nature, and restored his poetry to health. It renewed its passion, its singing, and its imaginative power. But reconciliations of this kind do not bring back all the ancient affection and happiness, and Nature and humanity never lived together in his poetry in as vital a harmony as before, nor was the work they were fitted to do together as good as it was of old. A broken marriage is not repaired by apparent condonation. Nature and humanity, though both now dwelt in him, kept separate rooms. Their home-life was destroyed. Browning had been drawn away by a Fifine of fantastic humanity. He never succeeded in living happily again with Elvire; and while our intellectual interest in his work remained, our imaginative interest in it declined. We read it for mental and ethical entertainment, not for ideal joy.

No; if poetry is to be written, if the art is to be brought to its noblest height, if it is to continue to move the hearts of men into the realm where perfection lives, if it is to glow, an unwearied fire, in the world, the love of Nature must be justly mingled in it with the love of humanity. The love of humanity must be first, the love of Nature second, but they must not be divorced. When they are, when the love of Nature forms the only subject, or when the love of man forms the only subject, poetry decays and dies.

The Outgoing

You wept: you had no words to say
  The hour you saw me going
Towards the lone valley dim and grey
  My pathway all unknowing;
But O beyond that valley's throes
How sweetly clear God's stars uprose!

You strove to say, "Farewell! farewell!"
  You thought, "Ah me! he goeth
Down long dumb reaches where no bell
  Will chime, nor tongue he knoweth."
But O when your poor speech was spent
God spake and gave my soul content!

You moaned, and yearning arms stretched out
  That fain had me been holding,
And grieved to think no more about
  They'd shelter me, enfolding:
But O, when loosed from all Earth's best,
God gathered me, and gave me rest!

O my belovëds! fear ye naught
  When earthly voices fail ye,
When human love and human thought
  Can nothing more avail ye;
—Death is God's nurse, she lays, all-blessed,
The newborn soul upon His breast!

DEBORAH.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two travellers arrive at Perrancove Towers, a mansion standing on the sea coast on the borders of Devon and Cornwall. The elder, Mr. Endicott, is owner of the place. He has been travelling for ten years, and for the past five has had the companionship of the younger man, Cuthbert Gregson, whose life Mr. Endicott had saved. On arriving at Perrancove, Gregson learns that Mr. Endicott has an adopted child named Una Cartaret. She is now twenty-one. To please Mr. Endicott, who is dying, and has made Una his heiress, Gregson marries her, with the object of protecting her from her father who would otherwise obtain an evil influence over her. Soon after the marriage Mr. Endicott dies. One night a ship is wrecked off the coast, and Una, hiding in a cave, sees two wreckers robbing a man who has been washed ashore. They leave him for dead, but Una finds he still breathes. She tells a fisherman—Jim Tanner—who carries the stranger, one Duncan Thiselthwaite, to his own home and restores him to health.

Una, Jim, and his father, in order to defeat wrecking, start secretly to build a lifeboat in a haunted cave. Jim's wife, Kathie, is devotedly attached to Una. A sister of Gregson's, Marjorie, comes from America to stay with her brother. She meets and becomes engaged to Duncan Thiselthwaite. He has been a widower but a short time. One morning Marjorie induces Duncan to row her to the Witches' Cave and almost discovers Una's secret. Una's husband, who has been absorbed in writing a book which is nearing completion, begins to take an interest in Una's comings and goings, a fact which Una resents, as they had agreed to live their own lives when they were married, and she fears the building of the lifeboat will be interfered with if her actions are controlled.

CHAPTER XI

INCAPACITATED

How poor are they that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE *Triumph* was finished. One fine afternoon the ceremony of her christening took place, and Una was beside herself with excitement and delight. Old Eli took the matter seriously. Standing on the beach, by the side of the lifeboat, with the sunshine resting on his white hair, he looked like some old patriarch when he raised his hand and said:

"Let us beseech the Almighty's blessing on her."

Tom and Jim uncovered their heads, Una and Kathie dropped upon their knees, and, raising his eyes with humble reverence to the blue sky above, the old man prayed—

"O gracious God, we commend our work to Thy care. Thou knowest why we have toiled so hard. Use her to save Thy creatures, and let us have the Master Himself with us when we venture out on the ragin' billows. Let the souls that we hope to save from a watery death be gathered into the Eternal Lifeboat. Let us, the crew of this small boat, be also the crew of that world-wide one, and do Thou bring us through the storm of life wi' them that we've rescued, safe into Heaven's port at last."

When Una rose from her knees, her face was wet with tears. Impulsively she laid her hand on the old man's arm.

"Oh, I will be one of that crew, God helping me, I will!"

She awaited with feverish impatience the result of a trial trip, which was taken in the darkness of a squally night, and in which, to her bitter disappointment, she was unable to participate. But she heard that the small crew were well satisfied with the *Triumph's* capability for riding over the waves. Her lightness and buoyancy were beyond dispute; and Una began to long for the time to come to test her powers.

Marjorie was still wholly engrossed with her lover. After that one brief awakening, when Cuthbert tried to assert his authority over his bride and failed, he had sunk again into his usual absorption of mind and remained in his study amongst his books. But his work, like Una's, was drawing to an end; and the day came when he packed off his precious manuscript to the publishers, and eagerly awaited the first proof sheets.

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In the waiting time he turned his attention again upon his wife.

"Una, what are you going to do this afternoon?" he asked one morning after breakfast.

"You must not ask her," said Marjorie, laughing. "She has her plans, and carries them out independently of any one else."

"I want you to ride out with me," Cuthbert said, looking straight at his young wife as he spoke.

Una elevated her eyebrows.

"I hardly ever ride," she said; "and I have not seen you on horseback for months. Why do you want me to accompany you?"

"I need not give a reason for all my wishes," was the grave reply. "What hour will suit you? Will two o'clock?"

"I suppose so," Una replied unwillingly; then, meeting Marjorie's mirthful eyes, she said:

"I daresay Marjorie would gladly take my place."

"No, she would not," that little lady replied; "I am going for a ride with Duncan. The adoring lovers, and the devoted husband and wife, may pass each other on the road; but their ways will not lie together. I can safely assure you that!"

When two o'clock came, Una stood on the stone steps in her long green habit, with a perplexed air.

She had by this time become so accustomed to be away from her husband, that she felt strange in his presence.

He lifted her into her saddle, and away they went; across the short spongy turf on the top of the cliffs, meeting the keen salt breeze of the sea, and then down into leafless lanes, with stunted hedgerows.

Una was a good horsewoman, and the rarity of her rides enhanced the pleasure of the present one.

"I do not know why I do not ride oftener," she said, turning her glowing, happy face towards her husband. "But I have been so busy that I have had little time for it."

He laughed.

"Always your important business! And such mysterious business that no one is told about it! Why don't you initiate Marjorie into the delights of your lobster pots and net fishing?"

"Marjorie wants no one but Duncan now," said Una, lightly. "She is never happy unless she is with him. How tired they will get of each other?"

Cuthbert looked at her sharply.

"Have you got tired of me yet?" he asked, half laughingly.

"No," was the sedate reply; "but if I saw as much of you as Marjorie does of Duncan, I should, I know."

"That is not very flattering to me," said Cuthbert, half amused, half vexed at the extreme frankness of his wife. "I mean that you shall see much more of me soon. When my book is out, I shall be an idle man."

"I hope it won't be out just yet," said Una with a smile. "Marjorie vexes me by the fuss she makes over Duncan. Everybody does not think him so wonderful; why should she?"

"It is a mystery," was her husband's short reply.

They had reached the end of the lanes and were coming out on the cliffs again, when Una's horse, that was rather fresh, suddenly took fright at something, and bolted. She sat firmly on her saddle and gripped her reins as tightly as she dared, but Cuthbert, in hot pursuit of her, saw, to his terror, that the frightened horse was making straight for the edge of the cliff. He held his breath, then called out:

"Take your foot from the stirrup and jump."

And as in agony he watched her slight young figure nearing certain destruction, he knew that her life was very precious to him.

Una gathered her long habit together, and obeyed him. She flung herself on the ground only just in time. Her horse, when at the very edge, with a violent start stopped short; but the cliff was crumbling under his feet; a crash of fallen earth and stones, a dying shriek, and the poor creature was hurled hundreds of feet below, to be found some hours later, a shapeless mass on the jagged rocks.

With that shriek in her ears, Una lost consciousness. When she recovered her

senses, she was in her husband's arms, and she lay with her head on his shoulder, wondering in a dazed fashion if she was in bed, and what was the matter with her.

In a moment or two she remembered; and raised her head with an effort.

"Am I broken to pieces?" she asked her husband, with an unsteady smile.

Cuthbert's face was as white as her own; he could not smile in return.

"I don't think you have any broken bones," he said. "Can you rise with my help?"

Una struggled to her feet.

"I am sure I must be a mass of bruises," she said; "and my right arm feels quite stiff. Oh! don't touch it! It must be broken! Just above the wrist!" She almost screamed with pain as her husband took out his handkerchief and made an impromptu sling for it. Then very tenderly he lifted her upon his horse, swung himself up behind her, and supporting her in his arms every step of the way, they rode slowly home. Arrived there, Una collapsed; and the doctor was sent for in haste. He found her severely bruised and shaken, and her right arm fractured, and he ordered her to bed forthwith.

I don't think you have any broken bones, he said. Can you rise with my help?

Una had never been ill in her life. For the first day or two her head was aching so badly that she was content to lie still. Then she grew restive.

"I shall get up and go out. I must!" she asserted one morning, when her husband came to see how she was.

"No," he said gravely; "you cannot do that yet."

"Oh why did we go for that ride!" she moaned. "It is my right arm. It may never heal, and I shall never be able to row! I wish I had broken both legs rather than my arm!"

"Be thankful you escaped death," Cuthbert said as he took a seat by her side. "You were very near it."

"I think I would as soon be dead, as

maimed for life," Una cried. "Oh, Cuthbert, is this doctor a clever one? If you only knew how much depended on my arm! I must get back the use of it as quick as possible. If a real storm comes, what shall I do?"

Cuthbert thought her mind was wandering.

"My dear Una, Doctor Clifford is a clever surgeon. He has set your arm and says it is going on quite satisfactorily. You may not be able to have the free use of it for another month or so yet; but have patience! I am very thankful your hurts are no worse."

"It doesn't make any difference to you," said Una ungraciously. "You don't know what my arms are to me!"

Then she began to laugh at her words; and her ill-humour vanished. Stretching out her left hand she put it into her husband's.

"You have been very good to me, Cuthbert. Almost a Duncan!"

Mirth was in her eyes. Cuthbert surprised her by raising her hand to his lips.

"I am thankful my little wife has been preserved from sudden death," he said earnestly. "I could not have spared her."

Una lay looking at him with puzzled eyes. What had come over her absent-minded husband, she wondered?

Then she gave a little shiver.

"Sudden death!" she repeated. "Where should I be now if you had not told me to jump? My one idea was to stick on poor Polly! I can't bear to think of her end, and yet, as you say, it might have been mine; and my poor mangled body might be lying in a coffin in this very room, or I suppose I should have been buried by this time!"

She shuddered again.

"We will not think of it," her husband said gravely.

There was a silence; then Una said somewhat sadly:

"If I had died, it would have been like a drowning person within reach of the lifeboat, only they had put off getting into it till too late!"

"What do you mean?"

"And," went on Una dreamily, "it would not have been the lifeboat's fault if I had met my fate; it would have been mine—Eli said so."

Cuthbert looked puzzled, and asked for an explanation.

Una gave it to him, straightly and simply as was her fashion.

"It is the way to be truly religious; the way to God, and the way to heaven. Do you remember a text we heard the first Sunday we went to church together? 'I am the Way.' I couldn't understand, and I have often thought of it since. Old Eli says, Jesus Christ is the way to God. We must give ourselves up to Him and put our trust in Him exactly like wrecked sailors would trust themselves to a lifeboat. It sounds simple, doesn't it?"

"Very simple," responded Cuthbert gravely. He had not entirely stifled his desires after better things; and often mused upon his friend's last words, and his own promise to him.

"But," said Una, with a little smile and a shake of her head, "the fact is, I'm rather like the captain Eli told me about. I'm trusting in my own seamanship to see me through. I feel I want to have my way, and my will, and so I'm letting the lifeboat pass me by. I wonder if my accident is a warning to me? But I don't feel I can give up managing for myself yet."

Cuthbert looked at his young wife in silence. He took a few steps up and down the room.

Mr. Endicott's words were sounding in his ear:

"I have found 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Set your heart to find Him too, and lead your wife."

Then he stood in front of her.

"Una, it is a warning; find the Way that Eli has spoken to you about, and then teach me; for I—I cannot lead you to it myself."

He turned, and left the room. Una remained deep in thought. Inaction was always distasteful to her. Usually, when her thoughts became troublesome, she would go out of doors and shake them off by outside interests, but now she could not. She took up a book by her side, but she could not fix her attention upon it. She finally threw it

down in disgust, and let her thoughts have full play.

When Marjorie came into her room an hour later, she was greeted with the words: "I have come to the conclusion that self-will is my curse."

Marjorie laughed gaily.

"It becomes you. As long as it does not clash with my will, I am content to have it so. Only do not let your broken arm lead to morbid fits of self-examination and depression. Has Cuthbert been scolding you, and asserting his authority? I fancy he is waking up at last. Oh, you are a ridiculous couple! You might have been married for fifty years to look at you!"

Una frowned a little.

"You are always trying to make me discontented, Marjorie. Cuthbert and I understand each other perfectly; and we are very happy."

"May I be prevented from experiencing such happiness!" said Marjorie, with a little shrug of her shoulders.

Then changing the subject she said, "I have been out for a walk, and have been talking to your friend Kathie. What a handsome young woman she is! As full of fire as you are of ice: and a strange mixture of innocence and shrewdness. She had just been seeing her husband off on a fishing expedition, and was nearly in tears at not accompanying him. It is going to be 'dirty weather'—isn't that the correct expression?—and Kathie is too precious in her husband's eyes to run any risks. Do you hear the wind rising, Una? Oh, I do hope we are not in for a storm; I cannot bear them so close at hand. We seem to live in the very centre of them."

Una listened to the portentous sounds and signs of a gale with a sinking heart. By the time night came on, waves and wind were lashing the coast in fury. Before she retired to bed she was so excited and restless that she sent a message to Kathie to come and see her, and Kathie appeared with wonderful promptitude, though drenched and beaten with rain and spray.

Una received her by her bedroom fire.

Cuthbert was in his study; Marjorie had gone to bed; so the two girls were undisturbed.

"Kathie, if a vessel should drift this way to night!"

Una's cheeks were crimson with excitement as she spoke.

"The *Triumph* is ready, Missy, and Jim hath come back. He is dog tired, but he'll be out in less than no time if he be wanted."

"Yes," groaned Una, "but what about me? How can I take an oar? and I must be there, Kathie, I must!"

"I'll take your place," said Kathie firmly. "'Tis best for you not to risk makin' your arm worse, Missy! Maybe we shall not be wanted. 'Tis not every storm that brings wrecks."

"Oh, but I am hoping it will. Yes, I really am; so that we shall be able to save them, and feel that all our labour has not been in vain. And I shall be there, Kathie. I'm determined that I shall."

"I had best run up again and tell you if anything happens," said Kathie meditatively.

"No, no; every moment is of consequence. I can see your house from my window; and of course I may see danger signals from any passing vessel, but in case I don't, and the *Triumph* is wanted, wave a lantern twice out of your window, and I shall know."

Kathie promised, and slipped away as quietly as she came. Una paced up and down her room for the next hour in great suspense. The storm increased in violence, the wind tore away huge branches of the oaks in the drive, and dashed them to the ground with triumphant glee. But the noise of the breakers made itself heard above the wind. The sea was lashed into billows of foam, the very rain was swept away by the showers of spray that hurled themselves inland to the great discomfiture of the fishers who, in their oilskins, were keeping as sharp a look-out as wind, and waves, and black darkness permitted them.

Then, as for the twentieth time Una was peering through her casement window, she saw the signal she was expecting, and in the distance she heard the dull booming of a gun.

Quivering with excitement, and not daring to call any one to her assistance, she with

difficulty arrayed herself in her oilskins and sou'wester. More than once she set her teeth, as a sharp pain through her arm reminded her of her hurt; but she muttered with a fixed resolve in her determined little face:

"I shall take my place at the helm, if nowhere else."

CHAPTER XII

CUTHBERT'S AWAKENING

Thou comest between me and those books too often!
I see thy face in everything I see!

LONGFELLOW.

VERY softly she made her way to her sanctum. She had to cross the lower hall, and it was with the greatest caution that she stepped past the library door. From the light still burning there she knew her husband was in it, but as she reached the door of her room a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned in consternation and faced her husband.

"What is the meaning of this?" he inquired; and his voice had a stern ring in it as his keen eyes took in every detail of her dress.

For an instant Una faltered; then she threw back her head defiantly.

"I am going out. Let me pass. Why did you follow me?"

"I heard footsteps, so naturally came out. I have been watching the storm. It is an awful night, and I fancied I heard a signal of distress. My dear child do you think for an instant that I am going to let you venture out on such a night as this?"

"I always slip out on stormy nights," Una said with vehemence. "I have done so ever since I can remember. Every one in the village is up and out. Please don't stop me—I must go."

But Cuthbert stood before her, barring the narrow doorway with his tall, strong figure.

"It is madness to think of such a thing! You have never been out on such a night before, with my knowledge. I will not allow my wife to forget her position, and her duty to me, in such an outrageous freak."

His eyes met hers in a glance that had mastery and determination in it.

Una felt angry and helpless.

"You have no business to interfere with me," she said. "You promised you would not."

"I never promised to stand aside and see my little wife go out in the middle of the night alone and unprotected, and she with a broken arm. Why, child, the wind would dash you to the ground before you got to the bottom of the steps. Come back with me."

He drew her arm into his with a firm though gentle pressure, and Una felt that resistance was useless.

Tears of mortification and bitter disappointment rose to her eyes.

She suffered herself to be led back to her bedroom. Then she turned upon her husband passionately:

"You are making me hate you! You may call it a freak! If lives suffer and are lost through your tyranny I shall never forgive you!"

Cuthbert looked down upon her with an indulgent smile.

"You are very angry naturally," he said; "but Una, I am beginning to think that I have left you too much to yourself, and you have had your own way too long."

He left her, and went into his room.

Una lay awake all that night in wide-eyed misery. More than once she stole to her window in the vain hope of seeing or hearing something. She heard no more guns booming, and the beach was hidden from her view. But when the morning came, a strange story was going the round of Perrancove; it was brought up to the Towers by an old fish-woman, Sal Trepann, who hawked fish about the country-side.

A small sailing-vessel had been driven to the coast, and was almost on the rocks when she sent up a signal of distress. There was to all appearance no hope of saving her, the usual watchers were greedily awaiting her destruction. Suddenly a small black boat was seen approaching her. The raging storm seemed to have little effect on it. Old Martin declared that in one gleam of moonlight before the black clouds swallowed it up,

he saw in the stern the Evil One himself. Another glimpse was got of the crew lowering themselves into it, and three men on the top of the cliff swore they saw the boat with her load dashing into the Witches' Hole. Horror and consternation was among the fishers, and great was the talk about it. When morning dawned, the yacht had entirely disappeared. There was no trace of wreckage, nor was anything washed ashore.

The population of Perrancove felt they had been defrauded of their rights; yet one and all put it down to a supernatural power.

At the breakfast table Cuthbert discussed it with his wife and sister.

"It is continually surprising me afresh," said Cuthbert, "that this village is so given over to superstition and ignorance."

"Well," said Marjorie, with a little shiver, "you shouldn't have such places as the Witches' Hole. There is something uncanny about it. How dreadful for the poor shipwrecked sailors if they got sucked into that awful place."

"The story is that they were taken there in a boat," said Cuthbert. "But of course the whole thing is in the imagination of the narrators. It is easy to fancy things on a pitch black night, with intervals of moonshine. They had better have been in their beds. It is an absurd custom to spend such nights in parading up and down the shore. Only harm and no good can come from it."

"That is a hit at me, of course," said Una, looking across the table at her husband imperturbably. "We had some words last night, Marjorie, and he interfered with me. I told him I hated him, and—and in the morning light he still seems objectionable!"

Cuthbert smiled.

"You are such a child!" he said.

"One day you will find the child astonishing you," retorted Una quickly.

After breakfast, she got through her housekeeping duties with amazing celerity, and then slipped out of the house down to Kathie's cottage. She found that Jim had just gone out; but Kathie welcomed her eagerly, though with a certain amount of caution.

"We must be very careful, Missy," she said, closing her door, and speaking almost under her breath. "Jim says 'tis ticklish work keepin' it quiet, for us were seen by many, an' 'tis the wonder of the village!"

"Oh do tell me all about it from the beginning. I saw your light but couldn't come."

"Eli said he knowed you could not. 'Twas a fearful night. I don't know that ever I was out in such a storm. But the *Triumph* behaved beautiful, she just rose over it all, an' even when us were loaded, Jim only had to bale out when us were a hundred yards from landin'. 'Twas a foreign gent's private boat—a yacht, they call it—and us saved crew and all in two journeys. The yacht was towed into the Witches' Hole at four this mornin', an' she were not much the worse, for they left her anchored. The master and crew boarded her and went off at five, an' us fancies that no one saw her go, for the outlet from the Witches' Hole cannot be seen from Perrancove."

"I can't imagine how we shall keep it secret," said Una, flushing with excitement. "Oh, it is splendid, Kathie! If you hadn't gone, I suppose they would have drifted as usual on to the rocks, and not one of them been alive this morning. Wasn't Jim delighted?"

"He be fair worn out, Missy, this mornin', but he dare not stay indoors, for they be all off fishin', an' his feyther be gone too. But 'twas terrible last night! It made me think o' God an' heaven, Missy! For us knew us might be goin' to our death. Grandfeyther were grand! He prayed all the way, and us said 'Amen' over and over, for 'twas terrible hard rowin'. It made me glad I've given myself into the Lord's strong Hands, for I wasn't feared, but grandfeyther said he were glad you wasn't there. 'Twould be too risky!"

"It is no more risky for me than you," said Una a little indignantly.

Kathie did not reply. She looked somewhat wistfully into her face.

"Now tell me what you are thinking of," Una cried impulsively.

The rich colour mounted to Kathie's cheeks.

"Grandfeyther didn't say it," she faltered;

Poor Patty Jessop was being chased along by a band of boys using sticks and stones as missiles against her

"but I was wonderin', Missy, if death would be risky for you. 'Tis only what you have told me yourself."

Una was struck dumb.

Death risky for her! The thought appalled her. Then after a few moments' silence she gave a little laugh.

"The lifeboat wouldn't be worth much if we got drowned, Kathie! It's ridiculous! Of course there is a certain risk, but it is a very small one. Tell me more about it."

"The gentleman offered a lot of gold pieces to us all, but grandfeyther said no. He were wonderful joyful over bein' saved."

The conversation was interrupted here by a shrill scream of terror outside.

Una opened the door, and dashed out into the street, directly she saw the cause of it. It was poor old Patty Jessop who was being chased along by a band of boys, using sticks and stones as missiles against her.

They stopped when they saw Una, having a wholesome fear of her tongue.

"You cruel, wicked boys, how dare you treat her so! Leave her alone at once!"

"Her have sucked a boat an' crew into the Witches' Hole," muttered the biggest of them sullenly. "Her be fit to be burnt, an' her laughs at us! Us will larn her better!"

Old Patty, who was crouching against the wall, now straightened herself, seeing her protector.

Swinging herself up on the top of an old stone gate post, she stretched out her hands and pointed to the sea.

"Bodies snatched from body snatchers!" she shrieked; "ships an' cargo an' gold will never come to this kind port no more! Watch, an' wait, curse, an' weep, fish will be all that the sea means to give ye!"

A brick in the hands of one of her persecutors was flung at her, but Una intercepted it, and turned with flashing eyes upon the boys.

"Go back, you cowards, and leave the poor old creature alone! If you don't obey me I will take your names, and summon you for assault. Do you hear what I say?"

"Her be a witch," the boldest of the lads asserted; "her knoweth where that black boat did come from, an' her be mockin' us!"

The lads pressed forward, for once heedless of Una's words. Worse than mischief was in their faces, and Una began to fear for the old woman's safety. To her inexpressible relief, she saw her husband approaching. It wanted only a word of explanation to him, and in a moment he had dispersed the boys. Cuthbert was held in great awe and respect by the fishers; they saw little and heard little of him, but he had been elected one of the county magistrates; and was in their eyes a great dignitary.

Old Patty left her high perch, and came up to Una dropping a curtsey.

"A brave husband, me dear, one that needeth to be master in his own house, an' to be taken into secret counsels! Best not leave him at home on a stormy night, for it takes many to fight the cruel sea, an' them that be in league wi' un!"

Una looked startled, and then said soothingly: "Now go away, Patty, and to-morrow the boys will have forgotten all about it."

She turned with her husband.

"The first time you have come to my rescue," she said, laughing. "If my right arm hadn't been so useless, I shouldn't have cared, but I felt it impossible to protect her. How cowardly boys are! What has brought you out at this time of the morning?"

"To look for you," Cuthbert replied promptly.

"You are not going to turn yourself into a kind of prison warder?" Una said, turning mischievous eyes upon him.

"I have left the society of my books for that of my wife's. Is that strange?"

Again that masterful ring in his voice. Una was perplexed.

"It is so silly to be walking about together like this," she said. "I really would rather be alone, if you do not mind."

Then Cuthbert turned and faced her.

"Una, will you be content to walk alone for the rest of your life? We have been mistaken. You are such a child that you do not realise the mistake. But I am finding out that I want my little wife more with me. It is not right for us to live our lives apart. We ought to be one, in purpose, in will, in heart."

Una was silent. They were nearing the

But, said Eli, it seemeth to me 'twill be rare difficult to keep our rescue quiet

cliff at the extremity of the village street before she spoke.

"I don't understand you."

Her voice was slow and even.

"Then you must learn to understand."

Cuthbert's tone was passionate. He stopped when they were alone on the short-tufted grass near the cliff's edge, and taking both her hands in his, made her face him.

"Una we have been a strange kind of married couple up to now. I was content as long as I was engrossed in my book, but now I want something more. This sounds selfish; in fact, I have been telling myself that I have been a selfish brute throughout. The other day when I so nearly lost you, I was enlightened. Do you not think we could bridge over a little of the distance between us, and draw nearer together? Will you try?"

Una gazed at him with steady, troubled eyes.

"I am sorry, Cuthbert, but I do not see what it is that you want. We are good friends, are we not? I think we are quite near enough to each other. Our interests will never be the same. I do not care for books, and you do not care for boats. We are happy apart. Why do you want to stir up everything, and make changes?"

Cuthbert dropped her hands in despair.

"You are a little iceberg," he said moodily; "no feeling, no heart! We have made a mistake. I will not worry you longer with my presence."

He strode away from her, angry, baffled, and perplexed, for love was dawning in his heart for his young wife, and it seemed hard to meet with no response. Una shook her head with a little sigh, as she gazed after him.

"He is a handsomer man than Duncan, but he is beginning to make me a little shy with him. He talks so strangely, and his eyes are so piercing. I wish he would write another book, then he would forget me again. What does he mean by bridging over the distance between us, I wonder? With what could we bridge it over? I will ask Kathie. But I am perfectly certain that I do not want to draw nearer to him. I will go back to Kathie now. I left her so suddenly."

Following her impulse, she retraced her steps. She found Kathie peeling some

potatoes for dinner, and singing as she did so.

Una looked at her thoughtfully.

"Don't you wish sometimes you were a girl again, Kathie, with no husband or house to look after?"

Kathie laughed merrily.

"I have always had a house to look after since I remember," she said. "I would die if I had no husband, I think!"

"How very strange! My husband has just been talking to me so queerly. He says he wants the distance bridged over between us. What does he mean?"

"'Tis the bridge of love will do that," said Kathie, nodding her head wisely. "An' if you'll excuse plain speakin', Missy, 'tis what has been wantin' wi' you, I fancy!"

"Oh, Kathie! that is all nonsense! I have much too important interests in hand to spend my time as my cousin and Mr. Thiselthwaite do. My husband would not wish it. It would tire me to death if I were to try."

"But 'tis a wife's duty to love her husband," said Kathie, with sparkling eyes. "An' it seemeth to me that the Lord do mean husband and wife to be just one entirely, to fit in wi' each other, an' be quite unhappy away from themselves. Like——"

Kathie stopped for want of a simile, then added quickly, "Like a cup and saucer, always used together, an' lookin' odd apart."

It was Una's turn to laugh now.

"You do say such things! When will Jim be home? I want to hear every detail about this strange yacht. I do hope none of the boys will go near the Witches' Hole and discover our secret. I live in constant fear of that. I wonder if old Patty knows about it. She seems to find out everything."

She repeated Patty's words to Kathie, and both girls agreed that it sounded very disquieting.

Kathie promised to tell her husband to keep a watch over the old woman, as much for the safety of their secret as her own.

And then Una left her, and made her way to Eagle's Head, where she heard a full account of the storm and rescue.

"But," said Eli, at the end of his recital, "it seemeth to me 'twill be rare difficult to keep our rescue quiet. Tom be for the lot o' us to be masked, an' lettin' the saved ones find their way to the village to be housed. 'Tis a dangersome trick, an' us had best trust to the Lord at the time, for 'tis not to be reckoned that another crew will take theyselves off so quiet, an' easy like."

"It does seem difficult," said Una thoughtfully. "I am sure we shall not hide it from the village for long, Eli. It is impossible! We must hope when they do discover it, that they will take it kindly."

Eli shook his head doubtfully.

"I mindeth one boat smashed to pieces, an' when the lads get their blood up they won't mind breakin' bones neither!"

"We'll wait till another wreck comes," Una responded lightly. She was not one who anticipated evil. Her outlook on the world in general was a very sunny one. Eli glanced at her bright glowing face with a wise smile, then he said with a shake of his grey locks, "We'll trust and not be afraid, Missy, for in the Lord is our help!"

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for May

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

JOY IN TRIAL

Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations.—James 1. 2,

THUS abruptly does St. James plunge into the heart of a difficult matter. The question how to meet trial has long exercised men: St. James answers it almost before he asks it. He has no doubt as to the temper in which it should be met. According to him, joy is the fitting frame for us when we encounter vicissitudes, pain or sorrow.

We notice that St. James does not shirk the problem of trial. He is no shallow optimist, who ignores painful facts. He boldly admits that manifold temptations are to be expected in life. The word he uses shows how widely his eye was ranged over the field of human existence. He speaks of life as full of many and varying "temptations"—a word which means more than merely afflictions and more than mere temptations to do wrong: in it he includes everything in life which befalling us demands the bracing up of our moral energy to endure or to resist. The word "to tempt" has come to mean to endeavour to mislead a person and so to encompass his fall: it is generally now employed in an evil sense; but the word which St. James uses, and which it is difficult to translate by any other word than temptation, primarily only means to make trial of, to search into; it is nearer in thought to the word "attempt," which leaves the issue of the effect uncertain. Man is to be regarded first as untried; the diverse temptations are the environing trials which come to put him to the proof. As there are evil men in the world, so there are temptations which are designed to bring about a man's fall: evil natures seek to lead men into evil: such are tempters in a bad sense. But the incidents and accidents, as we call them, of life are not arranged with any such evil intention; they are rather such things as are common to man, and they are as experiences which test man's moral quality.

As waves and storms serve to test the seagoing qualities of a ship, as rain and flood test the stability of a house (Matt. vii.), as the perils and stratagems of war test the soldier, so these temptations of life put men to the proof. We may succumb to them; tested we may be tempted; the ship may founder; the house may fall; the soldier may flee, but there is no sinister purpose in storm, or flood or battle; there is value in all; they work experience; they test, and testing they set a stamp of approval upon all that endures; by revealing unsuspected weakness, they point out the way of improvement to him who fails.

We begin now to catch the writer's sturdy philosophy of life as we reflect upon his words. Count it all joy. That is just what we do not think of doing. It is natural and easy to dwell upon the pain, the worry, the inconvenience, the irritation of the many trials of life. They are not fixed and constant; we cannot prepare ourselves against them as men who know that they can only be assailed from one quarter; they come from all sides; they spring up in unexpected places and in unforeseen ways. Thus, repeatedly assailed, it is no wonder that men should be in heaviness, or "put to grief in manifold temptation" (1 Pet. i. 6). It is, as I have said, easy to dwell upon the variety, and fatiguing incessancy of life's troubles. Men have spent their eloquence in describing them. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Sorrow, predestined sorrow, waits him at every turn.

> Before the beginning of years,
> There came to the making of man
> Life with a gift of tears
> Time with a glass that ran.

Like Hamlet, every one has felt at times "the slings and arrows of outrageous for tune." So clear and widespread is the fact,

and so easy is it to enlarge upon the fact that we weary of the commonplace reiteration of complaints. But here we reflect that it is cowardly to spend time in lamenting the inevitable. Wisdom bids us ask how should the ills of life be met? What spirit is most consonant with manhood, when confronted with acknowledged and inevitable ills?

It is in its answer to this question that Christianity rises so high. Stoicism could counsel a proud equanimity, and at times achieved a sort of noble disdain. Buddhism sought to get rid of the cause of suffering by stifling some of the best emotions of the human heart. Both sought to reach an unruffled calm, bred of an indifference, which was either pride or lack of feeling. Christianity meets the problem by calling forth a triumphant spirit, based on invincible confidence. No faith struck with so firm a hand the note of joy in the midst of trouble. We glory in tribulation, said St. Paul (Rom. v. 3). Count it all joy when ye fall into manifold temptations, writes St. James. Do not both disciples lead our thoughts back to their Master. Christ had never concealed from his disciples the truth that tribulation awaited them. "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" but He gave them the right to confidence. The world, which teemed with tribulation, was a world despoiled of all power to harm. It was a vanquished world. "Ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33).

What we ought to realise here is the fundamental view of life which these disciples of Christ took. They were living in a world which did not belong to the powers of evil; whatever strength evil had was a broken strength; the force of evil, however great in appearance, was inherently weak.

> Evil in its nature was decay
> And in a moment can wholly pass away.

Believing this, St. James could say, 'Count it all joy." He employs the part of the verb, which implies that we are to keep on continually reckoning, as faith can reckon, that there is in trial an inherent reason for joy; tribulation is fraught with possibilities which make for keener joy. Note, he does not say that trial is in itself joy; he does not deny that trial is troublesome, but he says that we may and ought to reckon it as bringing reasons and opportunities of gladness. There is labour, fatigue, and not unfrequently pain, in sustained effort, in the strained muscle and in the labouring breath, but there is also a joy in contending, a thrill of gladness which springs from even enforced exertion. Realise the moral victory and the spiritual strength which may come to one who, conquering circumstances, gains mastery over self, and we shall see the reasons for joy which accompany the presence of manifold temptations. Realise, further, the love which the servant of Christ bears to his Master, and we shall know the secret joy which is theirs, to whom it is given "not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer on His behalf" (Ph. i. 29).

SECOND SUNDAY

REASONS FOR JOY IN TRIAL

Knowing that the trial (or proof) of your faith worketh patience.—James i. 3.

THE way in which St. James takes certain things for granted is significant. What another might labour to prove, he assumes to be admitted. In this verse, he takes for granted that "faith" is the fundamental condition of the religious consciousness. This fact the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews states with a clear emphasis. "It is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen." It is the necessary condition of soul which arises in every man who has formed any genuine conception of God. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that seek after Him (Heb. xi. 6). What therefore is put to proof by trial is just the condition of the soul in its relation to God. If a man's confidence in higher principles gives way at the onset of evil, or in the presence of trouble, he can have but little faith in his principles. If we surrender our trust in the God of Right and Truth, because afflictions befall us, our trust must have been poorly rooted. "If thou faint in the day of affliction, thy strength is small."

In the view, then, of St. James, trial was a test of man's moral quality; the various temptations which beset men put to proof their faith in the Eternal Goodness, *i.e.*, in God. It is not in the first instance, in his view, our courage, our energy, our endurance which is tested by trial, but our faith. To him, confidence in God, in the Judge of all the earth, who would do right, is the basis of the religious character. This is quite as we should expect. St. James was a Jew, and to all devout Jews, *i.e.*, to all those Jews who had learned the lesson, taught by history, and enforced by Prophets, faith in God was the first element of religion. The Pharisee and the ceremonialist had obscured this, and had weakened the ethical force of religion in consequence: but those who waited for redemption in Israel had reached the ethical platform to which Prophets like Amos and Habakkuk had led the people.

Faith was to such no mere reliance on a powerful deity who had taken Israel under his patronage. Faith was the conviction of the triumph of righteousness, because it was the conviction of the unswerving righteousness of God. Faith, therefore, was no feeble expectation of help; it was the giving out of a moral sympathy towards the Being who was essentially righteous and towards the order of that kingdom which He ruled in righteousness. There was thus a strong moral element in faith. Faith had ceased in such minds to be the foolish confidence that God would at all costs and without conditions save Israel; there were conditions of righteousness which were inspired by the most rudimentary conception of righteousness. This being so, favouritism was impossible; this being so, great privileges meant great responsibilities. "You only have I known of all the nations of the earth" was the prophetic statement of Israel's privileges; "therefore I will punish you for your iniquities" was the natural sequence in the prophet's mind.

Now wherever this primary conception of the righteous God and the righteous order exists, trial and temptation are not treated as though the righteous order had failed: they are recognised as tests or proofs of our confidence in the impregnability of the righteousness of the divine will. They put us to the proof, whether we can maintain unshaken our confidence in the eternal victory of right in the midst of trial. Those who know what it is to fall into manifold temptations can best appreciate the magnificence of Job's victorious cry; "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," or (R.V.) Wait for Him (Job xiii. 15). It is not too much to say that only those who possess a very deep love of righteousness can reach the high confidence of such a faith. Is it not true that only the soul which lives much with God—walks with Him as the sacred writer expresses it—can gather that inward moral strength which enables it to move triumphantly through the snare-strewn field of temptation? Is it not true that to him to whom righteousness is a supreme reality, doubt of its ultimate victory appears like sin; and every failure of confidence in the eternal strength of right is deplored as weakness. We find this expressed by Tennyson (*Doubt and Prayer*):

> Tho' sin too oft, when smitten by Thy rod
> Rail at "Blind Fate" with many a vain "alas!"
> From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
> By that same path our true forefathers trod!
> And let not reason fail me, nor the sod
> Draw from my death Thy living flower and grass,
> Before I learn that love, which is, and was,
> My Father, and my Brother, and my God.

Thus the initial force of the religious character is faith, and it is this faith which is put to the test by trial.

As we continue our study, we shall see the importance of realising the moral quality of this elementary faith. Character is a moral product, and character can only be built up out of moral materials. It is a fitly proportioned assemblage of moral qualities. In its earliest stage it must possess some moral quality out of which it can grow into higher conditions. The elementary moral quality will call to itself, as it were, some other moral quality to help its growth. This is what St. James expects. The reason why the religious man can reckon it joy when he falls into manifold temptations, is that he knows something of the law of character growth, or moral evolution. Count it all joy, he says, knowing, or recognising the simple law, that the proof of your faith worketh patience. Patience is the

outcome of genuine faith when it is put to proof. Trial is never barren, save in barren souls. Where a true and living faith exists, fruit will spring forth after trial.

The moral quality which St. James selects as the first product of trial or tested faith is patience. Patience is the indispensable quality for all success. Hence we are told that genius is patience. Patience is not, however, to be understood as a kind of passive endurance; there is an active element in patience, a quality which lays hold upon the opportunities which trials bring. There is, if I may use the word, an inventive power in it; for it, like necessity, is a productive power. Philo called it the queen of virtues. It holds a place among the moral qualities of the soul, enumerated by St. Paul and St. Peter. St. Paul places it between tribulation and experience or probation as the Revised Version expresses it (Rom. v. 3, 4). In the list given in 2 Peter i. 5–7, patience holds the fifth place: faith, virtue knowledge, temperance preceding it, and godliness, brotherly love, and love following it. It is indispensable in the architecture of character. If we were to give it a place in the work of character building, we might call it the clerk of the works; but speaking of the ladder of Christian virtues which rises from earth to heaven, we may call patience the stage or platform whence we may ascend towards higher things. Without patience no achievement is possible; with it, none need be despaired of. Can one say less who remembers our Master's words: "In your patience ye shall win your souls" (Luke xxi. 19).

THIRD SUNDAY

And let patience have its perfect work.—James i. 4.

THE little word "its" is in italics, and has no corresponding word in the original. There is no article or pronoun. We might translate the passage thus: "And let patience have a perfect work." But whichever way we take the words, they tell us that we must treat patience as though it possessed an active energy, and we must allow it a free hand, as we say. There is much special wisdom in this precept. In the life of the soul we often injure ourselves by a spirit of restless interference with what I may call natural processes. I have heard a prayer, sometimes prayed which seems to me a mistaken one; the prayer is that we may perceive in ourselves the fruits of Christ's redemption. I am not very sure that I understand what it means, but the last thing that single-minded souls perceive is the progress of those inner changes which are making up the character. All wholesome growth is unconscious. The attention of the boy is upon outward things, upon his cricket or football; the development of his frame in vigour and strength takes place without any personal consciousness. It is with growth as it is with time. We only take note of it by something which tells us of its advance. We know time only by its flight. We know growth only by some external fact which reveals to us what changes have, all unmarked by us, been going on. This is the healthy condition of things. Self-consciousness is the parent of many weaknesses; spiritual self-consciousness promotes a morbid religionism. Let us leave the processes of spiritual growth alone. Let us give a free hand to the agents and instruments which are at work. God-consciousness, not self-consciousness, is the mainstay of healthy souls. God-consciousness keeps us from timid and impatient self-interference. So St. Peter counselled. This is acceptable if for conscience of (so it is in the margin of the Revised Version) God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully. Here is patience being allowed a perfect work; here is patience, being given its freedom of action, because the gaze of the soul is upon God. It is in the moral recognition of God that the spirit of the suffering man is sustained.

If we give patience this free hand, patience will do the needed work without our help. Patience is an expert builder of character; but the restless spirit spoils her work. Patience only asks the right and freedom of going on. Patience is thus an expert agent in the soul, bringing an inner strength, leaving grief free to work that softening result, which can only come when sorrow and patience co-operate in an experience. Here is the paradox. If thy soul be strengthened with patience, sorrow shall soften thy heart. If

thy soul be weak and irritable, sorrow will harden thee. Be firm towards thyself in sorrow, so will thy heart grow tender to those who suffer. Be tender towards thyself, and thou wilt grow indifferent to the sorrows of others. If this paradox be true—and who does not know that it is?—then there is indeed reason for leaving patience free to do her work? This principle underlies Tennyson's words—

> Steel me with patience! soften me with grief!

It is the man whose soul is armed with patience who will win the softening influence of grief. Tears, like gentle rain, will make ready the soil of the heart. Patience works slowly, and loves best to work unnoticed, but her work is a sort of magic, for she puts in man's hands a power of self-emancipation. Thus writes Milton, in "Samson Agonistes"—

> Patience is more oft the exercise
> Of saints, the trial of their fortitude;
> Making them each his own deliverer,
> And victor over all
> That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE FINAL PURPOSE OF TRIAL

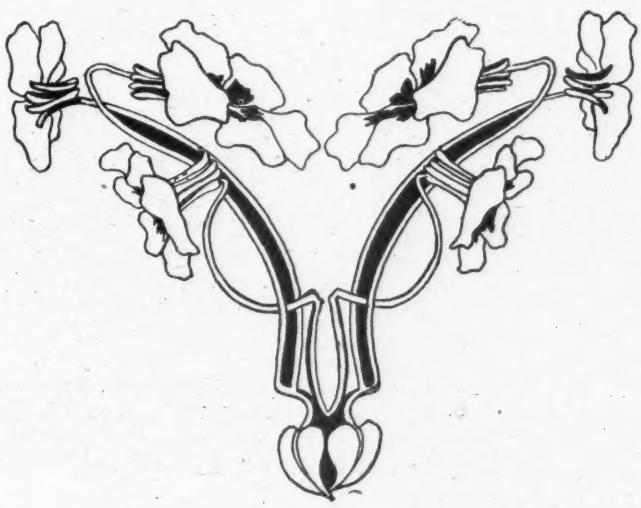
That ye may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing—James 1. 4.

THE ambition of moral completeness is common among New Testament writers. It is the outcome of their belief that there is an ideal pattern to which man must ultimately grow. Just as Moses was shown in the Mount the pattern according to which he was to make all things, so is there a divine image to which man is to grow, and in growing to which he fulfils his true destiny. But the attainment of this destiny may be thought of in two ways—the attainment of maturity and the attainment of completion. Thus man reaches maturity when he attains his full age; he reaches completeness when he attains his true and natural growth. St. James uses two words to express his thought. Perfect, and entire. The first of these refers to ripe or full growth or maturity; in the natural world—sheep, for instance are described as "perfect" in contrast to those young and dependent upon their mothers; they are those who can, as we say, fend for themselves. We may recall the reproach in Heb. v. 12–14, uttered against those Christians who remained in a state of childish backwardness: the writer tells them that they are like babes who still need to be fed with milk. Having uttered this reproach, he finds the exhortation (Heb. vi. 1)—"Let us press on unto perfection"—where the perfection is clearly that perfection of growth which is equivalent to the mature capacity of using their own powers. The second word "entire" is a word used to express the absence of any flaw or blemish; for instance, the sacrificial lamb was to be a lamb without blemish; it was to be complete in all its parts and members; it was to be neither deformed nor defective. Thus the two words express completeness of capacity as well as freedom from deformity or defect. The ideal set before us is of one who is sound in frame and complete in limbs and members; and as if to emphasise, even more exactly the perfection of the ideal, St. James adds, "lacking in nothing." We realise that the standard set before his readers by St. James is nothing short of the true divine ideal; his words are only an elaboration of the words of his Master: "Ye therefore shall be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. v. 48). To attain to this became the Christian ambition. The ambition for possessions was changed into the ambition of becoming better. To be was more important than to have. Wealth was no longer the measure of worth; it was character. And character was no longer a vague ideal; it was character, mature, vigorous, complete, an all-round character, which was desired. It was character whose growth was contributed to by the careful development and government of all parts of man's nature. The body in subjection, as St. Paul said (1 Cor. ix. 23–27); the mind filled with noble thoughts; the affections set upon things above; so that the Apostolic prayer might be fulfilled. "And may your spirit, soul and body, be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Th. v. 23).

We may question, as earnest people have at all times questioned, whether this maturity

and completeness is expected of Christian people here and now, or whether it is an ideal, which they can only hope to attain when they are delivered from the bondage of the flesh. Such questionings, however natural, are, I am inclined to think, not very wholesome. To answer them either way is to court misapprehension, and to invite temptation. If we say, Not here or now can we attain this maturity, then on such a reply our indolence relies, and finds in it an excuse for relaxing diligence. If we say, Yes! here and now, then pride and self-deception dispose us to lower the standard of the ideal, and claim to have achieved more than has been really won. Does not the true answer run on this wise? Rest assured that those who have reached the highest measure of Christian maturity are just those who will most keenly realise how far they fall short of the ideal! Was it not the great and unfalteringly earnest Apostle who wrote—"Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect, but I press on, if so be that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended" (Phil. iii. 12, 13). In proportion as we are self-satisfied we are failures. This is for human beings a safe rule. The sculptor was saddest at heart when he saw no fault in his work. He took his satisfaction as a sign that his ideal, and so his self-criticising power, was deserting him. The old Puritan Lightfoot wrote wisely—"They least have the spirit who boast of the spirit."

There is then a very simple lesson left to us. Keep the highest ideal before you: it will raise you, and it will humble you. Is not this what Jesus Christ is constantly doing to the world? What noble ranges of character and conduct has He not set before us? What splendid possibilities has He not opened to the weakest people and the most obscure lives? And yet, how truly His character rebukes those who bear His name from age to age. Christian Society to-day, as it realises how little the spirit of Christ really inspires human life, must acknowledge with St. Paul—"We count not ourselves to have apprehended." Happy will it be, if it can enter into the Apostle's resolve. "One thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 13).



(A. Orr, photo, Londonderry)

Dr. and Mrs. Smyth and family

Dr. Smyth of Donegal*

IN moments of dejection, when nothing seems worth while and nobody worth much, it is no bad thing to remember that there is more good in the world than meets the eye. Many books have been written to tell of the lives of heroes and of saints. But they have left the best untold. There can be no doubt that many a life has been lived—many a life is even now in progress—of which the beauty, the self-sacrifice, the courage, and the loving kindness are greater than those of any recorded life but one. Of all walks in life that of a doctor would provide as many instances of this unnoticed virtue as any other. Of course there are doctors who look upon their profession merely as a means to an end, and that end money. But how few of these are to be found! Let any man look back over his own experience. He has known many doctors. Some he has sought in the hour of urgent anxiety when his best beloved have been laid low. Some he has seen standing by his own bedside. To some he has owed the hope and courage which have helped to bring him back to life. To some he has unburdened himself of mental troubles which have weighed him to the ground. In few cases will he find that the doctor—the friend who has never failed him—has confined himself to the strict limit of what he might be expected to do in return for his fee. And if this is the case, what would the poor say if it were possible to ask them? What about the advice, the medicine, the ungrudging attention, for which no pecuniary return can be expected? To none have been given such opportunities of "going about doing good" as to our doctors, and nobly have they used them.

But it is one thing to give willing help and prompt relief to those who live within easy reach of the doctor's house—in the side streets of the town or within a mile or two's

* Under the title of "A Hero of Donegal," Mr. F. D. How has written an interesting account of Dr. Smyth's life and work, which Messrs. Isbister are about to publish (*2s. 6d.* net.)

drive along a splendid road: it is quite another to be ready night or day to face storm and tempest, over rugged hills or tossing sea, to reach the sick bed of a peasant in the highlands of Scotland, or among the rocky islands off the coast of Donegal. What such a life may be has been written in the "Bonnie Briar Bush," and, beautiful as the story is, there is no exaggeration. There are scores of men, thank God, working under physical conditions of the most trying kind, who spare neither health nor worldly goods in their efforts to make the simple people among whom they live a little happier, a little healthier, a little easier in their hour of pain. Now and again some special circumstance brings such a life into notoriety. Such has been the case lately with a man whom the Press has described as "a medical hero," and whose tragic end has aroused an almost world wide sympathy.

William Smyth was dispensary doctor at Burtonport—a little fishing station on the coast of Donegal exactly opposite to the island of Arranmore. The son of Dr. Samuel Smyth of Mount Charles in the same county—a place, in fact, situated on Donegal Bay itself—he had absorbed the true feeling of the country and the people from his earliest years. By that it is not meant that he shared the religious or political beliefs of the majority of the natives for he was a staunch Protestant and loyalist. But he was absolutely at home on the wild and barren hills, on the innumerable islands round the coast, on the intricate and often stormy channels which divide them, and in the cabins of the peasantry in all the country side. He loved the people and the beasts and the birds and the fishes. He gloried in the sweep of the wind from off the wide Atlantic, and in the untamed beauty of the landscape and the sea. And in return he was loved as few men have ever been, more even, if possible, than was his father in whose footsteps he trod.

But he was not only loved, he was also the pride of Donegal. What county could show his equal? "The finest man in Ireland all out!" So was he described. And rightly. He was of splendid physique, about six feet two in height, and magnificently made. He weighed some fifteen stone, but had not an ounce of superfluous flesh. His features were finely formed, and mouth and chin gave an impression of indomitable per-

Dispensary and Courthouse, Arranmore

severance. When at Trinity College, Dublin, he was a notable athlete, obtaining the championship for the long jump, and a considerable reputation for boxing and wrestling. Afterwards, when living at Burtonport, he

(From a photograph by H. A. Paley, Esq.)

Near Burtonport

was famous for his skill in taming and driving the most difficult horses, but above all for his seamanship and his handling of his yacht the *Stella* in weather which kept all other craft in harbour. Small wonder that the people were proud of him! And yet, if to-day you ask them to tell you what he was, these things are not the first to come from lips which tremble with grief as they speak of him. They tell you first of his goodness to the poor. Of his cheerful readiness to drive a dozen miles by night or day in any weather to visit a sick woman or soothe a dying child. Of his giving back his fee to provide for the wants of the family. Of his presents of money and of food. Above all, of his devotion in nursing "the faver"—the dreaded typhus—which periodically descends upon the helpless folk and takes its dreadful toll.

He was in fact an example of that splendid combination of gentleness and strength, of firmness and tenderest sympathy, which produces the most trusted and most lovable of men.

Thus and thus only is it possible to account for the fact that he retained so secure a hold upon the affections and trust of the people in spite of the fact of his religious and political opinions. The very priests themselves worked heart and soul with him, and were amongst the most sincere mourners at his funeral. They bear witness that on no single occasion did they ever hear from their people one word except in praise of "the doctor." It is probably not too much to say that there was no one in all that wide parish—and being a truly "congested district" it numbers some 7000 souls—who had not a personal liking for him even though some few treated him ill.

There has come a great change over the land since the County Council system was introduced in Ireland. In old days the various appointments were usually given to men of superior education and position, who were also loyalists and often Protestants,

Now the power of making these appointments has got into the hands of an almost unbroken majority of Nationalists, and they are busy trying to get rid of the former holders of the various offices in order to put in their own relations and friends. Much as this is to be regretted it is not unnatural, and to this must be ascribed some of the trials and difficulties with which Dr. Smyth was beset in his later years.

In spite of these things, and in spite too of assurances from many friends, leading Dublin physicians and others—that with his skill and knowledge and with his "presence" he might easily attain to a position of far greater eminence (and consequent wealth) in London or some great centre of population, he clung to his work among the scenes and the people whom he knew and loved so well. It is a matter of thankfulness that he did so. It is a grand thing to see a man doing the work which lies ready to his hand with all his might, and, further, it may be certainly affirmed that no one could do it as he did. It will be long enough before any one is found with his knowledge of the sea and of boats to visit the eight islands forming part of the district, and with his physical powers to stand the strain of long exposures followed by hours of attendance in a stifling and insanitary house. It will, perhaps, be longer yet before a man is found so oblivious of self, so devoted to the cause of others.

But there were special ties to bind him to the district. Not only was he a native himself, but his wife, too, belonged to Donegal, and of his numerous family (fourteen in all) six children lay buried in the little churchyard five miles off at Dunglow. How he loved his children! Nay, how he loved all children! Of the thousands who miss him sorely to-day, next to that partner of his life who, brave as himself, was his ever-ready assistant in all his work, the children must be reckoned chief; first his own, and then all those little ones for whom he had a word and a smile as he passed upon his way.

Time after time had this devoted man fought with the typhus foe. This fearful complaint, which improved sanitation has practically driven away from the rest of the British Isles, still appears with unabated virulence from time to time in the West of Ireland. Doctors, priests, nurses, have fallen in their efforts to check its advance. Scenes the most awful have been witnessed. Dr. Smyth himself once attended a house where all seven inhabitants were lying upon the mud floor of the single room in the grip of the dread disease. But he was absolutely fearless, although he had said that he knew that should he be attacked he should not recover. Time after time he came out scatheless. But the day came at last when even he succumbed. For some years he had not been in such robust health as formerly, and that had probably much to do with the fatal result of the outbreak of fever on Arranmore Island last autumn.

Determined not to allow the disease to spread, if by any means it could be avoided, he would not let the district nurse attend the cases. He was nurse and doctor in one. More than that he took over the necessaries of life for the patients, and lived for the time being absolutely for them. It had to be so, for no one would go near either them or him. The people in these parts are so terrified of the typhus that they leave their nearest and dearest to perish sooner than run any risk themselves. Alone, then, he rowed across the three or four miles of sea to Arranmore day after day. No friendly hand was there to help him moor his boat—no "boy" to share the load of food and medicine he bore across the hillside to the stricken houses. At the sight of him—though one and all loved him dearly—there was a general flight to a distance judged to be safe from infection.

Then came the final act. He persuaded one family to go to the Glenties hospital. This meant crossing to Burtonport, and then a drive of twenty Irish miles. The latter would be accomplished by the ambulance; but how were they to cross the sea? No boat could be had for love or money. At last an old crazy thing was bought for a couple of sovereigns, and in this Dr. Smyth and the medical officer of health for Donegal (who came at the eleventh hour to his assistance) rowed them across. It was altogether outside the necessary duty of the doctor. But,

like so many others, William Smyth had no thought of that. His only desire was to do what he could. The deed brought its reward. Every patient regained health. But what of him the nurse, the doctor, the devoted friend? On him the deadly fever laid its hold. In a few weeks' time he was laid beside his children in the churchyard at Dunglow. Widow and children were left bereaved and helpless. A country wept. But one more heroic deed had been done, one more example set for us to follow.

A Hedge Schoolmaster

By J. R. M'Mahon

NAT KELLY'S cabin was one of the familiar landmarks on my daily seven-mile ride between my father's farm and the old Foundation School at Bishopstown, County Donegal.

The cabin stood on a hillside, and its threshold was at least a couple of feet below the level of the road, its thatch was green with moss and irregular for want of repair, its chimney was a mere vent-hole, and its general appearance was tumble-down in the extreme. Such was the singular academy where Nat, in the days that I speak of, some fifty years ago, taught a dozen or so of the children of the neighbouring labourers. Often would I meet the scholars straggling along the road, each with a three-legged stool and a Reedy-ma-deesy—a cryptogram from which you will perhaps disentangle Reading Made Easy—with the addition, in winter, of a turf each for the fire. Passing a little later you would have seen, through the open upper half of Nat's door, dim figures in a mist of blue smoke, and have heard a babel of voices repeating the "Ah, Bay, Say," or the multiplication table.

Nat himself was rarely seen out of doors except in the evening, when he would, every once in a while, make his way down to a neighbouring shebeen, where, according to local report, he would on occasion hold forth "like wan possessed, wid the larnin' an' poethry an' the haythen tongues just bubblin' from his lips," and at another time would be "that glum and sullen there was no draggin' a word out of him." But in either case he never failed to take home with him a jar of what he insisted on calling, my informant said, "'neck-tar,' though indade Clancy's 'goat's-milk' was not that bad at all."

Some opined that there was a tragedy behind him—for how else should a man who could spout Latin verse have come to that pass?—but none could affirm anything definite, and it may be that the jar held all the secret there was.

Passing always in the daytime I had never happened to see Nat on the road till one evening just before the Christmas holidays, in my last year at school. My bag of books was full—for the hope of an exhibition at Queen's next session had begun to fire me—and in my hand I carried the overflow, a bulky, leather-backed "Virgil Delphini," with which, if the truth must be told, I had been trying some circus tricks, throwing it up and catching it again as I rode—for even an impending scholarship exam. will not sober a schoolboy on the eve of the holidays. I was balancing it in one hand over my head, I remember, as I came up to Nat's, and I nearly dropped it in astonishment when the old man suddenly shambled across the road and stopped me, laying a hand on my pony's mane. I think I can see him now. On his bent shoulders hung a long, coarse linen coat, once white, now thick-stained with the soot drops that slowly gathered on rafters and wattle from the smoke of earthy peat; the face he raised to me must have been handsome once, for the forehead was good, and the nose slightly aquiline, but the outlines, that should have been keen, were somehow blurred, and the watery, red-lidded eyes told their story only too plainly. They lighted up, though, as they fell on the Virgil,

and he put out a hand that twitched nervously—though he was perfectly sober now—to take it.

"Well, my young scholar," he said, "what is your favourite passage?"

I gave a boyish verdict for the description of the ship-race, and the old man opened the book and read, mouthing out the sounding lines in tones that gathered strength as he proceeded, with a trick of voice that brought out the rhythm and a caressing touch for the "jewelled phrases." He paused and his face fell.

"Ay," he said, "that's your fancy, is it? Well, here's a bit that's more in my line," and turning to a passage in the First Georgic, he read with impressive emphasis the lines:

Sic omnia fatis
In peius ruere ac retro sublapsa referri,
Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit, si bracchia forte remisit,
Atque illum praeceps prono rapit alveus amni.

"Ay, lad," he said, "that's life—master the current, or it masters you. It's many a year since I lost my hold on the oars, but I'm trying now to give another a bit of a shove off, and God grant he may make a better fight for it than I. I've a youngster here," he went on with rising enthusiasm, "that has got the root o' the matter in him. I'm much mistaken but he'll go far if he gets his chance. He's to try for a bursary at the Foundation next term, and I want you to promise you'll say a kind word to him when he's up there all by himself among strangers, for he's a sensitive lad, and it would make all the difference to him to be spoken fair. 'Alec, lad'," he called, and a delicate-looking boy, who had apparently been waiting shyly inside the cabin, came out to us. He was pale and a little pinched-looking, but the feature of his face that you noticed first and last was the fine, full brown eyes that you "felt" when he turned them on you. A little girlish, he seemed to me, who prided myself on being able to reap or thresh with the best labourer on the farm, and could carry a penny betwixt my knee and the saddle; but his evident hero-worship disarmed me, and I promised readily enough to look after him when he came up to school. Moreover, won by an astute stroke of flattery on Nat's part, I promised to ride over once or twice in the holidays and give the youngster some hints on making the most of his knowledge in the examination, and with that the odd interview ended.

I was riding along quietly, thinking of the tale I should have for my mother, who always expected an account of the day's happenings—not as an inquisitor, but for comradeship—when, soon after fording the river which ran at the foot of the hill, I came upon Clancy, the shebeen-keeper. I knew him, for he was a bit of a sporting character, and kept ferrets, which I occasionally borrowed, and he was accustomed to "put speak upon me" when we met.

"What at all's come to Nat," he said, "that I seen stoppin' ye up on the hill there? It's times and times since he's been down my way."

I was only a lad, and not a particularly serious one, but I acted on an impulse then that I have always been glad to look back on.

"For God's sake," I said, "let him alone He has a lad he's keen to get into the School, and it's for that he'll be keeping himself straight. I suppose," I added, with youthful cynicism—for it is only later one learns that men are rarely logical either for good or ill—"you won't want to let a good customer slip, but for any sake let him be till the boy's through."

Clancy was righteously indignant. "Och, now, that's a hard word to be sayin', Master John. Niver a fut wud I stir to tempt the man. God knows I'd be glad enough if he never darkened my door again. It's ruination to him as it's not to the lave of us. But I'll watch that none o' the boys do be takin' it up to him for frindliness"—and I knew after that he had kept his word.

Two days later there set in a snowstorm such as we rarely experience in our parts, and for nearly a fortnight it kept us weather-bound at our rather isolated farm.

Almost the first news that reached us when communication was restored was that Nat was lying dangerously ill at Farmer M'Queen's, having been almost drowned in a flooded stream, but particulars were lacking. It was from Alec M'Kee afterwards that I first

heard all that had passed. Alec lived more than a mile from Nat's, and through the worst of the weather he was prevented from going to his daily coaching, much to his own chagrin, and, as he could guess, not less to Nat's. The first day of the thaw nothing would do the lad but he must make the attempt. He struggled on well enough till he came to the Garvey river, not a hundred yards from Nat's door. The river, of course, was coming down in flood. The light plank bridge had been carried away, and the current was rushing like a mill-race. However, a fallen tree-trunk had got jammed across in a way that offered a kind of bridge, and the lad thought he could cross by it. Half-way over, a bit of moss gave way under him; he lost his footing and fell into the seething current.

As he went under he managed to clutch at a branch that projected out into the water and clung to it desperately, but against the rush of the ice-cold current he felt his hold was a matter of moments. He shouted with the strength of desperation, and Nat heard him and hurried to the spot. Even so he was only just in time. He managed to crawl out upon the log, but he found it beyond his power to grip the boy and pull him up, and Alec was past doing much for himself. For a second Nat seemed to hesitate; it was not long to be the supreme moment of a man's life. Then he plunged in and grasped the lad, bidding him let go of the branch. Both were swept down by the current, of course, but Nat fought manfully, and at the bend below managed to make the bank, and crawled out, dragging the now unconscious boy with him; and then his strength failed completely. It was half an hour before they were found, and though then they were carried to Farmer M'Queen's, and everything done that could be, Nat's broken constitution had not the strength to rally. Acute inflammation of the lungs set in, and the doctor could give no hope. Nat seemed, indeed, to have small wish to live. His one thought, repeated over and over in his mind-wanderings, was, "The boy will have his chance. A wasted life for one that may do great things—a good bargain, a good bargain."

Often kind-hearted Mistress M'Queen came from his bedside wet-eyed, but the old Minister, Dr. McFarren—"a man greatly beloved"—who remained long with him on the second day after the accident, when his mind cleared for a while, came out of his room with the look of one who has seen a victory. On the next morning Nat passed quietly away.

All the country side came to the funeral, and my father and I were of the little company that gathered into Mrs. M'Queen's parlour for the service, which in those days was always held in the house. Alec, who had made a good recovery, was there pale and awed-looking, but he had been made to realise that Nat had died an enviable death, and he bore up well.

The Minister addressed some solemn words to him specially, dwelling on the obligation laid upon him to fulfil Nat's ideal, and repeating once or twice the strange sounding words, "Baptized for the dead."

After the sad ceremony we took Alec home to stay with us, and my mother never rested until her good feeding brought some colour to his cheeks, while I did what I could to further his chances for the bursary.

The lad fulfilled his promise, though it is not of anything sensational that I have to tell. After a brilliant career at school and college, that might have opened several doors to him, he chose the ministry, and I well remember the first sermon that he preached in his native place. Wisely, he did not return there until he had been "a placed man" for some time and had full command of his resources. His text was, "Greater love hath no man than this . . . " and as he spoke there fell upon the congregation that hush which tells that a man is speaking home to the heart. But there was another text that ran as an undertone in my ears—until I too was swept into the current of his thought. It was the solemn word of the old Minister, "Baptized for the Dead."

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—III. Mr. J. M. Barrie

THE letters sent in continue to be both interesting and instructive. Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Kipling received much adverse, though friendly, criticism, whilst Mr. Barrie meets with almost universal appreciation. True it is admitted that he confines his work to a much smaller sphere than either Mr. Hall Caine or Mr. Kipling, and it is pointed out that he does not deal with such vast problems as either of these two novelists. Yet his understanding of human nature is, it is asserted, no less than theirs, whilst he can do what they cannot—portray a true, natural woman.

Thanks are freely tendered to Mr. Barrie for writing stories which are pure, wholesome, and elevating. Our readers find it a relief that a writer of his genius should have left the baser passions alone and introduced them instead to the humble home-life of the Scotch peasant, with its atmosphere of sympathy and devotion, of humour which "never hurts," and pathos which "is true."

"A Window in Thrums" and "Margaret Ogilvie," are, according to the opinions expressed, Mr. Barrie's most notable books. A few essayists doubt whether Margaret Ogilvie should have been written—the subject was too sacred—but the mass of feeling is strongly on the other side. "In the soft face of Margaret Ogilvie you saw the mother of us all and wrote of her," says one. This thought is uppermost in many minds

"Auld Licht Idylls" and "The Little Minister" dispute with each other for second place in popular estimation; whilst "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel" are appreciated as a brilliant study of the "artistic temperament." Grizel has found a permanent place in many hearts; with Tommy it is otherwise. As he grows from boyhood to manhood the regard for him becomes less and less, and the severe utterance is made, "that it is a pity he should ever have grown to be a man."

Just one fear is expressed, and that is that Mr. Barrie's dramatic instinct may lead him to devote more time to play writing than to literature, a circumstance which we gather would be regarded with genuine regret.

This month we invite open letters under the same conditions to

MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

The letters must not exceed 1500 words in length. They must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than May 25, being addressed "Open Letter Competition," GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. They must be addressed to Mr. Crockett as an author—with him as a personality apart from his writings we have nothing to do. Prizes will be awarded to the three letters adjudged to be best as follows: First Prize, £5: Second Prize, £3; Third Prize, £2. The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final.

The winning letters addressed to Mr. Barrie follow.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

To Mr. J. M. Barrie

DEAR MR. BARRIE,

Since you wrote "A Window in Thrums," we have obtained a clearer insight into the life and ideas of the particular class you have chosen to describe, the Scotch weaver, than we had thought possible. We may well question if any race or any type has had such a loving, such a faithful student. Certainly no English writer has touched the lives of his humbler neighbours with the same delicacy of feeling, or felicity of phrase, or such mingling of pathos and humour. But then, on this side of the Border, we should scarcely repay it. The Southron lives a more mundane existence; and even granting not very dissimilar circumstances, the Lancashire workers of

Mrs. Gaskell are not the weavers of Thrums. The intellectuality and energy of the race you know so well are qualities peculiar to the soil; their religious fervour—I had almost said fury—is something we cannot quite grasp. Yet if you cannot bring home to us the narrow intensity of the "Auld Lichts," and their everlasting struggles against the wickedness of others, we know no one else gifted enough to do it. The most astonishing quality you possess, it seems to me, is your almost unerring tenderness and delicacy of touch. You could be so merciless, if you chose, to these weavers whose restricted sense of humour exposes them so hopelessly to the shafts of satire. Sometimes you are satirical of purpose, but often it must be unconsciously. You conceal nothing, yet you give the quagmire of realism a wide berth. The savage intolerance, the passionate love of home, the craving for spiritual excess, the "chill penury," and the romantic though suppressed intensity of their loves, are all handled with an instant appreciation of their human value and effect on character. And, in describing the grotesque contrasts, the defects of their qualities, and the darker features of their hard-driven lives, you show a wonderful tact and restraint.

It is your skill in delineating the many varieties of character and personal idiosyncrasy of a more or less sharply defined racial type, and your conscientious determination to report dialogue faithfully, that enables me to say, without any hesitation, that "A Window in Thrums," and "Auld Licht Idylls," represent your most characteristic work. They may not be your most ambitious efforts, but they do justice to your keen perception of the niceties of humour and sentiment, and the minutiæ of life. As for "Margaret Ogilvie," a more beautiful and convincing picture of a mother's love has never been drawn. You are rightly proud of the expression it gives to the loyalty of the Scot to his home. And Margaret Ogilvie herself? Was there ever a more natural mother, with her sleepless sympathy, her little perjuries, and her jealous loyalty to her son?

I do not think that we want other than these three works to bring back to the memory your peculiar gifts of portraiture and phrase. You do not take a large portion of life's stage for your characters. Nor do you need it. No one ever carried out the advice, "Take the work that's nearest," more honestly or more successfully. Even your longer works are but amplified sketches and scenes wherein you play upon the same human instrument for longer periods. The social type is always the same; you rarely extend your view to take in others, and we must confess that when they do intrude they are not a success, as Lady Pippinworth for instance. You rarely trouble yourself with backgrounds, for the human interest with you overpowers everything else. Indeed, it has seemed to me that you fall, as well as "Sentimental Tommy," into the error Pym raged against so furiously—long analysis of emotion and subtle definitions of sentiment, while the story remains somewhat in abeyance. "Sentimental Tommy" is an unusual boy, but still a very charming boy but Thomas Sandys, the man, is a miserable creature. We acknowledge the skill with which the characteristics of the man, his almost incredible self-consciousness and mental selfishness, are insisted upon. But what a character! Only a genius could have evolved such a man, though he may be the natural product of peculiar conditions of life. I cannot realise him. The fashion of his death, too, is either a satire on his morbid sensitiveness, and if so, a natural end to the man, or one of those incongruous and grotesque touches which you introduce into your narratives. One sees the man now, hanging throttled from that spike! The "Little Minister," with his love, his painfully active conscience, and his eccentricity, is another character whom you torture with a droll cruelty, holding him up to derision, and placing him in the most ridiculous situations. The final scene in the flood is extraordinary; nay, it is weak. It would seem as if he, like "Sentimental Tommy," had only existed for you to cover him with ridicule at the last.

But, sir, if some of your more carefully constructed men are a puzzle to a man, your women are very beautiful. Jean Myles and

the pathos of her repentance is undeniable, and the squalid surroundings of the London life are drawn with unusual care, the more to impress us with their contrast to the gorgeous accounts she sends to envying Thrums. Elspeth is somewhat shadowy, but Grizel is a charming creation with her crooked smile and transparent purity of mind. Perhaps your best female character, the most human and the truest, is Miss Ailie; no feminine pen has touched a similar story with greater tenderness or appreciation of sisterly affection.

I do not deny to "Sentimental Tommy" a very real fascination, and Pym is amusing; but in the sequel Tommy clogs the freshness of the atmosphere with his sickly sentiment, and we can tolerate him no longer. It is Grizel and the Doctor and Aaron Latta who appeal to us as flesh and blood.

No, it is to the keen clear-cut word-pictures of the men and women brought up within the narrow limits of the weavers' town that we turn for your best and your freshest work, for there, I am sure, your heart is. Your style is suited to these more or less detached vignettes of Scotch life, because it has not, with all its ease and elasticity, the swing of one who tells of stirring deeds or travels far. You have kept, and rightly, to the people you know, and concentrated your powers where they can be applied best. You probably agree with the "Auld Lichts," who said of the lairds: "They travelled too much to be good men." The peculiar atmosphere of Thrums, the dull, dreary outlook, "the common round, the daily task," have given you many curious growths of character, many warped and twisted individualities to study, yet you have selected those that show us human nature as it really is, with a leaning to better things. The pathetic unselfish figure of Cree Queery carrying his old mother, the cautious impartiality of "T' Knowhead's Bell," the startling feasts of reason alternating with gloomy debauch—a discussion on the immortality of the soul, adjourned *sine die* while the disputants took whiskey at the time—and the heroic struggles of the "Auld Lichts" to keep their successive ministers in the narrow path, are phases and human figures drawn with innumerable masterly touches, some slight, some deeply toned, but all sharp and clear. Moreover, you seem to have escaped the fate of so much of our literature, a tendency to putrefy. Yes, we cannot be too thankful that you have refused to stir up mud. You have sweetened and purified all you have touched, as well as illuminated the best features of the race you love. This is not your least fame, and it cannot be too often repeated. We must not forget, too, that in "The Professor's Love Story," you have given us a comedy of the old sweet stamp. It may not have fulfilled all the requirements of good comedy, but insomuch as it brought a breath of something purer and sweeter to our nostrils than the morbid "preparations" of humanity over which the anatomical demonstrations of fiction gloat with such dreadful if scientific ease, we are deeply thankful. There are few able literary artists of the first rank we can read with such unmitigated pleasure, or recommend with such ungrudging assent to tender hearts and innocent eyes.

Belmont,
Ightham,
Sevenoaks.

M. CHURCH.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

DEAR SIR,

If one were asked to name the chief characteristic of your writing one would be inclined to say that it lay in its irresistible and delightful humour. And yet this alone would be a very inadequate criticism of "A Window in Thrums," or of any of the Thrums literature as it may be called. "A Window in Thrums" was received at first with rather hesitating praise, but it soon became apparent that with it had begun, for our generation at least, a new school of fiction, whose freshness, originality, and power were soon to be fully recognised. In these books we find that out of, apparently, the most unpromising materials you have constructed a piece of work as perfect as the nest of the sparrow in the hedge, woven like it from humble scraps picked up by the wayside, equally honest and perfect in workmanship, and beautiful with the same sober beauty. Like the nest your books tell of the sweet joys and pathos of humble life,

and are not without a reminder of the tragedy which may overwhelm the most sheltered home.

The Thrums literature, it is true, gives a somewhat realistic picture of Scottish peasant life. Thrums itself is no idyllic retreat for the poet or the artist, and you give us all the details of its somewhat grim squalor with unflinching truth and fidelity to fact. This element of unloveliness, which is a very noticeable one in the life of the Scottish peasant, is the result partly of poverty, partly of climate, but is also partly an expression of character.

It is the triumph of your genius that you have succeeded in throwing over such a village and its inhabitants a glamour which has brought pilgrims in numbers to identify the scene; and that you have shown us the pathos and beauty of the lives that may be lived in such surroundings.

We have had descriptions of humble Scottish life from other writers, and they have written on the theme with power and charm. The distinction of your work, however, lies in the different standpoint from which you write. Others have written as it were from without, you from within. Nothing can exceed the beauty and truth of Scott's delineations of peasant life and character, but it is imaginative or poetic truth which he gives us. He invests a picture with "the light that never was on sea or land," but he writes from a somewhat condescending point of view, and shares the joys and sorrows of his humble characters only in so far as they are common to humanity. You, on the contrary, write as if you had lived the life, and shared the joys and sorrows, of Jess and Hendry, Leeby and Jamie. They seem to stand to you in a closer relation than is usual between author and character. We feel as if you yourself had listened to Jess' pathetic story, and had been a witness of Leeby's love and devotion, and you have had the heart to feel with, and the genius to place before your readers, these humble lives in all the vividness we find in your pages.

You are particularly happy in your delineation of family life as it is lived in Thrums, and most happy of all in your female characters. It is difficult to say whether you do more justice to the humorous or the pathetic side of their existence. There is nothing more touching in recent fiction than Jess' story of how from her window she watched her boy go down the brae for the last time, nor more quaintly sweet and true to national character than the close tie between mother and son, and their mutual aspirations for his future career all blighted in an hour.

Your humour, too, is happiest when you are dealing with the wives and daughters of Thrums, with their social struggles and rivalries, and their harmless vanities. You do justice to the keenness of their intellect as well as to the force of their character. In that admirable chapter which is entitled, "On the Track of the Minister," Sherlock Holmes himself could hardly show more keenness and acumen than do Jess and Leeby from the moment when the minister is observed to be going from home, taking with him, as they judge, his mother's bonnet to be altered, until they reach the triumphant and correct conclusion as to where his substitute on the morrow is to dine and sleep!

This is all fair game, but when you come to deal with the men of Thrums, we do not feel quite so satisfied with your treatment of them. The collection of oddities who meet at the pigsty to air their social theories, and hold philosophical discussions borders upon caricature, and cannot be taken as representing the mental calibre of the Scottish working man or labourer, who is more often than not a man of brains and good sense. Humorous as the writing is, if we take it as caricature we still somewhat resent its application to the working man, who is our fellow countryman, and we feel, rightly or wrongly, that he deserves more respectful treatment than he has received at your hands. As regards the female population your humour is always irresistible and delightful, and underneath it all we are conscious of the tender reverence for women which irradiates the pages of your "Margaret Ogilvie," and which for her sake you seem to extend to the whole sex.

This brings us to the fact that so much of

your writing tends to be autobiographical, and to some minds it remains something of a puzzle that you, a Scotsman, can show so much unreserve as you do in these revelations of a family life, which must be so nearly identical with personal experience.

It has sometimes struck me that we may find the explanation, if explanation be needed, in the train of thought which runs through the story of "Sentimental Tommy" and its sequel "Tommy and Grizel." These books do not possess the romantic charm which mingles with the realism of "The Little Minister," but they inspire interest of a different and, perhaps, of a deeper kind. The story of "Sentimental Tommy" in as far as it is a history of mental development seems to be drawn from memory, and in both tales you seem determined to emphasise the dangers which wait upon the artistic temperament, especially in the exercise of an imagination too apt to get beyond the control of its possessor.

As regards "Sentimental Tommy," it is sad and strange that in this story of a childhood the dark shadow of moral evil should for the first time be thrown across your pure and delightful pages. In all other respects, however, "Sentimental Tommy" preserves the charm of your earlier work, "The Romance of Two Old Maids," forming a pathetic and delightful interlude.

It is impossible to say as much for "Tommy and Grizel," which is quite inferior to anything you have given us before. Tommy as a man fails to please or even to interest. His want of moral backbone and his general unmanliness leave a disagreeable impression on the reader, while the grotesque tragedy of his end seems a little out of keeping with the importance you have assigned to his character. Still, this story of his manhood shows that you have known how to prize sincerity of character beyond all the success and fame, which might do so much to destroy it. No longer autobiographical it is the story of the "might have been," and this grim and painful study shows how it is that you have chosen to err on the side of too realistic writing, rather than sacrifice the absolute sincerity which you have learned to prize so highly.

As regards "Margaret Ogilvie," that exquisite tribute you have paid to a mother's memory, you seem to have felt it due to that memory to write of it only what is simply true. Her memory, you seem to say, can gain nothing by embellishment, still less by drawing a veil over any part of your recollection of that beautiful life, and that motherly devotion. As a result, in this book of tender recollections you have remained at the highest level of your literary achievement. Indeed, for delicate humour, tenderness, and pathos, it stands unrivalled by any of your other works; and far from agreeing with the adverse criticism, which has mingled with the praise it has received, it seems to me that we could more easily spare any one of your books than "Margaret Ogilvie."

The frontispiece, it may be said here, forms a beautiful and interesting addition to the book. It shows the dear old lady seated at her tea-table, and in every line of her venerable face and form, with its quaint simplicity of attire, we can trace the justification of her son's eulogium.

I am, Sir, etc.,

St, Margaret's,
St. Andrews,
Fife, N.B.

E. HOUSTON.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

SIR,

When our hearts sink to see the base uses the novel is being put to in these days, when we are tempted to become satirical at the expense of the general reader, we are brought back to hope and charity by the thought of your books and the success they have met with.

For you do not tear a passion to tatters, nor work yourself into prophetic fury over the aberrations of the churches, nor try by boastful profanity to make us think what a terrible fellow you are, nor revolt us with minute dissection of feverish immoralities.

Artists in these kinds we have in abundance. Their names and works are in all the libraries, and on the lips and in the hands of our girls and boys, and even ministers of religion labour to show that the

works of these writers are not immoral, and,

> Will bless them, and approve them with a text,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

The fame of such books makes us tremble at times when we think of the harvest which must spring from these fertile seeds so industriously sown in a soil only too congenial.

You, sir, have chosen the better part, and it is gratifying to know that the public is not so entirely enamoured of these others as to leave you neglected. You have of course to deal with evil. What novelist can evade that dire necessity? There is much of the old Adam still left in the "Auld Lichts," and the trail of the serpent is visible even in favoured Thrums. There are thrilling possibilities of spiritual catastrophe, for instance, when an "Auld Licht" minister can so far succumb to a woman's fascination as to throw "a divit" at a soldier; and, better still, can manage to hit him with it. As we read of this what a truly human suspicion we have that the Rev. Gavin Dishart was not altogether unpractised in worldly pastimes, that he could, an' if he would, do fearsome things in spite of his early dedication and devotion to the ministry. Surely 'tis not "heaven-sent moments" that give this skill! Perhaps we ought charitably to apply to this incident in the Rev. Gavin's career the old proverb (adapted), "When 'the divit' leaves the hand, it belongs to the devil." But, seriously, I do think it one of your titles to honour that you can touch evil without defiling your books with it, that you can, in this sense, be in the world and yet not of it. You do not revel in loathsome scenes nor spend your subtlest art in suggesting what you would think it wrong to do. There are too many novelists who affect their readers as Tommy's mother affected him on that last dreadful night when she told him her sad story. All her sorrow had arisen from the fact that her husband had been a "magerful man." With solemn insistence she exhorted Tommy to pray, "O God, keep me from becoming a magerful man!" but there was something in her way of telling the story, and in answering something in Tommy, which made him say when the prayer was ended, "But I think I would fell like it!"

So, although our problem novelists tell us that they stir up mud with the best intentions, with the benevolent purpose, indeed, of showing us that mud exists, and so warn us to avoid it, yet they do it in such a way as to make the knowledge more effective than the warning. I do not doubt their excellent motives, but question their prudence. I have an old-fashioned belief that mud is mud, and that no artistic skill can make it either sweet or picturesque.

There is truth in the lines of Pope.

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen,
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace,

I am inclined to think that we see her face far too oft in present-day fiction, and what wonder if the false and unnatural brilliancy that is given to it allures more than affrights?

Perhaps it is due to your race that you still deem the austere moralities important. We thank you for showing, in your delightful way, that fidelity, thrift, industry, truth, duty, still matter; are still, in spite of appearances, worth while. We seem to be living in one of those periodic reactions from Puritanism, which, though natural and inevitable, may yet some day swing beyond the point of self-recovery, and bring about the ruin of the empire. Inasmuch as Puritanism had in it the vital principles of moral grandeur, however at times obscured, we are grateful for one powerful voice bearing witness to that truth.

And who draws womanhood so charmingly as you? Who so deftly touches female character into life and beauty before our very eyes, and brings about them ever as they move to lowliest duties the radiance of the ideal?

Who can forget the fascinating Babbie, or the frank and firm Grizel? What a warm corner of our hearts have you tucked the timid Ailie in for ever? Ailie, who in the crisis of her fate could bravely tell her lover she was fifty-one, and not forty-nine, as she feared she might have led him to believe!

Miss Stone's Story of Her Six Months Captivity

"IN THE GRIP OF THE BRIGANDS"

Is undoubtedly the most thrilling narrative of real life that has fallen to the lot of publishers to p'ace before their readers for many a long year past. It may even be said that never before has such a story been given to the public, the events of which have happened, as it were, but yesterday, and at our own doors. We might expect to find adventures such as Miss Stone underwent in the history of some captive of the Barbary Pirates, or wanderer among the steppes of Central Asia, lab riously deciphered from some crabbed manuscript in the British Museum; but here we have an account of men and doings with the imprint on them strong of the Middle Ages; and lo! when we come to inquire about them, we find that both the first are yet flourishing in all their picturesque lawle sness, and the latter of daily occurrence, and that no further divided from us than by the fifteen hundred miles or so which lie between us and the Balkans.

Miss Stone, Mrs. Tsilka, and her Baby.
This is one of a series of remarkable photographs which are appearing month by month with Miss Stone's Narrative in the Sunday Magazine

Miss Stone is no tyro with the pen, and her story is told with all that due regard for the proper proportion of things which is so essential a factor in the holding of the reader's attention. She paints with a broad brush, yet withal so vividly, that we are enabled at once to realise in our mind's eye the men, the scenes, the whole surroundings among which she was perforce constrained to pass those weary, anxious six mo ths of her captivity. Even more we can realise to the full the several phases of fear, hope, despair, suspense, and hope again, between which she and her companion, Mrs. Tsilka, were continually alternating. Many writers could tell us of their sensations as part of their sufferings; but it is not given to all writers to make us actually feel them within ourselves as Miss Stone does. Nor is the story without its m re elevating tendencies. One cann t but feel one's heart glow with admiration for the extraordinary courage displayed by these two weak friendless women, even when they believed themselves destined to a cruel death in the solitudes of the wilderness; nor can one but know oneself to be better for the insight gained into that simple trusting faith in an All-wise, loving God, which alone could inspire that courage.

The story is brimful of interest from its very outset and we would strongly recommend our readers to lose no time in ordering the first instalment, which now appears in the May Number of

The Sunday Magazine

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TWO MOST

Timely Books to read just now when the interest in Miss Stone's Wonderful Adventure is so intense and universal are the two little Volumes on Mission Work by

The Rev. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,
Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

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IN THE HOMELY,

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EVERY ONE WILL REMEMBER

how, during the latter months of 1901, our hearts were stirred when the story of Dr. Smyth of Burtonport and his courageous self-sacrifice, even to the laying down of his life in the cause of duty, whilst fighting the dread typhus on the desolate and poverty-stricken island of Arranmore, was first made public. We longed to know how it was that we had never heard of the man before; how it was that one gifted with so much energy, so much resource, so much of that human sympathy which goes so far towards pre-eminence in the profession to which he belonged, had never come to the front where the world might know him, instead of wasting unknown in a far-off wilderness.

Mr. F. D. HOW in his latest book

A Hero of Donegal

now shows us wherein it was that Dr. Smyth's true nobleness of character lay. He tells us in plain but convincing language of a life which, though secluded, was in reality far from wasted: of a life which, not only in the circumstances of its ending, but throughout—from almost boyhood, indeed, for Dr. Smyth began his work at an age when most young men destined for his profession are still enjoying the comforts and luxuries of a University career—was a continual abnegation of self, a giving up of ambitious aims, of hopeful prospects, of professional renown which all who knew him and endeavoured to persuade him foresaw was more than probable, simply from a feeling of loyalty to a helpless, clinging, though not always sufficiently grateful people. Faithful to them in life he was: faithful even unto death. The book cannot fail to appeal to all healthy-minded readers, as a valuable addition to the chronicles of heroism in everyday life.

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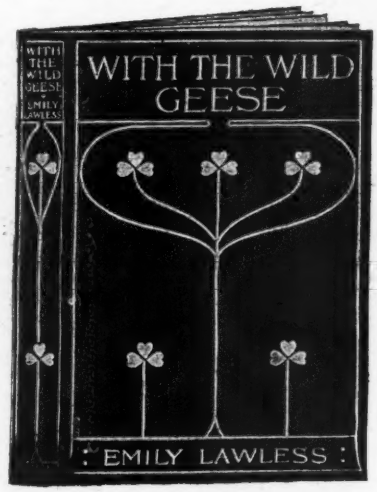

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who has a soft place in his heart for the simpler things of this life can fail to appreciate the racy and quaint old

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Ah! dear Miss Ailie! when we smile at you, why do we end abruptly with a sigh, and think our eyes are growing weak? In an age when there is so strong a tendency to cheapen our old-time admirations, to alter our traditional standards of value; in an age when lady novelists think it no shame to satirise and contemn motherhood; we owe to you, sir, a debt of gratitude for so gracefully depicting the essential nobility and sweetness of womanhood, the holy dignity and tender grace which may yet belong to a true mother.

Your men, too, how staunch and strong and loyal they can be, how honest with themselves! You bring out repeatedly in your characters that combination of strength with tenderness, which is the finest, if not the one indispensable, element of manhood. The dour sternness and moral grit of the Scotch character are relieved and endeared to us by your sympathetic insight and humour, by your sensitive appreciation and tactful disclosure of the tender human emotions which are often hidden beneath a forbidding exterior. Rob Dow, conscious of his sin, yet of a passionate faithfulness, and dying grandly at the last; David Gemmell, proposing to a woman he did not love, because he thought a promise to a dead friend demanded it; and Corp, too, how he believed in Tommy, and was always resolute in his faith that his hero would "find a w'y!" Though his idol proved to be of clay, there is something refreshing in his fidelity through evil report and good report, and his heart was large enough to hold both Tommy and Grizel, a magnanimity I cannot attain to. For though I would not hint it to Grizel, it would "hurt her so" to hear ill of him whose weakness she best knew; yet I am sworn in her defence, and cannot even for love of her take service under Captain Stroke.

Your literary art wins us by its gradual approach and insinuating humour, softly casting its spell upon us till we are bound, and would not be free. How the story of Tommy grows upon us! Touch after touch is lightly, almost imperceptibly, added. We enter into the fun with the quaint youngsters, admiring at first the bold inventiveness of Tommy, then become alarmed as we see how fraught with bale is this imaginative wight, whose boyish freaks we laughed at. Slowly you bring about a transfer of our affections. Boyish fancies please no longer as we see them tending, irresistible as fate, to catastrophic issues, and realise that the brusque straightforwardness of Grizel, which had a little repelled us, is Tommy's only hope of salvation. 'Twas not in Tommy's nature to be saved, even by Grizel. Him we would willingly forget, but Grizel of the crooked smile will abide with us for aye.

With a friendliness of tone, which reminds us of Thackeray, with a sly but kindly humour, which has the flavour of Blackmore, with a delicate art not unworthy of Jane Austen, long may you live to delight and uplift us, and increase the number of our ideal friendships!

Yours truly,

21 Pelham Street, Lincoln. THOS. JESSOP.

Epitaph

WRITE on my grave when I am dead,
Whatever road I trod
That I admired and honoured
The wondrous works of God.

That all the days and years I had,
The longest and the least,
Ever with grateful heart and glad
I sat me to a feast.

That not alone for body's meat,
Which takes the lowest place,
I gave Him thanks when I did eat
And with a shining face.

But for the spirit filled and fed,
That else must waste and die,
With sun and stars for daily bread
And dew and evening sky.

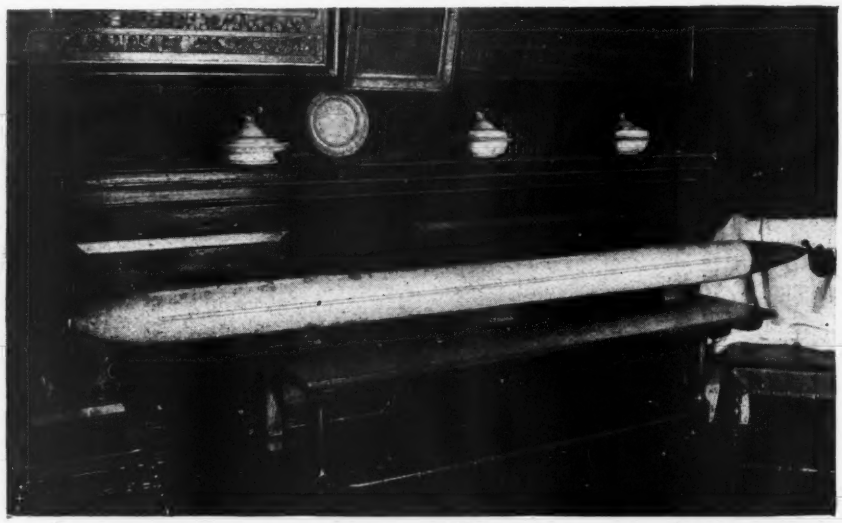
Lap me in the green grass and say,
Below this velvet sod
Lies one who praised through all her day
The wondrous works of God.

The beauty of the hills and seas
Were in her drinking-cup,
And when she went by fields and trees,
Her eyes were lifted up.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Steering Torpedoes by Wireless Telegraphy

ONE of the first things that Lord Charles Beresford did after his return a few weeks back from the Mediterranean was to journey down to Hughenden and witness some trials of a new torpedo, whose movements can be controlled from the shore or from a ship by means of wireless telegraphy. Our photographs show the torpedo, inside of which is the "receiver" and the steering mechanism, and also the shed containing the instruments for controlling the movements of the torpedo in a lateral direction. The ordinary Whitehead Torpedo when once it has been discharged out of its tube is beyond the control of the operator. With the new Orling-Armstrong Wireless Torpedo the weapon can be directed by means of wireless impulses so that it can be steered up to the vessel which it is desired to hit. The Admiralty are taking great interest in the invention, and official trials will, we believe, shortly take place. The mechanism of the torpedo is at present a secret, and we cannot therefore disclose it. H. H.



The Orling-Armstrong Wireless Torpedo. The steering mechanism is inside the torpedo

Catalogue Humours

A FEW months ago it was announced that the British Museum Authors' Catalogue had, after twenty years indefatigable exertion, and the expenditure of over £40,000, been finished, but notwithstanding its magnitude, it is doubtful, however, whether the whole six hundred quarto volumes comprising the catalogue between them contain as much humour as a little twopenny pamphlet published by a small lending-library at North Woolwich recently.

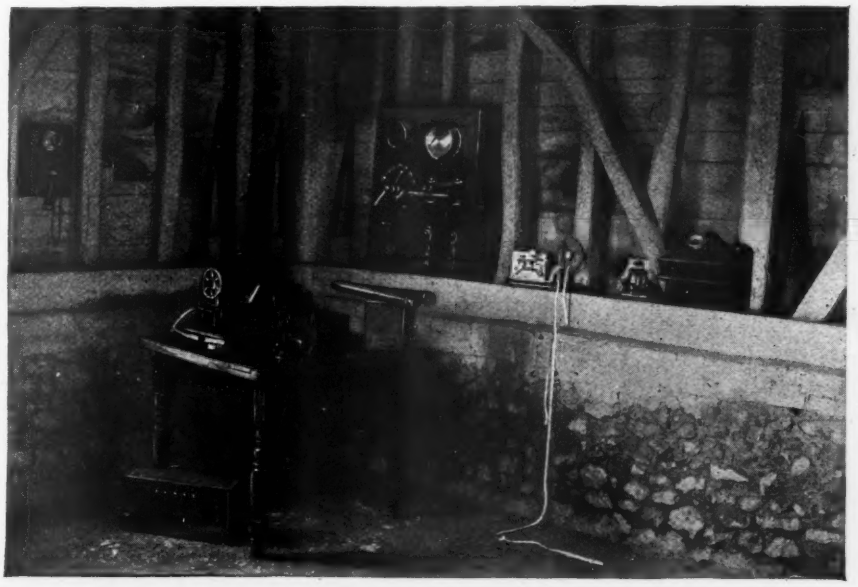
One of the items that occasioned the greatest mirth, and the member for Battersea did not appreciate the joke the least, read "The Poetical Works of John Burns," which were doubtless commented on in "Lockhart's Life of John Burns," a volume the same library stated was in its possession.

With regard to some other items in this catalogue a prize competition might easily be arranged for their elucidation: thus the following works by Thackeray were stated to be on the library shelves, "Fanity Fair," "The Rose and the King," and "The Fatal Books," whilst Lord Lytton was represented by "Paul Clipper," and Mrs. Henry Wood by "The Story of Bessie Costrell."

There is a librarian in the Australian village of Dromana who has classified under

the heading of "Fiction" Cardinal Newman's famous work, "Apologia pro vità suâ," and added injury to insult by running the last three into one word thus: "Provitasua."

A picture of King Lear on his death-bed for instance was unfortunately labelled, "There is life in the old dog yet"; many visitors, however, were perfectly content with the



The shed from which the movements of the Orling-Armstrong Torpedo are controlled

So far as classification is concerned the error was no worse than that of the Curator of the National Library at Berlin, who, having received a French work dealing with prison life entitled, "Impressions Cellulaires," decided that it should be placed under the heading of "Vegetable Physiology," a mistake that recalls that of another Teutonic colleague who indexed Murgers' "Vie de Boheme" under Topography. After all, however, these mistakes are not much if any worse than the following musical item on a British programme, "Dance of the blessed parts in the Englishmen's Fields," by Gluck—the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits in the Elysian Fields," taken from Gluck's "Orfeo," being the actual composition for which the above stood proxy.

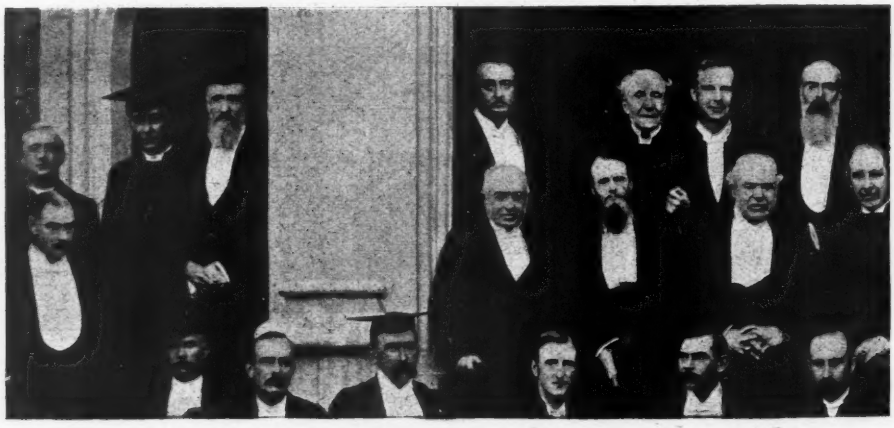
The great musician Hallé was wont to refer with considerable gusto to divers errors that appeared in the catalogue of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition of 1856. description and the remark, "How true!" was passed many times daily opposite the work of art. Another picture representing a madman sitting unclothed on the bare ground with his arms clenched round his knees was called, "Portrait of Lord John Russell." Hallé used to relate that after contemplating the so-called portrait of the great statesman for some considerable time an old man was heard to remark with becoming gravity, "Probably when he was out of office."

H. M.

A Reminiscence of Mr. Rhodes

To Rhodesians the death of Mr. Rhodes has caused a void that will never be adequately filled. To Englishmen generally he was an idea—the Imperial Idea, vague and visionary; to us he was an ever present personality. To the ordinary Londoner he was about as accessible as the Llama of Thibet; to the meanest Bulawayan he was a

guide and a counsellor—a chieftain amongst his clan. To this accessibility, more than to his success and to his great abilities, must be traced that popularity which never deserted



(Hills and Saunders, photographers, Oxford)

Back row.—**Rev. Canon Ashley, Rev. G. H. Davenport, Mr. Rhodes, Rev. J. Simpson, Rev. Dr. Joy, Rev. L. R. Phelps**

Second row.—**Rev. Canon Cornish, A Provost, The Lord Chancellor, Bishop of Salisbury**

Part of the group taken at Oriel College, Gaudy Commemoration, 1899. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is seen on the right hand side of the pillar

him even in the hour of failure and distress. I think I may truly say that the Chartered Company never had the support of the rank and file of the Rhodesians, yet strangely enough the head and front of this organisation was never included in the general condemnation. It was quite an ordinary thing for a man who fancied he had been injured by the Company to say that he would see Cecil John about the matter, and that "he would make *them* disgorge." And this singling out of Mr. Rhodes from the mass of his associates was not so unreasonable as would at first sight appear. For he was generous where generosity was anything but a ruling trait, and straightforward when truth was at a most decided discount.

It was at the close of the Matabele rebellion, at the first fancy dress ball held in Bulawayo, that I met Mr. Rhodes. My partner at the ball in question was a well-known nurse, and she nudged my arm saying, "Do you see who is coming to speak to me?" I looked and knew. There was no mistaking that flat mask-like face, whose breadth in fact seemed to exceed its length, and that broad unwieldy figure. For awhile he chatted with my companion then turned to me.

"I do not seem to remember your name or face," he said. "Have you been long here?"

"Not many months," I answered.

"What do you think of the country?"

"I have hardly had time to judge," I answered, "but it looks a good country."

"Some people say it is a good country to leave," he remarked, with an emphasis on the some to indicate that he was not of that number.

Any one living in Bulawayo could never quite lose sight of Mr. Rhodes, for his personality permeated the very air of the place, and nearly every person one met had some anecdote to tell either of his generosity or power, or even peculiarity. An intimate friend of the writer had been wounded in the Jameson Raid by a bullet which had lodged in his hip, and never having been extracted had to a certain extent crippled him for active work. The Chartered Company's officials made him

an alternative offer of a desk in the company's office at home, or a civil billet in Rhodesia. Unfortunately for himself he chose the latter. He found, however, when he arrived in Bulawayo that the civil billet turned out to be that of canteen corporal in the camp. He was not elated by the prospect and consulted Mr. Rhodes.

Mr. Rhodes listened to his curt recital of his wrongs in silence, and when he had finished asked him whether he knew anything about farming. My friend, who is nothing if not truthful, replied that he did not.

"Do you know anything about book-keeping?"

"No."

"Or secretarial work?"

Yet another negative.

The Colossus burst out laughing.

"You are rather a difficult person to help," he said, but not unkindly. "You don't seem to be much good at anything." The majority of persons he had to do with by their own accounts were past masters at the first thing he mentioned. "Care to go to Kimberley?" he asked after a pause. My friend answered in the affirmative at last.

"Then," he said, drawing a telegraph form towards him. "Send off this."

The telegram was addressed to Gardiner Williams and ran as follows.

"Have you a job for a nice young fellow? Say yes."

In due course the answer came back. "Yes."

"There is a pass for you by coach and by rail. Have you any money?"

"Two or three pounds."

"How much more do you think you will want before you begin to draw your salary there?"

"About £5," said my friend modestly.

"Oh, you will never make a fortune," said Mr. Rhodes scornfully. "Here are twenty-five pounds for you. And mind you do not ask me for anything else," he added warningly, with an intimation that the interview was at an end. INOKA.

Muizenberg, near Capetown, where Mr. Rhodes died

Death-like Trances

A TRANCE may be so like death as to deceive a doctor, and there is real danger that persons may be buried in this condition. One may know what is said and done around and yet seem to be unconscious; and it is not easy to believe the exquisite torture given to the soul that lies able only to know, but not to make a sign.

Dr. C. W. Larison, of New Jersey, is a man of wide experience and culture. He has been a minister, a professor, and a doctor; and in another way his experience has been extended, for he has lived long and endured trying sicknesses. In a book that he is about to give to the world—not his first, by any means—in answer to the question, What is the Soul? this gentleman has been giving remarkable testimony as to death-like trances among other things.

To begin with, take his own illness in 1875. It began with pneumonia, and erisypelas followed. He carefully instructed his nurse what to do in the whole course of the disorder, even to death, should that ensue. Then sight failed, then feeling was numbed, taste departed, and smell was not. He could not move a muscle or "cognise anything which did not come to the sensorium through the ear." He heard, as if far away, what a physician said. Then came a period of silence, and he "deliberately, calmly, painstakingly questioned whether he was alive." He had no pain. The only thing of which he was conscious was that he was thinking. But at the sound of the physician's voice, "at once," he writes, "I knew I was among the living." Doctors came and said he was unconscious, and would soon be dead, which was declared to be a certainty. He heard and keenly resented all this; and records with great detail the progress of his psychological conditions throughout. He has outlived the five physicians who pronounced him extinct.

Next, look at the case of Mr. Hofforb, in 1894, with neuralgia in the heart. Pulse at the wrist, heart-action, respiration, ceased to be perceptible. The muscles were limp, and the body chilly. A doctor, hastily called, had pronounced him dead. When Dr. Larison arrived, they were about to wash and lay out the body. "Not too fast here! Leave these clothes on!" he said, rather sharply; "I don't have my patients dressed in grave-clothes, nor buried, until they are dead!" "Why, doctor, he is dead," said the medico who was first there, a man of forty-four years' practice; "the man is dead. See his eyes; and there has been neither pulsation nor respiration during the last hour; and then the temperature of the body has already fallen some degrees—he is dead." Dr. Larison's reply was in doffing coat and vest, and doing all he could "to help the life-force to again move the lungs, heart, and other parts of the machinery of a human being." The other doctor withdrew in indignation, and others left. "Doctor, he moved his eyes!" cried by-and-by the patient's business-partner and friend. "Doctor, he does move his eyes!" said another watcher. Then one saw this sign of life, another that; one would help the doctor this way and another that; some wanted to speak joyfully to the patient, some to carry good news to those who thought him dead. There was sensation in the room, but the doctor kept all quiet. On regaining his powers, Mr. Hofforb was definite in asserting that he heard what was said in his presence all the time, and knew that the doctor and others had said that he was dead—knowing better than the patient himself, like the Irishman of the story. He recognised his own doctor's voice, claiming him as his charge, not to be buried till dead; had heard his wife and partner exclaiming as signs appeared of returning life, though he did not know that eyes, or hands, or feet, had moved, and felt that he could not move them.

Other instances are given. But these are enough to indicate that there is a remoter citadel of life in the body than is often calculated upon, a reserve of life-force which may be at very low ebb and yet not dry. There may be a flow after lowest ebb-tide. The fear is that in some cases this hope may not be sufficiently counted upon. H. R. R.

Coronation Vestments

The Sword of State, the Wedding Ring of England

By the Rev. J. H. T. Perkins, M.A., Sacrist of Westminster Abbey

THE three royal swords have been described in a previous article; but no mention has as yet been made of a fourth, and still more interesting weapon—the sword of state. Like the coronation ring, it does not figure among the Regalia, technically speaking, at all. It is regarded as being the private property of each individual sovereign. During the coronation ceremony, the sovereign is girded with this sword of state by the Lord Great Chamberlain, while subsequently it is offered at the altar, and immediately redeemed, by some nobleman, for the sum of one hundred shillings. The sword of state is much richer in appearance than its three companions. It is contained in a scabbard of crimson velvet, which is itself adorned with plates of gold, engraven with rose, thistle, portcullis, and the royal arms.

The practice of using a ring to denote lofty rank extends back to the remotest antiquity. Like so many other items of the numerous coronation accessories and paraphernalia, the royal ring, in the history of our own country, is closely associated with Edward the Confessor. Of all the legends which have clustered round his almost sacred person, that of the ring is perhaps the most touching and picturesque; indeed, it is perpetuated, both in stone and in glass, within the walls of his own Abbey.

According to this story, the king while journeying to the dedication of the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist was one day accosted by "a fayre old man" who demanded an alms for the love of St. John. The king forthwith drew from his finger a ring, "large, royal, and beautiful." Some time afterwards, two pilgrims from Ludlow, while journeying in the Holy Land, found themselves benighted and hopelessly lost. Suddenly the path was lighted up, and there came to them a "fayre ancient man wyth whyte heer for age. Thenne the old man axed theym what they were and of what regyon. And they answerde that they were pylgrims of England, and hadde lost theyr fellyshyp and way also. Thenne thys olde man comforted theym goodly, and brought, theym into a fayre cytee; and whaune they had refreshed theym, and rested there alle nyghte, on the morne this fayre olde man went wyth theym, and brought theym in the ryghte waye agayne. And he was gladded to here theym talke of the welfare and holynesse of theyre Kynge Saynt Edward. And whaune he sholde departe fre theym, thenne he tolde theym what he was, and sayd, 'I am JOHAN THE EVANGELYST; and saye ye vnto Edward your Kyng, that I grete him well by the token that he gaff to me thys rynge with his owne handes, whych rynge ye shalle delyver to hym agayne'; and whaun he had delyvered to theym the rynge, he departed fro theym sodenly."

The ring was duly delivered to the King at his palace in Essex, the name of which, "Havering-atte-Bower," is said to have been derived from this incident. It was buried with Edward after his death, and remained undisturbed until the first translation of his remains, in 1163, which took place in the presence of Archbishop Becket and Abbot Laurentuis. The ring, as Sporley relates, was reverently removed by the latter ecclesiastic, and henceforward preserved in the Abbey as a relic. Tradition has it that the Confessor's ring became thenceforth "the wedding ring of England," and in this capacity was employed at the ceremony of the coronation. In fact, so great was the "Edwardian passion," that it would be extremely difficult to controvert the statement that for a time, at any rate, the coronation ring was the identical jewel which had lain for well nigh a century in the dead king's sarcophagus, whatever may be our own doubts as to the previous portion of its supposed history.

Down to the time of the Restoration, such records as we possess apparently imply

that each successive monarch was invested with the ring worn by his predecessor. According to certain letters and patents still contained in the muniment room of Westminster Abbey, Richard II. in 1388 bequeathed a ruby ring for the use of his successors at their respective coronations. In the "Device" for the Coronation of Henry VII., the language used points to the fact that "the key ring with a ruby, called the Regall," had long been in existence, and was well known to all. More than a century later we find an interesting document, drawn up by Sir William Segar, Garter King-at-Arms, in view of the approaching Coronation of James I. It consists of a list of necessaries to be provided by the Master of the Jewel House, and among the various "regalles" at that moment in the custody of this officer, "the King's ringe" is distinctly specified. From Charles II. onward, however, the ring has been manufactured afresh for each Coronation, and has always been regarded as the Sovereign's own personal property.

The ring is made of gold, and contains a large table ruby engraved with St. George's cross, that for the Queen being set in a somewhat similar fashion. It is placed upon the *fourth* or wedding finger "as a sign of kingly dignity and the defence of the Catholic faith." A curious mistake occurred at the last coronation. The Heralds' College, strangely ignorant of the fact that in the pre-Reformation Service books the thumb was counted as the first finger, caused the ring to be made for the Queen's fifth or little finger. Archbishop Howley, with superior knowledge to that possessed by these lay functionaries, proceeded to place the ring upon the accustomed finger, the third, as we term it to-day. Unfortunately great pain was caused to the royal sufferer by this performance. The ring was only removed with considerable difficulty and had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by one of the Prebendaries of the Abbey, our late beloved Sovereign would probably have experienced serious injury.

It has been the privilege of the Lord Great Chamberlain to carry to the King his shirt and clothes on the morning of

Edward bestowing the ring on a beggar
(From the ancient Altar Screen of Westminster Abbey)

St. John giving the ring that was bestowed on the beggar to two pilgrims, to be restored to Edward

(From the ancient Altar Screen of Westminster Abbey)

the coronation, and together with the Lord Chamberlain of the Household to dress the King. The shirt and surcoat were specially manufactured with a view to the ceremony of the unction, being fastened together at certain places by means of coloured ribbon which could be easily untied. Over these were placed the magnificent Parliament robes of crimson. Thus attired, the King departed from his lodgings, and made his way to the Great Hall of William Rufus. Here he was duly greeted by the Great Officers of State, the Peers, Peeresses, and others, whose hereditary right it was to assemble here, and to take part in the subsequent procession to the Abbey Church. Meanwhile, the Queen-Consort had been duly arrayed in her own royal robe of purple velvet, richly furred with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, while on her head she wore the beautiful golden Circlet. The attire of the Queen-Consort remains unchanged throughout the whole of the coronation solemnity, save that the golden Circlet is, at the appointed moment, exchanged for Queen Edith's crown, and that in turn, at the conclusion of the service, for the crown of state.

The Parliament robes, which are in effect the King's processional garments, continue to be worn during the earlier portion of the service. With the ceremony of the anointing, however, the part played by the coronation Vestments, in the technical sense of the word, commences. The latter robes are possessed of the very deepest interest and significance, for, like certain portions of the Regalia referred to in a previous chapter, they set forth, and in a very special sense, the distinctly religious character of the entire solemnity. During the singing of the anthem which precedes the anointing, the King, attended, as before, by the Lord Great Chamberlain, is divested of his crimson mantle and surcoat. Having been seated in St. Edward's chair, he is then solemnly anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on head, hands, breast, shoulders, and arms. The Liber Regalis, a manual which furnishes the basis of the present coronation service, states that, if necessary, "St. Edward's comb" is to be employed at this point. "The prayers being ended a shallow quoife is put on the King's head because of the Annoynting; if His Majestyes haire be not smooth after it there is King Edward's ivory combe for that end." A comb was always included among the

The Pilgrims returning the ring to Edward

(From the ancient Altar Screen of Westminster Abbey)

The Jewel House in the Tower of London

mediæval Regalia, and it is not a little curious to note that it figures in comparatively modern times, for it is recorded that Charles I. at his own coronation "called for the comb that he might see it."

As the Liber Regalis indicates, the "coif," or "quoife," of fine linen or lawn is the first vestment which is placed upon the newly anointed Sovereign. It corresponds in meaning, and to a great extent in appearance, with the amice of a bishop or priest. Like the white linen gloves, which were put on at the same moment, it was intended to protect the sacred oil from any possible irreverence; hence, it was not removed from the Sovereign's head until seven days had passed from the time of the coronation. The removal of the coif formed a distinct ceremony by itself. The Liber Regalis assigns the duty to either the Abbot of Westminster, or some other dignitary of episcopal rank, who, having first of all said Mass, removed the coif, carefully washing and drying the Sovereign's hair at the same moment. At the coronation of George III. "a fine linen coif and a pair of white linen gloves" were presented by the Lord Great Chamberlain to the archbishop, and duly placed upon the king. A similar procedure occurred at the coronations of George IV. and William IV., but it was omitted at that of Queen Victoria, the coronation order of the last-named monarch following out the precedent laid down in the Liber Regalis, in which neither the "Office for a Coronation of a Queen," nor the "Order for a Coronation of a Queen," make any mention of this ceremony.

The Colobium Sindonis, or alb, is the next vestment to be assumed in the process of investing the new Sovereign. It closely resembles a surplice, though it has not invariably been furnished with sleeves. The material of which it is composed is fine white cambric, but at recent coronations it has suffered severely, owing to the introduction of masses of rich lace "surfled very full," an addition utterly unhistorical and altogether out of keeping with this ancient and dignified vestment.

The Colobium Sindonis is followed by the Dalmatic, to which there was usually added a girdle composed of cloth of gold, together with a golden buckle for sustaining the sword of state. The Dalmatic or Super-tunic of the Sovereign bears only a faint resemblance in actual form to that worn by an ecclesiastic; but it possesses a very important signification—*i.e.*, that the monarch is the representative of the Church and the protector of her rights and privileges. It is about one yard

and a quarter in length, while it has usually been composed of rich silk ornamented with golden flowers and figures, both in front and behind, and lined with crimson taffeta. Unlike the corresponding ecclesiastical vestment, it is open down the front, doubtless for reasons of convenience. Hence it has come to be worn in the same manner as a jacket. The ornamentation of the vestment used by Queen Victoria, consisted of green palm branches from which spring pink roses, green shamrocks, and lilac-coloured thistles. It is lined with rose-coloured silk and edged with gold lace.

The ornaments appropriate for the legs, follow next in order—*i.e.*, the buskins and sandals. Both of these garments are made of cloth of gold, resembling that of the tunic, and lined with crimson sarcenet or taffeta.

The Stole or "Armyll" is a band of cloth of gold about three inches wide. It is usually embroidered with silver eagles, Tudor roses, fleurs-de-lys, shamrocks, and thistles, interspersed with royal coronets. In the case of Queen Victoria's stole, each end was embroidered with a square panel containing St. George's cross on a silver ground. The similar vestment worn by clergy, is invariably placed beneath the tunic, being the first vestment to be assumed after the alb. The position of the royal stole, however, is the exact reverse of this, and it is remarkable to observe that no little evidence exists tending to prove the late introduction of the present method of wearing the stole. If this be the case, then, it would appear that the coronation has succeeded in preserving unimpaired, the ancient and original usage.

The word *armyll*, which from the coronation of Henry VII. onward has been consistently applied to the stole, not only by the various coronation orders, but also by Sandford, Ashmole, and other learned antiquarians, has given rise to the greatest perplexity. The prayer mentioned by the Liber Regalis as being offered at this particular moment in the coronation service contains the words *accipe armillas*. This statement is fully intelligible if we proceed to construe the word *armillas* in its usual acceptation—*e.g.*, bracelets. These bracelets, or "garters,"

are among the royal ornaments mentioned by Sporley. They are distinctly included in the historical record of more than one coronation, while a pair are still extant among the Regalia contained in the Tower to-day. Under these circumstances, the natural conclusion to draw is, that the words of the Liber Regalis refer to an investing of the Sovereign with the *bracelets;* the investing with the stole, taking place, apparently, without form of words, and simultaneously with the supertunic, or with the buskins and sandals. The Liber Regalis, then, however, proceeds to describe these "armillas" as hanging, "in the manner of a stole, about the neck and from each shoulder to the joints of the arms, where they are tied by silken bands, as may be more clearly seen by their structure," while further, the coronation order of Richard II., which was contemporaneous with the first-mentioned treatise, states that a stole was assumed by the Sovereign, immediately after the investing with the supertunic.

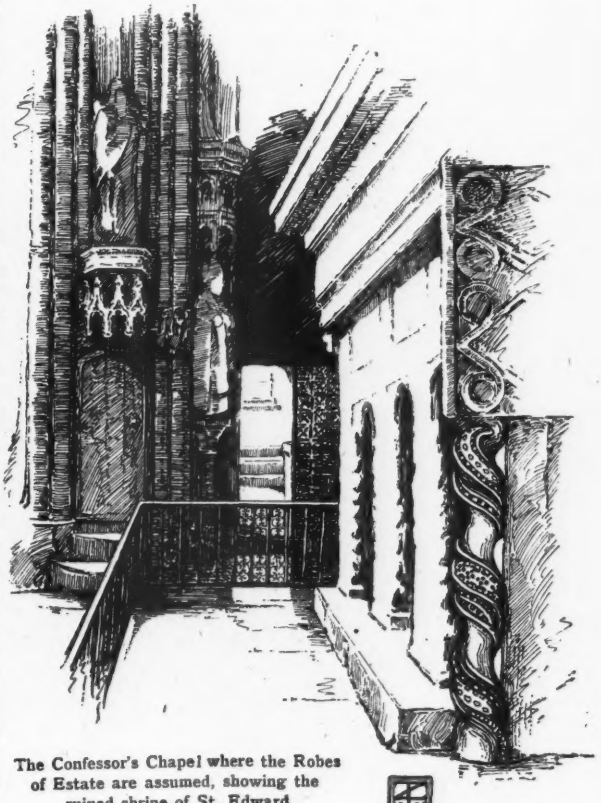
One, and one only, explanation seems possible, and even that is very far from being conclusive. It has been suggested that the royal stole at mediæval coronations may have been worn like that of a priest, *i.e.*, crossed upon the breast and tied about the level of the elbows with a girdle. Some show of probability is lent to this theory by the fact that among the vestments found upon the body of King Edward I. when his tomb was opened in 1774, there was a stole crossed upon the breast in the manner described. On the other hand, at the Coronation of Henry VII. the "armyll" was described as being made in manner of a stole "wovyn with gold and set with stones to be put by the Cardinal aboute the King's necke, and commyng from both shuldres to the King's elbowes where it shalbe fastened by the said Abbot of Westminster with laces of silke on every elbowe in twoo places, that is to saye, aboue the elbowes and byneth." This direction must have been repeated in very nearly identical language at James II.'s Coronation; for the Dean of Westminster seems to have "put it about his Majestie's neck, and tied it to the bowings of his arms above and below the elbows." The ribands of crimson taffeta, by which the stole was apparently fastened to the arms may still be seen in the "armyll" of the last mentioned monarch. Thus, the origin and function of the royal stole are both alike wrapped in mystery, while we are still completely baffled as to the remarkable grammatical process by which the plural noun "armillas" has come to denote a singular object!

By far the most sumptuous and magnificent of all the silken vestments was the Imperial Mantle, also termed the "pallium regale," the "open pall," and the "dalmatic robe." In the ancient rubric of the Liber Regalis it is described as "four square (quadrum) and woven throughout with golden eagles." Its four points signify, to quote the prayer used when Charles II. was thus invested, that "the four corners of

the world are subject to the power of God, and that no man can happily reign upon earth who has not received his authority from Him." The golden eagles most probably symbolise the claim of the King of England to be Emperor of Britain and Lord of the Western Isles—a second world, as the people of a distant age fondly imagined. The special significance of these two features is thrown into marked prominence owing to the fact that the delivery of the orb—the symbol of dominion—accompanies this portion of the coronation rites.

In actual appearance, the Imperial Mantle is somewhat loosely described as being "in fashion of a cope." Sandford, the historian of James II.'s coronation, adds further: "The mantle has heretofore a rich embroidery with golden eagles, but this was stolen during the Civil Wars, and another was made for the ceremony of very rich gold and purple brocaded tissue, and outside being shot with gold thread, brocaded with gold and silver threads, with large flowers of gold frosted, heightened with some little silver flowers, all edged about with purple. The lining was of rich crimson Florence taffeta and the fastening a broad gold clasp." The Imperial Mantle worn by Queen Victoria was composed of cloth of gold. It was embroidered in a pattern of gold branches, interspersed with silver eagles, together with emblems more distinctively national in character—the rose, thistle, and shamrock, separated by silver fleurs-de-lys and coronets. It was edged with golden fringe, lined with rose-coloured silk, and fastened by means of a gilt morse.

The last of the coronation vestments are the scarlet gloves—corresponding to those worn by the episcopal order. They are provided by the Lord of the Manor of Worksop for the time being, and like the buskins and sandals, they are symbols of dignity. Not only in the case of the gloves, but in all the silk vestments used during the coronation solemnity itself, the prevailing hue is scarlet. From time immemorial this colour has characterised the full dress apparel of bishops, judges, and doctors, no less than military officers and civil functionaries. Hence, the coronation vestments furnish no exception to an almost universal practice. It is difficult to trace the origin of this custom with any real certainty. One possible explanation, however, is to be found. In 1244, Pope Innocent IV. commanded that all cardinals should wear red hats. This order was extended in 1471 by Paul II. to the remainder of their official robes, "as the remembrance of the truth that Christ had purchased the Church with His own Blood," and as signifying the readiness of the wearer



The Confessor's Chapel where the Robes of Estate are assumed, showing the ruined shrine of St. Edward

to give his own life, if need be, for that same cause. Possibly, then, the crimson of the coronation vestments may be deduced from a similar sentiment, as implying that the Sovereign then pledges himself to surrender his very life-blood, should it be demanded, for the sake of his people. The coronation of Charles I. was remarkably prolific in ominous and even terryfying events. Scarcely anything, however, created so deep an impression as the substitution of robes of *white* velvet in preference to the time-honoured colour, together with the choice of a similar material for the decoration of the throne. Whether this selection was inspired by the normal colour for the Feast of the Purification, on which day his coronation took place, or by some fantastic notion on the part of Archbishop Laud, that white appropriately typified the royal innocency, or whether the true explanation be one of an infinitely more prosaic character, *e.g.*, the total failure in the supply of the material required, combined with the utter impossibility of procuring an adequate quantity from Genoa in time, the fact remains that Charles I. was solemnly "hallowed" in white—a hue believed, as far back as the age of Merlin, to possess the most unlucky import for the throne of England. When, after the lapse of some four and twenty troubled years, the same ill-starred monarch was led forth from the Banqueting-hall of his own palace, to lay down his life on behalf of the Church which he so ardently loved, men's thoughts harked back to his coronation, and called to mind the dismal woes predicted centuries before, as destined to befall "the White King."

The processional vestments entitled the Parliament robes, which the Sovereign wears during his grand progress from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, have already been noticed. There still remain the Robes of Estate, which are laid upon St. Edward's altar in the Confessor's Chapel, and are there assumed by the Sovereign immediately upon the conclusion of the coronation service. In the "Device" for the coronation of Henry VII., his magnificent Robes of Estate are thus described: "The King, unarmed by his Chamberlayn of all his said regalles to his coote and shute, shalbe by the said Chamberlayn new arraued with hosen, sandallis, and other robes of state, that is to say, a surcote of purpill velwet close or open, furred with mynever pure, bordered with armyns, and ribbanded with gold at the colar, hands, and speris; a hode of estate furred with armyns poudred with armyns, with a greit lace of silke, and ij tarcellis purpill, and the King at his pleasur may were moo of his robes vndre his said mantell as a taberd. a kirtell or eny of them." Thus, it will be perceived, that the prevailing colour in the mantle and surcoat, comprising the Robes of Estate, is purple. This colour has for centuries been recognised as being the imperial colour *par excellence*. It points to the vast responsibilities which the Sovereign has taken upon himself during the solemnity in the Abbey, and which he has promised to discharge with faithful diligence for the remainder of his days.

Minute Marvels of Nature

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

IV.—Animal Parasites

I MIGHT apologise to my readers for introducing such a subject; but science has no blushes. The term "parasite," as I intend it here, includes only those minute animals that infest other animals, either internally or externally. Most of them are nourished at the expense of their hosts, but some, such as the parasites of the pike and the pigeon, appear to confer a benefit upon them. In commencing we have to recognise one prominent fact. All living animals, great or small, are pestered more or less by other animals specially adapted to prey upon them. Man himself, has more than fifty distinct species of known parasites. The dog and the ox furnish about two dozen species each; while the frog proceeds upon his watery way, accompanied by at least twenty kinds of these uninvited visitors. Even the slug, whose viscid secretions might be regarded as an effective barrier to all such trespassers has its own special parasite, which plunges through the exudations of its host with perfect freedom, and positively

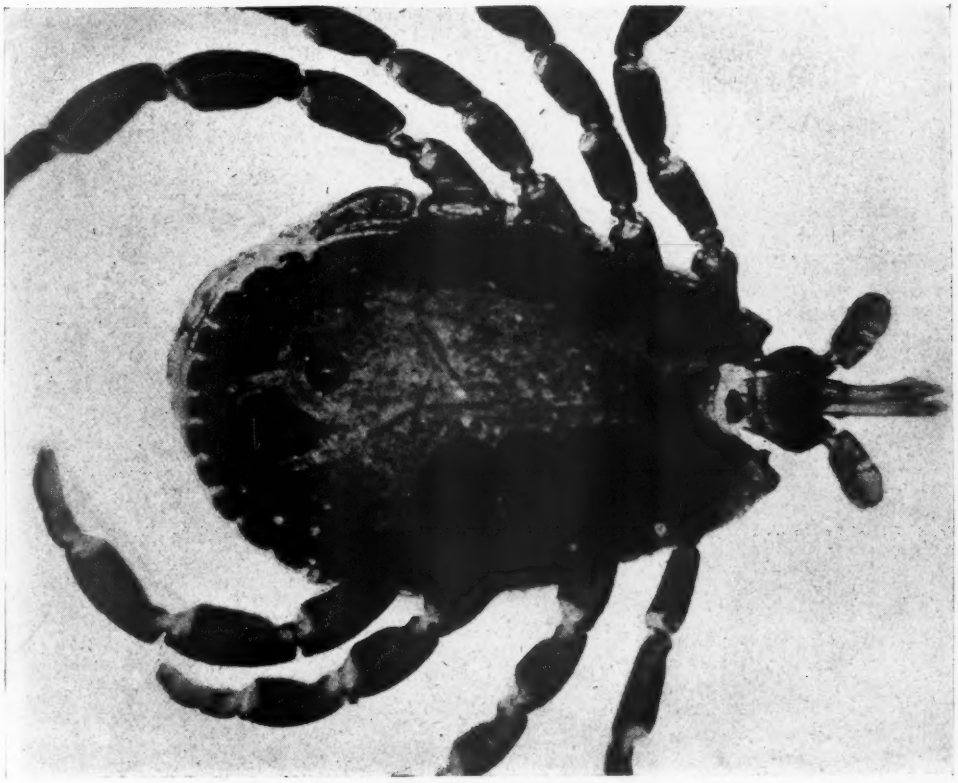


Fig. 1. Parasite of the tortoise

Fig. 2. A sheep tick, magnified five diameters

seems to revel in them. Some parasites are not by any means confined to one animal alone. There are catholic kinds which are found in or upon man, dog, pig, cat, rat, ox, &c., and always thriving. Canaries and other cage birds, produce a parasite or mite which often makes excursions to the persons having charge of them. The sheep-tick also occasionally attacks the shepherd. Others of this tribe in addition to attacking mammals are also found on birds, tortoises (Fig. 1) snakes, and lizards. Even the bullet-proof hides of the rhinoceros, and the leathery skin of the hippopotamus, are subject to the torturing inflictions of a tick. Horny skins or integuments are of no avail against the depredations of parasites, whom Nature has armed with complete sets of surgical instruments for the express purpose of penetrating them. The great whale of the deep is worried by lice, in addition to the suckers, barnacles, and other external troubles with which his skin is sometimes so covered that it can only be seen in patches. The hide-bound elephant also has a special parasite

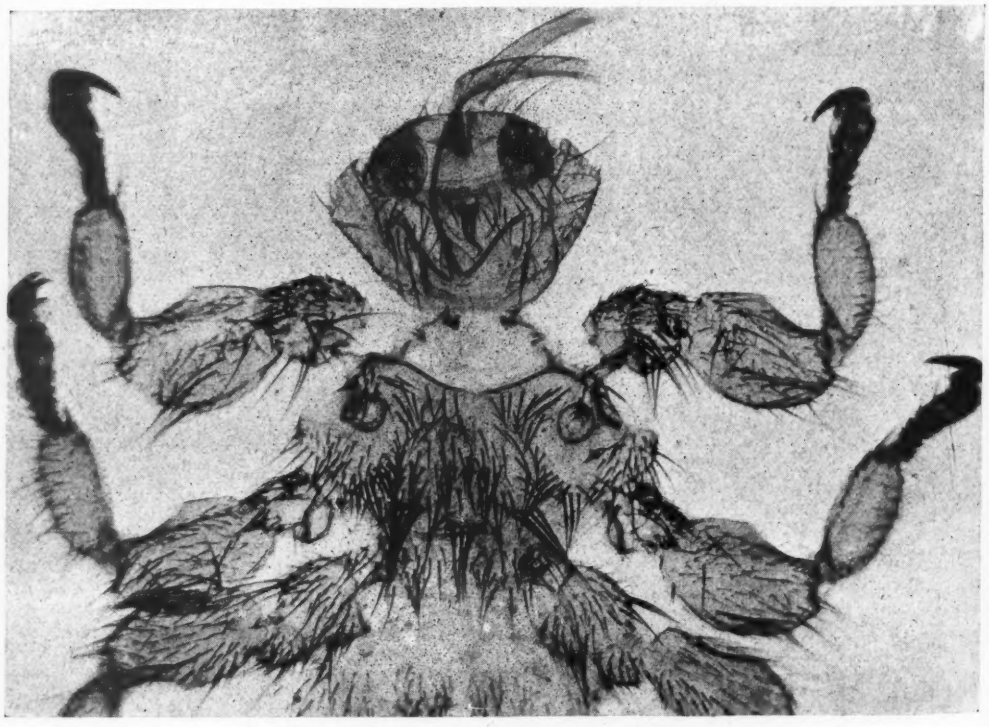


Fig. 3. The foreparts of a sheep-tick, highly magnified

with powerful mouth organs expressly adapted to penetrate its hide.

Neither do parasites cease to exist when we reach the lower shelves of nature's museum of life. In the first paper of this series, I illustrated one of the parasites of the tiny, bright scarlet parasites on their bodies and wings, while many moths are equally unfortunate, if not more so.

The destructive winter moth, for instance, is subjected to the attacks of no fewer than sixty-three known species of hymenopterous

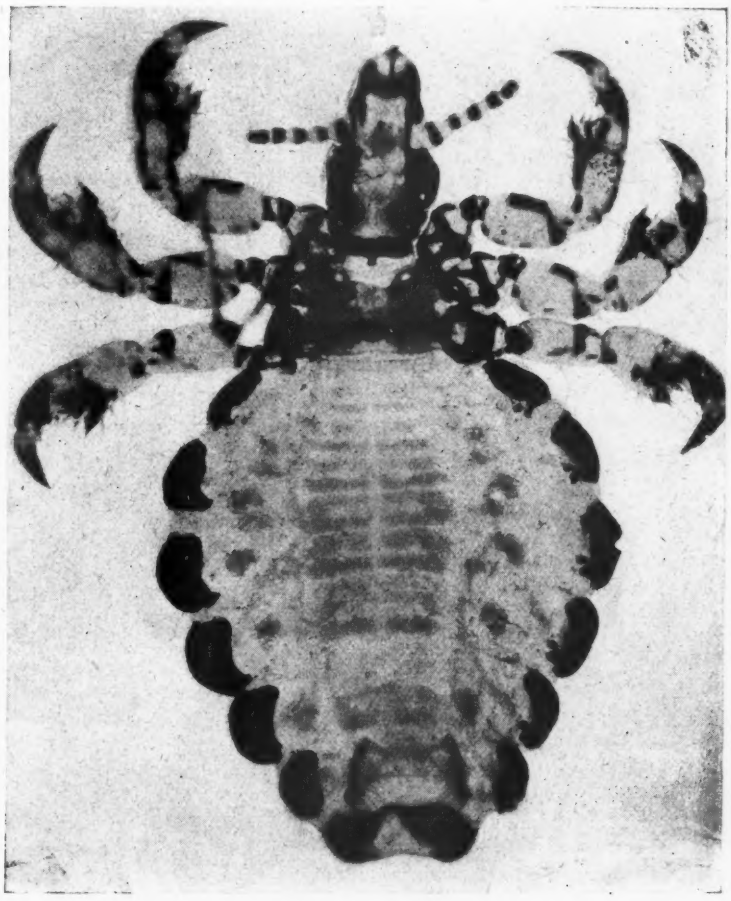


Fig. 4. Parasite of the pig

humble bee, but this is not the only insect that is troubled in the same way. I have often taken specimens of some of our most familiar butterflies and moths, which entertained an embarrassing company of such visitors. The Red Admiral, Small Tortoiseshell, Grayling, Marbled White, and other butterflies, may frequently be found with parasites many of which attack it in the caterpillar stage. Butterflies also are very liable to the parasitic assaults of the hymenoptera, which are not always content with attacking insects in their caterpillar or larval stage, but often stoop to the meanness of depositing their eggs in the eggs of their victims. The contents of the eggs thus

tampered with provide sustenance for the larvæ of parasites, to the disadvantage of the embryo caterpillars which they were intended to produce.

The small size of an animal gives no sort of immunity from parasitism. There

> The little fleas that do so tease
> Have smaller fleas that bite 'em,
> And these again have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*.

The most interesting and, indeed, amazing aspect of parasitism is, however, presented

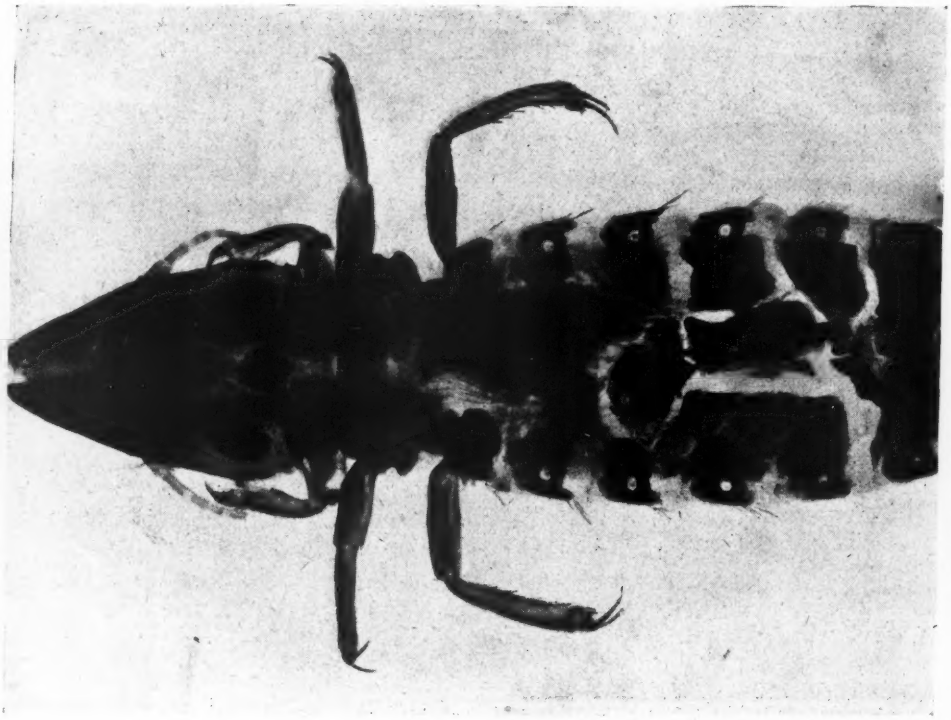


Fig. 5. Parasite of the ostrich

are, for instance, many minute creatures that obtain their sustenance by living inside the tiny green-flies or aphides, which so often infest our choicest plants. Thus parasites attack parasites, and the phenomenon called "hyper-parasitism" is brought about. Such secondary forms of parasitism are, indeed, quite familiar, and there is little doubt that tertiary parasitism occurs, while some who are presumably competent to form an opinion, even contend that quaternary forms are well within the range of probability; as was indeed foreseen by the poet who penned the famous lines:

by the case of those parasites which require several hosts to complete their life-cycle. There is, for instance, a certain louse which infests the dog, and which swallows the eggs of another of the dog parasites, this latter being a species of tapeworm. In the body of the dog-louse the tapeworm egg develops, but, only to a certain stage, when it assumes a resting form and awaits events. Its opportunity comes when the dog in cleaning his coat consumes the louse. Then the tapeworm completes its metamorphoses inside the dog, and becomes a mature tapeworm, and lays other eggs for other louse parasites,

and so repeats the history of its life. The cat in a similar manner obtains one of its parasites from the liver of the mouse; while it is well known that underdone meat, especially pork, conveys the resting larvæ of tapeworms to man.

There is also a species of flat-bodied worms which produce that troublesome disease amongst sheep known as the "rot." These parasites are commonly known as "liver-flukes"; and supply another marked instance of parasitism within parasitism.

The eggs of the fluke first require to reach water, in which they develop into actively swimming embryos. At this stage they wait upon a particular fresh water snail, whose body they enter, and there remain quiescent, but at the same time undergoing certain changes essential to their perfect development. After completing this period, they leave the snail and take to the water again; and if it should happen that no sheep, in the act of drinking, offers them hospitality, they patiently encyst themselves on stems of grass, &c., growing out of the water in the hope, apparently, that they will ultimately be

Fig. 6. Parasite of the crow

Fig. 7. Parasite of the pigeon

eaten by a sheep. If this good fortune favours them, they finally complete their history in the bile ducts and liver tubes of the unfortunate animal.

Of course this complicated change of hosts makes the probabilities of mature development with this class of organisms exceedingly small: which is a providential arrangement, for if the development of these pests were less complicated, animal-life might be in serious danger of extermination.

Besides the liver-fluke, the sheep has a

number of parasitic troubles, conspicuous amongst which is the irritating "tick," which it tries so diligently to remove by rubbing itself against a gate-post or tree. The sheep-ticks, magnified representations of which are shown in Figs. 2 and 3, belong to a family of extremely troublesome parasites which in distribution may be said to be cosmopolitan; and in tropical countries reach much greater dimensions than our British species exhibit. Ticks puncture the skin of the terrestrial vertebrates on which they feed, by means of a projecting beak, which is armed with recurved teeth and works in a kind of sheath, to prevent the escape of blood other than that which the creature is absorbing. The female tick thus pumps herself so full of her victim's blood that she assumes extraordinary dimensions.

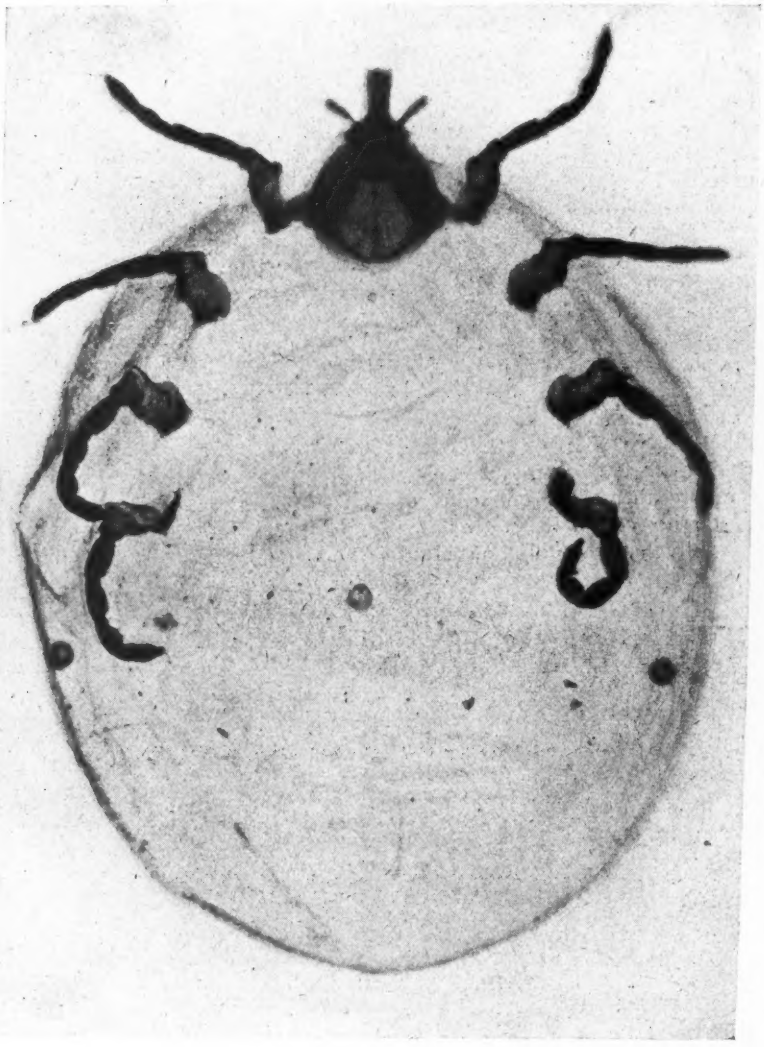


Fig. 8. Parasite of the tawny owl

A portion of the life of the sheep-tick, however, is not spent on the sheep, for they often occur on the ground, and probably to some extent are vegetable feeders. Pairing and hatching of eggs takes place more often on the ground beneath stones, and in similar situations. But, when the craving for blood returns, they climb the stalks of grasses and other plants, and while holding on with their fore-limbs, extend their other legs and hooked claws, which are shown in the illustration, and await the passing of some woolly sheep, or if the hungry creature happens to attach itself to the clothing of a human being, it will make the best of a bad job, and at the same time teach its host a lesson in natural history.

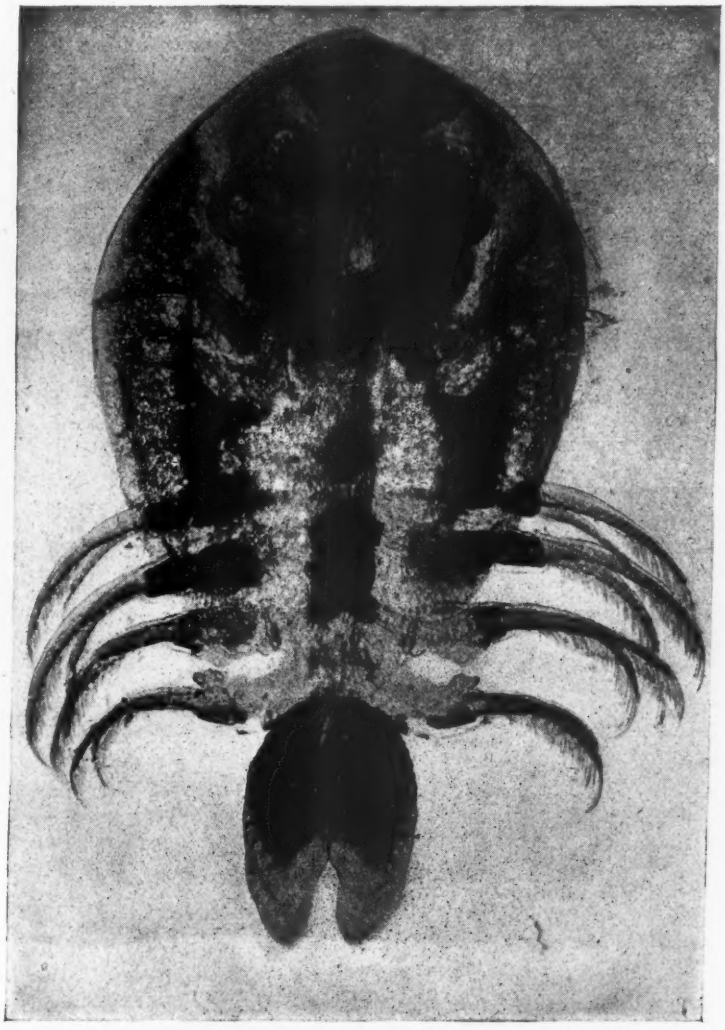


Fig. 9. Parasite common on pike and sticklebacks

The pig, also, has special parasites of its

own, and is often waited upon by the ferocious-looking creature shown in Fig. 4. Members of this family of parasites also patronise the field-mouse, rat, ox, dog, ass, horse, rabbit, with mammals in the matter of parasitic visitors. The parasite of the ostrich shown in Fig. 5, is a formidable-looking example, but, taking into consideration the size of its

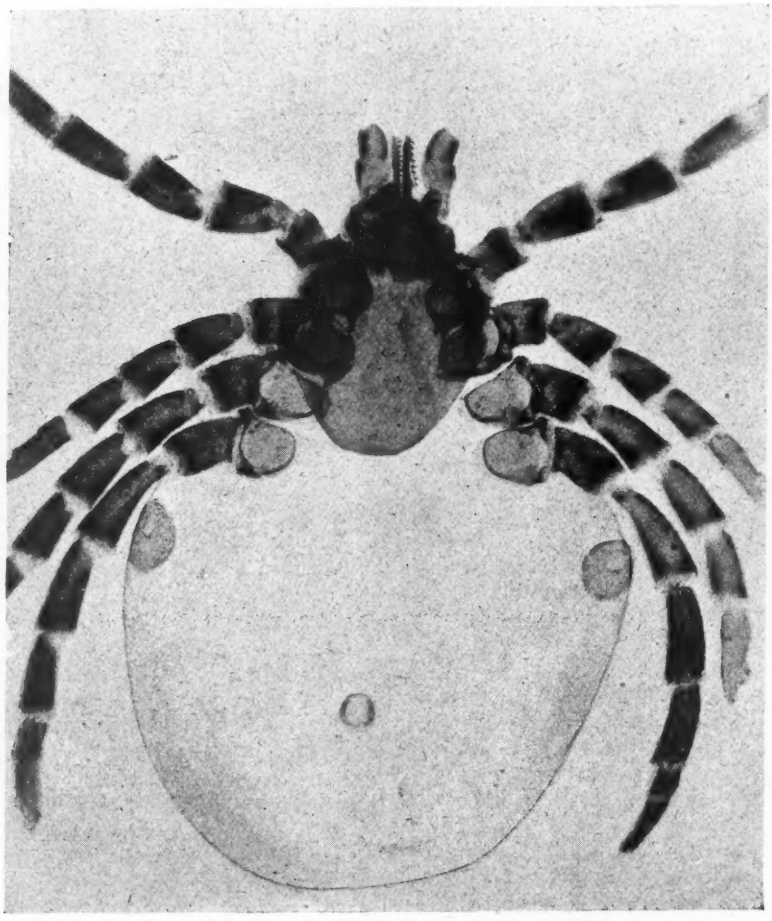


Fig. 10. Parasite of the polecat

squirrel, camel, monkey, &c. The parasites of these animals resemble each other very closely, although of different species; and one of the common characteristics of the various genera is the strong development of their legs, all of which, as our illustration shows, are adapted for climbing and holding firmly to their victim.

Birds both great and small, suffer equally host, perhaps it is only the natural order of things. The parasite of the crow (Fig. 6) assumes more reasonable dimensions and the common domestic fowl, along with many other familiar birds, provides board and lodgings for very similar parasites to this of the crow; while the pigeon, amongst its variety of such uninvited guests, possesses one at least of this family. Perhaps, how-

ever, the most interesting of the pigeon's parasites is the one shown in Fig. 7, which is known as the slender pigeon-louse, and is supposed to confer a benefit upon the globular outline suggestive of unearned increment.

Fish also have parasites, and one of these, taken from the fresh water pike, is

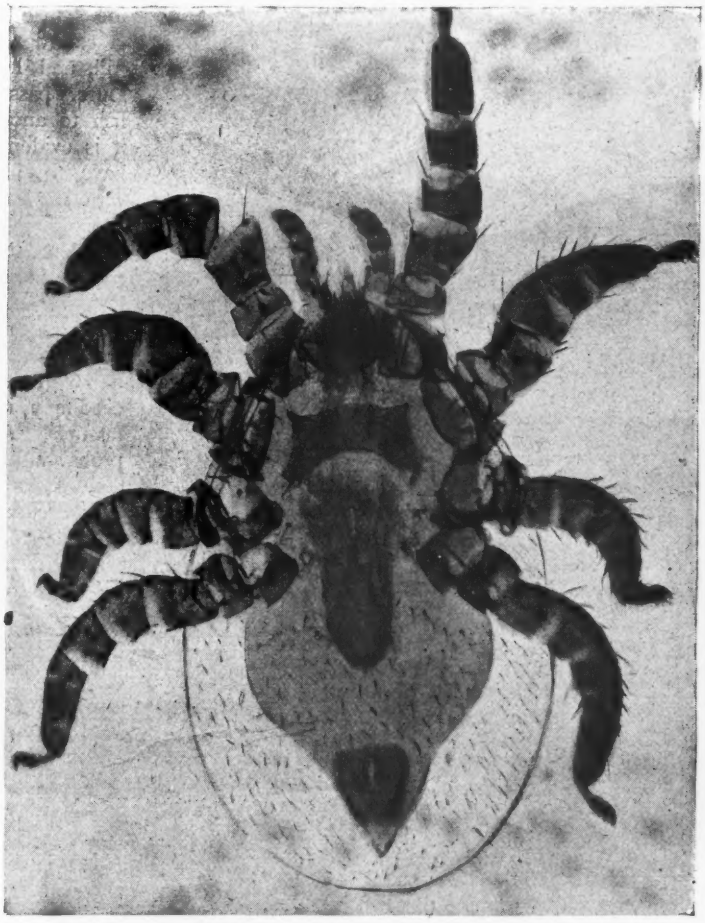


Fig. 11. Parasite of the bat

bird by thinning its body-plumage as the weather grows hot.

Similar slender-bodied and possibly useful parasites are found on many birds, including the domestic fowl, coot, waterhen, house-martin, &c., although of different species. The tawny owl presents by way of contrast (Fig. 8), a parasite that is not slender bodied but presents a shown in Fig. 9; this species is also found on carp, and perhaps more often on the smaller but interesting stickleback. It may seem to be upside down as represented in our illustration, on comparing it with the other parasites shown, but its position is correct. The legs are attached to the posterior part of its anatomy, and constitute paddles by means of which the organism

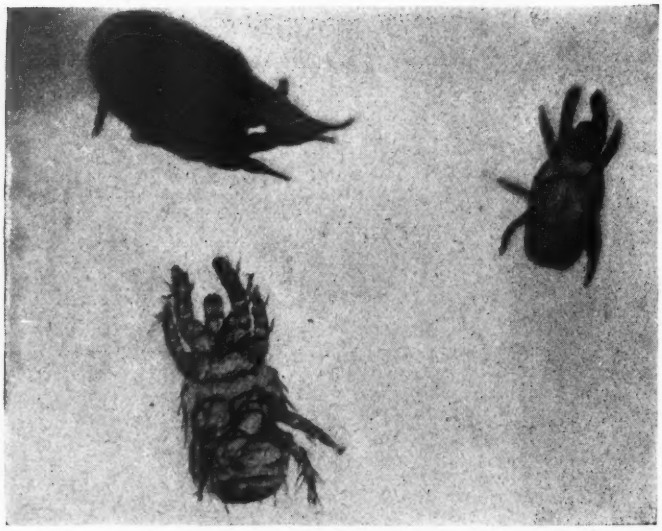


Fig. 12. Parasites of the common housefly

can change its host, and depart to pay its attentions to another fish. The two dark spots seen in the forepart of the creature, represent the first pair of legs, which have been converted into suckers, by means of which the organism retains hold of its host. Perhaps, as is the case of the slender parasite of the pigeon, we do this fish-dweller an injustice by including him with these parasites that live more or less at the expense of their hosts. For there is good reason to believe, that this "pike-louse" is not a parasitic torment to its host, but rather a desired attendant. In all probability it derives its nourishment from the mucous products secreted by the skin of the fish. And when it has satisfactorily arranged the toilet of one host, it abandons it for another with a more favourable field for its labours.

Fish have other organisms which take up their abodes temporarily on their skin surface; for on my table while writing, I have in a small tube of spirit, an organism that I have just obtained from a roach. It is wormlike, about an inch in length, tapering slightly to one end. The broader end is terminated by a large sucker, and at the tapering end this is repeated on a smaller scale. This lively creature with a sucker at its head and tail, was adhering by means of one of these suckers to the skin of the roach. It can detach itself at will, and, like our pike-louse, pass from one fish to another. Thus it is evident that fishes have to play host to various parasitic visitors at times.

While the study of parasites may not at first present itself as a very agreeable subject, yet, as we have seen, it possesses some exceedingly interesting features. As there are probably no animals that exist without their parasites, the study of these naturally provides a prodigious field for scientific work. There are many parasites that are quite familiar to scientists, yet of whose life-history little or nothing is known. While these degraded living forms are perhaps repulsive to the generality of mankind, the scientist has no more disrespect for them than he has for any other object of study.

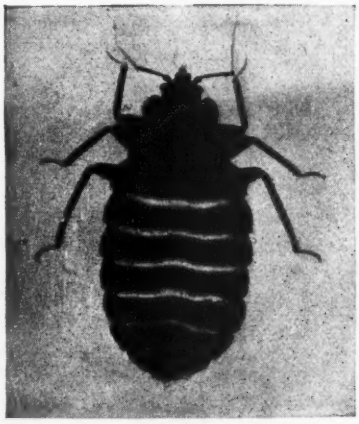


Fig. 13. The domestic bug magnified 6 diameters

This is a fortunate fact, because, as I have already shown, some of these parasites play important parts in connection with the health and happiness of mankind.

The difficulties in the way of the study of this class of organism, are of course very great. Animals like the polecat, and bat, whose parasites I have shown in Figs. 10 and 11, respectively, are not perhaps animals which offer themselves readily for the purpose of having their parasites studied. But of course, every one may capture the common housefly and examine its parasites, but here is presented another difficulty, as these are rather small. However, I have shown a few of those considerably magnified in Fig. 12, so that if my reader should detect these he may be able to identify them.

Occasionally we are called upon, by force of our surroundings, to study parasites in self-defence; and photographs of one of the worst forms of our parasitic pests are given in Figs. 13 and 14. For the benefit of those who may not recognise the creature from the photographs (these being considerably magnified), I may state that it is the common domestic bug, once a much dreaded human parasite in inns and lodging-houses, but now, thanks to iron bedsteads and cleanly habits, comparatively rare. This objectionable creature's eggs are extremely pretty objects when seen under the microscope, being elongate-oval in shape, and of a pearly white colour, the shell being elegantly marked with symmetrical markings and furrows. Finally it is terminated by a lid which opens to allow the young to escape. These take about eleven weeks to reach maturity, and the adult insects live through the winter.

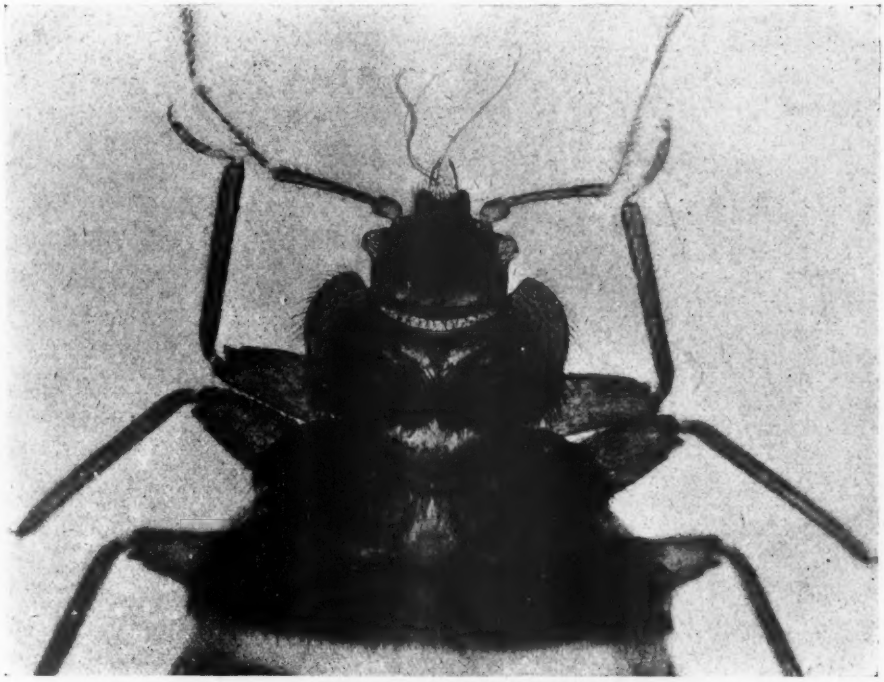


Fig. 14. Foreparts of the insect shown in Fig. 13, highly magnified

As showing how infinitely specialised are Nature's creatures to their surroundings, we may glance at the flea shown in Fig. 15. It was taken from a duck, and, although in

general appearance all fleas may be very much alike (as may be seen by comparing this with the human flea, which was shown in the first article of this series *), yet there is sufficient difference for an expert to be able in most instances to distinguish the animal from which a specimen was taken. Those species, moreover, that infest animals like the mole which live underground or in dark places, are often blind; and there are special species of fleas for man, dog, cat, fowl, squirrel, hedgehog, pigeon, bat, and many other animals.

Fig. 15. A flea taken from a duck

On comparing the flea and bug it will be found that they in common with other equally repulsive human parasites of similar habits, possess the common characteristic of being compressed or flat insects, although as our illustrations show, the two insects are not compressed in the same direction, the flea being flattened laterally, while the bug is compressed in the reverse direction. For an explanation of this we have not far to seek. On the soft flesh of the beings they infest, it is a difficult matter to exert sufficient pressure to injure such flattened organisms. The toothed blades with which the flea makes its puncture should be noticed; they project from the foreparts of the head, and are about twenty times as broad as those of the bug.

I am obliged to Mr. R. Hancock, of Handsworth, Birmingham, for the use of his excellent parasite specimens, photographs of which I have made at Figs. 1, 4, 8, 10, and 13.

* GOOD WORDS, January 1902.

He's still clinging to the boat all right

A Friend in Need

By F. J. Davey

Illustrated from Photographs

TARALLIN is now rather a flourishing township, bright and business-like, but, oh! what a dreary little place it was in those days! Perhaps a score of houses, all told, facing in all directions, many of them turning their impudent back-premises to the street, and nearly all of them coolly elbowing the road out of their way. It used to liven up a little on Saturday evenings, when the settlers came in for their stores, but never did it look drearier than on one very hot Sunday morning. One or two shirt-sleeved idlers moodily lazing on their verandahs; at an open window a woman staring vacantly at the rows of charred house-blocks which were all that remained of what had been the church; and nobody else in sight except two black-coated men standing on the steps of an ugly, unpainted building, uncouthly labelled, "School of Arts." One of them was the Rev. John Brunton, curate-in-charge of the Wimbriatta, the other his old school-fellow, friend, and present visitor, Henry Stilver. A pleasant, kindly face was the parson's, but it now looked anxious and sad, for he was waiting—and waiting in vain—for some addition to the three little girls who as yet represented his whole congregation. He had grown but too accustomed to small attendances of late, especially since, owing to his church having been burnt down, he had been compelled to hold service in the "School of Arts," the only available building, but until to-day there had always been some small congregation. He

looked around with disgust at the grimy walls and broken windows of the hall, while Stilver in his turn as inquisitively scrutinised his friend's face.

"I've been wondering, John, ever since I came," he said, "what could be bringing that look of worry to your face. I know now. Is it always like this?"

"No, indeed, Henry, no. It has never been so bad as this before."

Just then, a man ran out of an opposite house and was making hurriedly towards the waterside, but on seeing the two he suddenly checked himself and came strolling towards them with perhaps a touch of exaggerated leisureliness. A jolly-faced man, strong of build, though of no great height, broadly good-natured, but one who, you could see at a glance, would hold to his own.

"Good-morning, Mr. Brunton," he said, loudly. "No cold feet about to-day, eh?" Then, with a careless nod to Stilver, "Mornin'! What's all this? No service to-day? Why, how's that?"

"There were too many like you, Mr. Cradget, who stayed away," replied the curate, with a little asperity.

"Ho, ho! My fault, eh? Too bad! Well then, I'll make up for it next Sunday, my word I will, if I have to round 'em up for you with a stockwhip! I couldn't come, anyhow, this mornin'. Been busy all the time, nursin' Campbell's boy, then cuttin' firewood for Rheumaticky Joe, an' then workin' up a scratch volunteer gang to go an' fell a few acres of timber for old Mrs. Joyce. Purty fair mornin's work, eh? On'y just got back, an' now,"—with a side-shake of his head towards the river—"I see Tim Royle's tumbled out of his boat. Half drunk, as usual, I s'pose."

"Good gracious, man! Then why are we dawdling here?" and the Rev. John started off hastily towards the water.

"Easy a minute, there's no hurry, Mr. Brunton. He's still clingin' to the boat all right—I've been keepin' my eaglest eye on him. He's a big, strong fellow, is Tim Royle, an' I'm just goin' to wait till he's on'y got about three gasps left, or else he might drown me as well as himself." He turned and critically watched the figure in the water for a little while, and then resumed: "Well, p'raps he's about weak enough by now. Will you hold my coat? Wait though, I'd better put it in the house; there's some papers in the pocket I don't care to have seen by anybody."

"For heaven's sake, Cradget, don't waste any more time, man! I shouldn't dream of looking at your papers."

"No," commented Cradget, judicially "No, I don't suppose you would. But I'm goin' to bar accidents, all the same." Rushing into the house and out again, he plunged into the river to the succour of the drowning man. But Royle was in a fighting mood, and turned on his would-be rescuer so fiercely that both were in danger of being drowned, had not the curate swum out to their aid. Cradget no sooner felt his feet touch bottom than he stood up and spluttered out:

"You see I was right, Mr. Brunton! You would have left my coat with the papers lyin' about after all, now wouldn't you?"

"They must be very valuable papers, Mr. Cradget," remarked Stilver.

"What's that got to do with you?" blazed out Cradget, furiously. "You ain't Confidential Travellin' Agent for the whole universe, are you?"

The curate and his friend found Mrs. Brunton waiting for them at the gate of the cottage which did duty as a parsonage.

"My dear John!" she protested. "Why, you're wet through! Whatever have you been doing?"

"Holding service—in the river," chuckled the Rev. John, with an amused glance at his friend. Stilver explained what had occurred concluding with the remark: "I don't think I altogether like that fellow Cradget."

"Ah, that is because you don't know him," she objected. "Why, the parish simply couldn't get on without him. If you only knew the cases of distress he has brought to light, the numbers of subscription-lists, benefit-concerts, and what not, he has got up! It's really wonderful."

"I grant you he's a little—er—difficult at times," said the Rev. John, coming back after changing his clothes. "But he's a really good fellow at bottom. He does a

lot of good by stealth, too—doesn't let his left hand know what his right is doing, very often."

"There was a fellow like that, don't you remember, in our cricket eleven," rejoined Stilver, drily. "Neither of his hands had the slightest idea what the other was doing, and somehow or other he was always getting —bowled out."

"Upon my word, Mr. Stilver," said Mrs. Brunton, "you're perfectly incorrigible. But I'll make you like him, before long."

The old woman was all alone

"Please don't! I'ld really rather you didn't!" he expostulated, smiling. "But tell me, John, how is it your people don't come to church?"

"All on account of that abominable 'School of Arts,'" replied the curate. "You saw to-day what a disreputable place it is, and really, I don't wonder it hasn't the attraction for them that our dear little church used to have."

"But I thought you were going to build a new one?"

"Some day, Henry, some day. We want a good bit more yet for our building-fund. The people are not well-to-do, you know, and they've had a good many calls upon them lately. I rather fancy they don't intend to give any more to the fund just at present. So what can I do?"

"I know what I'ld do, in your place. I'ld get the money out of them somehow, if I had to hurl the very heaviest texts at them and break every bone in their spiritual bodies!"

One afternoon, Mrs. Brunton asked Stilver to go for a walk with her, and after a long tramp over the hills they came to a hut standing alone in the bush. "I'm going to show you the better side of Andrew Cradget," said Mrs. Brunton. "Old Mrs. Joyce lives in this hut; her husband deserted her a while ago, and her son is away in—in trouble, but he'll be back again soon now. Cradget has persuaded some of the others to help, and they're felling some of the timber so that the son will have something to go on with when he's released." They looked in at the hut, a wretched affair of earthen floor, bark roof, and walls of rough split slabs, through

every joint of which the wind could penetrate. The old woman was all alone, quietly dozing in her chair, till the crash of a falling tree outside caused her to stir and open her eyes. "Oh, I beg parding, ma'am," she said; "I wouldn't ha' been so imperlite as to go to sleep if I'd knowed you was comin'. Andrew was here a bit ago, an' made up the fire for me; he's out there workin' now—nobody else turned up to-day, though there was a good crowd of 'em here helpin' yest'day."

After leaving the old woman, and picking their way through a confused jumble of fallen timber, they at length stood where they could watch the man at work, and Stilver, though himself no bushman, noted with approval the long, steady swing of the axe, and the even rhythm of the blows as they cut their way to the heart of the tree. A large number of trees had been already partially cut, and the axeman was now at work at the "king-tree," a big one which is always selected for its size and position, and left to the last so as to make one great combined fall. Presently it began to crack and "speak"; the axeman put in a few more finishing strokes, and then sprang smartly aside. And now, as the monarch of the forest totters on his half-severed base, and something of his weight is borne upon the lesser trees, they too begin to sway and crack, the rending and splintering grows into a crescendo medley of jarring sounds, the hitherto motionless vines rock to and fro, lashing themselves furiously against the trunks, huge wrenched-off limbs come crashing down, and the strain becomes each moment more intense, until at last the thick upper canopy tears itself away, the great white barrels lurch forward, hurtle at arrow-speed through the air, and strike the ground a thousand tons, with a thud and crash and roar that makes the earth tremble and shake again.

When the after-shower of leaves had cleared away, the two watchers at once saw that Cradget, whom they had last seen putting on his coat in readiness to leave, was in imminent peril. A trailing vine had twined itself around him, whisked him up high into the air, and there held him, clinging desperately on. To fall from such a height among the sharply splintered timber below was to be impaled on a grill of spikes.

"Are you hurt?" shouted Stilver, anxiously.

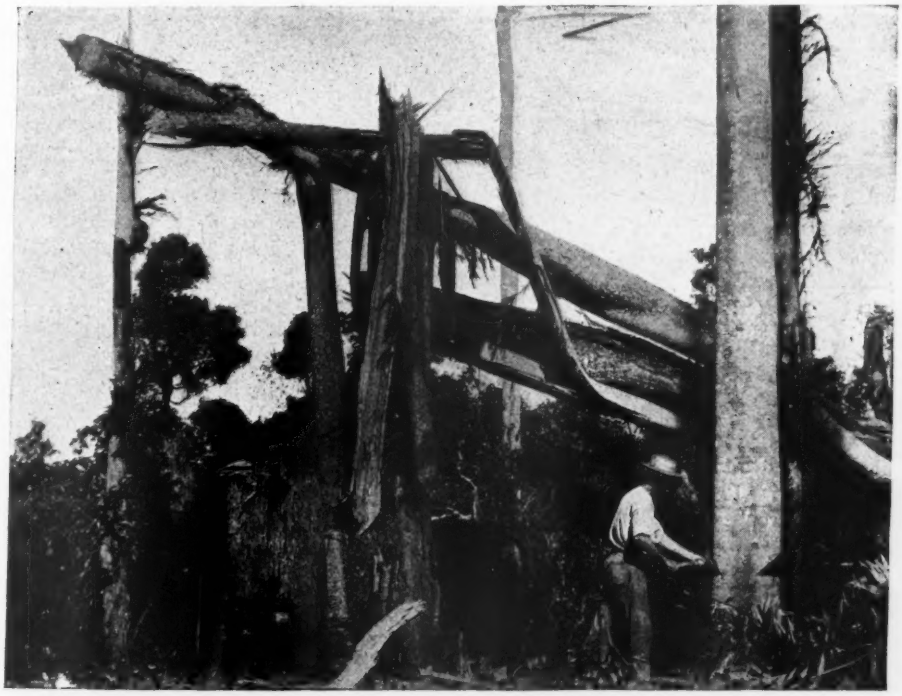
"Only a little. But you'll have to be quick! The vine is breaking!"

"Keep still, then. I'll have you down in a minute!"

A little way off, Cradget's axe and coat lay on the ground, where they had evidently been torn out of his hands. Quickly severing a thick hanging vine-loop with the axe, Stilver drew it along so as to cross in mid-air near the suspended man, and passed the free end under a fallen barrel. "Now, Mrs. Brunton!" he cried; "help me to hold on, with every ounce you're worth!" Slowly and painfully, Cradget disentangled himself, wormed his way down the improvised rope, and then sank almost fainting on the ground. While Mrs. Brunton busied herself in fanning him, Stilver went to pick up the coat, near which a number of papers lay scattered about. "I suppose these must be the wonderful papers he thinks so much about," he thought, and began to gather them up. Quite against his intention—for he had no desire to pry into another's secrets—a word or two caught his eye. For a moment or two he hesitated; then, hastily thrusting them into the pocket, he replaced the coat where it had previously fallen and returned just in time to find Cradget recovering. "You are getting better now, aren't you?" asked Mrs. Brunton. He did not answer her, but looked at Stilver, indicating her with the side-shake of the head which was a customary trick with him. "Real good sort, ain't she?" he said, then burst into a loud laugh. "Did you see me fly?" he roared. "Twig the way I soared, 'I would I were a bird,' eh? No, I'm blest if I do! Oh, crommarty! ain't I stiff? My back must be a sort o' patchwork quilt—strikes me I'll have to get somebody to iron out the creases!"

"Come in, please." There was just a touch of impatience in the Rev. John's usually placid voice; twice already had his sermon-writing been interrupted. A farmer's

wife had drifted into his study, apparently for no particular object, had touched on every subject she could think of under a tropical sun, and finally disclosed the object of her visit. "William's much better to-day, thankin' you kindly for the pray'rs an' the porous plasters. Reel comfortin', them plasters was." The second visitor, much to the amusement of Stilver, who was sitting in the room, had called with a volcanic



The axeman was now at work at the "Ling-tree"

grievance. "That there cemeterry fence is all wrong! I told you of it before! An' now they're diggin' Jim Bostock's grave on my ground! Now, I won't stand that! Bostock was alwis tresspassin' on my place before, but now he's dead, I was beginnin' to hope there'ld be an end of it, an' I tell you straight, Mr. Brunton, if you go an' bury him on my land, I'll—I'll—I'll plant a stingin'-tree right atop of him, see if I don't!"

So the curate certainly did feel a little annoyed when he heard this third knock at the door. "Oh, I beg pardon," said the new-comer. "I didn't know you were busy. I'll call again."

"No, Cradget, I won't ask you to do that. Come in," answered the parson, whose impatience was never soft-answer proof.

"Well, I won't keep you long. I've come to ask your advi— I may as well be honest and say help."

"Oh, another case of distress you've discovered, I suppose? What should we do without you, Cradget? Now, I wonder who it can be this time, some worthy person, I'm sure."

The man laughed. "Well, p'raps not, sir. It's a poor fellow by the name of Andrew Cradget."

"What, yourself? The last name I should have guessed; but it's nothing very serious, I trust?"

"Oh, well, parson, as to that, I'm one that couldn't raise a tear over a whole

cowful o' spilt milk. Fact is—to tell the truth—I'm dead-ended—stone-broke."

"Dear me, this is very painful—very painful indeed."

"Oh, I shall smile it down, all right. You see, there's a good opening I can get down South, but I've no money to get there. That's where the bellows leak."

"I'm afraid I don't quite see——"

"It's this way. You know, Mr. Brunton, I've taken round the hat often enough for others, but I can't carry it round for myself, can I?"

"Still, I don't quite see——"

"Then I'll say it straight out! I've helped you, now an' again, with your buildin' fund and other things, an' I think you might now do somethin' o' the sort for me, and——"

"You must excuse me, Mr. Cradget," interposed the curate, stiffly. "Of course I cordially acknowledge that you, who have done so much for others, are especially entitled to be helped yourself, but I am sorry you should have thought it necessary to remind me of it in such a way. In any case, Baker, or say Trenwith, could do far better for you than I could. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you know."

"Think so? I'ld take the bird's opinion about that!" replied Cradget, rising. "Sorry I've offended you, Mr. Brunton, but I'm not goin' to ask Baker or Trenwith either to cart around a beggin'-list for me. I'm not very good friends with those two, an' I want to keep just enough self-respect to go on with for small change, like."

Again was the Rev. John conquered. "Forgive me, Cradget, I'm afraid I was prejudiced a little by your reminding me of—but never mind about that now, and if——"

"Look here," interrupted Stilver, speaking to Cradget. "Shall I do it? I will if you like."

Cradget burst into one of his big laughs. "Crommarty!" he exclaimed; "I never thought of you. Why, of course, you're the very man for the job. You'll screw twice as much out of them as—well, that's settled then, an' thank you. So long!"

"Another set-back to my poor building-fund," said the Rev. John, after Cradget had gone.

"Do they subscribe well to that sort of thing here on the river?" asked Stilver.

"Indeed yes, I always say the Wimbriatta is quite a stream of benevolence;" and the curate chuckled at his own little joke.

"Then I shouldn't wonder if I get your building money for you too."

"My dear Henry, it can't be done. They simply couldn't afford it."

"Come now, I'll bet you a sovereign to your very worst sermon that I do it!"

"It's heavy odds," sighed the Rev. John. "Oh dear, how I should like to take you up—and lose."

In going around with the list, it soon became plain to Stilver that Cradget had laid up for himself full store of the people's sympathies, his claim for assistance in his own hour of need being deeply felt and as generously met. When at length the evening arrived when the presentation was to be made, the School of Arts was crowded, and loud was the applause when the chairman—a fat little storekeeper—conducted Cradget and Stilver on to the platform. "Ladies an' gentlemen," began the chairman, "I consider it no small honner to be called upon to preside on this unpresent-dated occasion, when we have met to present our esteemed but transient friend Mr. Andrew Cradget with a farewell purse o' sov'rin's. We are all unanimous—" the chairman paused, fixing one of the audience with a ferocious glare. "Yes, my friends, unanimous was the word I used, for let me tell that dispiritin' nightmare in the far corner that if he's not unanimous, like ev'rybody else here to-night, it on'y shows his unapparelled ignorance. I shall not allude to Mr. Cradget as a leadin' citizen, a graceful dancer or as an accomodatin' anctioneer, but in his character as the friend of the friendless and, I'm proud to say, the need of the needless. I ask you, my friends, whose noble heart was it—whose echoin' brain—that always softened an' melted to adamantine tears at the very first cry of distress? Whose, but Andrew Cradget's? Aye—an' the fatherless child—the sorrowin' widow, the dinnerless tramp, an' the amputated limb, who was it hugged them

one an' all to his bosom, an' clothed an' fed, an' comforted them till the wails of sorrow was heard no more? An' the undyin' echoes murmur in our ears: Andrew Cradget—nobody else! No, Andrew—Mr. Cradget, I mean—I shall not spare your blushes, sir! An' now, my friends—now, when he is leavin' us, when we have to say farewell to our manly hero, our local good Samaratung, it will be at any rate a comfort to him that he has won golden opinions from us all, how many golden opinions we shall know in a minnit when our honnery secretary, Mr. Stilver, reads out the subscription list."

A trailing vine had twined itself around him, whisked him up high into the air, and there held him

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Stilver; "it is a great pleasure to me that I can even add something to what our worthy chairman has said. It was only yesterday that I came to know that Mr. Cradget has worked quite as energetically in no less than five other districts during the last seven years as he has done during the last year or so on the Wimbriatta, and that, as a reward of his labours, he has been presented with a purse of sovereigns on leaving every one of those five places! But he has still higher claims to our consideration—not to say admiration. Cases of distress, as you know, don't occur every day, and so it came about that this gentleman's overpoweringly generous heart has now and again impelled him to call a few such cases into being, for the mere noble pleasure of relieving them! I find, for instance, that poor Mrs. Billing's husband, who, you will remember, was accidentally killed out West, isn't half as dead as the subscribers to her relief had every right to expect—in fact, he has had the impudence to write and tell me that he isn't dead at all! And I really don't think it is quite fair, after you had paid a good round sum to have Tom Carroll's leg cut off in Shoaleyport Hospital, that he immediately grew a new one, every bit as good. As for Susan Barnes——"

Cradget rose uneasily, and with good reason, but he knew his public well—it would take them some minutes to get over their surprise before they could act. "Look here!" he said to the audience, with an impressive air of taking them into his confidence; "that gentleman'—with his usual side-nod towards Stilver—"that gentleman, though you mightn't think it, is the Finger of Providence! An', between you an' me"—lowering his voice to a stage-whisper—"the Finger o' Providence has been an' picked my pocket! It's true what he's been tellin' you; I've acted on the cronk now an' again, but for all that, whether you believe it or not, there's streaks of real shinin' goodness runnin' through me like—like white ducks in a mud-puddle. For one thing—if I see anybody in any sort o' trouble, I've got to help 'em out of it, somehow—I must—I'm bound to do it—for that's the way I was made. An' now, Mr. Chairman, I on'y ask one favour."

"What is it?" inquired the bewildered chairman.

"It's this! Kindly all join me in singing: 'For he's a jolly bad fel- - -low!'" and out Cradget bolted by the side door, while the duly-warned and expectant policeman was priding himself on keeping such a wary eye on the front entrance.

When the excitement had become somewhat subdued, Stilver once more addressed the meeting. "I also have a favour to ask, Mr. Chairman. I really don't care to finger any money that's been ever so remotely connected with Mr. Andrew Cradget, and I propose, with your permission, to transfer my subscription to the building-fund for the new church."

"Aye, that's the tip! So will I!"

"So will I!"

"And I!" The voices came from all parts of the hall, and the chairman rose. "Ladies an' gentlemen," he said; "this has been a most unfortunit countrytom, an' I think that's the best way of gettin' out of it. All them not stingy enough to want their money back hold up their hands."

Put in such a way, it is not very surprising that the motion was carried, *nem. con.*

"At any rate, you'll get your new church now," said Stilver, on their way home.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the curate. "But I would rather—a thousand times rather—have had the Cradget I knew, or thought I knew. I'm not sure, even now, that he was all bad——"

"No, I don't think he was. Some papers of his that I accidentally saw gave me a clue, but it was only the barest suspicion—until yesterday. At all events, he has done you a good turn. Why, you ought to call the new building St. Andrew's, after him."

"My dear fellow," sighed the Rev. John, "that will be a great deal better than St. School of Arts, won't it?"

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for June

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

THE paragraph of the letter, which we shall study this month, is contained in chap. i. 12–18. First let us read it, and observe its drift, and its bearing on the general thought advanced by St. James.

The passage runs thus in the Revised Version:

12. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which *the Lord* promised to them that love him.

13. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, and He Himself tempteth no man.

14. But each man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed.

15. Then the lust, when it hath conceived, beareth sin, and the sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death.

16. Be not deceived, my beloved brethren.

17. Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning.

18. Of His own will He brought us forth by the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of His creatures.

Such is the paragraph. Let us notice its drift.

St. James regards the man who has endured temptation as happy. Trial is capable of bringing a blessing; in it lies the road which leads to the winning of the crown of life. Trial tests the stuff that is in a man. It is a revealing power; it discloses the strength in the strong, the weakness in the weak. The weak man blames circumstances for his failures; the strong man examines and blames himself. The weak man says, "I am tempted of God," or, "Why does God allow this?" In saying this, he shows that he mistakes himself, and misjudges God. It is not in God's nature to tempt men to evil; but it is in man's nature to be led astray by desire, and desire indulged opens the way to the kingdom of death. Herein lies one of the dangerous self-deceptions by which weak men surround themselves. Be not deceived, therefore says St. James (v. 16), but realise that you live in the kingdom of God, the kingdom of light, for God is the Father of lights, and from Him every kind of good comes; in Him is no shadow; but only light and only good (v. 17). Nor is His a quiescent goodness, remaining passive at some inaccessible centre of light. His goodness is active; it goes forth with quickening energy, freely, of His own will. The Christian life, and the power which is in it, is an evidence of this truth, for to Him we owe our realisation of the true life, which should be lived by the Sons of God. "Of His own will He brought us forth by the word of truth" (v. 18). This quickening energy of the divine goodness reveals that God has a purpose in view. He is good; He diffuses good; and He calls men to His side that they may become witnesses of good and for good. His aim in manifesting the power of a regenerate life in Christians is that they may bear witness to what all men are called to be. He brought us forth that we might be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures, the earnest and token of what the general harvest of the world will be.

As we drink in this teaching of St. James, we can realise how full His heart was of one great truth. Life is education; at least, it becomes a wholesome and happy education to those who allow it to be so. In the field of nature harvests are determined not by the weather only, but by the quality of the seed; and it is the same with life-results also. If we possess the strong and courageous heart of faith; if we are believers in righteousness and goodness; then the vicissitudes of life will bring their benediction; we shall emerge the stronger for trial; the crown of life will be ours. But if we give way to a

weak petulance, blame circumstances, and ignore the influence of our own foolish and selfish desires, we shall become blind to the goodness which is educating us, and we shall miss the goal of existence; we shall fail to bear witness to that higher life, to which all men are called as the sons of Him who is not the author of darkness but the Father of light.

The section may now be considered in detail; it falls into four divisions suitable for meditation on the four succeeding Sundays.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE CROWN OF LIFE

"BLESSED is the man that endureth temptation" (v. 12). Like his master, St. James gives us a beatitude. If we examine the beatitudes of the New Testament we shall find one common feature. None of them refer to material wealth or worldly prosperity. They come to us in a great variety of forms; but they are all united in this that happiness lies in character, not in circumstances. The poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemaker, are the happy. Some indeed refer to earthly circumstances, to sorrow, to persecution, to temptation, but in each of these instances, it is not the mere outward circumstances which constitute the blessing; it is rather the temperament or character shown in trial or persecution or sorrow, which finds the benediction. The only exception, and this is but superficial, is the beatitude. "Blessed are they that mourn." At first sight this seems to deal merely with sorrow as a common circumstance of life, and to leave the ethical condition out of view. But the power to mourn is clearly not to be limited to the personal experience of sorrow; for every one mourns when sorrow comes; but those who have lofty ideals and kindly hearts mourn, even when their own lot is happy, because like their master they can feel for the sorrows and deplore the sins of the world. The true-hearted find reasons of mourning beyond their own fence. In all the beatitudes of the New Testament, the ethical basis of real life is either implied or expressed.

We find this to be true in the beatitude here. It is not the man who meets temptation who is blessed; it is the man who endures; it is the man who stands at his post, bearing himself with patience and courage to the last, who is blessed. His benediction is not evident at once. In the eyes of the world, sometimes in his own eyes, his lot is far from happy. Like St. Paul, he may feel himself set forth as a spectacle of suffering before the eyes of the world; afflictions, necessities, stripes, imprisonments, may be his portion (2 Cor. vi. 4–10). These things in themselves are not elements of happiness; they are hard to bear; they are at the time they befall us, as the writer of the Hebrew says—not joyous, but grievous (Heb. xii. 11); but afterward the blessing comes; afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them (and the words may be noted as an excellent commentary on the beatitude of St. James) that have been exercised thereby. It is upon the exercised soul that the blessing falls; it is when the man that has endured has shown his quality, and comes forth tested and "approved" that the reward comes.

The reward is the crown of life. There are two words for crown; one is stephanos, the other the Greek equivalent for the word diadem. In Archbishop Trench's view, the diadem was the kingly crown, while stephanos was the wreath of the conqueror; but Professor Mayor has cited passages which show that stephanos was used in the septuagint for the kingly crown: thus the golden crown of the King of Ammon is called stephanos (2 Sam. xii. 30). If this be so, the idea of royalty as well as that of victory may be associated with the word stephanos, the word used here by St. James. The notion of victory is clearly present; the whole passage suggests the enduring courage and resistance in the conflict with temptation, but there is room for the idea of kingship also; the man who is victor wins the wreath of victory, but the man that has endured, and comes forth tested and approved enters into the true sovereignty over himself; this is the kingship to which all Christian people are called; they are priests, who present themselves as a living sacrifice to God (Rom. xii. 1); they are kings who in self-surrender find them-

selves, and so enter with possession of their own kingdom. When Dante had climbed to the summit of the hill of Purgatory, where he vanquished the passions which like rebels had dethroned him, he was crowned with crown and mitre, the symbols of self-mastery and self-sacrifice, which according to St. James are the true service and worship of Christian life (i. 27).

THIRD SUNDAY

THE KINGDOM OF DEATH

13. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, and He Himself tempteth no man.

14. But each man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed.

15. Then the lust, when it hath conceived, beareth sin: and the sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death.—James i. 13–15.

THE man described here throws the blame of his failure upon God. "I am tempted of God." It is like saying: "The fault is not mine, but God's." St. James does not mean that the man says crudely, "I am tempted of God," as though the immediate temptation to which he was exposed was directly God's doing. He pictures the man as saying that the blame of the temptation, if traced back to its ultimate source, belongs to God. He uses a preposition which expresses not the near and visible, but the remote and unseen cause of the temptation. Professor Mayor illustrates the difference by reference to the story of the fall. Eve was the near and immediate cause of Adam's fall, but Adam endeavours to make God responsible. "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me." The woman gave the fruit to Adam, but then God gave the woman.

It is then the habit of excusing self by throwing the blame on circumstances, on destiny, on the nature and order of things, which St. James is here rebuking. It is a common habit enough, and one into which all of us readily fall. It is modern; it is ancient; it is universal; it is, as we say, human nature. It was noticed by the wisdom of other times. Man falls through his own folly, but he puts the blame on God. Such is the reflection we meet with in Proverbs xix. 3. "The foolishness of man subverteth his way, and his heart fretteth against the Lord," *i.e.*, he murmurs against the divine order, though it is his own folly which has caused him to fall. The Septuagint version boldly expresses this, rendering it "in his heart he blames God," or alleges God to be the cause of his misfortune. This unhealthy attitude of mind St. James denounces; and for his denunciation he gives two reasons—the nature of God, and the nature of man.

1. This casting blame upon God shows ignorance of the divine nature. "God cannot be tempted with evil, and He Himself tempteth no man."

The sentence expresses a supreme principle, and a necessary inference.

The principle is—God cannot be tempted with evil. His nature is, by hypothesis, essentially good: He is unsusceptible of evil. St. James returns to this view in verse 17; it is clear that this is to him an aphorism of faith; it is a truth which lies in the nature of things. To think otherwise is to deny God. Once admit that God is open to the influence of evil, and the whole conception of the righteous order of things becomes a dream; a God who is susceptible of evil is a dethroned God. His sovereignty is the sovereignty of goodness. From this it follows that He Himself tempteth no man. How can the all good one, whose very nature is essential goodness, lay Himself out to lead men into sin? To think this is an impossibility. "Per la contradizion che nol consente." "By contradiction absolute forbid," as Dante (Inf. xxvii. 120). The goodness of God is the ultimate guarantee of hope, faith and right. In the stainless purity of His character lies our security. If saints can give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness, struggling men may take courage also, since God's purity is not against us, but for us in our conflict with evil. It is madness to throw away this sheet anchor of faith. This anchor holds; it saves from shipwreck; it can never be a cause of disaster. If we fall it is because other causes are at work. These, according to St. James, arise from man himself. We thus reach the second reason.

2. The nature of man. "God made man

holy," says the ancient writer. If the principle of the inevitable and invariable goodness of God be true, it follows that man's sin is not from God. It comes, says St. James, from man's lust. "Each man is tempted when he is drawn aside of his own lust" (v. 14). Observe St. James does not say that desire in itself is evil; the sin, according to him, comes in at a later stage. Desire, when uncontrolled or ill-regulated, becomes the cause of sin. To this root the evil has been traced by the best philosophy and by the noblest religions. Buddhism saw this truth, but saw in desire, not a power which might be disciplined, but a force which must be annihilated. Every desire must be quenched; only in a passionless state could peace be found.

"From lust comes grief, from lust comes fear; he who is free from lust knows neither grief nor fear." So writes the Buddhist (Dhammapada Ch. xvi.). But he also says, "From love comes grief, from love comes fear; he who is free from love knows neither grief nor fear." The Christian teacher does not labour to suppress love, but to enlarge its channel and to purify its current. He knows that desire is not bad in itself, but only bad when it becomes the master, instead of the servant of its Lord.

The lineage of sin and death is set forth by St. James (v. 15). He sees the stages; the impulsive stage, in which lust draws man aside: this is followed by the wilful stage; the will is brought into co-operation: then follows the death stage, when the will is led captive, and sin is deliberate. Compare Christ's parable of the unclean spirit, and the house left empty, swept and garnished. Compare also the gradations of wrong indicated in the descending circles of Dante's "Inferno"; the sins of impulse, lust, gluttony, greed, come first; then the waters of discontent are passed, and City of Dis is reached; the circles then disclose the punishment of those whose sins are more and more deliberate, designed and crafty. The passage in which Milton works out the pedigree of sin should of course be read.

St. James pictures lust as the Delilah, leading the soul astray. Lust, says the Buddhist, is the Mother; Ignorance is the Father. The death which follows depends in each case upon the direction of the desire. Bodily decay, disease, death, follow the dissolute life. But there is also a state of psychical death which is the position of those who become slaves of other lusts. The greedy and avaricious soul finds death in the decay of humane feelings. Coveteousness is cruel in its indifference. Witness Dives, unobservant of Lazarus at his gate.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE CHANGELESS ORDER

16. Be not deceived, my beloved brethren.

17. Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning.

THE solemn injunction "Be not deceived" seems to point to the inevitable law which works in the spiritual world. St. James traces the pedigree of sin; it is a series of sequences: the result follows as a matter of course. It is well to observe that the law of development operates in both directions—towards death and towards life, towards evil and towards good. Thus sin has a telos or end towards which it tends; so also has virtue; sin is matured in action; faith is matured also in action (ii. 22.) The law of sequence works in Christian experience towards some consistent end. Tribulation worketh patience, compare Rom. v. 3. We can, therefore, realise the force of the caution "Be not deceived." Men deceive themselves by imagining that they can pursue a certain course and escape the consequences; such a thought is folly, St. James tells us. He is at one with St. Paul. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7). The law works, though men sleep dreaming deceitful dreams. The dragon teeth when sown spring up as armed men. The whirlwind is the harvest of the wind. The evil works evil: but also the good works good. Not only disease, but health also is infectious. If out of the bad comes the bad, from the good can come only the good. Thus we are brought back by a natural sequence of thought to God,

the good one, whose nature no evil can touch —to God, who is the source of good and only of good.

Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above (v. 17). The words gift and boon here might be rendered all good giving and every perfect gift is from above; thus covering every aspect of the beneficence; the giving is good; the gift is perfect, *i.e.*, good and fitting. The giving and the gift are put, as it were together; when so joined the wisdom of the beneficence is seen. God gives liberally (i. 6) but He also gives according to measure: He graduates His gifts to suit men's needs. Thus He is the author and giver of all good things. All skill, genius, insight, power of utterance and gift of imagination, as well as all the sweet graces of the soul, are from above. God is the Father of Lights, and every kind of illumination which brightens human life is derived from Him.

St. James fixes his thought upon another aspect of the good which comes from God. The illustration of light carries him forward in his thought. Light as it is seen in the material world is not always constant; it appeared (we must put ourselves back into the thoughts of the first century, and forget for a moment modern science) that the sun was variable in its gift of light; now it gave light and warmth with long and unstinting hand; again, with shortened days and scantier heat, the sun's gifts came grudgingly; to the ancients this seemed to indicate variableness; indeed we know that under the influence of nature worship, men feared, as the days of winter shortened that the fire-god was about to withdraw his gifts altogether. With God, says St. James, there can never be variableness; His goodness is constant. With Him too there can be no shadow—like that arising from the inconstancy (as the ancient thought) of nature. Change brings shadow, with God is no change, and therefore no shadow. "I am the Lord; I change not" was the prophet's witness (Mal. iii. 6); with it we may compare the Christian confidence in Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever (Heb. xiii. 8). Modern knowledge has endorsed the thought of this constancy, by revealing to us that even the apparent changes in nature are the expressions of an unchanging order.

FIFTH SUNDAY

THE EARNEST OF THE DIVINE KINGDOM

Of His own will He brought us forth by the word of Truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of His creatures.—James i. 18.

GOD is the author of all good. Is witness needed? The spectacle of Christian lives furnished such; but with the practical bent of his mind, St. James throws into this statement the suggestion of the Christian duty and calling. God gives good gifts, but He gives them for good. On man devolves the responsibility for the use of gifts. He gives for a purpose; the Christian is called to fulfil a divine purpose.

There is a call. The inward divine life is from God. "Of His own will He brought us forth" (v. 18). The life-power is His. The following passages should be compared: John i. 13 and 1 Pet. i. 3. The instrument of this new life is declared by St. James to be the word of truth. This is quite in harmony with the teaching elsewhere—St. Peter speaks of being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the word of God. (1 Pet. i. 23–25.) With this should be compared Matt. iv. 4, John vi. 63 and 2 Cor. vi. 7, and ch. i. 21 of our Epistle.

But all divine force is directed towards an end. Nothing is purposeless in God's universe. If He gives fire to the heart of the sun, it is that the sun may radiate light and heat. If He gives the fire of a regenerated life to the hearts of His children, it is that they may give light.

> God does as men
> With candles do—not light them for themselves.

The light given by Christian lives is according to St. James a witness, or a prophecy to the world. Christians are designed to be a kind of first-fruits of God's creatures.

The first-fruits are indications or specimens,

to use a commercial word, of the harvest. When the first-fruits are brought in, men can realise the kind of harvest which is at hand. St. Paul alludes to this—if the first-fruit is holy, so is the lump (Rom. xi. 16). The prophet Jeremiah describes Israel as "holiness to the Lord and the first-fruits of increase" (Jer. ii. 3). There is thus always a looking forward to some great future implied in the image of the first-fruits. For this reason Christ is called the first-fruits of them that slept (1 Cor. xv. 20), and Christian hearts are said to possess the first-fruits of the spirit, an earnest and pledge of the fuller life of the spirit among all when the revealing of the sons of God takes place (Rom. viii. 23). The first-fruits were offered to God to show that all the harvest was God's. Christians thus are first-fruits and they are those who live as God's children, and, so living, make constant affirmation that all men are God's children. To be thus witnesses of God's claim upon all, of God's power and spirit available for all, the new life of the spirit was conferred upon regenerate souls. Thus there is a true, real, and inspiring purpose set before them. The position of the possessive pronoun His ("His creatures") is unusual. The emphasis lies in the thought that all creatures are God's, His creation, His possession, and that they only fulfil their true life in being His.

The Marquis of Salisbury

By Frederick Douglas How, Author of "Bishop Walsham How, A Memoir," &c.

VI. Religious Belief—Scientific Research

NOT so many years ago it appeared as though the breach between religion and science was past all healing. This state of things has passed away, and thoughtful men rejoice to believe that the revelations of these two great forces are by no means inconsistent one with another. Of this the life of Lord Salisbury forms a striking illustration. Devoted from his youth to scientific pursuits, an eager experimentalist in his laboratory, and a geologist of the first rank, he has at the same time been a son of the Church whose loyalty can never have been questioned. Encouraged by the example of Lady Salisbury his religion has permeated the whole scheme of his life, indeed, in the early days long before his marriage there is plenty of evidence of the reality of his faith.

It has been seen how splendid was the influence which he exercised upon the men of his set at Oxford, and the keen interest he took in all matters touching upon religious belief, as for instance in the controversy between Mr. Meyrick and Mr. Manning. Then, again, in his first speech to his constituents at Stamford there is evidence of his dread lest the Roman Catholics in Ireland should by means of the College at Maynooth damage the purer faith which he himself held. Here are his words:

"Unhappily the recent course of the present Government in Ireland [with reference to the State endowment of Maynooth] has been inimical to the interests of the established Church. No doubt there has been a long course of agitation there, and we have seen in the Press of that part of the kingdom, in the speeches of politicians, and in the writings of their hierarchy, doctrines promulgated which are utterly subversive of the allegiance which every British subject owes his Queen. The priests have attempted by the exercise of spiritual power and spiritual influence to band together a body of representatives whose sole object is to wrest from the established Church of Ireland that superiority which the consent of ages and the laws of this kingdom have guaranteed for it; they have attempted to interfere with the freedom of vote, and have actually been proved to interfere with the freedom of election. Yet in the face of this proof the Government has made no effort to punish

the offenders. . . . It appears to me to be absurd that even the smallest extent of support should be given to the College of Maynooth."

No doubt these words may not commend themselves to all readers, and Lord Salisbury himself would probably not utter them at the present day, but they are interesting as showing how early an attention he gave to the religious questions of the time.

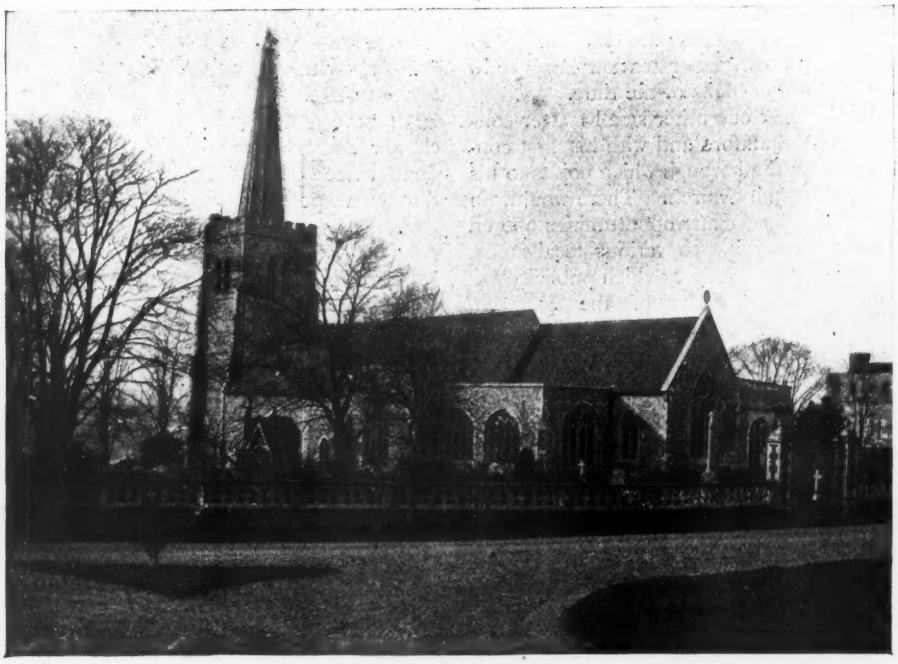
There is just one other small matter connected with Stamford and with his first connection with the borough which points to his affection for the Church. There would, no doubt, have been many opportunities offered him for subscribing to various local funds, but the two donations to which publicity was given in the columns of the *Stamford Mercury* were in aid of the restorations of the Churches of St. Mary and All Saints in that town.

A great deal has been written and said about Lord Salisbury's Churchmanship, chiefly by writers in the extreme Low Church Press who have made him out to be a narrow-minded partisan and supporter of the ritualistic party. No greater mistake could be made. Lord Salisbury is a High Churchman, but of the most wide-minded and charitable kind. He is no friend to the advanced school of modern ritualism, neither does he fail to appreciate at its full value the piety and learning of "Evangelicals" with whom he may not be in all matters in perfect sympathy. It is only necessary to notice the advice that he has given to the Crown as to the appointments to Bishoprics to be assured of the impartiality and wisdom of his views. Lord Salisbury fully believes in the comprehensive embrace of our mother the Church within whose arms may be found men of widely different views who are yet one in their love for her and for her and their Master. Probably no Prime Minister has ever been concerned with the appointment of so many bishops. It will be a matter of surprise to some to learn that these appointments are thirty-seven in number. They are as follows: to the Archbishoprics of Canterbury and York once each; to the Bishoprics of Salisbury, Manchester, Ely, Chester, St. Asaph, St. Alban's, Truro, Lichfield, Carlisle, Newcastle, Chichester, St. David's, Bristol, Exeter, and Liverpool once each; to Sodor and Man, Wakefield, Oxford, Durham, Bangor, Winchester, Worcester, Peterborough, Rochester and London twice each. Surely a portentous list! Only consider who are included in these appointments and it will instantly be seen that Lord Salisbury is no narrow party man, but one who tries to the utmost to find the man most proper for the post. Take two Oxford men of noted piety, the present Bishops of Rochester and Liverpool—a wide contrast, but both appointed by Lord Salisbury. Or take two very recent nominations, those to the sees of Durham and Oxford, or the two appointments which the present Prime Minister has made to the Bishopric of Worcester, and it becomes clear that only ignorance of facts can have led to any description of him as a prejudiced adviser to the Crown. The last-named appointment shows also that Lord Salisbury has not allowed political considerations to influence him, for it is well known that the new

Lord Salisbury as a saint. This curious and interesting statue is to be seen in the sculpture gallery of the beautiful reredos of the Chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford. The reredos was erected about forty-two years ago, at the time that Lord Salisbury had just been elected to a fellowship of All Souls', and the artist having determined to give his saints the faces of actual living people rather than idealised features, chose Lord Salisbury's face as his type of a Christian warrior.

(Hills & Saunders, photo. Oxford)

Bishop of Worcester holds many Radical and Socialistic opinions. The real fact is that these numerous appointments have been a source of great anxiety to Lord Salisbury, and have been made after the most conscientious investigation and thought. He once said in allusion to this that there were a certain number of men—but not many—whom he himself thought eligible for the bench of bishops: that there were a certain number—not so many—whom the Queen thought eligible: and that the number whom both he and the Queen approved was very small indeed!

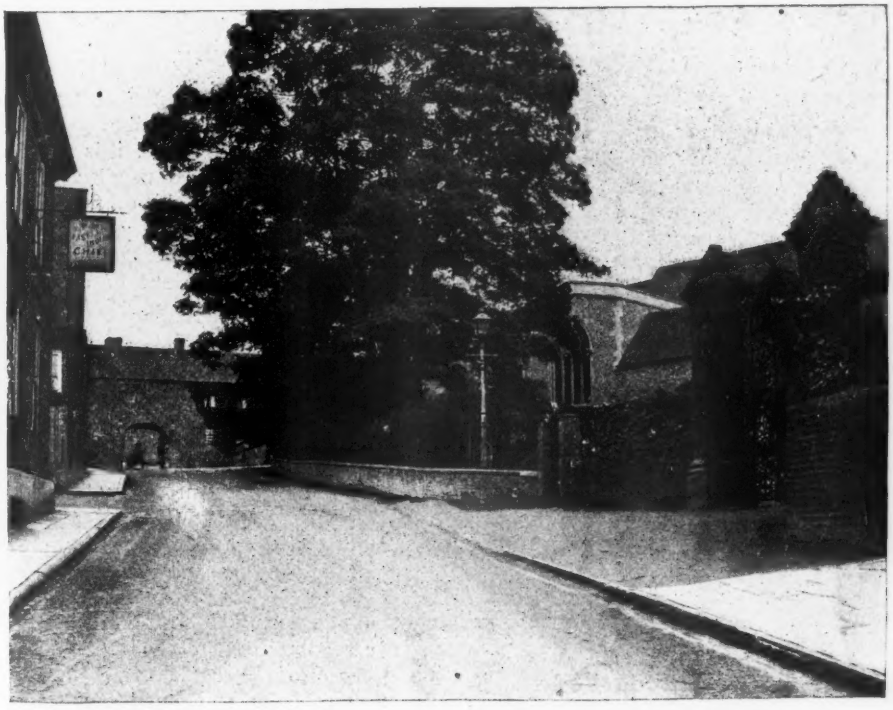


(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

Hatfield Church

To pass from men to things ecclesiastical it is only necessary to visit the Church at Hatfield and the domestic chapel in the house to understand that Lord Salisbury approves of things in God's house being not only decent and in order but as beautiful as man can make them. The Church was restored by him in 1872. It stands just outside the old entrance gates, and is not five minutes walk from the house. On the north side of the chancel is the chapel belonging to the house of Cecil, and here, when he is at Hatfield, the Prime Minister is to be seen Sunday by Sunday occupying a corner of the front seat. Very close to this seat are some iron gates of extreme beauty. They came originally from Rome but had found their way to Paris, and were bought there at the time of the French Revolution. Mosaics and frescoes cover the walls of this chapel and there are some exceedingly good windows, notably one to the memory of the late Lady Salisbury. In the domestic chapel there is a gorgeous window about three hundred years old immediately above the altar which is of solid marble. Round three sides of the chapel, and very high up, there runs a gallery which is used by royalty when any happen to be staying there, or sometimes by members of the family when

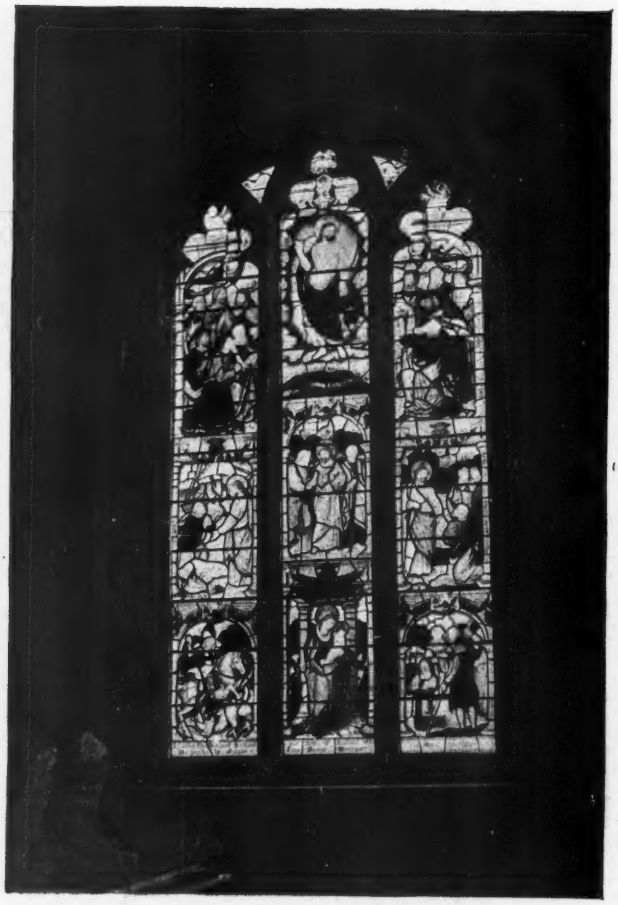
there is an unusually large party in the house. The services in this chapel include daily morning prayer at 9.30 (the general breakfast hour being 10) and on Sundays an early celebration at 9.15 with afternoon service at 3.30. These services are taken by one of the curates at the parish Church, but when there is no one staying at Hatfield the morning service on Sundays is given up, Lord Salisbury and Lady Gwendolen Cecil coming to the Church instead. These arrangements are all the easier to make as the rectory of Hatfield is held by Lord William Cecil, which recalls the fact that the rectory of Hawarden is held by the son of the late Mr. Gladstone, the rival statesmen each having had the happiness of being ministered to by one of their sons. Another coincidence is the circumstance that both rectories are of exceptional value.



(Elsden & Sons, photographers, Hertford)

The noted iron gates at Hatfield

There is a story told of a visit paid by Lord Salisbury to a church in the neighbourhood of Hatfield which exemplifies both his dislike of what he would consider a cold and dreary edifice and the kindly courtesy which carried him safely through a difficult interview. The church in question was one of the old sort, now mercifully nearly extinct, which, bare to the extreme limit of decency, was kept carefully shut from the eye of man for six days out of the seven. The incumbent met Lord Salisbury to conduct him over the building and unlocked one after another the three doors which led into the church from the west end. "There must be something very precious here to be so well guarded," said Lord Salisbury, and then, when the last door was thrown open with a flourish he was ushered in to a wilderness of whitewashed pews with real mahogany tops. For one moment he stood speechless and aghast, and then he very



(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

Memorial window to Lady Salisbury in Hatfield Church

slowly said: "I should think there is not another like it in England!" These words so greatly delighted the poor old incumbent that he was never tired of telling the story and repeating what Lord Salisbury had thought of his church.

Within the first few years of his entering the House of Lords, Lord Salisbury made a memorable speech against the Public Worship Regulation Act. No better evidence could be produced of the sober and thoughtful attitude which he has always maintained on religious questions than is to be found in this speech. He said: "If ever there is a subject which requires to be treated with care and caution and deliberation it is these matters [*i.e.*, questions of ritual] which themselves may be thought unimportant, but which in their bearing on the belief of religious men in this country are supremely important and likely, if dealt with rashly and inconsiderately, to precipitate divisions. . . . It is precisely because the matters in dispute are not disputed on account of their intrinsic value, but because they are supposed to be important as symbols of the doctrines to which we all attach the deepest value; it is for that reason that they have taken a deep hold of the feeling of the country, and have excited the earnest fears and apprehensions of my noble friend [Lord Shaftesbury]; and it is on that account I am afraid they will excite fears and apprehensions on the other side which will produce violent dissensions in the Church of England if violent proceedings are taken." These were words of wisdom and of warning which, had they been attended to, might have saved much of the bitterness and heart-burning which has so greatly damaged the reputation of the Church of England during the last thirty years. Yet one more matter calls for mention in connection with Lord Salisbury's wide-minded churchmanship. In 1882 Dr. Pusey died, and it was at Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington Street that the great meeting was held to settle upon the form that the Pusey Memorial should take. Some men in his position as a leading statesman and as Chancellor of the University of

Oxford might have shrunk from taking so prominent a part in promoting a memorial to a man who was looked upon as a leader of one extreme section of the Church. But Lord Salisbury took a wider view than this, as his words on the occasion show. "Dr. Pusey," he said, "was deeply mixed up with the controversies of the day, and it was probably owing to his connection with those controversies that the only authority in the Church which he enjoyed was given him before his fame and his merits became known. But there was another aspect of his character, another goal to his efforts—he was above all things a Christian apologist. His most earnest aims were not associated with the controversies with which his name in public estimation was specially bound up. His mind was chiefly bent upon one thing, that in an age when Christian faith was exposed to many and dangerous attacks the first duty of her sons and of those whose learning would give her support was to defend it in all its integrity. . . . It is with the efforts which he made, with the instruments which he furnishes for combating this danger [the spirit of unbelief] that, in my belief, the name of Dr. Pusey will be ultimately bound up."

Canon Liddon, in his "Life of Pusey," says that "to the clear-sighted and statesmanlike discernment of these words it is only necessary to add that they express what was throughout Dr. Pusey's view of his own work."

It is worth mentioning, before leaving this subject, that Lord Salisbury has held several offices more or less connected with the Church, among them being a trusteeship of Lancing College—a school on the Woodard Foundation—and a seat on the Committee of the Anglo-Continental Society.

Enough has been said to exhibit the thorough attachment of Lord Salisbury to the Church. His love for her has always been sincere and unostentatious. He has made few professions, he has not taken prominent part in her services except as a regular worshipper, but the one thing which has had the power to rouse him to an outburst of indignation has been an attack upon her by her so-called friends. It is well remembered that at the time when the late Mr. Gladstone was proposing to disestablish the Church in Wales, Lord Salisbury made several speeches in the provinces. On each occasion he spoke in his usual quiet and unimpassioned style, until he came to touch upon Mr. Gladstone's

(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

Lord William Cecil, Rector of Hatfield

action in this matter. Then his wrath kindled, and he blazed out against such a putting up of one Church for sale against another, and denounced the insidiousness of the Church's foes.

And all through these years this champion of his country's Church and best religious interests was occupying any spare moments he could find in the laboratory at Hatfield. What is sometimes called "Lord Salisbury's den," consists of a laboratory, a dressing-room, and a bathroom on the ground floor. Though not nearly so much used of late years, there yet remains plenty of evidence in the paraphernalia of the former of the industry with which at one time its occupant pursued his scientific researches. It has already been stated that Lord Salisbury is a geologist of the first rank. He has also given time to photography, and to the practical study of electricity; the splendid electric lighting at Hatfield House having been carried out under his direction.

It is possible that the first leanings towards scientific matters owed their origin to his Oxford days. That University was just beginning to awake to a due sense of the importance of such matters. The late Sir Henry Acland came to Oxford in 1844, and was made Lee's Reader of Anatomy at Christ Church, his influence making itself felt at once, and leading to the building of the museum in the parks.

In order to judge of the effect of his scientific studies upon the Prime Minister's mind it is only necessary to turn to the account of the visit of the British Association to Oxford in 1894. Lord Salisbury on that occasion held a unique position. He was President of the Association, and at the same time Chancellor of the University. His opening address emphasises the possibility of being at once a leader of science and a devout Christian. He referred to the change in this direction which had taken place in half a century. Speaking of the protest issued by Mr. John Keble against the action of the University in conferring doctors' degrees upon Messrs. Faraday, Dalton, Brewster, and Brown on the last occasion of the British Association meeting at Oxford in 1832, he said: "When we recollect the lovable and severe character of Keble's nature, and that he was at that particular date probably the man in the University who had the greatest power over other men's minds, we can measure the distance we have traversed since that time, and the rapidity with which the converging paths of the two intellectual seminaries—the University and the Association—have approximated to each other." It was on this occasion that the late Professor Huxley was so sorely put to it, as is told in his "Life" written by his son. It devolved upon him to thank Lord Salisbury on behalf of the Association for his address, an address which (as he afterwards said) ran contrary to the sentiments which he (Professor Huxley) had held for five and twenty years.

This was not by any means the first meeting of the two great men. In the same book it is told how Lord Salisbury consulted the Professor in 1887 about a wish of the Queen to make some formal recognition of distinguished services in science, letters, and art, by the institution of some sort of order analogous to the *Pour le Mérite*. Professor Huxley opposed the idea so far as science was concerned, though he acknowledged that he believed that most scientific men would welcome the scheme. The interview ended by Lord Salisbury smilingly summing up thus: "Well, it seems that you don't desire the establishment of such an order, but that if you were in my place you would establish it!"

Their meeting in 1894 at Oxford could not have been so comfortable, at all events to the Professor. Lord Salisbury spoke at some length upon Darwin's Theory of Evolution. He allowed that "The Origin of Species" had proved two things, viz., that the doctrine of the immutability of species could no longer be held, and that animals separated by differences far exceeding those that distinguish what we know as species have yet descended from common ancestors. But he went on to put forward the two great arguments against Darwin's theory. The first he based upon the fact that the earth cools at a recognised rate. That, seeing that we know that the form of man has not appreciably changed for 3000 years,

it must be many millions of years since the existence of the original jelly-fish from which it was suggested that man descends, and that at that period the earth must have been so hot as to have consisted of vapour, a state of things precluding the jelly-fish's existence.

Secondly he spoke with scorn of the argument that we are bound to accept the theory of natural selection (a necessary part of the Darwinian theory) because it is the only possible explanation science can give. "This reason," he said, "seems to me instructive of the great danger scientific research is running at the present time—the acceptance of mere conjecture in the name and place of knowledge in preference to making frankly the admission that no certain knowledge can be obtained."

(Elsden & Son, photographers, Hertford)

Lord Salisbury's Private Chapel at Hatfield House

But there is no doubt hat the part of the address which chiefly vexed the spirit of Professor Huxley while it rejoiced the heart of many who heard it was its conclusion. He ended his address thus:

"I prefer to shelter myself behind the judgment of the greatest living master of natural science among us, Lord Kelvin, and to quote as my own concluding words the striking language with which he closed his address from this chair more than twenty years ago: 'I have always felt,' he said, 'that the hypothesis of natural selection does not contain the true theory of evolution, if evolution there has been in biology. I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living things depend on one everlasting Creator and Ruler.'"

The Way with Weeds

By E. Kay Robinson

IF you leave matters to your gardener, weeds can be treated with silent contempt. Their hour will arrive when he has taken off his coat, tightened his belt and started to dig. He will not stop digging until he has converted all the flower-beds into neat brown puddings of various shapes. "Weeds?" he says in reply to inquiries, "yes, there was a tidy few. But there ain't none now." And he is approximately correct. Between his upheaving spade and horny, crablike fingers it is a poor weed that has escaped; and even then the odds are that it is buried eight inches deep and root upwards. It will be a poorer weed still when the earthworm has done with it.

But the radical revolution which the gardener effects at fixed periods has its drawbacks. With the weeds have gone all kinds of interesting seedlings and offshoots which you had purposed to cherish; for the gardener's spade has no bowels. Those, therefore, who would like to ascertain by experience what a rank jungle they can have next year, by carefully fostering this year's seedlings, may dispense with the gardener's spade and set about "doing up" the flower beds themselves with a trowel.

Chickweed, for instance, provides a liberal education by itself. Not unpleasing to look upon, as a tangled green mat among your perennial Alpine creeping plants, this innocent-looking weed invites early attention. You pluck a strand or two and they come away readily in the hand. "Birds like chickweed"; so you place them on one side for your bullfinch. In doing so you notice that there are no roots attached. This must be seen to; and you proceed to investigate matters from the point where the strands broke off short. You find the plant obligingly simple in construction. About forty thin stalks, each branching in many directions, radiate from a common centre. They are so tangled up with everything around that you are rather proud of your generalship when you have them all, except two or three, firmly grasped in your hand. A slight pull—it does not require a strong one to break the thin stem of the chickweed—and the whole thing comes off short in your hand leaving the roots in the ground. From these you know that a new plant will spring in less than no time, so you search carefully for the broken stem. The part left is about a quarter of an inch long, as slippery as an eel and as thin as soda-water wire, and holds to the soil like grim death. It "gives" at last and brings up several small clods of earth with it. You shake these off and place the root triumphantly in the basket.

A flourishing dock plant catches your eye. Four times a day you have passed that flower-bed and you have always had an uneasy idea that something was wrong with your prim battalion of mignonette. There was a dash of rankness about it and a slight discord in the shades of green. Somehow you were always too busy to investigate, but now, when the rain has flung the straggling mignonette, heavy with moisture, to the ground, there is no disguising the fact that the clump has been 30 per cent. dock all the while. Indignation at having been imposed upon lends vice to the grip with which you seize the dock, and a sudden upward jerk leaves you with enough leaves in your hand to feed a rabbit; but the root of the dock is still in the ground. It is the peculiarity of this plant to anchor itself to the Antipodes; though with perseverance you can excavate a good deal of its root in three-inch lengths. The mignonette looked draggled before you commenced your fray with the dock; by the time you have finished it is only fit for the rubbish heap, and—up it comes, too. With a sight of relief you notice that, although weeds may cling to their ill-gotten territory with all the tenacity of Frenchmen, mignonette, like other garden flowers, yields gently at the first time of asking. This is a beneficent arrangement of Nature to teach man caution and self-restraint in weeding. For man is naturally lazy; and if things were arranged contrariwise he would cheaply dis-

criminate between weeds and seedlings by giving them a tug all round. Now he has to be careful. If he touches a flower-plant, it comes out of the ground at once; if he passes over a weed, thinking it may be a flower, it strikes roots through several geological strata and spreads abroad like the rumour of a dog-fight.

Quietly aggravating weeds, in the matter of pretending to be flower-plants and refusing to "come up" if the fraud is detected, are the various spurges. The emerald hue of their neatly rounded leaves suggests engaging potentialities of blossom, and it is not until they have shed most of their seed that you realise the deception which has been practised upon you by their subterfuge of bright green flowering bracts instead of flowers. Then you pluck at them, and each breaks off short and leaves a drop of milk-white fluid upon your index finger. This fluid will, says rustic legend, cure warts if you have them or give you warts if you have them not. As you have no burning desire for warts you pause from your labours once more to wipe your fingers. In doing so you leave upon the handkerchief a good deal of garden earth which you may transfer later to your forehead and the side of your nose when you mop your heated brow.

But a man who weeds his own garden must not be afraid of a little earth upon the side of his nose. It is the badge of honest toil; and so is a thorn in his finger. You never realise the true meaning of the recurved thorns on a rose-bush until you have done a little weeding. Botanists, by the way, join issue with the poets and the public generally by asserting that no roses have thorns, but only "prickles," which are "modified setaceous processes of the epidermis." It is good moral training, when you have a few buried in the epidermis of the back of your hand, to try and remember this. And you can get them into the back of your hand without any trouble whatever. All you have to do is to endeavour resolutely to clear away the bindweed from a rose-bush, and Nature does the rest. In the first place the bindweed has so cork-screwed itself in and out of the main stems of the rose-tree that you are tempted to insinuate your hand into narrow places when there is barely room for it. Then you grab several strands of the bindweed and pull gently and cautiously. The bindweed "gives" just enough to suggest that you can pull it clean away, and you put a little more force into the tug. Then something happens. It may be that the soft white root of the bindweed has parted several inches underground, or that one or more of the twisted strands at one side have loosened their hold. The result is the same. Your even-handed pull is suddenly converted into a sideways jerk, and a number of the modified setaceous processes of the epidermis of the rose-tree are buried to the hilt in the back of your hand. Each leaves an angry blood-black spot which aches, suggesting that the points may have broken off inside, with blood poisoning to follow. One is almost inclined, after a few of such experiences, to finish the work and the rose-bush with a niblick. But the bindweed would laugh at niblicks. Nothing less than the gardener's spade will reach the vital principle in its roots, and then most of the foundations of the rose-bush come up with it. You can, however, discourage the bindweed a good deal by tracing its convolutions downwards to the point where it leaves the ground and with a careful, perpendicular pull you may unearth many inches of white worm-like stalk. If you leave these lying about, they will take root afresh in the ground, and if you decide to clear them away you will find that the twining green stems which grow out of them had straggled off in the direction of all the neighbouring parishes and taken a twist round many chrysanthemums and geraniums *en route*. It will be quite an assortment of things that goes with the bindweed to the rubbish heap; for its cork-screw folds are just loose enough to yield when you pull and yet just tight enough to lasso the best of the leaves and flowers.

There are two kinds of bindweed, the large and the small. If either did not exist, you would say that the other was the greatest possible nuisance in a flower-bed.

The dandelion should, in spite of the botanists, be classed with the dock. Like that hardened sinner, it has roots which go

down to the source of all evil, and leaves which flourish exceedingly among your violets. Presently, it betrays its presence by a gaudy yellow flower, that catches your eye one day as you hurry away to catch a train and causes you to make a mental memorandum that you will have it out of that to-morrow. When you come back, the flower has shut up, and you are not reminded of the hateful presence. To-morrow you forget and it seems only the next day or so when the dandelion fluff is wandering with the wind all over the place. This decides you to immediate action, and, grasping the offender by its coronal of spreading greenery you tug at him and he leaves in your hand what looks like an assortment of greengrocer's lettuces, but no roots. These have to be searched out with as much circumspection and care as the roots of dock or Sanskrit.

In the case of weeds, where all must be placed upon your *index expurgatorius*, it may seem waste of time to dilate upon individually objectionable characters; but no reference to the subject could be so cursory, and no experience of miscellaneous gardening so brief as not to include the nettle. This, indeed, is the only weed which compels the most inobservant to master some of the rudiments of botany. The fool who puts his hand on a thistle deserves to be pricked, as surely as he who sticks his finger in the parrot's cage must expect to be bitten. There is as little disguise about the thistle as the bird. The weed's spines shout at you. So does the parrot. But the solitary nettle, the innocent-looking pioneer of a pestilent colony, might be a flourishing Salvia or Canterbury bell, and may lead any one into painful mistakes. It is, therefore, part of your duty towards your family to clear your mixed borders of nettles. And not every one who is familiar with the three-foot rankness of the clustered common nettle is also aware that there is a nasty little insect of a nettle, which may be only a few inches high, that stings just as badly. You find this out when, with that easy jerk of the wrist which brings up all the little weeds one after the other, you are just going to add your first specimen of *Urtica urens* to the weed-heap. It is too late to let go them, for it has already stung you; but you will look out for it in future and not weed so fast. (It may not be out of place here to refer to a characteristically mean action of this weed in connection with myself. My readers may have wondered what an illustration of a nettle was doing in a previous article, which dealt with the flowers of winter. That illustration had been supplied to the Editor as evidence that pictures of weeds were not worth reproduction; but of course the weed smuggled itself among the winter flowers and appeared as such. A better instance of the low cunning of these despicable vegetables could hardly be quoted.)

Compared with those mentioned, the rest of the weed family may be summarily dealt with. The Shepherd's Purse comes up in multitudes everywhere, looking like seedlings, and when in doubt you leave it for a day or two it seizes the interval to flower and fructify and scatter its seeds. Perhaps that is why its seed pods are called Shepherd's Purses; when you come to them they are always empty. Besides these, there are various kinds of small things like dandelions in miniature with varying degrees of adhesiveness to the soil, and others which would be starworts if they had any flowers; others again which pretend to be mignonette, and straggling little speedwells and pimpernels whose tiny blue or scarlet blossom might look handsome under a magnifying glass. There are also some thistles which break off short, goosefoot which brings up the flower-bed with it, and cleavers which pulls up all the flowers round it. Lastly, there is grass of many kinds; sometimes a single threadlike stalk which finds its way upwards to preposterous altitudes among the fuchsias, and waves its feathery head aloft; sometimes a dense tuft of matted fodder which comes up with a bang, after a hard pull, and leaves a large hole in the flower-bed. Sometimes there is grass so brittle that it comes away at every joint except the root, and sometimes so tough that it cuts the fingers. By the time you have cleared a long flower-bed of grass alone, you have richly earned a backache.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two travellers arrive at Perrancove Towers, a mansion standing on the sea coast on the borders of Devon and Cornwall. The elder, Mr. Endicott, is owner of the place. Mr. Endicott has an adopted child named Una Cartaret. She is now twenty-one. To please Mr. Endicott, who is dying, and has made Una his heiress, Cuthbert Gregson, his travelling companion, marries her. The object of the marriage is to protect her from her father, a scoundrel, who would otherwise obtain an evil influence over her. Mr. Endicott dies. A ship is wrecked off the coast, and Una sees two wreckers rob a man who has been washed ashore, and leave him for dead. Una finds he still breathes. She tells a fisherman—Jim Tanner—who nurses the stranger, one Duncan Thiselthwaite, back to health.

Una, Jim, and his father, in order to defeat wrecking, start secretly to build a lifeboat in a haunted cave. Jim's wife, Kathie, is devotedly attached to Una. A sister of Gregson's, Marjorie, comes from America to stay with her brother. She becomes engaged to Duncan Thiselthwaite. He has been a widower but a short time. Duncan rows Marjorie to the Witches' Cave and almost discovers Una's secret. Una's husband, who is writing a book, begins to take an interest in Una's comings and goings, a fact which Una resents, as they had agreed to live their own lives when they were married.

The lifeboat is finished and christened the *Triumph*. Whilst riding out with her husband Una falls from her horse and breaks her arm. The *Triumph* makes its first journey one night. Una cannot take her place in the boat because of her accident. A yacht and its crew are saved and towed into the haunted cave. Before morning they have sailed away. The villagers are disappointed that there is no booty, and regard the incident with superstitious fear. A half-witted woman is stoned by village-boys as a witch. Una's husband rescues her.

CHAPTER XIII

BAULKED OF THEIR PREY

The sailors eyed the bags and thought:
The gold is good, the man is nought—
And who shall track the wave
That opens for his grave?

GEORGE ELIOT, *Arion.*

THAT gale was not the last one. The ocean seemed stilled for a day or two, then a fresh disturbance came across the Atlantic, and again it was lashed into fury. Day by day the storm seemed to increase in violence, and all the population of Perrancove were keeping an eager watch for unfortunate vessels passing by.

The Tanners were as eager as any, and by night and day anxiously scanned the turbulent sea in front of them. Una, too, was restless and ill at ease. Her arm was healing rapidly. If there was call for her services, would her husband again prevent her going out, she wondered.

One afternoon when Duncan Thiselthwaite was spending the day at the Towers, Una put on her oilskins and wandered down to the beach. She could hardly keep her feet, such was the violence of the wind, and with the greatest difficulty made her way to the strong granite wall that acted as a breakwater, and sheltered some of the nearest fishers' cottages from the raging elements.

Leaning on this wall were a dozen or so of the fishers, and presently a stir went through them.

"See yon vessel? Her be out o' her course!"

"Ay, an' her mizzen-mast be snapped."

"Her be driftin' this way."

"Ay, lend us the glass. Doomed she be, sure enough."

"They be anchorin'!"

"Ay, her capt'in knoweth not these rocks, but she'll break up where she be anchored."

"There goeth his gun. Now may the Lord save 'un, for us can do nought!"

One glance showed Una the vessel standing well at sea, by the farther side of the Witches' Hole, but she and the other onlookers knew that the force of the current there would soon break her from her anchorage and drive her on to the fatal rocks. Swiftly and silently Una sped up the village street, and up to the top of the cliffs above. It did not take her long to make her way to the abode of the *Triumph*. She heaved a breath of relief when she arrived undisturbed, and found the three Tanners in their oilskins preparing to launch the boat. Kathie was

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there too, and greeted her with a radiant smile.

"Ah, Missy, gran'feyther were just sayin' he would like another to take the helm."

"Cannot I take an oar?"

Eli looked at her and shook his head.

"Not with a maimed arm, Missy. 'Tis a wild tempest, an' needs the strongest muscles us have gotten."

"It is not dark; the village will see us!" said Una.

The others made no reply. She felt a thrill of excitement run through her veins when through blinding spray and howling gusts of wind, she scrambled into the boat.

The rudder was in her hand, the four others grasping their oars, when through the rush of waves and wind came Eli's voice.

"Now, Almighty God, give us strength to rescue, and hearts ready to meet Thee, shouldest Thou see fit to call us!"

The words fell upon Una's ears with a shock, and she did not join in the hearty "Amen" that followed.

Fixing her eyes on the distant vessel, she tried to give her thoughts likewise to it, but all in vain. She truly had told Mr. Endicott that she feared nothing; and now, with the waves rising up with an awful hiss and roar around her, until it seemed a perfect miracle that the boat could rise above them, she only felt her blood tingling with excitement. It was not the waves or wind that appalled her; it was the thought of in a moment finding herself called to meet God. She realised as she never had before her infinite insignificance and her Creator's infinite holiness and power.

Almost unconsciously she found herself repeating, "Prepare my heart to meet Thee."

It seemed a very long time to her before they reached the disabled vessel. In the distance to the right of them lay the village of Perrancove. Lights were already beginning to twinkle in many windows, the granite wall seemed thick with moving figures, and Una wondered whether they were taking note of the *Triumph's* crew through their telescopes.

Eli, Tom, and Jim were drawing long, deep breaths of labour. Kathie, with the perspiration running from her brow, and her lips closed in firm determination to suffer and be silent, was pulling as well as any of them. Not a word was uttered until a loud cheer from the ship's crew, now close at hand, brought a gleam of brightness to the rugged faces of the Tanners. Then Eli spoke.

"Please God we'll save 'em!"

Then ensued ten minutes of intense anxiety, as the boiling sea seemed in Una's sight to be some fierce monster using all its powers of strength and fury to frustrate the *Triumph's* progress. Twice they had to back, and once the contents of a huge wave almost swamped them out of their seats. At last a rope was flung over the side of the distressed vessel, which Eli made secure, and then one after another of the crew lowered themselves.

"Any women or children?" Tom called out hoarsely.

"Only my boy," was the response from the captain, and through the gloom and blinding spray Una caught sight of a white baby face with terror-stricken eyes pressed closely against the captain's side. He was lowered, and Una instinctively held out her arms for him.

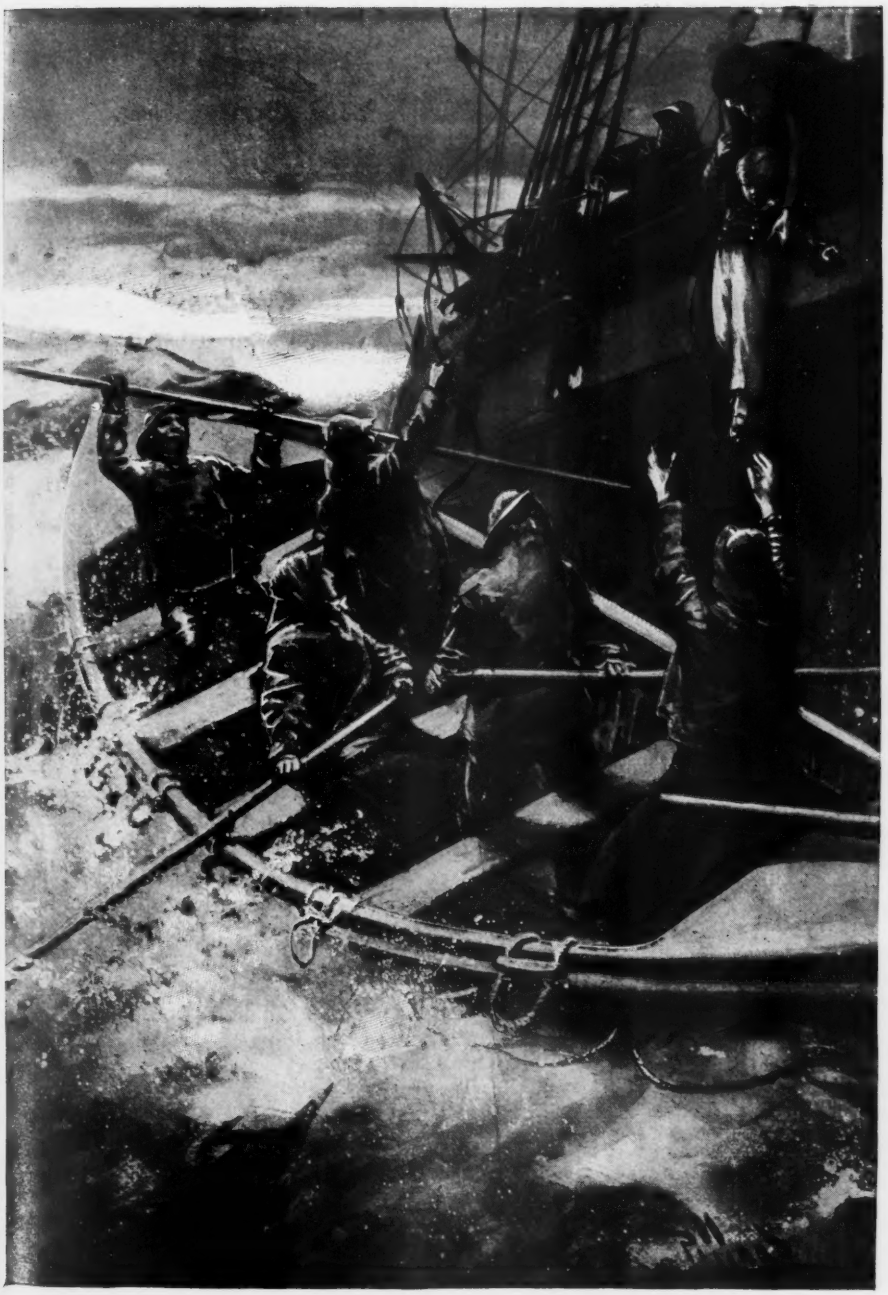
He nestled against her.

"Is my father safe?" he whispered.

"He will be," said Una cheerfully.

But the *Triumph* was now loaded, and the captain and others were still left behind.

"Us will return," Eli shouted cheerily, and some of the rescued crew took the oars out of the hands of their rescuers and rowed away with a will through the rushing breakers. It was hard work, for the boat was heavily laden; but steadily and warily they approached the shore, and landed without any mishap. Then there was a hasty consultation amongst the Tanners. Una and Kathie were told to stay behind; two of the rescued crew took their place, and, after passing round a flask of spirits, the exhausted rowers again took their places, and the *Triumph* was launched for a second time. In silence the little party stood in the shelter of the Witches' Hole, gazing with strained eyes at the brave little lifeboat. It seemed hours to Una before they saw her making her way back,



He was lowered, and Una instinctively held out her arms for him

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA, page 426

but she arrived at last, and with a glad cry the little lad sprang into his father's arms.

Una and Kathie had instinctively shrunk away from observation into the darkest recess of the cave, but Una now glided softly to Eli's side.

"What are we to do? How house them all?"

The old man was prepared with his answer.

"Run ye home, Missy, as fast as ye can; get your clothes changed quickly, an' I'll send the capt'in and his chief mates to the Towers to be lodged. The others must make their way to the village. Us be goin' to blindfold 'em, so as not to tell on our outlet from this harbour. I be goin' to give the capt'in a hint of how matters be, an' bind 'un to secrecy! Take Kathie wi' ye, Missy. 'Tis best for 'em not to know two wimen be in it!"

Una and Kathie slipped away without another word; and, once up on the top of the cliff, Una sped home like a young greyhound. She slipped in at her turret door, disposed of her oilskins, and a very few minutes afterwards came to the drawing-room rosy and breathless, but with a sedate demeanour.

She found Duncan and Marjorie by the fire. Marjorie looked up with the pretty soft flush on her cheek that was always there when her lover was by her side.

"Here comes the truant! Where has your highness been? Down to the beach, I warrant. You bring in with you an atmosphere of salt spray and fish!"

"Nothing so unromantic as fish!" expostulated Duncan gallantly. "A fresh, breezy element always surrounds Mrs. Gregson. It is exhilarating and refreshing."

"I have come across the cliffs," said Una abruptly. "A vessel has been in distress, and her crew are coming ashore. Where is Cuthbert?"

"He was here but a few minutes ago. Baldwin came in excitedly with somewhat of the same tale. He went out to see if he could help in any way!"

"And here I sit," said Duncan, after a quick glance at Una, "deserving the contempt that meets me in the eyes of Mrs. Gregson! I have many excuses ready to explain away such conduct. But the love light that shines forth from the face of my queen is a stronger magnet than the howling wind and waves; and I know that my hands and feet are helpless where my heart cannot accompany them."

"Oh, I am glad," cried Una impetuously, "that my heart contains more than one in its interests and affections!"

Then, turning her back upon the fireside couple, she stood at the casement window trying in vain to penetrate the darkness that was now settling down without.

Presently a bustle was heard in the hall —strange voices—and then Cuthbert flung open the drawing-room door suddenly.

"Una? Oh, there you are! Come and offer your hospitality to some who need it."

Una stepped out into the hall with a little catch in her breath. Truly she had a difficult part to play.

The captain and his little son were there, and half a dozen more. She was thankful that in giving directions to her servants to prepare rooms for them, and in seeing that food and change of clothing were provided, the topic of their rescue was not touched upon. But when, later on, they were rested and refreshed, and the captain was sitting talking with her husband, Una felt embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"I cannot understand how you were rescued," Cuthbert said. "Our fishers say it is an impossibility on this coast. Did you lower one of your own boats and get to shore?"

The captain shook his head.

"Our boats would not have weathered such breakers. Our rescuers came to our aid with brave hearts and strong arms. I do not know your coast nor its capabilities for harbourage. And our rescue seems wrapped in mystery. I am not over-curious to unravel it, for our safety has been accomplished, and that is my chief cause for thankfulness. But I am anxious to save some of my salvage that will doubtless be washed ashore. I fear my vessel is fast breaking up. With your leave I will make my way to the beach, and with the help of my crew endeavour to secure as much of it as I can. I am on my way from Plymouth to Cork. It is long since

we have encountered such a gale on this coast!"

"I doubt if you will see much of your salvage," said Duncan, with a light laugh. "There are a great many others interested in that besides yourself."

The captain looked at him sternly.

"I know the tricks of the coast," he said, "and marvel that gentlemen living on it suffer such deeds to be done."

"They are mostly in ignorance of it," said Cuthbert warmly. "But it shall never be said that I harboured the owners and left their property to be the prey of idlers. Come, if you are ready, I am; and Thiselthwaite, you will accompany us. I am a magistrate, and I will send for the coastguards of the nearest station to us if there is any disturbance."

Una's eyes sparkled at her husband's determined tone. She sprang up, eager to go with them, when the little boy moved towards her, and in a shrill voice exclaimed:

"Father, this lady has the eyes of the sailor who nursed me in the boat!"

The captain laughed, but Marjorie shot a keen glance at Una, who felt the scarlet colour mounting to her cheeks.

"There are many grey eyes in the world, my boy," he said quietly. "Will you not go to bed now? You must be sleepy."

"Come to me," said Marjorie, suddenly holding out her arms to him. "I will take care of you till your father returns. Tell me all about your shipwreck, and the boat that came to your aid."

The little fellow went shyly towards her. Una left the two with many misgivings. How much, or how little did Marjorie suspect, she wondered! What would be the end of it all?

"I think, Una, it is too rough a night for you," said Cuthbert a few minutes later, as his wife crept up to his side coaxingly. She was not clad in her oilskins, but in a thick shawl and woollen cap.

"Oh no, I will keep close to you."

She could have chosen no better plea. To have his little wife in his close presence was Cuthbert's increasing desire.

The party made their way down to the beach. There were torches on the rocks, and clusters of fishers as near the ocean's edge as they dared to venture.

"Her broke up nigh an hour ago," was the reply of a fisher lad to the inquiry made of him.

The small inn on the quay was discarding some of its guests; amongst them a good few of the saved crew. They recognised their captain, and joined him, as he approached the shore.

"Lads," he said, "I want to save my cargo. Those that give a hand shall be rewarded. Follow me."

The fishers looked on in sullen wonder. As Una saw their black scowls and bitter glances, she felt for the first time in her life that it was good to have a husband by her side.

Cuthbert seemed to have cast off all his lethargy and dreaminess. His step was brisk, his eye keen and penetrating in its glance; and when he presently saw in the dark shadow of some rocks some two or three men bringing with caution several casks to shore, he strode up to them with great deliberation.

"That is right, my lads," he sang out in a hearty voice that rang through wind and storm, and made itself heard to those around. "I have come down to ask you to lend a hand in rescuing the property of Captain Berry. I told him he would find scores of us Perrancove folk only too willing to aid him. Heave all that comes ashore up the beach out of high water, and we will ship it off to-morrow. One of you will lend your fishing smack for the purpose."

If a bomb had exploded in their midst the fishers could not have shown more consternation and dismay. Muttered oaths and curses followed, and then all were startled by old Patty's shrill cracked voice singing in a high-pitched key:

> Wash it ashore,
> Our treasure no more!
> Out of our grasp, the crew an' their gold,
> Struggle an' fight
> Wi' all your might,
> Gone is our share, as in the days o' old!

Her rhyme seemed to intensify the bitterness of spirit in which many of the fishers

Some more daring spirits broke in one end of a cask of rum

watched the active crew seize hold of the various bits of salvage from their wreck now coming in with the rolling tide. Not a hand did they outstretch to help them; but some more daring spirits at the extremity of the beach broke in one end of a cask of rum and began imbibing very freely. Cuthbert soon grasped the situation. Duncan volunteered to ride off to the coastguard station for help, and Una was told to return home as quickly as possible.

It was in vain she protested; one of the house servants was sent back with her, and she spent the rest of the evening in direful surmises. Marjorie had retired to bed. For that she was thankful, but there was no rest for her; and when after a couple of hours' waiting she heard her husband's voice in the hall, she sprang into his arms with a little sob in her voice.

"What have you been doing? I know there has been fighting! I heard some shots!"

Cuthbert put his arm tenderly around her.

"Frightened, poor child! Yes, we have had a bit of a scrimmage. Drink maddened some of them. Captain Berry has been stunned by a blow, and some of his crew badly handled. Upon my word, Una, our fishers have shown up in a new light! Robbery and violence are no crimes in their eyes! We had to give them a taste of our powder before they would quiet down. And even now I fear the preventive officers will find it a tough job to wrench some of the salvage from them. But there, these things are not for ladies' ears. You had better go to bed. I must see to the Captain. His men are bringing him in."

But Una would not be so dismissed; she waited till Captain Berry appeared with a bandaged head, and only with partially recovered consciousness. And then after seeing to his needs she followed her husband into his study, where she insisted upon him taking some refreshment.

"You are new to this," she said gravely; and Cuthbert, tired and exhausted as he was, laughed at the maternal anxiety in her tone.

"And you?" he said. "To hear you, one would think you were well accustomed to such carousals!"

"I know our people better than you do," she responded earnestly. "They have regarded wrecked vessels as their rightful prey for so long that you cannot expect them to regard your actions to-night with indifference. You have roused all the fighting blood that is in them; and this is only the beginning of worse to follow."

"Oh, tut, tut! You listen to old Patty's croaks! How does she always contrive to come upon the scene when one least wants her? Now my work is done for the night at least. Did I tell you old Martin Tregarth has been taken into custody? He is to be brought before me to-morrow. He has nearly killed one of Berry's men."

Una's heart sank within her. As she lay her head on the pillow that night she said under her breath:

"Perhaps the *Triumph* is bringing trouble as well as blessing to us all!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE DEPARTURE OF THE "FLYING GULL"

Comfort her, comfort her, all things good!
While I am over the sea,
Let me and my passionate love go by;
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!

TENNYSON.

THERE was indeed trouble in Perrancove. The fishers as a body were full of wrath. They had been so long uninterrupted in their course of taking possession of all that was washed ashore that they considered themselves an aggrieved and injured community. And the mystery of the rescue perplexed and enraged them. They plied some of the rescued crew with drink, and questioned them eagerly and persistently. But their information was vague and unsatisfactory.

"When a chap be hurled through the darkness into a boat, and the waves be mountains high, and the spray blindin' and chokin' of him, he doth not look at the make o' the craft he be in, nor yet at the crew. They be ordinary flesh and blood, that I'll stake my life on, an' powerfu' good

rowers. An' when us landed, t'were on a pitch-dark beach; but there were one queer fac' consarnin' it. Us were blindfolded and hauled up to a height, and told to make our way to the fishin' village, an' when us tore off the bandages, us found oursel's on the cliff top and the lights o' this port in the distance an' no sign o' the crew, nor the boat, nor yet the way we'd come by."

This was the longest statement, by the most clear-headed seaman; and no one was much the wiser for it. There were some broken heads and bruised limbs amongst the fishers. Martin was leniently dealt with, but severely cautioned by Cuthbert in his attitude as justice of the peace.

"Remember," he said sternly, as he was dismissing him, "I am determined that this system of robbing and of wrecking—for I have heard more than you think—shall be stopped in these parts. It is our duty to save and relieve our fellow creatures; not suffer them to drown within our reach so that we may profit by their deaths. If the man you attacked so savagely last night had died, I should have committed you for murder. As it is, it is a serious case of assault, and if you were not such an old man, and he had not drawn his cutlass, your sentence would be a heavy one."

Martin listened, and went his way in sullen silence. He, with several other like spirits, met at the "Blue Lobster," and night by night discussed their wrongs and imbibed very freely of the bad beer sold there.

All of them were fully determined to stand by each other, and to discover the whereabouts of the crew and boat that had brought such mischief amongst them. The Tanners were brought under discussion, but their boats were like most of those in the village, and it was the build of the unknown craft that puzzled the fishers so.

At the Towers there was much talk also; even after Captain Berry and his men had taken their departure.

"There's a deep mystery somewhere," said Marjorie one morning, when the topic was touched upon at breakfast. "And the Witches' Hole is not responsible for that rescue boat. Who owns a lifeboat near, Cuthbert?"

"There is none nearer than Port Cranstone," he replied promptly.

"Una, do you know nothing about it?"

Marjorie's point-blank question filled Una with dismay.

"What makes you turn to me?" she said, trying to laugh. "Do you think me more clever at discovering mysteries than my husband?"

"I think you know every inch of the coast, and every person along it," retorted Marjorie sharply; "and your amusements and interests are quite apart from your home."

Una went on eating her breakfast, apparently with the greatest unconcern. In reality her heart was throbbing painfully.

Cuthbert looked across at her with a smile.

"Una knows a good deal about shrimping and lobster-pots," he said gaily to his sister; "she is familiar with crabs and seaweed, and limpets. I should say that is where her maritime knowledge begins and ends. Except, indeed, how to row a boat. She has muscles that would do a man credit."

"Exactly," said Marjorie in a meaning tone. Then she began to laugh.

"Oh, you are a funny couple! So utterly ignorant of each other's capabilities. I smile and look on, but one day, Cuthbert, your little thoughtless, childish wife will surprise you, and you in your turn will surprise her. You are not made only for your books, and she is not only made for play. I would that I could enlighten you both a little; but I bide my time. I am piecing together a puzzle, and the bits are joining slowly."

Una instinctively looked up and met her gaze.

Marjorie laughed and nodded at her.

"Yes, you may well look frightened. I am not so wholly absorbed in myself and my happiness to be oblivious of much that is going on. But I will say no more."

Cuthbert called his young wife to him in his study after breakfast.

"Una," he said gravely, "is there any truth in Marjorie's hints and innuendoes?

Do you know anything about this unknown lifeboat that has appeared so suddenly when needed?"

Una clasped her hands round his arm with a pretty, childlike gesture.

"Shall I tell you what I have heard?" she said, a little saucily. "Old Enoch firmly believes that it is all witchcraft. Patty calls up from the Witches' Hole a crew and boat by incantation. I am afraid sometimes for that poor old soul's life. If you have raised the wrath of the fisherfolk, they will most likely visit it upon her luckless head."

Cuthbert smiled, then frowned. He took hold of one of the little hands that imprisoned his arm, and spoke very gravely.

"Una, dear, listen; I have something to tell you. I shall have to go away and leave you for a little. I have been talking over matters with one of the preventive officers, and also with Duncan, who is going to do his utmost to help us. And I mean to go down to Plymouth, to try and persuade those in authority to establish a coastguard station here."

"Oh, Cuthbert, the fishers will never forgive you! They hate the coastguards. And it will look as if smuggling is carried on. We have always prided ourselves on holding aloof from that. I should hate the coastguard station so close to us."

"But, Una, do you not think this gloating over wrecks and robbing the dead as bad a crime as smuggling? I do, and I mean to do all in my power to prevent it. I do not wish you to let any one know what takes me to Plymouth; but go I shall, and that as soon as possible."

"And how long shall you be away?"

"I do not know. I have a fancy to go by sea if I can get any one to take me. For I want to know the coast and its different harbours."

"If one of the fishers took you, and discovered your errand, he would drown you on the way!" exclaimed Una impetuously.

"Is there no honest or humane one amongst them?"

"Well—there are a few. Jim Tanner has a splendid smack. She is the fastest sailer I know. He might take you. He told Kathie he wanted to go to Plymouth one day. Yes, you could trust him with your errand. He would be as silent as death!"

"I will have a talk with him. Will you be lonely here without me?"

There was wistfulness in Cuthbert's eyes, but his wife's were merry with laughter.

"I have told you before that I do not know the meaning of loneliness."

"I want to go now," Cuthbert continued, stifling a sigh; "for Marjorie will be with you, and Duncan is backwards and forwards, and has promised to give you his help and protection should you need it. When I return he wishes to be married, and Marjorie is willing."

"I shall not need any one's protection," said Una, a little proudly. "I like to be independent."

"I know you do," replied her husband; and there was a sad ring in his tone. As he looked at the glowing happy girl, he had not the heart to wish her self-reliance to be shaken. And yet there were times when he almost longed for some crisis to come in her life, when the helplessness of her sex would overtake her, and she would creep up to him for shelter and comfort, and lay her curly head against his shoulder, feeling it was good to belong to him; good to realise her weakness; better to realise his strength.

As he thought of these things a look crept into his eyes that even Una noticed.

"You do not like going to Plymouth?" she said inquiringly.

"I do not like leaving you," was the quick reply; and then, afraid of trusting himself further, he left the room, and went in quest of Jim Tanner.

His arrangements were soon made. Jim was not long in making up his mind, though he too dreaded the parting with his young wife.

When the last day came, Cuthbert called his wife again to him, and gave her many parting directions. He showed her how she could obtain more money should she require it, and gave her the address of his banker and lawyer, and when she laughingly remonstrated, saying, "One would think you were going to be away a year instead of a month," he replied gravely, "I would leave all

things in order, as if I were never coming back at all."

"Are you afraid Jim's smack is not seaworthy?"

"I fear nothing; but the future is never entirely certain."

A softened look crossed Una's face.

"I suppose not, but I hope you will come back again, Cuthbert. I should not like to be a widow."

Cuthbert smiled at her childish tone.

"And why not? You would be entirely your own mistress then. Independence is what you love."

"Ye-es."

She was standing by his side, with her hand on the back of his chair, watching him arranging his papers and accounts.

For an instant she rested her hand on his shoulder, and the touch of it thrilled him through and through.

"I like to feel I have a husband," she said, with a little laugh. "It makes me of more importance in the sight of others. And I like to feel I have some one at my back who would—well, help me when I wanted help."

Cuthbert rose hastily from his chair. On the impulse of the moment he drew her to him, and putting his arm round her, held her fast.

"My child," he said, "it will be a happy day for me when you do lean upon me for help and guidance. Your self-sufficiency is a real hindrance to our mutual love."

"I don't understand you."

She did not break away from him, for she remembered this was their last day together. She wished it to be a pleasant one.

Her husband continued in a passionate tone:

"I would that I could wake up that sleeping heart of yours, dear; that my touch would make itself felt; that you would realise, as I have realised lately, that we ought to be all the world to each other—that God above meant us to be so when we were made man and wife. It is not too late; you are still young, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted. You have no real dislike to me, I believe. Love, true love, may yet dawn in your breast. Am I absolutely nothing to you? Only a mere being whose existence gives you a sense of importance in your dealing with others? Have you no realisation of my love for you, which is deepening daily, and which is making even this short parting an agony to me?"

Then straining her light form in a close embrace, his self-control gave way, and he showered passionate kisses on her lips, eyes, and brow, till white and breathless, Una wrenched herself away from him, and stood facing him frightened and perplexed.

"Cuthbert!" she gasped, with heaving breast. "You must not treat me so. Why are you acting so strangely?"

There was a glow and passion in Cuthbert's eyes that did not die away as he replied a little vehemently:

"I have a right to treat you so. You belong to me—every fibre of your being—and I to you. I am leaving you, and I cannot part with you stoically. Sweetheart, we may be parting for longer than we fancy. Come to me once more, put your sweet arms round my neck; give me a parting kiss, and tell me you will try to love me."

For an instant Una wavered. Her heart was beating rapidly. She was shaken at last, but how much, and how deeply, she then did not realise. Some instinct made her take the step forward almost against her will, and softly she raised her little arms and placed them round his neck. Cuthbert felt as if an angel's touch was on him; he held his breath lest he should scare it away. Tremblingly her lips touched his cheek, and then she buried her burning face in his shoulder.

"I will try to love you," she murmured, "if you really want me to."

He pressed her closely to him, and a hot tear—man though he was—fell on her brown curly head.

"Now may God help and bless us both," he exclaimed; and then, with one more long embrace, he released his hold, and Una fled to her room, wondering and trembling at this new experience, and feeling rather ashamed of it all.

She did not see her husband again till he was making his last farewells in the hall. It was a lovely afternoon, and when she

expressed her intention of going down to the beach, Marjorie insisted upon accompanying her. So the two went, and met Kathie, on the same errand too. Her eyes were red with crying; but her pretty, bright smile appeared at once.

"Well, Kathie, we are both going to lose our husbands," said Una cheerfully.

"Ah, Missy, 'tis a sad tie that will be betwixt us."

"It is only for a little time. Oh, how lovely the sea is! How I wish I were going too!"

There was the usual knot of idlers on the low stone wall outside the "Blue Lobster." All the Tanners were there; and Jim, in his dark blue jersey, his crisp brown curls peeping from under his fisher's cap, looked the picture of stalwart strength and beauty.

Bobby Peeling, a little orphan lad, was going too, and with hands in his wide trousers pockets, he was talking importantly to a few envious companions.

Only the two young wives stood watching the little craft that was bearing away their belongings

The sea was almost without a ripple. The steady lap of the blue waves against the shingle was the only sound to be heard. The air was crisp and cool, with a taste of salt in it. Jim's smack was ready; and now her red-brown sails were being hoisted, and all was bustle and confusion. For one moment Jim sprang out and took his wife into his arms. She clung to him with a deep sob.

"My Jim, my heart's life, come back to me, or I shall die."

"Ay, lass, God willin'! Our souls will meet at His mercy-seat night and morn; an' prayers an' thoughts wull keep us close together."

She stifled her tears and stood up bravely as he broke away from her. Tying her scarlet handkerchief round her head, and shading her eyes with her hand, she watched the smack till it was lost to sight round the corner of Eagle's Head.

Cuthbert's good-bye was not so demonstrative. He touched his wife's hand, then raised it to his lips. In the sight of the little crowd around them he felt he could do no more.

"Good-bye, little wife," he whispered to her. "Pray that we have a good journey and a speedy return."

She nodded, but did not speak. A lump seemed to rise in her throat and prevent all utterance. As she gazed after him, and measured his figure with Jim's, she felt glad and proud that he did not suffer in comparison. And then she murmured to herself:

"If he left his books and lived on the sea, how I could enjoy being with him!"

The smack pushed off. Marjorie was gaily chattering to every one. Only the two young wives stood silent and motionless, watching the little craft that was bearing away their belongings.

Then suddenly they were startled by old Patty's voice. She had crept up unseen, and now was standing in her favourite position on the top of an old stone pillar. Kathie shrank close to Una in fright, as her voice rang out:

> Waves be wakin', waves be callin',
> Waves be watchin' for thy mate,
> Bonny wives! But wailin' widders,
> When your husbands meet their fate.

Una shook off the feeling of fear that crept into her heart, and stepped up boldly to the old woman.

"Now, Patty, don't try to frighten us by your songs. You should comfort people when they are sad; do you not know that?"

"Ay," said the old woman, getting down from her perch and dropping Una a succession of quick curtseys one after the other, "but thee art in no need o' comfort, my pretty! Sadness hath not touched thee yet, but 'tis on the way,—

> 'Tis flyin' fast and free
> Over the deep blue sea.

An' then will Patty comfort the weepin' eyes that be now only filled wi' laughter."

"Oh, come along, Una," said Marjorie, a little impatiently. "She will be turning to me and saying something gruesome next. I hate her sharp little twinkling eyes. I believe she is, as they say, a witch."

"I will come and see you, Kathie, tomorrow."

Una laid her hand on Kathie's as she spoke, and two tear-dimmed eyes were quickly raised to hers.

"Bless you, Missy; I will love to have you. 'Tis a lonely house I go back to."

The girls separated; but after they had gone the fishers drew nearer together, and black looks and muttered curses were rife as they speculated on the possible errand of the *Flying Gull*, Jim's fast sailing-boat.

Brigandage in Sardinia

By L. Villari

THE island of Sardinia is one of the wildest and most uncivilised parts of Italy, and its inhabitants and its manners and customs are almost unknown, even to Italians. The country has little in the way of "sights" to offer to the ordinary tourist, while the discomfort and the danger of travelling though it effectively prevent most people from visiting it unless they are obliged to do so for business purposes. For an Italian Government official or army officer to be sent to Sardinia is looked upon as an appalling exile, a *relegatio in insulam* in fact, and many are transferred to that undesirable residence by way of punishment.

The chief scourge of the island is brigandage, which has always been rampant, and there is a constant state of war between the authorities and the bandits who infest the rocky fastnesses and forest-clad hill-sides. What makes the task of the Government particularly hard is the fact that the inhabitants are mostly in sympathy with the outlaws. They extol their prowess, compose poems and songs about their great deeds, speak of them almost as of national heroes, and what is more important, they inform them as to the

movements of the gendarmes, bring them food, and help them in every way. This sympathy is partly owing to the reign of terror which the bandits exercise, which makes the people feel that it is safer to be on good terms with them than with the authorities, and partly to an innate distrust of the law and of justice common to all the lower classes throughout Italy.

A couple of years ago brigandage having become exceptionally virulent, especially in the district of Nuoro, where murders and highway robberies were of daily occurrence, the Government determined to resort to unusually stern measures; a large number of soldiers and carabineers were sent to the island, and the police were instructed to make a clean sweep of all who in any way aided the bandits with supplies or information. The story of this "drive" has been told by an officer who took part in it, in an interesting little book, called "Caccia Grossa" ("Big Game").

Sardinian brigandage, unlike that of Sicily, has no other object than plunder, and it has hitherto proved a most lucrative career. One brigand, named Torracorte, possessed cattle to the value of £1600, and he also lent money at interest. The total amount owed to him is said to have been over £20,000, and there was no fear of his not obtaining payment, as he well knew how to dun his creditors. The brothers Serra-Sanna had also amassed a considerable fortune, and lived in luxury, feeding on the choicest viands and drinking the costliest wines. Another, named Corbeddu, after a successful career retired from businsss, and was looked upon as the father and adviser of all the brigands. Sportsmen who came over from continental Italy to shoot, often placed themselves under his protection, and he would then give them the run of his well-stocked forests. He frequently visited neighbouring villages to watch some religious festival or a dance. The brigands maintained their influence by murdering any one who dared to disobey them. One of them, named Solinas, was almost the dictator of his district, and issued proclamations and decrees signed, "Solinas, the Judge without a Code." He managed the elections, disposed of the lives and property of the inhabitants, and put prices on the heads of his enemies. On one occasion a bandit believed that a certain peasant had informed against him. He waited for him as he was returning home, held him up although he was accompanied by fifty other labourers, all on horseback, and most of them armed, forced him to dismount and go down on his knees, shot him dead, and rode off. Women and children were shot and barbarously mutilated in the presence of numbers of people, even in the village street, because suspected of giving information to the authorities. The two Serra-Sannas were greatly aided by their sister, who was called the "Queen of Nuoro," a sort of Joan of Arc of brigandage. She lived in the town, and was the life and soul of all their nefarious enterprises.

Sig. Bechi gives a most graphic account of what he calls the Night of St. Bartholomew at Nuoro, when the town was surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, and a house-to-house visitation carried out at the dead of night. Hundreds of people, including the mayor, the municipal councillors, and all the most prominent citizens, were arrested on the charge of aiding and abetting the bandits. Even the dreaded "Queen of Nuoro" was arrested, and the property of the outlaws and of their relations and friends was confiscated wholesale. The blow was quite unexpected, as everything had been arranged in secrecy, and the brigands were completely discomfited. Then a *battue* was arranged to capture the few irreconcilables who were in hiding on the wild mountains of Morgolias. An immense number of soldiers and carabineers were stationed all round the forest, and a few picked men crept up to beat up the quarry. The brigands defended themselves desperately and shot several of their pursuers dead in attempting to escape, but, one after another, they were all either killed or captured. Similar scenes were enacted all over the island, and numbers were arrested and met with condign punishment.

Brigandage still exists in Sardinia, but it will be a long time before it recovers from the effects of this blow, and if the authorities would only continue in the energy displayed for a short time, there is no doubt that they could crush it out almost entirely.

Cave Exploring in England

By T. W. Wilkinson

SPELEOLOGY!. The word has a forbidding, scientific look. A science speleology really is, but it is also a sport. "Mountaineering reversed," or cave exploring, is both, though in general it is a recreation more than anything else. It is a splendid exercise, exciting, laborious enough to harden the muscles and brace the nerves, with that spice of danger that the sound-limbed Briton loves, and it has a fascination peculiarly its own. The "earth grubber" becomes enthralled in venturing where the foot of man has never previously trod and in peering into Nature's secret chambers, and awed as he views the mighty recesses she has formed and the rocks she has carved into infinite fantastic shapes and clothed with delicate drapery, the result of centuries of weaving.

There is ample scope for the pursuit of the sport in this country. While there are doubtless many caves which have not been discovered, there are others which, although known, have never been explored. Some which have been entered are now forgotten. Not long ago a party of amateur geologists stumbled on such a recess in the Mendips. While rambling about the village of Wookey Hole they came upon an opening which led to a series of chambers, the largest of which was about one hundred and fifty feet below the surface, some fifty feet high, and of irregular

(From a photograph by Bamforth, Holmfirth)

Making the first Descent of the "Bottomless Pit," Peak Cavern

shape. From the roof depended huge bunches of stalactites, and the walls were hung with immense curtain forms. Scattered all over the floor were the bones of deer and other large animals, while several pieces of old pottery were picked up. Passages led off in various directions. As there was no evidence of the cave having been previously entered, it was at first thought that the geologists had indeed made a discovery; but it is known now that the interesting chambers were originally found many years ago.

Most of the systematic cave exploring in England is carried out by two clubs. The ground of one, the Derbyshire Kyndwr Club, is the Peak district, and of the other, the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, the West Riding. Many investigations have been made by the first of these bodies, some of them on scientific lines. A notable exploration was that of Eldon Hole, which the club descended on Boxing Day 1900. The hole, for centuries considered in the Derbyshire highlands a wonder of the world, is about four and a half miles to the north-west of Peak Forest station, and the bottom was, according to an entry in the parish register, reached so far back as 1792 by a certain villager, who received a reward of 10*d.* for his temerity. Prior to the descent made by the Kyndwr Club, however, it had never been thoroughly explored.

Great care was taken in erecting the lowering apparatus. Two beams, crossed, were fixed on each side of the hole. Across the gulf, and resting in the nicks thus formed, with the ends pinned to the ground by stakes, ran a cable, from the middle of which was suspended a steel pulley. A rope running over this and having at the end a piece of wood to serve as a chair completed the equipment for reaching the bottom, but not the whole of the tackle. In addition the explorers were provided with a telephone, electric batteries, a camera, and a good deal of other impedimenta.

All being in readiness, and Mr. J. W. Puttrell, of Sheffield, having read a few rules drawn up with a view to minimising the risk of accidents, the first of the party was lowered down. Away he went dangling in mid-air, and two and a half minutes later a shout from below announced that he had landed. One by one the rest of the explorers, with the exception of three—who remained at the top to attend to the telephone, &c.—followed him, all reaching the bottom in safety, though not without excitement.

The cave was found to be an elongated oval in shape, lying north and south, and about one hundred and eleven feet from end to end at its greatest length. Its depth is about two hundred feet, but its bottom, which slopes at an angle of forty-five degrees, is sixty-five feet deeper. In a dark corner at the lowest point is a hole, into which one of the explorers worked his way feet first; but though this is doubtless an outlet for the water that runs into the hole, he could not get far. Here the explorers made a curious discovery, finding as they did a perfect skeleton of a bird, seemingly a crow, which had died of starvation. Revealed by magnesium light, the cavern made a splendid spectacle. Its walls, covered with stalactites from top to bottom, end in a dome-like roof about one hundred feet high and bisected with a magnificent arch.

Having feasted their eyes on this sight, the party began to ascend. All went well; but the last six men had an experience more novel than pleasing. The life line had to be dispensed with, and they came up on a single Alpine Club rope. By 6.30 P.M., however—the first of the party had descended about 12.30—all were on top again.

A more important undertaking of the Kyndwr Club was the exploration of the famous Speedwell Cavern, Castleton. Discovered in the eighteenth century by a lead-mining company, this remarkable cavity has been a source of wonder to countless visitors; but until May last the depth and character of its most romantic feature—the "bottomless pit," into which, tradition avers, the miners cast 40,000 tons of rock without appreciable effect—were mysteries. To the club is due the credit of having solved them.

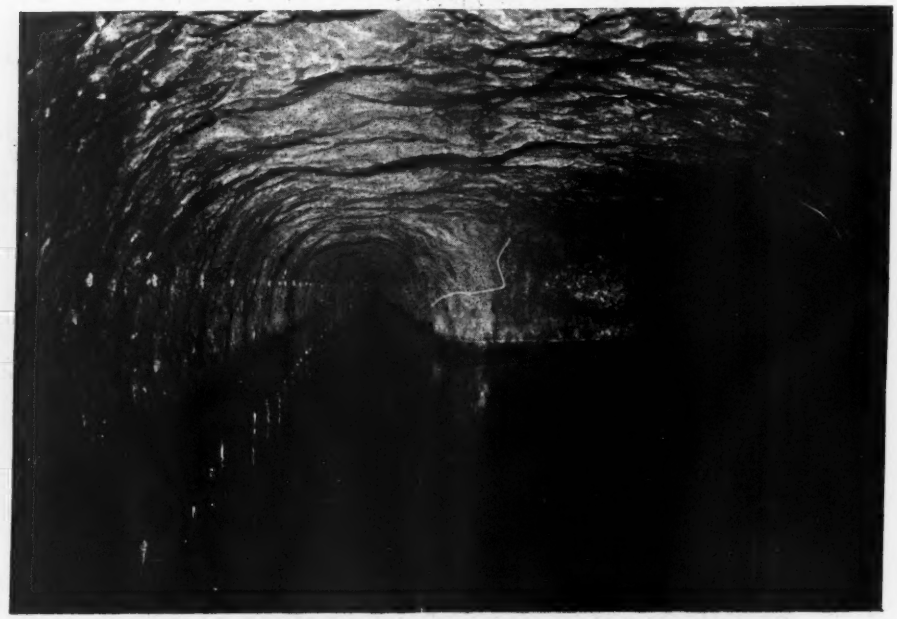
The actual work began shortly before seven in the evening, the lowering tackle used at Eldon Hole having been previously

fixed up over the chasm, which is protected by an iron railing. Reaching it in the usual way—down the hundred steps and along the underground canal in a boat—the party of twenty mustered on the platform of the causeway, and listened to the booming of the waterfall as it descended into the "bottomless pit." This fall can be partly shut off by means of a hatch, which it is customary for the guide to open for the purpose of impressing visitors. Later on the door was the means of producing some consternation. The photographer, unknown to his companions gave the signal for it to be raised, that he might take an effective picture, and down the volume of water poured, with a fall of fifty or sixty feet, on top of eight or nine of the explorers, who were right underneath. There was immediately a wild dash for places of refuge; but to escape the torrent was impossible, and consequently the men received a thorough ducking. The ardent speleologist, however, cares little for a wetting.

(From a photograph by Bamforth, Holmfirth)

The Large Cavern, Speedwell Mine

Mr. Puttrell again had the honour of making the first descent. On reaching a depth of fifty feet, he signalled "All well," feet. Current he could discern practically none, nor could he discover any outlet, though doubtless one exists somewhere.



(From a photograph by Bamforth, Holmfirth)

Canal leading to Cave, Speedwell Mine

whereupon others of the party, each with some apparatus, followed, till at last there were fifteen at the bottom. All these got more or less wet in descending, because it was impossible for them altogether to keep clear of the fall. Meanwhile, the searchlight provided for the occasion had enabled the leaders to see their surroundings. And this was the picture: In front, the fall, the water from which trickled over a slope of rocks at the feet of the explorers; behind, a pool into which the water ran, and beyond it, at the end of the cavern, a wall of smooth limestone; overhead, an arching roof about fifty feet high. This was the "bottomless pit"!

A possibility still remained that there might be something marvellous about the pool; but when Mr. Puttrell, standing on a hastily-constructed raft, plumbed it, he found bottom at a maximum depth of twenty-two

The fauna of the cave, on the other hand, more than realised expectations. The most important specimen collected was a species of Lipura, perhaps the first example of a blind cave animal recorded from Great Britain. When, however, the party reached the open air again at about 2.30 A.M. they were well content with their night's adventure.

After the romance of the Speedwell had been shattered, Mr. Puttrell made some explorations of the Peak Cavern, with results of a highly gratifying character. He discovered about one and a half miles of new ground, with caves, lakelets, and waterways; and in March the Kyndwr Club made an excursion over this interesting territory. The world-famed Blue John Mine, which was no doubt worked even in the time of the Roman occupation—the celebrated Murrhine vases were composed of Blue John—has also been made to yield up some of its secrets. At the

bottom of one of the passages the explorers, among whom were several ladies, found a curiosity—a nest of eggs, or what are known as cave pearls. These are formed by purely natural agency, in much the same way as ordinary pearls, beginning with a grain of sand or other substance. Round this, by the ceaseless dropping of the sparkling water, the carbonate of calcium draws a covering of pure glittering white. This exploration, like that of the Speedwell Cavern, took place at night.

In the West Riding the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club has done much good work. One of its most striking, though not most valuable, explorations was that of Gaping Ghyll, Ingleborough. Seen after heavy rain—the swollen stream (Tell Beck) pouring into the chasm, the thunder of its fall reverberating in the enormous cavity below, and the fine, smoke-like spray rising from the mouth—this cave, among the six largest known to exist in the whole world, awes the most prosaic of Gradgrinds. Before 1895, when it was visited by

(From a photograph by Bamforth, Holmfirth)

Lord Mulgrave's Dining-room, Blue John Mine

the famous French speleologist, M. E.-A. Martel, it had never been explored with any measure of success, and it was in the same year that the next effort was made by Messrs. Bellhouse, Booth, Grey, Green, Lund, Thompson, and Edward Calvert (the leader), all members of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

The first attempt was a failure. Though half the party made a dam up the beck, and thus diverted the water into a trench, a considerable quantity that joined the main stream from a tributary could not be led into another channel, but had to be allowed to flow, with the leakage from the dam, down the hole. As a result the first man descended in a shower bath, and was drenched to the skin and chilled to the marrow. Nor was this all. On his reaching the ledge and being lowered over it, the rope began to sway against the loose rocks in a manner that threatened every moment to bring one down on him. So that, after vainly trying to keep it clear of them, he was obliged to fire his revolver—the usual means of signalling at the outset—to be drawn up, and to abandon the enterprise.

But the second effort, made under different conditions, and not down the main hole, was completely successful. In descending the leader again got a wetting. As he was being lowered down he encountered a stream pouring from a subterranean passage in the shaft side—the highest known waterfall in England—and, as there was no dodging it, he had the full benefit of the cascade. But he nevertheless accomplished his object; and on the following day all the party descended.

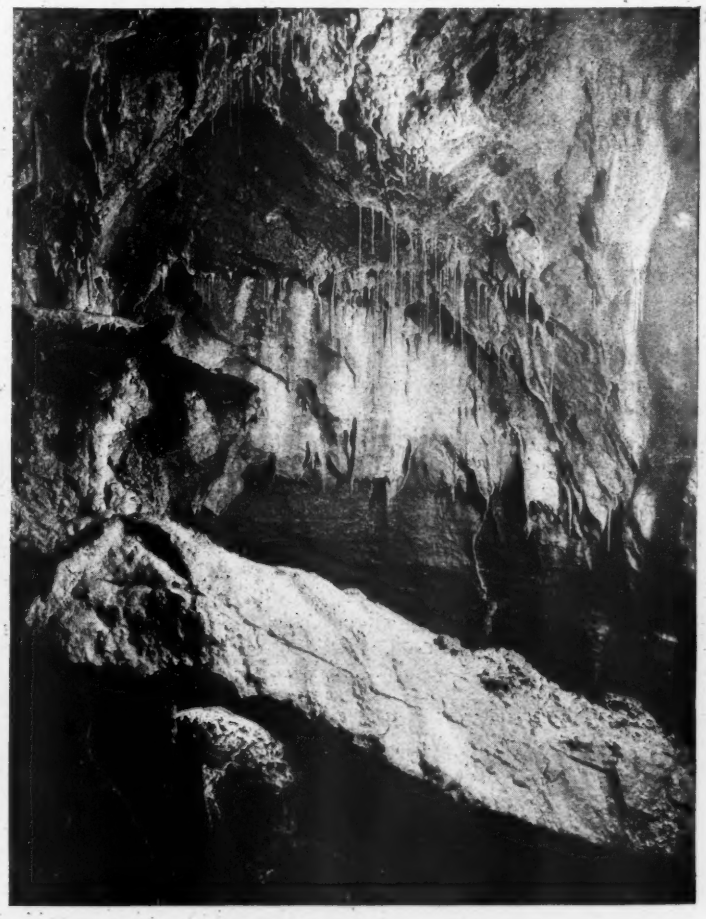
Triangulation of the cavern then showed it to be nearly four hundred and eighty feet long, eighty-two feet across at its widest part, and about one hundred and ten feet from floor to roof. On a slope at least fifteen feet above the bottom lay the bones and wool of a sheep—a circumstance which seems to show that in times of flood the cave contains

(From a photograph by Bamforth, Holmfirth)

The Arches and River Styx, Peak Cavern

a lake big enough and deep enough to float an ironclad.

With a view to discovering whether there is any connection between Gaping Ghyll and Ingleborough Cave, some members of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club afterwards penetrated into the unknown recesses of that chamber. This was an arduous exploration. At a comparatively early stage the party had to make their way through a pool about thirty yards long and two or three feet deep, with a slimy, sticky bottom. Later, they came to a narrow passage, along which they had first to crawl, then walk in a stooping attitude, and then wade, standing upright, through eighteen inches of water. Presently the roof came down abruptly, leaving only about one and a half feet between the top and the running stream; but for all that the explorers pushed on, and were rewarded by finding that the height gradually increased to five feet. Soon, however, they were brought to a standstill. They began to go down—down—down; the current swirled by them



(From a photograph by Bamforth, Holmfirth)

The Fairy Grotto, Blue John Mine

with an angry gurgle; and, worst of all, the water rapidly rose to their necks. It was an exciting moment; but they did not lose their heads. Finding, by careful probing, that an increasing depth lay in front of them, they reluctantly turned round and struggled back to their starting-point.

A fortnight later they again essayed to solve the problem. This time each man carried about fifty-six pounds of necessary material, and as a consequence progress was slow and difficult, the load proving a great burden to drag through narrow passages and over slippery stones. On reaching the spot where they had left off on the previous visit, the explorers made a raft, and launched Mr. Calvert on the stream, down which he floated away into the unknown. He was soon back, however, with the unwelcome news that they had laboured in vain. The canal was impassable, the roof gradually lowering and finally top and bottom closing in like a cigar end. Nothing more could be done; so the men returned to the entrance of the cave.

From these brief stories of a few explorations it will be seen that speleology calls for no little courage and endurance. In some cases investigations extend over ten, twelve, or even fourteen hours, involving more or less strain of mind and body the whole time, for there is much climbing, wading, and struggling through narrow passages and over slippery stones to be done in subterranean depths. It has, moreover, at all times, and especially when not carried out by a number of experts banded together, its peculiar dangers. Some years ago, for instance, two Yorkshire explorers, probably through neglecting the old precaution of paying out string as they threaded their way through a maze of passages, lost their way and narrowly escaped paying for their rashness with their lives. As it was, they were entombed for forty-eight hours.

But, on the other hand, speleology has its distinctive advantages as a sport. The air of most caverns, contrary to popular belief, is pure and exhilarating, while the range of temperature is very small. There is no season, therefore, for exploring, which can be carried on just the same in winter as in summer. And, as artificial light must always be used, it can be followed at any time that may be convenient. As a matter of fact, some of the most important investigations have been made at night. For these and other reasons speleology is a splendid sport. It grips those who take it up like Alpine climbing, which, once tasted, has an irresistible charm.

My Harvests

I thought to have gathered many a bloom
From a rose-tree I planted one sweet spring day;
Ah me! I forgot
And watered it not,
And the soft buds withered away.

I thought as I looked at my heaped-up corn
"I will sow it broadcast—this rich golden grain!"
Ah me! I let lay
And it withered away,
And harvest time reaps me no gain.

I thought that my friend would be mine always;
That his hand to my hand would cling close and fast.
Ah me! I loosed hold
On our friendship old,
And his fingers slipped at last.

I still wish for roses—my rose-tree is dead;
I wish still for harvest—and hunger for bread;
I cry for the old love—the old love is fled;
I sowed not—I reap not—God's Judgment is said.

L. Hereward.

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—IV. Mr. George Meredith

THE whole of the letters addressed to Mr. Meredith are from warm admirers of the author, the admiration in several cases being of a superlative character. Taken in their entirety, the critiques reach a higher level of excellence than has been attained in any of the previous competitions, and we have to express our regret to many competitors that the limitation of space admits of only the three prize-winning essays being published. Several of those which were rejected by the judges only with great reluctance deserve particular and honourable mention—notably the essays by H. B. Vaisey, Edith M. Carruthers, and T. W. Cole. In particular, the judges desire to acknowledge the excellence of (and the scholarship shown in) the essay of "C. V. B." which only failed to win a prize—possibly the first—because it exceeded the length permitted under the rules.

Of Mr. Meredith's style, whether as a poet or a novelist, all the writers have, as a matter of course, something to say. Many delight in its confessed difficulty and would not for worlds have it less involved or less obscure. Others—the majority—like it, while timidly confessing to a wish that once in a while he had made himself a little simpler. Some frankly deplore what they consider the one drawback to the work of the man who otherwise stands as the finest literary craftsman of the age.

As a poet, the author of "Modern Love" has many earnest worshippers; but it is naturally on his work as a novelist that most of the discussion turns.

The points generally dwelt on are Meredith's powers of analysing character, his vein of satire, his understanding of nature, and in particular his chivalrous treatment of woman, his types of women being in almost every instance upheld as only equalled by those of Shakespeare. He is pronounced to be a profound observer, and a deep, original thinker, with a philosophy of life that may be summed up in the three words—self-reliance, self-respect, and self-repression. It is very generally allowed that he is never likely to become a popular novelist; but it is supposed that he does not desire so to become, his aim being to use the medium of the novel as a power for good without pandering to the public taste and degrading his art. As such, his admirers believe that, though comparatively little read, he has even within his life-time won his place, not only as the greatest of living novelists, but as the only living classic writer of his own day. His works are pretty generally quoted, but the favourites are evidently "The Egoist," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways," and "Rhoda Fleming."

This month we invite open letters under the same conditions to

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

The letters must not exceed 1500 words in length. They must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than June 25, being addressed "Open Letter Competition," GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. They must be addressed to Mr. Austin as an author—with him as a personality apart from his writings we have nothing to do. Prizes will be awarded to the three letters adjudged to be best as follows: First Prize, £5: Second Prize, £3: Third Prize, £2. The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final.

The winning letters addressed to Mr. Meredith follow.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

DEAR SIR,

I suppose that most readers who deserve the name have, at some time or other, had a strong inclination to write letters of thanks to their favourite authors; and that on all but a few the fear of laying themselves open to a charge of impertinence, or of being influenced by some ulterior motive, has acted as a deterrent. Having experienced both phases of feeling I gratefully

accept the opportunity afforded me by the Editor of GOOD WORDS of addressing you. The responsibility is his.

I wonder if, supposing the choice could be offered to you, you would choose to be remembered as a writer of prose or of verse? I do not say poet or novelist, because poet you are and must be, whichever medium of expression you may for the time being employ. Still I think that you are more consistently yourself in prose, and give less justification for the parrot-cry of "obscurity" that, prior to the publication of most of the poems, was raised against you as a novelist. So much may be said without depreciating the poems, most of which are gems, clear-cut, sparkling, and of enduring value. Take as haphazard instances, "The Woods of Westermain," "Mother to Babe," and, one of the most beautiful poems in our language, "Love in the Valley." But the charge of obscurity, of difficulty at least, does apply to a few; notably to the "Odes on the French Revolution." In reading these one is now and again dazzled by a flash of pure white light breaking through the encrustation. But to pierce the encrustation entirely, to analyse the whole, would perhaps entail as much labour on the part of the reader as has been bestowed upon it by the writer. I am fortunate in having amongst my acquaintances some of your ardent admirers; none of them can say that the "Odes" are not beyond his, or her, comprehension. Your standpoint, I conceive, is that you write for those who think, for those who have

> Ploughed,
> Sown, reaped, harvested grain for the mill,

and so have

> The light over shadow of cloud,

not for those who read merely for idle entertainment. The pity is that the teaching, the inner meanings and beauties, of those more difficult poems are lost upon readers who have neither the leisure, nor, in the intervals of necessarily hard work, the capacity to analyse them.

Turning to the novels, and setting aside the folk to whom I have already referred as reading for mere amusement, it is not easy to see where the justification for the cry of obscurity comes in. It is true that "The Shaving of Shagpat" was, at the time of its publication, and has been since a source of wonderment to the foolish folk who went to it expecting to read a novel, and found instead a glorious fantasy. For "The Shaving of Shagpat" is a fantasy, and requires, for its thorough enjoyment, a certain abandonment not common with the average reader. So read, however, it is, so far as my knowledge will carry me, the very best thing of its kind outside the "Arabian Nights." But that even such readers as these should pass by as things of small account the novels proper that followed, notably, "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," until the advent of "Diana of the Crossways" roused them from their lethargy, is indeed to be marvelled at. I mention "Diana of the Crossways" because it was, I believe, the exquisite story of the lovable and brilliant Mrs. Warwick that formed what is called the "turning point in your career;" that induced so many who had hitherto never thought of you as an exceptional writer to turn back to what they had missed, and to wonder at their previous want of perception. For myself, however, I must ever think of "The Egoist" as the most wonderful book that you have written; a book to be lived with and reverenced as monitor and friend. Probably you remember, or have heard the story which, whether it be a manufactured anecdote or the record of an actual occurrence, is certainly true in an inner and artistic sense, how a young friend, his mind greatly perturbed by the reading of "The Egoist," came to you and said: "This is too bad, Willoughby is me!" "No, my dear fellow," you are said to have replied, "Willoughby is all of us." Willoughby is all of us. In its almost perfect characterisation; its keen analysis whether of feelings or of motives; its pure unbiassed satire, cruel sometimes, but always kindly; "The Egoist" touches all men, spares none, and yet should offend none; and I have a sincere pity for the man who does not rise from its perusal a wiser and a better man than he was when he sat down to it.

As to any difficulty or obscurity there may be in this or other of your works, an

explanation may perhaps be found in a parenthesis in the prologue to "The Egoist;" "Humorists are difficult, it is a piece of their humour to puzzle our wits." In the poems, I venture to say, you have sometimes carried this puzzling too far; have set us ordinary mortals a task beyond our capacity. But so much of it as there is in the novels works for nothing but good; just as rowing or the use of dumb-bells is good for men whose lives are for the most part sedentary.

The mention of the prologue to "The Egoist," leads me to think of another of your books to which only a passing reference may be made here, "An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of Comic Spirit," surely a book that, whether from a social or a literary point of view, it is worth any man's while to study closely, at whatever cost of time or patience. The best comment I have heard upon it was made by a man who first read it in 1897, the date of its republication, and who had then attained to some eminence as a critic. "Had I," he said, "read this book when quite a young man, I believe it would have altered the whole tenour of my work." One cannot doubt that much of your work has so affected other writers who have been so fortunate as to study it before settling into a groove from which, later, they could not have extricated themselves.

It is needless to speak further of the novels. What has been said of two is, in varying degree, true of the rest. But, speaking of them collectively, it should be said that none of our writers of fiction, living or dead, has given us such a portrait gallery of lovable and noble women. In your portrayal of women you stand second to Shakespeare only, and well above nearly every other writer. To instance a few of the portraits would almost seem to be treating the others invidiously, for it is hard to recall one of your larger works that does not contain a remarkable one.

And after all, good, and even great, as your work is, what perhaps to be most grateful for is its effect upon other writers. You have been called "the novelist's novelist." The phrase is a clumsy one, and I think I have seen it somewhere better put as "the writer's writer." Either way it needs comment. Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson might say, speaking for the novelists, "They breathe his atmosphere and exhale it," which is what some of our younger writers have done. I do not refer to the many who have imitated your peculiarities of style and caught nothing of the informing spirit, but of the few who have imbued themselves with the spirit, but have been strong enough to have and to hold a style of their own. In a time when the cry of the public is always for something new, and temptations held out, to writers of fiction especially, to produce quantity at the cost of quality, your influence has gone far to check the downward tendency; and for this, as much as for the way in which you have directly enriched English literature you have earned the thanks of English readers.

I am dear Sir,
Faithfully and gratefully yours,
G. W. PARKER.

The Bank House,
George Street,
Sheffield.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

DEAR MR. MEREDITH,

People may be divided into two classes, those who read your books, and those who do not. The latter are a little like moles in brilliant sunshine, blinking and complaining that the light is too strong for them. So back they burrow into the sombre coolness and twilight of their accustomed literature. One does feel sorry for them. Imagine never having felt the thrill of excitement at hearing, "there is a new Meredith," or the keen, ever-fresh delight of re-reading an old one.

Taking one of your books, one is inclined to say with Walt Whitman, "Camerado, this is no book, who touches this touches a man," and a man whose main idea is not so much the championing of woman, as the revealing to her of her true self, and her marvellous—I had almost written boundless—possibilities. In "Rhoda Fleming," in "The Egoist," in "Sandra Belloni," how you fight woman's battle. You are not shocked or

horrified at the adventuress Countess, Evan Harrington's sister, but you limn her gently, with indulgent smiles.

There is so much talk nowadays of the "message" or the "mission" of an artist, that the phrase has an unpleasant flavour of cant. Your message, to speak in that Philistine jargon, is a trumpet summons to woman, in whom you have more faith than Maeterlinck. In his "Ariane et Barbe-bleue," where the five princesses, after being delivered by Ariane from their subterranean dungeon, return to their old foolish slavery in spite of all her remonstrances—she shows them *un monde inondé d'espérance*—but they will not go forth with her. "Je m'en irai seule," she says, "adieu, soyez heureuses."

He believes in the capabilities of the exceptional woman, you believe that all women are thus largely endowed. "Women can have us back to the condition of primitive man, or they can shoot us higher than the topmost star," that is what you try to make them understand; that they cannot only work out their own salvation, but have also the proud responsibility of man's regeneration.

I have heard it said of you that you are a writer for writers, but with this dictum I cannot agree. Surely any one with an ordinary equipment of intelligence can follow and enjoy your books. You weave a web of life and character shot with vivid flashes of truth and beauty—and how your aphorisms and descriptive phrases live with one! "The soft cherishable Parsee," when was a better portrait painted in a few words of the clinging mid-Victorian type, a type now happily almost extinct? or the "gold-crested serpent," for poor Alvan's elusive Clotilde. And could anything be lovelier than the little sentence about Clare's name. "It sounded faint and mellow now behind the hills of death."

Certainly your books are not "meat for little people, or for fools;" you are not afraid of the splendour of pure passion; but you always write of love "with a blush in your voice." The fragrant wonder of young love envelops the earlier scenes between Lucy and Richard Feverel; the restrained beauty of early spring and the glamour of an untrodden world are the setting of that girl and boy idyll. Then there is the love of Robert, the man, for Rhoda Fleming, the woman. With what words can I describe the poignant beauty of the "Tale of Chloe"? And who can forget the sensation of choking horror when the heedless Duchess of Dewlap, just about to elope, puts her hand in the dark on Chloe's body? The hills round Bath, the routs, the ruffling gallants, the modish frivolous life of every day, what a background they make in your hands for the grim tragedy of Chloe's death—and life! It was said to me the other day by one who knows, that it is useless to try and succeed in two branches of art, unless one takes a different name for each. "If you do not," he said, "people will think that one art, at least, is only cultivated dilettante fashion, as a mere pastime; and probably they will take neither seriously. Mon enfant," he added, "if the public will not take you seriously, you are done!"

All this is *à propos* of your poetry. I believe there are people who speak of you as a novelist who writes verses; this in the face of "Love in the Valley." If you had written no verse but that sonnet beginning, "I saw the swallows gathering in the sky," your reputation as a poet would surely be established beyond question.

Your philosophy is not quite that of the optimist Browning—"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world"—you rather recommend one to "trust in God, and keep your powder dry; bestir yourselves," is ever your cry, "and do not pretend that Providence is answerable for the painful results of your foolish blunders." You look so closely at human life, and the springs of action in man, and yet this has not taken away an iota of your belief in human nature; you are so truthful, so reverent, a real idealist, and far too much of an artist to preach.

Generalisation (a fault of woman, is it not?) you never indulge in, and you are more interested in psychology than concerned with dramatic episodes; your methods, indeed, are allied to those of Balzac, though not so vexatiously minute. I remember learning Weltgeschichte in the days of my youth; one had to study a period not merely

of French, or Italian, or English history, but of all the communicating world interlaced. Just so do you present life to us; not a few untwisted strands, but the whole coherent fabric.

Your portraits of men and women have the quality of life; they stand out, not bas-reliefs merely, but Greek sculpture. How many think they have accomplished great things if their puppets are even in bas-relief? But one can walk round a true work of art, and all your creations are detached. To me the test of convincingness in the characters of a book is whether I know what their backs look like. Who cannot picture Vernon Whitford hurrying off in search of Crossjay—all long legs and lean, philosophical shoulders—and Crossjay, with the middle-class figure, inherited, doubtless, from the post-captain, comfortably bulging out his thread-bare jacket? And so with all the friends that you have given us; they are real, every one.

When one reads the last page of one of your books one is so inclined to say like a child, "Please tell some more," for the story is not ended; you break off. We want to know how Lætitia got on with her humbled egoist, what happened to the bereaved Richard, and whether Redworth really tamed Diana, whose one amazing deflection from the path of honour I could personally never understand. A Celt, and a woman! I should like it explained.

And now one comes to what is the stumbling-block to so many, your style. In parenthesis, a giant cannot be expected to trip as delicately as a French dancing-master, and the tailors usually cry out when the devil gets loose among them.

Reading you is a little like learning to swim; one must let go of the safety-ropes of prejudice and convention, and after a sousing splash and some gasping one comes to the surface, so glad that one has the courage to leave the shallows behind. At its best your style is brilliantly descriptive, a splendid medium for the suggestion of your ideas; at its worst, it is cryptic, baffling, but never undistinguished, and there are always gems of thought and insight, well worth the seeking.

Your imagination is well-nigh unsurpassable. There is sufficient material for several volumes of "Arabian Nights" in the miraculous "Shaving of Shagpat." Your mine of rich vivid ideas is so inexhaustible that you use them with reckless prodigality.

Idealist, artist, philosopher, and seer—it is not easy to estimate so many sided a genius—I am not sure that it is not an impertinence to do so.

It only remains for me to subscribe myself

Your sincere admirer,

C. H. VERSCHOYLE.

Welbeck,
Bournemouth

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

DEAR SIR,

When I consider the battles that have been waged over your writings, and the men of light and leading who have tilted lances for or against you, it is with a keen sense of my own temerity that I venture to enter the lists. I have read your works with pleasure, though that feeling has often been marred by irritation. For one thing you deserve the gratitude of all who have the welfare of the English language at heart; you agree with Walter Pater in writing English "as if it were a learned language." No writer of modern times has shown its power, subtlety, and embraciveness as you have. In your command of words you are the supreme artist. You take them, and religiously, almost fanatically, avoiding the hackneyed combinations of popular literature, show us how plastic they become in the hands of a supreme craftsman. You have almost made a vocabulary of your own into which you have infused Gaelic wit, French daintiness, and German extravagance. When inspired, as in descriptions of nature or when showing us the birth of love in young hearts, your prose is perfect. Your dialogue is spirited, though often fantastic. Everything you write has a personal charm, though sometimes uncouth and extravagant. You have the poet's sympathetic insight into the varying moods of nature and the emotional side of your characters; no aspect of the sky or earth, and no emotion, no matter how subtle, is too elusive for your pen. In dramatic power you equal our best

writers, endeavouring to charge each word with meaning, and make almost every sentence an epigram. Your zeal, however, for originality of expression often leads you into those mannerisms and obscurities which to your admirers are disheartening, and lend your detractors a cheap weapon with which to assail you.

Beginning as a poet, you seem to have realised that, though undoubtedly possessing the poetic gift in a high degree, the novel offered a better medium for the exercise of your abilities. In the novel you have fuller scope and your peculiarities of diction do not detract so much from the general merit of your work as they would in a poem. Perhaps also your genius was too much akin to that of Robert Browning for both to work satisfactorily in the same field. When you began to write about fifty years ago some men saw that a new voice had to be reckoned with in English literature. You were not popular, nor is it probable that you ever will be. You write from your own inner consciousness and are altogether heedless of what hits the prevalent taste. You never stoop to the mawkishly sentimental or conventionally sensational. Having selected the sphere of life in which your characters are to move, you spread a noble canvas and evolve your characters amid the varying circumstances, the actions and reactions of modern life. Your novels are noble in design, but the execution is often faulty. You suffer from the exuberance of your own genius, and seem to want a sense of proportion. When dealing with moments of poignant passion, or soul-rocking emotion, or when painting sky or landscapes, the hand of the master is revealed; but then again we find incidents comparatively insignificant and sometimes irrelevant to the course of your story treated with the same wealth of detail and colouring. You are like a painter who gives us his best in a noble theme worthy of his brush, but who bestows the same generous treatment on a scene which lends itself better to the water colours of an amateur. This is a great defect in your novels. The style which you have fashioned, polished, perfected in technique and individualised, clothes a great theme like a glove, but hangs flabby when swathed round trivialities.

Your methods are psychological. You place your characters on the operating table and dissect them for us nerve by nerve, laying bare the sources of their quivering emotions and subtlest inspirations. It is true that the knife is too often in evidence; you not only turn your characters inside out, you also show us how it is done. This is injurious, for it delays the action of the story, draws our attention from its development, and at times blurs our conceptions of the real fleshy creatures who should cover the skeletons you expose. Your psychology hampers your story, just as your craze for originality sometimes spoils your style. Although writing with an eye for the comic element in human nature you seldom caricature. Your exposure of the littlenesses and inanities of social life is tonic; it braces and elevates. Though you have been often accused of cynicism, it seems to me that your outlook on life is one of thoughtful humour; your sympathies are cosmopolitan; and you are always in touch with nature whether on the Surrey Downs, the meadows of France, or the Alpine Peaks.

What a splendid gallery of characters you have given us. Your men are almost complete; we can see them concrete with the details of their characters fitted in and rounded off; but your women are elusive. You show us their salient outlines, their mental battles, their self-deception sometimes, their abundant vivacity, their weakness and helplessness; but there is a subtle something in their natures which eludes us, some sub-conscious element. This is in accordance with art and nature; for though the male may generally be gauged accurately enough, even when we allow for occasional spiritual stirrings, women can rarely be tape-measured or definitely labelled. Your heroines are not unworthy of comparison with some of Shakespeare's. Diana, with her brilliant opening and her premonition of wreckage when she shall embark on matrimonial waters, is a striking figure in fiction. Her wit, beauty, grasp of practical affairs and introspective self-questionings, her fight

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now shows us wherein it was that Dr. Smyth's true nobleness of character lay. He tells us in plain but convincing language of a life which, though secluded, was in reality far from wasted: of a life which, not only in the circumstances of its ending, but throughout—from almost boyhood, indeed, for Dr. Smyth began his work at an age when most young men destined for his profession are still enjoying the comforts and luxuries of a University career—was a continual abnegation of self, a giving up of ambitious aims, of hopeful prospects, of professional renown which all who knew him and endeavoured to persuade him foresaw was more than probable, simply from a feeling of loyalty to a helpless, clinging, though not always sufficiently grateful people. Faithful to them in life he was: faithful even unto death. The book cannot fail to appeal to all healthy-minded readers, a a valuable addition to the chronicles of heroism in everyday life.

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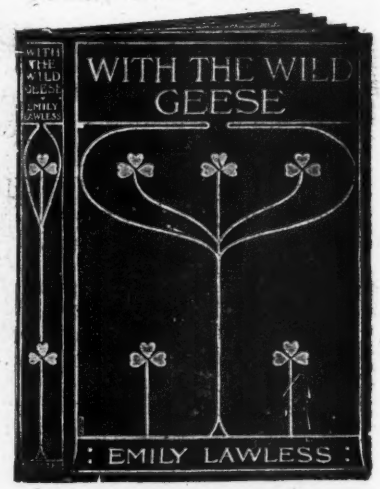

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against the solid array of mediocrity marshalled against her by Lady Wathen, her fascination by the somewhat prosaic Dacier and her final marriage with Tom Redworth, "the true friend of women," are all factors in the shaping of her career; but even when we leave her at the end we are not quite sure if she has yet reached security, because subtly as you have analysed her, there are depths in her nature which you indicate, but leave unplumbed. In this novel, "Diana of the Crossways," there is one point which I do not think you have sufficiently cleared. The reasons which prompted Diana to sell the secret told her by Dacier do not seem adequate when the severity of her views on paltry transactions is considered. Of your other characters space does not allow me to speak at length; I pick a few. Sir Willoughby Patterne you strip naked for us, while we shiver sometimes at the relentless exposure of the littleness and folly of the Egoist, blinded by his worship of and absorption in self. Vernon Whitford, I imagine, is half-brother to George Warrington, at least in his placid perception of events and fidelity to friends. In Adrian Harley the cynical, we fancy we can detect a little self-portraiture. Ottilia, the noble princess, Lucy, the untutored, Clara Middleton, the dainty "rogue in porcelain," and Letitia Dale, with her unquestioning devotion to her ideal, are women who, I fancy, will be studied and loved with Shakespeare's heroines in years to come. You have ignored the cloistral housewife and innocent miss, who have formed worthy types for the laudation of English novelists from Fielding onward, but have given us women impatient of their narrow surroundings and circumscribed outlook, and who seek a wider field for their gifts than has hitherto been assigned to them.

Your faults, as I have implied before, lie in an over-elaboration of trivial incidents, and in your bewildering metaphor. Sometimes in following up an idea we are dazzled and blinded by the brilliance of your digressions, and you taper off at the end into a cloudland of your own creation. We are told of one of your characters that she did not seek to please the public in writing a novel, but wrote her best in perverseness. We are often tempted to suspect you of the same design; though you write for the elect, you impose a test upon their intelligences, and I think you would be uncomfortable if you thought that your meaning was intelligible to the common man. From the first, critics have been loud in condemnation of the seemingly wilful prolixity of your narrative; but you have ignored the clamour, and in the later novels the idiosyncrasies that irritate are as common as in the earlier. It is certain that you go down to posterity as the legitimate descendant of Henry Fielding, but I think you will be considered more as a classic for scholars than a common heritage for all.

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Household Expenses

HOUSEHOLD expenses in any age are interesting, and we know how puzzling those of our neighbours of to-day are when we come to analyse the items. No two households spend alike. One thing is certain, that England rarely suffered from famine in later mediæval times, and food was plentiful—so plentiful that for two or three hundred years, till the great rise in prices in the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign, workmen were fed as well as paid by their well-to-do employers. Prices were fixed by statute, remember, nor did this matter in time of plenty. The great nobles could well keep open house in the fifteenth century, when a sheep cost a shilling, beef and mutton ¼*d.* a pound, bread ½*d.* the one pound loaf, and ale 2*d.* and beer at 1*d.* a gallon. What ruined these people was expensive dress and gambling, dice and "shofful-a-borde." Luxuries were not existent. Scarcely a week passes to-day in some well-to-do middle-class household, I mean a household whose income is perhaps under a thousand a year, that some new luxury, some new contrivance does not take its place permanently. Putting aside gambling, I think one is pretty safe in saying that till the eighteenth century there was no scope for extravagance except in dress, and the sumptuary laws protected those below gentle rank from indulging in this. For the labourers and artisans, the end of the Mediæval Period was emphatically a halcyon

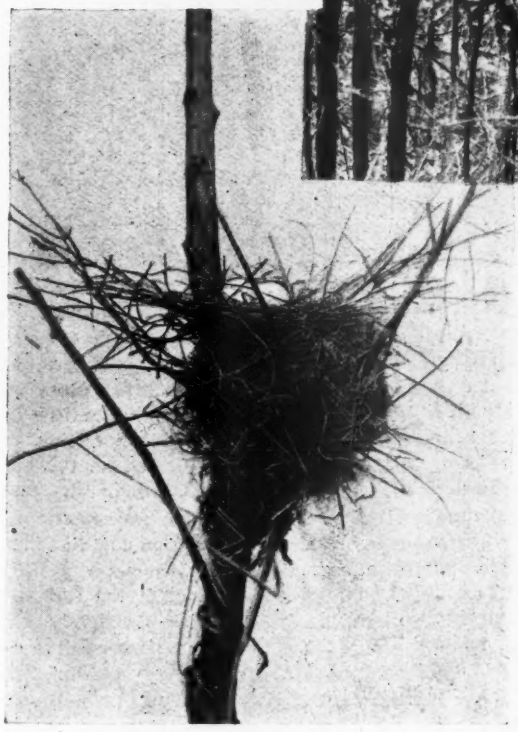
period. Board was for a very long time, well into the sixteenth century, 1½*d.* to 2*d.* a week, yet artisans had 6*d.*, field labourers 4*d.* a day, 6*d.* in harvest time. Women could get as much as men in unskilled labour, and they only got 2*d.* a day; but it was more than their board was reckoned at. They often took the place of boys or an inferior or assistant, and went out "charing," making tallow candles, gathering rushes, stuffing mattresses, and washing. Both men and women had livery given them if they worked for a master of position. Their clothes were cheap. An ell of the very best linen at 20*d.* would make a pair of hose. A doublet such as a retainer in a big house would wear was worth 5*s.*, and in the sixteenth century his coat, hose and shoes would come to 20*s.* Shoes were from 6*d.* upwards, and gloves, of which there were a great variety in the fifteenth century, could be got for a penny a pair. Shirts, the coarsest coming from Holland, were cheap, nor were you expected to change them often. The henchmen on embarking for Guisnes (1520) had two a piece. A shirt embroidered with silks and lace might cost a pound. Bedding was not expensive, as we have seen, and you burnt rush lights if you could not afford tallow candles, which in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign are valued at 1*s.* 8*d.* the dozen pounds. This, a high price, was in a nobleman's house. They were 1*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 9*d.* in 1400, and fell gradually to 1*s.* 3*d.* in 1500. Fuel was abundant, and coal, if dear in Henry VI.'s time—7*s.* a chaldron—was less than 2*s.* a chaldron in Henry VIII.'s reign. Faggots were 2*s.* a hundred, and turves 3*s.* a thousand, taking a low average. Soap was rather dear. Here are the boarding expenses of, let us say four distinct classes: a countess, 6*s.* 8*d.* a week, two ladies 20*d.* and 16*d.* a week, and a yeoman 18*d.* a week. Rushes were a shilling a load, but in those days you had probably not far to go before finding rushes. You could have your napkins at 1*d.* apiece, and a man who earned 6*d.* a day could almost afford napkins. Of course there were taxes, but even in the Middle Ages these were graduated, and the poor man who did not earn much more than his board got off with from 4*d.* to 6*d.* When your income was £20 the pull began, and as a matter of fact a man who could dispend £20 a year could afford to pay even a 10 per cent. income tax. There was the occasional poll tax, to which all contributed. The yeoman was indeed very well off, for he had his bow, and that essentially poaching weapon, the crossbow, and could, and did, take toll of the deer. Travelling expenses, when the great religious foundations did duty for the caravanserais of the East, were not ruinous, and all classes availed themselves of this form of hospitality. Horse-keep varied from 3*d.* to 6*d.*, and 7*d.* for "great horses" such as carried men in armour. There were two drawbacks to this golden age—the scarcity of vegetables and the winter. Salt fish is sustaining, but you can have too much of it, and 20*s.* and more the hundred (sixteenth century) is not cheap. Herrings at 5*s.* the code (500) were the great stand by. Eggs 4*d.* the 100 in 1400 rose gradually in price till they were quoted at 1*s.* in the sixteenth century. They were generally cheap at Easter. Butter is mentioned at from 2*d.* a pound, milk must have been scarce, and cheese was 1½*d.* a pound. M. C.

A Composite Nest

THOUGH robbers of eggs and young are not rare among the many species of birds, there are few that are so impudent as to steal the nests of other birds. Where this occurs it is mostly among the hawks, who are not distinguished in any case by their architectural skill or industry. The sparrow-hawk, for example, commonly utilises an old or a new crow's nest as a cradle for her own family; and others are content with holes in trees or rocks in preference to building elaborate structures. Our two photos, then, may be regarded as quite out of the common, and as exhibiting the turtle-dove in a new light. Everybody knows how the poets have utilised the soft, gentle cooing of this bird to garnish their poems of love and peace; they would probably regard as an atrocious libel the suggestion that the turtle could do so ungentle an act as to rob another bird of the nest it has so patiently constructed.

A pair of song-thrushes had fixed upon a

young tree in a Surrey wood as an "eligible building site," and, having satisfied themselves that it was in all respects suited to their requirements, set to work to fashion the cup-shaped nest for which they are famed. The outer walls were woven thickly of grass, then they laboriously gathered mud and with it made a draught-proof lining; next they pressed in fragments of decayed wood from a rotting stump they found not far away. This made a nice warm and soft inner layer which served instead of the hair or feather mattress that some birds prefer. And now the nest was satisfactorily finished, and ready to receive the eggs of delicate blue with tiny dark speckles. But at this stage there entered upon the scene a couple of turtle-doves, who, having wintered in North Africa, were desirous of enjoying the spring and summer in Southern England, and were now prospecting for a suitable neighbourhood in which to settle. This wood was just the place they desired, and after carefully surveying it from all sides, from above and below, they decided that there was only one tree in which they could feel happy. It was sufficiently far in from the southern border to give them necessary privacy, but not too far to hide them from the cheerful influence of the sun; but this desirable tree had already been appropriated by a couple of vulgar thrushes—birds that know nothing of the advantages



Nest built by song-thrushes and appropriated by a pair of turtle-doves

of foreign travel, and who by spending their winters in this gloomy climate run the risk of starvation, but by so doing get the advantage of early possession of the best nesting-places.

And here was the nest. It was a pity that labour should be so wasted, but the nest was too absurdly fashioned to be of any use to turtles, and if common birds like thrushes would be so selfish as to select the best places they must not be surprised if more aristocratic and bigger birds should give a check to their presumption. So, before an egg could be laid in it, the turtle-doves used it as a foundation for the rough open platform of twigs which is all that they are able to accomplish in the way of architecture. It was in vain that Mrs. Thrush implored them to take away all this litter that was barring the way to her own cosy work of art. The doves replied with their customary gentle coo, and there was nothing for Mrs. Thrush to do but hurriedly to build another nest. Mrs. Turtle laid her two white eggs in the centre of her platform, and at this point the photographer came upon the scene, photographing this composite nest first from the ground, and then from the level of the nest to show the eggs. E. STEP.

J. J. Ward, photo.

Twins and no Twins

IT might be supposed at first glance that the children seen in the accompanying photograph were twins. Such, however, is not the case. The babies are one and the same, the positions and expressions being slightly different. Some readers may wonder how such a photograph can be produced, and for the benefit of those who possess cameras, but who may not be in the secret, we will reveal this. A photograph should be taken in the ordinary way of mother and child, and after exposing the plate, a second plate should be exposed while the couple are in the same or almost the same position. Take a print of each, and with scissors carefully cut from one print the baby and paste it in position on the other. Then recopy, and a negative of the mother and her apparent twins is produced. J. J. WARD.

The Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii

IN the year A.D. 79 the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii were completely destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. We have a contemporary account of this terrific convulsion of nature written by an eye-witness, the younger Pliny, and its details are more than ordinarily interesting at the present time. The uncle mentioned was the elder Pliny, author of the Natural History. His zeal for investigating this extraordinary phenomenon cost him his life, as appears below.

Pliny writes to Tacitus, the Roman historian, as follows *:

"My uncle was in command of the fleet at Misenum [in the Bay of Naples]. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a

* The translation is taken mainly from Melmoth.

cloud of very unusual size and shape which had appeared in the distance. He had just returned from walking (naked) in the sun, had had his cold bath and a slight repast, and was resting in his study. He arose immediately, and went up a hill from which this uncommon appearance could be more distinctly viewed. At that distance (fifteen miles) it was not clear from which mountain the cloud issued, but it was afterwards discovered to be from Mount Vesuvius. In shape it resembled a pine-tree, and appeared sometimes bright, sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's curiosity, and he determined to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be prepared, and gave me leave to attend him if I thought proper. I rather chose to continue my studies, for as it happened he had given me something to do. As he was leaving the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm, for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius there was no way of escape but by sea. He accordingly changed his first design, and desired the galleys to be put to sea, with the intention of saving, not only Rectina, but several others, for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the spot whence others fled in terror he steered direct to the point of danger with such presence of mind that he was able to note down all the details of the dreadful scene.

"He was now so near the mountain that the cinders, which grew hotter and thicker as he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger, not only of being stranded by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore.

"Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, as the pilot advised him. 'Fortune,' said he, 'befriends the brave, carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within view of it, and, indeed, extremely near, he was resolved if it should in the least increase to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation; he embraced him with tenderness, and in order to dissipate his fears he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the bath to be got ready, and having bathed he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least with every appearance of it.

"In the meanwhile the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night rendered still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and fell into a deep sleep, for being rather fat and breathing hard, the attendants outside actually heard him snore.

"The court which led to his apartment was now almost filled with stones and ashes, and if he had continued there any longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up and went to Pomponianus and the rest of the company, who were too frightened to go to bed.

"They consulted together whether it would be more prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction. They resolved on the fields, and went out with pillows tied upon their heads with napkins as a defence against the stones.

"It was now day, everywhere else but there darkness prevailed deeper than in the deepest night, which was, however, in some degree dissipated by torches and lights of various kinds. They went down to the shore to see if they might now safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still running

extremely high and boisterous. Then my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down on a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I conjecture, by by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing.

"As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, looking like that of a man asleep rather than dead.

"In the meantime, at Misenum, I pursued my studies till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper, and thence to bed, where my sleep was broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before earthquake shocks, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night that they not only shook everything about us, but seemed, indeed, to threaten destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings.

"As I was at that time but eighteen years of age I know not whether I shall call my behaviour courage or rashness, but I took up my Livy and amused myself with turning over that author, and even made some extracts, as if in perfect security.

"Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings around us tottered, and we resolved to leave the town. Having reached a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The carriages, which we had ordered to be brought out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with igneous vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Soon after it seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; as indeed it entirely hid the island of Capua and the promontory of Misenum.

"My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which as I was young I might easily do, but I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand I led her on. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us. Nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap.

"I might boast that during all this scene of horror not a sigh or expression of fear escaped me, had not my support been founded in that miserable though strong consolation that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself.

"At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned; even the sun appeared, though very faintly, as when an eclipse is coming on.

"We returned to Misenum, and refreshed ourselves as well as we could, with no thoughts of leaving the place till we should receive some news from my uncle."

Edward VII.: The Man and the King

WHEN Thackeray was beginning his immortal lecture on that eminently respectable person the Third George, he complained that sixty years had to be glanced over in as many minutes, and then, having enumerated a few of the greatest events of those years, he ended the paragraph, "And George III. had to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society, to survive out of the old world into ours." Yet my task is a worse one than Thackeray's for the period under consideration is as long, is marked by an infinitely greater measure of progress, and my essay must be very much more brief than his was. So let us "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses," or if you would like "choice Latin, pickled phrase, Tully's every word," let us rush *in medias res.*

Why is King Edward VII. far and away the most popular man in his kingdom at this moment? We know—or think that we know—all about him, which comes to the same thing as accurate knowledge so far as the effect on our minds is concerned. Forty years have passed since, immediately after his father's death, the *Times* spoke anxiously of "the Prince of Wales of whom we know so little," and he has been before the public eye all the time. The fierce light which beats upon a throne has been turned upon the King continually; "peering littlenesses" have watched his goings-out and his comings-in; scandal has marked him down for her victim more than once: nobody has ever claimed for him consistent saintliness of life or commanding force of intellect; and yet, clearly and indisputably he is certainly more liked, and liked by more people, than any other Englishman, not excepting even Lord Roberts to whom belongs, equally without question, the second place in the popular esteem.

Nor, really, is the reason very far to seek, for in the King's character is to be found a wonderful and rare combination of the qualities and the instincts which make for popularity of the best sort. Foremost among them are his personal kindness of disposition, his tact, and his astonishing facility in recognising and remembering faces, which suggest themselves naturally for simultaneous mention, for the last two spring obviously from the first. Innumerable stories, some true, some false, others hovering over the border-line between truth and falsehood, have been told against the King; but not one of them has ever so much as

H.M. the King at the age of seven

(From a painting by F. Winterhalter)

suggested that he was guilty of an unkind act. If it had, it would have been scouted at once as wanting in vraisemblance. Before all things the King is a really good-natured and kind-hearted man, possessed of that consideration for the feelings of others which is the true and only foundation of good manners. This trait was noticeable from his earliest years, and Dean Stanley, whose knowledge of his character was perhaps closer than that of any other man except Sir Francis Knollys, called attention to it over and over again in writing home, when he and the Prince of Wales made their memorable tour in Egypt and the Holy Land. The memory of faces, of which hundreds of stories have been told, is of a piece with this consideration; indeed, it springs out of it. One of the best instances of it is given in Mr. J. E. Vincent's "From Cradle to Crown," where we are told that Mr. Vincent once had the honour of accompanying the King when he was paying a private visit to the Rowton Houses late in the last century. Kindness was the motive of the visit, undertaken in order to see whether the Rowton Houses would be a suitable model for barrack accommodation, and it was kindness which prompted the Prince of Wales (as he was then) to recognise in the superintendent an ex-soldier of the 10th Hussars, his favourite regiment, upon whom he had not set eyes for thirty years. "Yes. I remember. You were in the 10th, and we were together on Salisbury Plain in 1871," were the words which made that superintendent a proud man that day. Acts of this kind have been recounted of the King truly by the score, and they and his tact of which they are the offspring, cannot but arise from unselfishness. The King is not self-centred nor always thinking of himself and of his own interests. That is why he is able to remember other people and their faces so much better than anybody else, except perhaps his son, can.

Again, and this is not the least important of his qualities, the King is a man of simply extraordinary energy. Like his mother, Queen Victoria, who always retired to bed very late and rose early invariably, insomuch that her ladies-in-waiting were often severely tried, the King can keep his health unimpaired upon an allowance of sleep which ordinary men find quite insufficient; and though his nights are as a rule very late, no morning can begin too early for him. Indeed, at Sandringham (where, by the way, there are several hundred clocks to which a special man from London pays periodical visits of inspection), the time kept is half an hour ahead of Greenwich, so that an invitation to shoot at Sandringham in which ten in the morning is mentioned as the hour of arrival, is really an invitation for half-past nine. Moreover, punctuality is insisted upon by the King who, being himself wonderfully punctual and methodical, expects these virtues in his guests and in his entourage. It is by virtue of the practice of them that he is able to accomplish the enormous amount of work and play which he contrives to squeeze into his life. His life, be it at Sandringham or at Marlborough House, or in these later days at Windsor or Balmoral is one of incessant movement which, in a person of his exalted position, might almost be called, restlessness. There are always State papers to be attended to with the same regularity which was observed in the Queen, who never kept her Ministers waiting, even when most distracted by personal sorrow; there is private correspondence; there are the minute details of courtly ceremonials in which he takes keen and personal interest; there are public duties to perform; shooting and yachting parties to be organised; the farm at Sandringham, and the racing stables to supervise in person; endless theatres to be attended, and all the rest of it. The King, in fact, is able in some mysterious way to perform all his duties with punctilious care, to be incessantly moving about from place to place, and apparently, to enjoy every hour of life, and yet at the same time never to be tired and never to be hurried. That is a rare combination of accomplishments, singularly valuable as a possession for a King.

Then it is very plain to those who have studied the King's life that he is a deeply religious man and a very warm-hearted one. The reference here is not to those great public occasions, the funeral of his father,

The King in academical gown. After a painting by Sir J. W. Gordon in the Bodleian Library, Oxford

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra in her wedding dress

of his son and of his mother, upon which his depth of feeling has been conspicuously shown before the eyes of his people, but to that which is known of his real feelings, principally from the letters of Dean Stanley, whose religious influence over him was probably stronger than any other man. Dean Stanley's account of that Easter Sunday of long ago spent on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, of the frequent evidence that the sermons in the East were not wasted upon his Royal hearer and of the succeeding Easter spent at Sandringham immediately after the marriage to Queen Alexandra in 1863 are proof positive of this. Decorous and regular in his attendance at church, as a country gentleman ought always to be for example's sake, even, although his convictions may not be deep, the King has always been; but the proofs that he is a sincere and a genuine Christian are also abundant and grateful. Perhaps the most cogent of them is to be found in the splendid record of his work done for hospitals in Sir Henry Burdett's "Prince, Princess, and People." It is from these pages that one learns to appreciate that the King has given to hospitals and to innumerable charities not merely money and patronage, but honest and hard work and the warmest of sympathy. This King of ours is never content to be a figure-head. His estate at Sandringham is not very large, but he farms a thousand acres of it and takes a keen personal interest in the stock which, especially in the matter of shire horses and short-horn cattle, is a model to the whole country. Few country gentlemen take so much personal care as the King for the management of their estates. As a yachtsman, again, he is no mere passenger, and he knew the points of that beautiful yacht *Britannia*, as well as a Watson, or a Lord Dunraven, or as his Imperial nephew himself. He has laughed as heartily as any other member of the Royal Yacht Squadron over the story of the would-be sportsman, who, having purchased a famous racing yacht without knowing anything about her, telegraphed shortly afterwards ordering steam to be got up and stating that he and a party of city friends would go out for a cruise the next day. He takes the keenest and most intelligent interest in the handling of his yachts, and in the affairs of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most exclusive yacht club in the world.

Indeed it has even been whispered that more than once his Majesty has been not a little annoyed because he has not had his own way absolutely in the matter of the election of members.

In the lines which have been written, attention has been paid principally to tastes and qualities, and nothing has been said of the King's mental abilities. Nor now is it intended to claim that his Majesty possesses anything in the nature of genius. For that matter, his mother, by universal consent the best Sovereign who ever sat on any throne, had nothing which could be called genius either. But she had wisdom and common sense, and the King has inherited them from her. Truth to tell, a King possessed of genius is not, as the subjects of the German Emperor are tempted to think on occasion, an unmixed blessing; with a constitution like ours he might even be something of a nuisance, for he would want his own way and he would be under the constant temptation to mistake his eccentricities for originality. Sober wisdom in affairs is really far more valuable to the nation, and there is not the slightest doubt that the King may always be relied upon to show it, in the future as in the past. "You will find," said one of his close associates to the writer on the night when Queen Victoria died, "that the Prince of Wales has his head screwed on the right way." As a matter of fact when these homely words were spoken, there had been no Prince of Wales for several hours, but they expressed the facts aptly none the less. The King is simply a remarkably sensible man of the world, of versatile tastes and of wide and generous sympathies; and that is the kind of King whom England wants.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra
(From a painting by R. Lauchert)

Finally, the King has, as all men must observe, a just regard for the formal dignity of his position, and there have been those who were inclined to speak disparagingly of the scrupulous care with which he looks to the

(Mills, photo, London)

The latest statue of King Edward VII

details of Court ceremonies and even of dress. To them the State coach with its somewhat barbaric splendour is an anachronism; the processions through London and like things of which the King is distinctly fond are but empty ostentation from their point of view. But these persons, who would make life very dull and grey if they had their will, entirely misunderstand the temper of the English people. Not for nothing did England earn the standing epithet of "merry." We are by nature a jocund and a joyous people who like the picturesque incidents of a Royal progress as well as any race in the world. The outward and visible pomps appeal to our sense of the fitness of things, and when they are omitted we are apt to grow gloomy and discontented. This the King recognises as well as any other man, for his eyes were not closed during his long period of probation as Prince of Wales, and he must have been well aware that the quite extraordinary hold which Queen Victoria had upon the affections of her people was obtained late in her life. Out of sight is out of mind, and the seclusion in which Queen Victoria lived during the early years of her widowhood undoubtedly weakened the position of the throne. It is only necessary to carry back one's mind to the sixties and the seventies or to read some of the memories and published letters of those days, to see that the last twenty years have brought about a most grateful change in the public tone concerning the Royal Family and thoughtful men are agreed that the improvement is directly traceable to a change of policy in relation to public appearances of which the 1887 Jubilee was the first and most splendid result.

We may take it that plenty of state pageants, evening courts, gorgeous levees, and so forth, are part of the deliberate policy of King Edward; and it is only necessary to watch him while he plays his part in public and to study the effect which his presence exercises over those who see him, in order to be convinced that this is a prudent policy. To be the central figure on great occasions, to be always interested, always sympathetic, is no easy task; but it is not too much to say that the King never fails in it and that each fresh occasion upon which he lays a foundation-stone or drives through avenues of his shouting subjects adds to the bulwark of warm affection which surrounds the throne. To sum up in a few words, then, King Edward is considerate, manly, strenuous, sympathetic, eminently sensible, a very human and representative Englishman of the best type. Long may he reign!

Laying the Boundary Line from the Orange to Vaal Rivers

By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G.

FIRST PAPER

IN the autumn of 1876 I was engineer for Works to the War Department small arms and gunpowder factories, and felt that I was fast drifting into civil life while all my aspirations were in the direction of a life of military activity. At this time I was offered an appointment as engineer to harbour works in Australia, at £950 per annum, and was considering the pros and cons when I received a communication from the Colonial Office asking whether it would be agreeable to me to undertake the duties of Special Commissioner in laying down the Boundary line between Griqualand West and the Orange Free State for her Majesty's Government in conjunction with an expert from the Orange Free State.

Here was the very chance I wanted; I felt that the work would exactly suit me, and closed with the offer. The Colonial Office was most considerate in every respect; all my requests were attended to [C—1814. July 1877], and on Oct. 13, 1876, I received instructions as to my course of procedure, which involved a triangulation, survey and beaconing off of a long slip of ground through which the boundary line was to pass, from the Orange River near Hopetown on the south to the Vaal River near Fourteen Streams on the north, so arranged as to include the Diamond Fields in British territory. The subject of minor concessions of land was left entirely in my hands, Lord Carnarvon informing me that, while adhering to the general spirit of the agreement with the Orange Free State, I might consider myself at liberty, without sacrificing material points, to make such concessions in minor matters as I might consider fair and expedient, and as might seem necessary in order to prevent disagreement or controversy in the future; and I was further informed that Lord Carnarvon attached quite as much importance to a settlement which in matters of detail would be final and satisfactory to both sides, as to the actual precision of the survey work. My communications with the Colonial Office ended with a kind letter from Lord Carnarvon's private secretary (now Sir Montagu Ommanney, Under Secretary of State) saying, "I cannot sufficiently congratulate the Colony on obtaining your services."

I received letters of introduction from my commanding officer (afterwards Col. Sir Peter Scratchley, K.C.M.G.), who said: "I intend to send a memo. about your services as a slight recognition of my debt to you for the steady, indefatigable way in which you have worked. As I say to Sir Henry Barkly, I could not wish to come across an abler officer or a better fellow." I also received many letters of introduction to people at the Cape, from my old friend Colonel Anthony Durnford (killed at Isandlwana); he had just returned from the Cape after the Langalillebalale episode, where he was seriously injured in the shoulder; he ended his letter, "Good-bye, old fellow—if we never meet again—God bless you!" (We never did meet again. He was one of the best of soldiers and truest of friends, and died the death of a hero.)

The following account of my life on the Boundary line is taken principally from my diary, and from my letters to my wife and children, and I may observe that the views I have expressed of the people, whites and natives, were my first impressions, which were modified somewhat as I remained longer in the country and understood them more fully.

My staff consisted of two non-commissioned officers R.E. from the Ordnance Survey (Sergeant Kennedy and Corporal Randall).

We left England in the Union ss. *Danube* October 26, 1876. Our fellow passengers were

not numerous but were very amusing. The principal parties (whom I came across subsequently) were two shikaris going lion hunting towards the Zambesi (Colonel Saltmarsh and Mr. Brooks); Messrs. Porges and Rubi on business to the Diamond Fields; Mr. and Mrs. Atwood of the biscuit-baking firm, Capetown; two Frasers, brothers, going to Basutoland; a Natal farmer, wife and son; Mr. Alexander, engineer; many others, mostly ladies.

The most amusing certainly was M. Porges, who seemed to be an Austrian from Vienna, who has become a Parisian diamond merchant (belonging to the firm of Porges, Wernher, Rube, &c.). He evidently knew the value of money though he had never known the want of it. He was the life of our party and I saw a good deal of him. He was not naturally by any means a butt, but he often made himself the butt for our amusement, and acted most cleverly. On crossing the Line the Captain forbad old Neptune to come on board, so in lieu we got up a charade, the word being given by Porges, half English, half French, Don Quichotte (Quixote) or donkey shot. Our engineer was turned into the "Don" (Don Juan) and taught to make love to two or three ladies at one time; the rehearsals were some of the most inexpressibly funny scenes imaginable; after much coaching, at which many of us assisted, he became an adept. In the last scene M. Porges was Don Quixote and shot me, a donkey dressed up as a lion. I brought down the house by an impromptu as I lay dead: pointing at Porges in his grotesque costume—"Better a dead lion than a live donkey." M. Porges was the more amusing because there was so much put-on ponderous dignity mixed up with it, and while putting us for ever on the grin he kept his own countenance severe. At the time of crossing the Line we had boisterous sports; amongst others bear-basting, and I gladly allowed myself to be swung in a sling and beaten black and blue with knotted handkerchiefs, for the sake of seeing the magnificent Porges going through the same ordeal shortly afterwards, glaring at us and looking very like being out of temper, yet ever keeping it under control.

We neared Capetown on November 20, anchoring at 4 P.M. As we approached land during the day we were much impressed with the extraordinary effect of the mirage on the sea-coast. The whole of the barren sandy shore was transformed at midday into a beautifully cultivated coast with numerous lines of waterfalls running over into the sea. The deception was most perfect, but at times the waterfalls resolved themselves into stretches of low sand, and the rising ground behind disappeared. Table Mountain was most striking in appearance, but was already looking parched and dry though the summer was barely commencing. But at sea the temperature was cold, and I was still wearing my overcoat when we entered the harbour, and a sudden change to sultry heat was experienced. This always does strike people from our isles very much, owing to the intensely cold water from the Antarctic Ocean washing the shores of South Africa.

The harbours and surrounding buildings present a very unfinished, unkempt appearance: the docks seem very small for large vessels, and the strong current sweeping across the entrance makes it difficult for ships to enter, as the stern may be swept against the jetty after the bow has entered; we ourselves very narrowly escaped coming in contact with the wooden jetty. Capetown nestles picturesquely under the mountain side, but the absence of trees is a great drawback, and the chaotic state of the foreshore detracts altogether from our proper appreciation of the grand view behind it. Hansom cabs abound in the streets, and the drivers, mostly Malays (Moslem), wear the Malay straw hat raised some inches above the head, supported on a circular band of metal which fits the head. The streets of Capetown are far too wide for the limited amount of labour that the municipality can afford to bestow on them, and the pavements or footpaths on either side are appropriated by the owners of the cream-coloured houses, and are used as Dutch stoeps: that is to say, they have seats put across them, a custom very pleasant and even necessary for the occupants, but causing the white pedestrians who have to walk in the roadway to utter many things. Probably the reply

would be that white people should ride and not walk like natives.

At the Custom House I had an amusing scene with the chief officer. I was taking a silver presentation plate through to Colonel Lenyon, which they insisted on opening, though the invoice stated exactly its nature. I felt sure that they would spoil it with their rough hands, so I said I would rather kick it into the sea than have any more bother with it, and gave it a good kick. They gave in at once, and said it could be of no value if I could kick it, and so I got it through without injury.

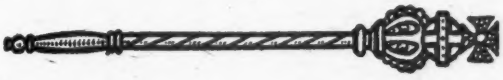
St. George's Hotel was stifling hot, but there were neither mosquito-nets nor mosquitos in my room. I was much struck with the profusion of delicious fruit and vegetables of great variety which the hotel afforded.

October 21.—After calling on Captain Mills (afterwards Sir Charles Mills, Agent-General for the Cape Colony) I paid my respects to Sir Henry Barkly, High Commissioner, who received me most cordially, and told me that the arrangements for the details of the boundary line were left entirely to my discretion, but that if I ever wanted any assistance or advice he would be most happy to afford it. I then called on General Sir Arthur Conynghame, and on the following day visited the Astronomer-Royal, Mr. Stone, and the late Astronomer-Royal, Sir Thomas Maclear, relative to connecting the boundary line survey with that of the Cape Colony Triangulation, and got valuable information from them on various points; but on visiting the Surveyor-General, Mr. de Smit, I ascertained that the Cape Colony Triangulation did not go farther inland than 200 miles, and that therefore no junction could be made.

Before leaving Capetown I dined with Sir Henry and Lady Barkly at Government House, and there met Sir William Hewett, the Admiral of the Cape Colony Station (under whom I subsequently served during the Egyptian War of 1882–3). He was full of his recent visit to Natal, and spoke in most glowing terms of one he had met there—"a born soldier." It was on his road from Durban to Pietermaritzburg that he met him, an Englishman, driving a Cape-cart with six horses and giving directions to the Kafir labourers on the road. "The man was in plain clothes and doing civil duties, and I did not ascertain his name, but I recognised him as a born soldier: his method of dealing with his workmen was perfect; they were drilled into order and hung on his words as though he were a superior being." This description interested me very much, and I said, "That must be Colonel Anthony Durnford, R.E." Sir William replied: "I don't care who he is: he is a born soldier, whoever he is." I was very much gratified to find that Durnford should be so readily recognised for his soldierlike qualities even when doing the civil duties of Surveyor-General of the Natal Colony.

Just before I left Capetown the verger of the Cathedral came over to tell me that one of the Sisters wished me to go over their Children's Home. I did not know the Sisters, but I had met one of them in the train and offered to take anything for them to Kimberley: they are not, however, of the same order as those at Kimberley.

I went over the Home. There are two kinds of dress used by the Sisters, black and grey: I think that the latter are novices. They have eighty-three children in the school and are much in want of funds; there is also a refuge. There are no bedsteads for want of funds, and the children sleep on the floor on mattresses. They are all colours, and seem to get on very well together: many are orphans. This organisation of Sisters must be very helpful to the bishop. I cannot think why we don't have something of the kind in Palestine; it is very like the German system.



The Most Famous Street in the Empire

By Michael MacDonagh

DOWNING STREET is the centre of the government of the British Empire, and as such its renown is world wide. Yet it is curious to find Bagehot, one of the most acute commentators on the British Constitution, declaring in a work, written not more than fifty years ago, that if you tell a cabman to drive you to Downing Street he most likely will never have heard of it, and will not in the least know where to take you! Surely, Downing Street is one of the best known London streets; and to-day, at least—if it were not so half a century ago—a London cabman would have no more doubt where you wished to be taken to on saying "Downing Street" than on saying "Strand" or "Piccadilly."

Downing Street appropriately lies in a district which has been associated for centuries with the Throne and Parliament. Midway between Trafalgar Square and Westminster Abbey, on the right-hand side, just where Whitehall ends and Parliament Street begins, there is a short, narrow, and by no means imposing street, about one hundred yards long and twenty feet wide. That is Downing Street. It is almost invariably described in London guide-books as a *cul-de-sac*. That, however, is inaccurate. It is not a blind alley, or a street with an entrance but without an egress, for there is a thoroughfare through it for pedestrians, and at its end a flight of steps leads to the wide-spreading reaches of the Horse Guards Parade.

By a strange irony of fate this street, the headquarters of the "Ins," or the Party in power, as well as the centre of the most secure and stable government in the world, is called after a politician whose name might be accepted as a synonym for one who is ever ready to reconcile his political views with his personal interests, or as an alternative word for "trimmer" and "place-hunter." Anthony Wood, the Oxford biographer, describes Sir George Downing as "a sider with all times and changes." The son of a London merchant, he was brought, at the age of fifteen, by his father to Massachusetts. He graduated in Harvard College, acted as teacher for a time in that institution, became a ship's chaplain, and, finding his way back to England, appeared in 1650 as chaplain in Cromwell's army in Scotland, and subsequently as a member of Parliament under the Lord Protector. Cromwell appointed him resident, or ambassador, at the Hague in 1657, and he was in occupation of this post at the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. He made his peace with the King, according to Carte's "Original Letters and Papers," by attributing his backslidings with the Cromwellians to the fact that in New England, where he had been brought up, "he had sucked in principles that since his reason had made him see were erroneous." Charles confirmed him in his post at the Hague.

By-and-by he returned to England, re-entered Parliament, and played the part of a servile court politician. "The House bell to call the courtiers to vote" is a contemporary description of him. He is said to have received £80,000 by the King's favour. He also induced Charles to make him a grant of a tract of land at Westminster for building purposes, the only condition on which the King insisted being that the houses to be erected so close to the royal palace at Whitehall, should be of handsome and graceful exterior. Downing was looked upon with ill favour by his contemporaries. Pepys in his diary, under date February 27, 1667, records how he met Mr. Hunt, "newly come out of the country," who told him an amusing story of a dinner given by Downing at his country seat. To his guests, according to the indignant Hunt, he gave "nothing but beef, porridge, pudding, and pork." The silence of discontent, therefore, prevailed during the repast. It was broken only by the mother saying to the host, "It's good broth, son;"

and he answering, "Yes, it is good broth." "It is very good pork," said the mother. "Yes, it is very good pork," replied the son. "And so they said of all things," Pepys goes on, "to which nobody made any answer, they going there, not out of love or esteem of them, but to eat his victuals, knowing him to be a niggardly fellow; and with this he is jeered now all over the country." But in America, apparently, it is not niggardliness but infamy that is associated with his memory. "It became a proverbial expression with his countrymen in New England," an American writer states, "to say of a false man who betrayed his trust that he was an arrant George Downing."

Downing Street becomes a fashionable residential quarter. Lord Lichfield, who was Master of the Horse in the days of James II., had his town mansion here. On the flight of the King, Lichfield elected to follow that unhappy monarch into exile, and his property was forfeited to the Crown. His house in Downing Street was given by George I.

(H. N. King, photographer, London)

No. 10 Downing Street

for life to Baron Hothmar, the Hanoverian Minister. On the baron's death George I. offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, his Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. Walpole refused the house as a personal gift, but accepted it as the official residence in perpetuity of the First Lord of the Treasury, the office with which the Premiership is generally associated. He moved into it on September 22, 1735, and since then No. 10 Downing Street has been occupied by several Prime Ministers, who were also First Lords of the Treasury. Other houses in the street were gradually obtained by the State during the nineteenth century as residences for Ministers—No. 12, for instance, is still

the official abode of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and as offices for the various Departments. "No. 10" is to-day a plain, unassuming brick building—if, indeed, not dingy and ugly—three storeys high, with flat windows, and the hall door flanked on each side with the railings of a sunken area. But there is no house in London more idealised by the glamour of history than this unpretentious residence in which the First Lord of the Treasury is entitled to live "rent free, with coal and candles," at the nation's expense. Many historic scenes have been enacted within those walls. Many momentous questions affecting the destiny of the Empire have there been settled at Cabinet Councils. At its hall door has stood many a mean office-seeker, trembling with obsequiousness, as he begged for an interview with the Prime Minister.

After Walpole came the much maligned but genial Lord North, whose most abiding feat as Prime Minister was the loss of the American Colonies. He was followed by Pitt, who lived his careless bachelor life there while Prime Minister, and became so attached to the place that he was never happy away from it. The waste and extravagance carried on at No. 10 Downing Street, was one of the causes of Pitt's chronic condition of impecuniosity. His friend, Robert Smith, whom he asked in 1786 to investigate his affairs, described to William Wilberforce the ruinous profusion of the dinner table. "The butcher's bill only is £96. Can it be possible that 3800 lbs. of meat could be dressed in twenty-eight days? The poulterer's, fishmonger's, and, indeed, all the bills, exceed anything I could have imagined. The meat is sent in in great quantities. On a Saturday there is generally three or four hundredweight." The windows of the house were broken by rioters in July 1795. Stories had been circulated that hundreds of boys had been made drunk by recruiting sergeants, and while in that condition forced to sign papers as recruits for service abroad against France. Several taverns, or "crimping houses" as they were called, were wrecked; and then proceeding to Downing Street the virtuous mob battered in the windows about Pitt's ears. His mother, Lady Chatham, sent him from the country, some days subsequently, an anxious letter inquiring after his safety. "I take shame to myself," he replied, "for not reflecting how much a mob is magnified by report; but that which visited my window with a single pebble was really so young and so little versed in its business that it hardly merited the notice of a newspaper." The letter is characteristic of Pitt's calm—his "majestic self-possession" as Macaulay styles it. During the Mutiny of the Nore, Lord Spencer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, went to No. 10 Downing Street, late one night, with urgent and serious news for the Prime Minister. Pitt, aroused from sleep, received the report, and gave directions as to what was to be done. Spencer withdrew, but had scarcely reached the end of the street when he remembered that there was one point which he had omitted to communicate. He returned, was ushered again into the Prime Minister's bedroom, and found him—even in the brief interval that had elapsed since he had heard news of the most disquieting character—wrapped again in profound slumber.

Spencer Perceval, that industrious and successful, if not brilliant, statesman, was the next Prime Minister, after Pitt, who resided at No. 10 Downing Street. He left its portals for ever on May 11, 1812, when, after walking from Downing Street to the Houses of Parliament, he was shot by the lunatic Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. Lord Liverpool and George Canning also made "No. 10" their homes in the years they were Prime Ministers. So, too, did Earl Grey; and he was painted there, sitting by the fireside brooding over the fate and fortunes of the Reform Bill, by Haydon in 1831. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, the Earl of Derby, and Lord Palmerston did not reside there while Prime Ministers, some not being First Lords of the Treasury, and others, especially Melbourne, Peel, and Palmerston, preferring their own private houses in London. In these years the place was used for the transaction of the official business of the

(H. N. King, photographer, London)

The Council Chamber, No. 10 Downing Street

First Lords of the Treasury. Palmerston writing from there to his brother on February 15, 1855, exultingly announcing his success in forming an Administration on the fall of the Aberdeen Coalition Ministry, because of their mismanagement of the Crimean War, after Lord Derby the Tory and Lord John Russell the Whig had, respectively, tried and failed, said: "A month ago if any man asked me to say what was one of the most improbable events, I should say my being Prime Minister. Aberdeen was there; Derby was head of one great Party; John Russell of the other; and yet in about ten days time they all gave way, like straws before the wind, and so here am I, writing to you from Downing Street, as First Lord of the Treasury."

Disraeli, and his great rival Gladstone—both of whom made "No. 10" their official residence—did much to resuscitate in later days the olden glories of the place. Both followed the example of their predecessors in office, as Prime Minister, to hold the meetings of their Cabinets in the old Council Chamber of the house. This room, in which the most momentous public questions of a century and a half have been settled, is on the ground floor, connected by a short passage with the spacious hall, and is furnished as a library. It is lighted by windows overlooking the garden at the back of the house, two of which open upon a stone terrace with plain iron railings, where Ministers were wont to air themselves after their deliberations.

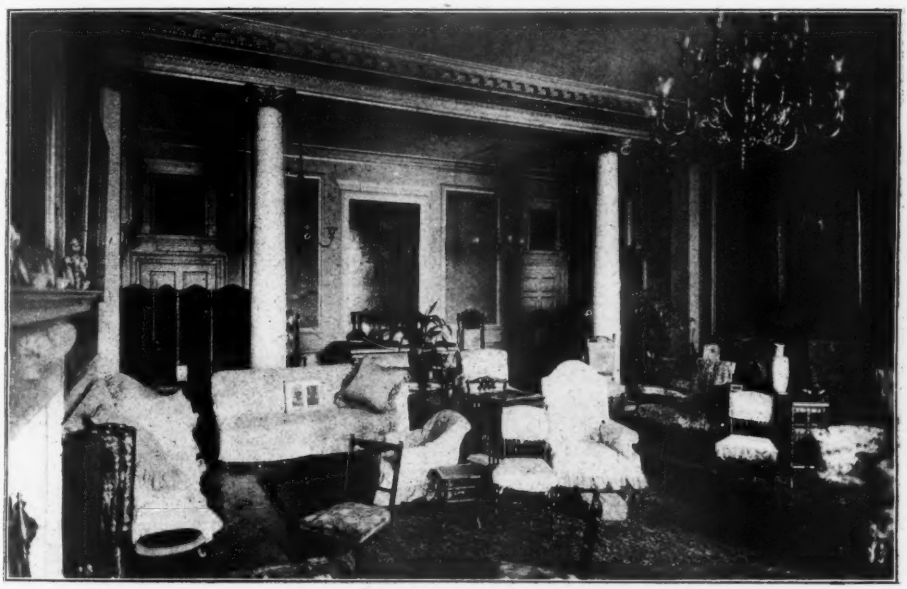
The Foreign Office, the Home Office, and the War and Colonial Offices were also in old Downing Street. The Colonial Office in its present form was not constituted until 1854. The business of the Colonies was transacted at the Home Office until 1801, in which year it was transferred to the War Office. This state of things continued until 1854, when a separate Colonial Office was instituted, and Sir George Grey became the first Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was in the waiting-room of No. 14 Downing Street, the old War and Colonial Office (long since demolished), not at No. 10, as is generally stated, that Nelson and Wellington met for the only time in their lives. This must have been in August 1805, shortly after the return of Sir Arthur Wellesley from India, and just before Nelson rejoined the Mediterranean Squadron to smash a few months later the united fleets of France and Spain off Cape Trafalgar. Wellington in 1834 gave John Wilson Croker an interesting account of the famous interview. "I only saw Nelson once in my life, and perhaps for an hour," said Wellington. "It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and there I was shown into a little waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary, a gentleman who, from his likeness to his picture and the loss of an arm, I recognised as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side, and all about himself, and in really a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me." Nelson left the room for a few minutes, and probably learned from the hall porter who his companion was. "When he came back," said Wellington, "he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished, and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent with a good sense and a knowledge of subjects both at home and abroad that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman."

Wellington added—

> The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly for the first half or three-quarters of an hour I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man. But certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw.

The street has other memories. Boswell frequently lodged there during his visits to London. On the night of July 6, 1763,

Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and other celebrities were to have supped with him in Downing Street; but on the preceding night the landlord behaved so rudely to him and some friends who were with him that he resolved not to remain another night in the house. "I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre," Boswell writes. "I went to Johnson in the morning and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed and said: 'Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.' Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. 'There is nothing,' he continued, 'in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre.'" Boswell also told Johnson that on inquiry at Bow Street police office he had been informed that though he had taken the lodgings for a year he might quit them at once without any legal obligation on proof of the landlord's bad behaviour. "The fertility of Johnson's mind," writes the admiring Boswell, "could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. 'But, sir,' said he, 'if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, sir, you may quarter two lifeguardsmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of assafetida in his house."



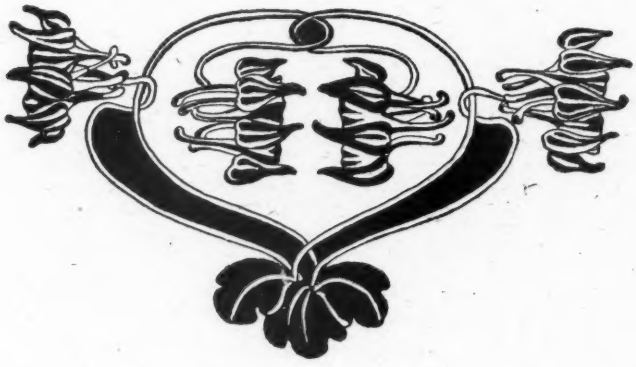
(H. N. King, photographer, London)

The Drawing-room, No. 10, Downing Street

Houses in Downing Street continued to be let in lodgings as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. At the Parliament Street corner of the street there was a public-house, called the "Cat and Bagpipes," which was much frequented by people with grievances lying in wait for Ministers with humble petitions, followed up, very often, in

the event of their prayer being denied, with foul language. Then there was a row of eight lodging-houses. For many years from the opening of the nineteenth century Irish and Scotch representatives in London for the Parliamentary Session used to stay in these houses, but in more recent times they were let in tenements and inhabited by the poorest artisans. Almost directly opposite the official residence of the Prime Minister was this row of dingy and dilapidated houses, clothes hanging out to dry from its windows, and the broken panes stuffed with bundles of paper. Palmerston had often to pick his way to "No. 10" or to the Foreign Office through groups of dirty children making mud pies in the street. Downing Street at this time was only ten or twelve feet wide. The windows of the Foreign Office overlooked a room at the other side of the street, in which a number of young dressmakers worked. The young clerks of the Foreign Office were given to practical joking. One device of theirs on summer days was by means of looking-glasses to reflect the blinding rays of the sun on the faces of the dressmakers. So annoying did the antics of the clerks become that a complaint was addressed to Palmerston, who was Foreign Secretary, on the subject. The letter is still preserved in the Foreign Office, with Palmerston's comment written on the margin—"Who are the unmannerly youths who have been casting reflections on young ladies opposite?" The "Cat and Bagpipes" and the wretched tenements on the south side of Downing Street were pulled down in the sixties, to make way for the magnificent pile of buildings fronting Parliament Street, and extending the entire length of Downing Street—including the Foreign Office, the Home Office, the Colonial Office, and the India Office—erected between 1868 and 1873 from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott.

"Downing Street" is now frequently used as a synonym for the British Government. The Colonies, we are sometimes told, object to government by "Downing Street." During the unpleasant incident with France on the subject of Fashoda, the newspapers frequently referred to "the negotiations between Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay." "An hour's inhalation of its atmosphere," writes Theodore Hook, sarcastically, "affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness." "Happy spot," says Disraeli, cynically, in "Tancred," "where they draw up constitutions for Syria, and treaties for China, with the same self-complacency, and the same success."



(Mills, photographer, London)

Mr. Rhodes, from a photograph taken in 1901

To Mr. Rhodes' Last Home

By George Ralling

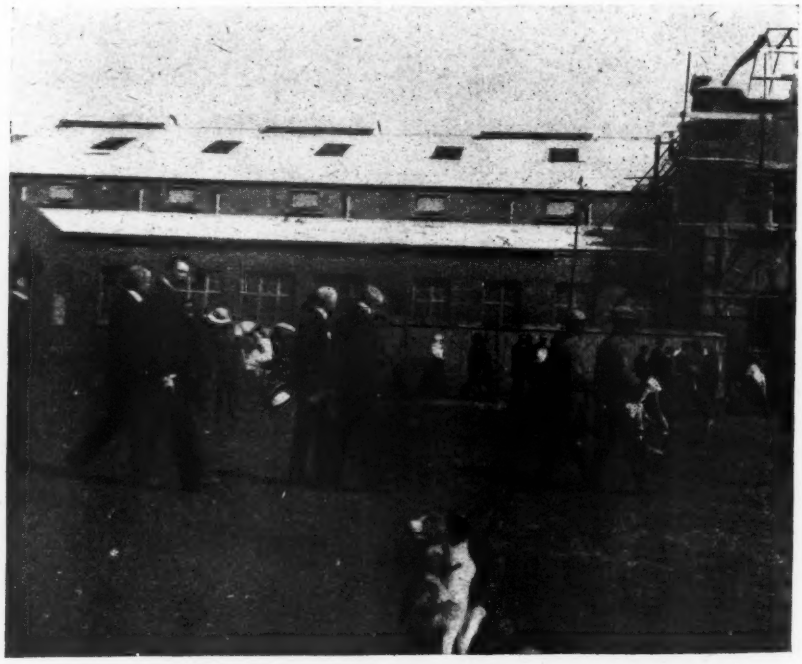
SOME two years ago it was my privilege to contribute to the pages of GOOD WORDS a description of Mr. Rhodes' home in the Cape Peninsula, namely, Groote Schuur. Having been one of the very few who were privileged to accompany the remains of the late great statesman and universal philanthropist to their last home on earth, in the wilds of the Matoppo Hills, I have jotted down a few notes about the wondrous journey of nearly 1500 miles which we made, and which was, in some respects at least, unique beyond dispute.

It is impossible to enter into anything like detail of this wonderful progress through the country which Mr. Rhodes loved so well; for which he sacrificed so much, even unto death; and in which it is no figure of speech to say he had for years been the uncrowned king. There are, however, two or three simple outstanding points in this progress; and upon these I will touch as briefly as is consistent with their importance.

It was most fitting that Capetown should have been the place of Mr. Rhodes' death, and the first great centre of population in South Africa to do homage to his memory. It was impossible, of course, that the body could remain in the little cottage by the shores of False Bay, where his last hours

were spent. It was almost equally impossible that the city's tribute could have been paid at Groote Schuur—Mr. Rhodes' beautiful suburban home now dedicated for ever to the uses of the Premier of the South African Sovereignty which, ere long, shall take its place beside the Australian Federation and the Canadian Dominion. The house is situated several miles out of town; and it need hardly be said that it is impossible for a population of say 90,000 to make a pilgrimage that distance. It was wisely decided, therefore, to bring the body into town, though this was not done until many thousands of suburban and city people had visited Groote Schuur and looked upon the coffin which contained all that was left of him who had so long dispensed a princely hospitality within the walls of Groote Schuur.

Quite fittingly, again the stately and beautiful vestibule of the Houses of Parliament, which lie in the heart of the city, was selected for the resting-place of the body whilst it remained in town. It was in this building that most of Mr. Rhodes' political work was done, while at the head of two separate ministries in the Cape Government. At a given time the doors were thrown open and for four hours a living stream of mourners —for we have all been mourners in South Africa since Cecil Rhodes died—filed past the catafalque. No word was spoken. The occasion was too deep for words. The people even trod more softly than usual, lest they should, as it were, make a breach upon the solemn stillness which so well expressed their loving admiration for the great dead whom they were to see no more. There was no distinction in this crowd between old and young, white and black. Race differences were for the moment sunk in the universal depth of grief which marked this wonderful throng. In the afternoon the body passed in procession through the principal streets of the city, to the Anglican Cathedral of St. George, where the archbishop in the name



The Mourners approaching the Drill Hall, Buluwayo

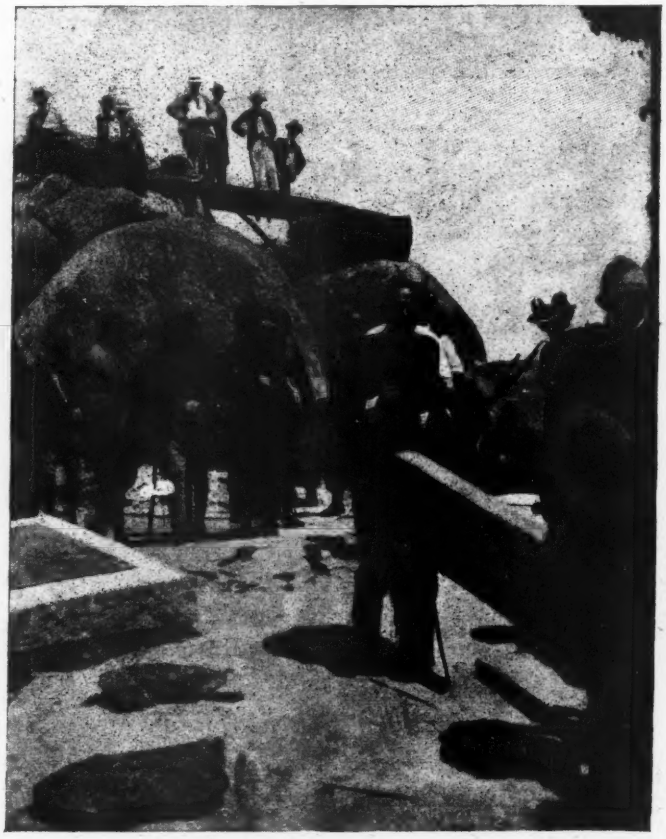
Dr. Jameson Colonel Rhodes
Dr. Smartt Mr. Arthur Rhodes

of Christianity performed, with dignity and feeling—he was for long years a personal friend of the deceased and one of his greatest admirers—the last offices for the dead in the liturgy of the Church of England. The service was attended by all the high officers of state and city, from the Governor downwards, who make up the body politic of the colony, as well as by representatives of all the other British colonies. A yet more exalted personage was represented. On the coffin lay the wreath sent by her Majesty Queen Alexandra, which bore the simple legend, "From the Queen," but which expressed, as we know, the grief of that royal and tender-hearted lady, and which spoke, too, for the women of the Empire.

The service over, there was another almost royal progress through the streets to the railway-station, where the coffin, laden with wreaths and covered with the Union Jack, the white silk ensign, presented by the Loyal Womens' Guild, and the Rhodesian flag, was placed in a car prepared as a mortuary chapel; and amid a further great demonstration of a city's grief, was despatched upon its long journey to the Matoppo Hills, its final resting-place. At almost every station along the railway to Kimberley, which was the first principal stopping-place, crowds of people, young and old, Dutch and English, and native, bore silent but eloquent testimony to the hold that Mr. Rhodes had obtained upon the country people in South Africa, and wreaths and other floral emblems were received at almost every station in the dead of night as well as by day. It was at Kimberley, however, that a demonstration was to be witnessed which was in most respects as remarkable as, in some respects of deeper significance than, that at Capetown. Until Mr. Rhodes entered directly into the politics of the colony, of South Africa, and of the Empire, which step led up to the annexation of Rhodesia to the Crown of England, Kimberley was his home. There is not a child of school age in Kimberley, probably, who does not know Mr. Rhodes by sight. There is certainly not one who does not love and reverence his name. If any doubt had ever existed on this point, it would have been resolved by the experiences of the siege. The instant Kimberley was threatened in the early part of the war, Mr. Rhodes, carrying his life in his hand—as he did once before at the famous Indaba in the Matoppos with the Matabele chiefs—made speed to reach the Diamond City. Almost immediately afterwards exit became impossible, even in the inconceivable possibility of his wishing to escape the perils which surrounded those whom he was proud to call his people of Kimberley. Aided and supported in every way by his old and tried friend, Dr. Smartt, then, as now, Commissioner of Public Works in the Cape Colonial Government (one of the chief mourners) and others who were also in Kimberley, he organised and put into motion the schemes for relief which saved Kimberley, not only from the point of view of human life, but from financial ruin. How many scores of thousands in money came out of Mr Rhodes' own pocket, nobody will ever know. Not a little of his life was spent in doing good by stealth, and still less of it is known to fame. It may be a military heresy, but we in South Africa believe that if Mr. Rhodes' protest had not been made to Lord Roberts, the relief of Kimberley would not have been effected so early as it was, and might never have come to pass.

However these things may be, all Kimberley attended that part of the funeral ceremonial which took place within the limits of the Diamond City. This ceremonial was simple to the point of utter pathos. A great outdoor public memorial service had preceded the advent of the train, and there had been special services in all the churches in Kimberley. There was, therefore, no religious ceremony when the coffin, in its funeral car, was drawn up on the platform of the railway-station. A military band alone gave, what I am obliged to term, vocal expression to the deep-wrought sorrow of the miners and their families. And not the miners only. Almost all races and all colours have their representatives in Kimberley; and, just as was the case in Capetown so in an even greater degree in Kimberley, race distinctions, social dis-

tinctions, distinctions of age and sex were submerged in the universal grief which centred in the one silent yet speaking spectacle they had come to see. The funeral car had been so altered that the sides could be opened and closed at will, and at Kimberley, as at other stations, the coffin, with its covering of flags and flowers, was exposed to view. At six in the morning the people of Kimberley began to arrive at the railway-station. Two thousand diamond miners, with their wives and families, headed the procession, and, as two by two they filed along the platform, they took a lingering look at the coffin, and passed on to line the sides of the railway in order to witness the departure of the train. A more touching and pathetic sight it has never been my lot to witness. Like most of the people of Capetown I had become, to some extent, inured to scenes of grief on a huge scale, but beneath the quiet strain of this solemn procession I felt the floodgates of my own sorrow break down and I became a woman.

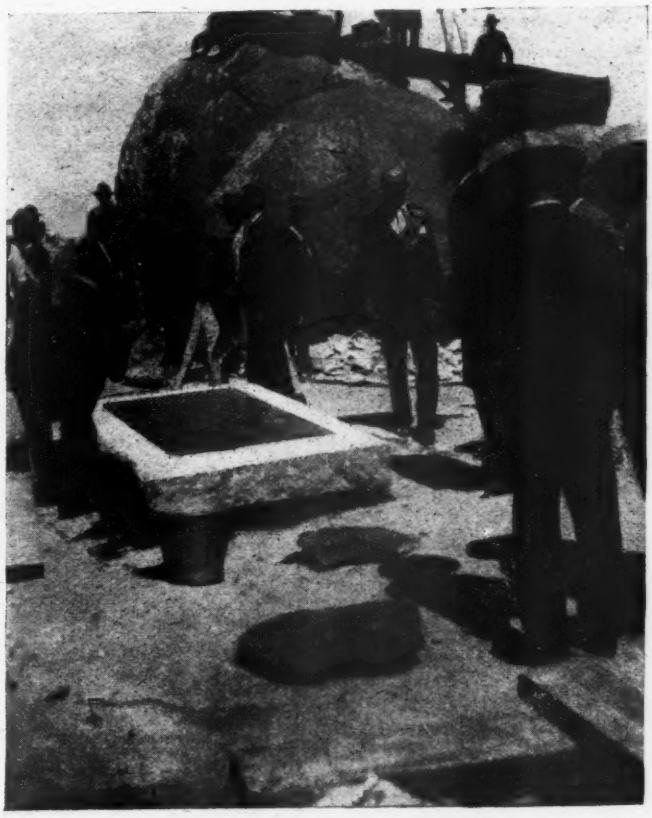


Natives at Mr. Rhodes' funeral

On leaving Kimberley, the train approached what is, of course, Mr. Rhodes' own peculiar country. Bechuanaland has been, we know, annexed to the Cape Colony; but unless my history fails me, there is a strip of land some miles in breadth on each side of the line through Bechuanaland which was ceded to the

British South Africa Company in acknowledgment of their enterprise in saving the trade route to the north, and laying down the railway over which we were then travelling. A glance at the map will show your readers Mafeking, which was the railhead until Mr. Rhodes laid down the section between that point and Buluwayo. The country between the two points is almost entirely occupied by natives, though the white population is steadily settling at certain places. It is wonderful to pass through the really pretty English-looking railway-stations, where a small parcel of white people hold their own amid hordes of natives. At each of these stations, as well as at sundry modest sidings, the grief that I have been describing was in evidence.

It was, however, at Buluwayo that perhaps the most striking and suggestive testimony of love and reverence for Mr. Rhodes was to be displayed. If Capetown was Mr. Rhodes' political home, if Kimberley is a living monument of his commercial genius, Buluwayo and the Rhodesia it represents is for evera standing testimony to his statesmanship and his profound sacrifice of himself. At Buluwayo, as everywhere, the arrangements for the celebration of the obsequies were as perfect as could be imagined. The body was received at the railway-station by the Administrator and the whole population, and by them con-



Sealing down the granite slab with cement

veyed to the spacious drill hall, the laying of the foundation of which was the last public ceremony that Mr. Rhodes performed in Buluwayo and which, like his own life-work, is unfinished. In due course, all Buluwayo defiled past the bier, which at night was illuminated and presented a spectacle of unique dignity and beauty. Next morning there was a memorial service in this building, and it was attended by at least a thousand white people, representing civilised Buluwayo, a spot which, less than ten years ago, was occupied by Lobengula, the blood-thirsty Matabele king and his equally blood-thirsty impis; a place wherein a white man showed his face at the peril of his life. The service ended, the body, escorted by old pioneers, was conveyed along streets lined with grief-stricken people to the utmost borders of the town and thence despatched upon the penultimate section of its last, long burial journey. Its resting-place that night was at Mr. Rhodes' own farm in the Matoppos, which home consists of a cluster of Kafir huts, modernised and civilised only by their furniture. The actual resting-place of the remains was in a large hut open at the sides, used by Mr. Rhodes as a summer-house, but put to even more useful and dignified use as a council chamber, where he was ever willing to receive and listen to the prayers of his native friends—for I can call them by no other name—the indunas of the Matabele. Throughout the night the bier was guarded by men who bore arms for queen and country in 1893 and 1896, a small remnant of gallant forces, the majority of whom have either fallen in the field, have otherwise passed to their account, or are scattered over the world.

It was not until noon next day, April 10, that the coffin with its contents was placed in its three-foot grave, facing north, hewn out of solid granite in the Matoppos, and covered by a slab of solid granite out of the rocks near by the tomb, and conveyed by almost untold labour to the site. The scene will never fade from the memories of those who were privileged to witness it, as the last rites were performed with great dignity as well as great feeling by the Bishop of Mashonaland. Apart from the crowd of something like a thousand white people who had made the long and terribly toilsome journey of twenty-five miles from Buluwayo, there were a hundred native indunas, and at least two thousand natives present at the ceremony. These men paid Mr. Rhodes' body the honours of a king, a fact which is unique in native history. The service itself was perfectly simple. It consisted of the Old Hundredth, the concluding part of the Burial Service; a short, striking address by the Bishop of Mashonaland, who personally officiated throughout, and who concluded his remarks by reading Kipling's poem for the first time in public in South Africa; and by the singing of the Doxology—a fitting acknowledgment of the beneficence of the Almighty even in a time of grief like this.

The group actually around the bier was small. It was composed of Colonel Frank Rhodes and Mr. Arthur Rhodes, brothers of the deceased; Dr. Jameson, his ever-faithful friend, Dr. Smartt, Mr. L. L. Michell, his friend as well as his great financial man of affairs; Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart., who has been for years another of Mr. Rhodes' friends, as well as the engineer entrusted with all his great railway and similar undertakings. Only a few of the hundreds of floral and other tributes shared the grave with the remains. These included the Queen's wreath, Dr. Jameson's wreath, touchingly and truly inscribed, "Friendship": and some fresh violets (Mr. Rhodes favourite flower) from Dr. Smartt and Mr. Michell, which were the last tributes thrown in ere the grave was closed. As Kipling so suggestively puts it, valley and hill were "washed" in sunshine; and, the scene so simple, so touching, yet so impressive and imposing, has left an indelible mark upon the memory of every one who was present.

The Gift of Fernseed

By Harry Perry Robinson

I, ARTHUR SAYCE, am now thirty-seven years of age. I was born in Northern Ontario, and was educated at Montreal. Having taken my medical degree, I spent two years in New York hospitals, after which my next five years were passed in Europe: one year studying medicine in Berlin; two walking the hospitals of London, and two in Paris—the first in private study, and the second as an *interne des hôpitaux* of the French capital. For the last eight years I have been a practising physician in Montreal until last sprimg, when I started for the North Pacific coast on a prolonged hunting trip. I give these details to show the reader that I am not ignorant of the world, no recluse, nor one likely to be easily mystified or juggled with. In no sense can I be called visionary.

In my life I have known but little sickness, and have never been subject to fits, faintings, trances, delirium, or hallucinations of any kind. It is impossible that I can have been deceived in any of the sensations which I experienced in the events that I am about to describe. However incredible the following narrative may seem, it is the simple, sober truth.

With this introduction (in writing which, I believe the reader will, after he has read what follows, readily acquit me of all egoism), I will proceed to the narrative itself.

It was on May 10, late in the afternoon, that I arrived at the Cœur d'Alène Mission, in one of the five log cabins attached to which this story is written. I was alone, my travelling companion of the last two months, Lester Hemsley, who had accompanied me since we left the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and made our way south across the United States boundary, having been recalled to Montreal by a message which reached him at Fort Cœur d'Alène, forwarded from Portland, Oregon. As I rode up, the sun was already low enough in the west to be shining full in the face of the Mission. The higher slopes of the mountains beyond, now all dark with the level stretch of pines, were then snow-covered (for the snow lies late on the Bitter Roots), showing in the evening sun alternations of intense black and white. On the right wound the Cœur d'Alène River, fringed with scattered pines, on which the ospreys had built their nests, and patches of undergrowth of blackthorn and hazel.

In addition to the five cabins and the Mission house itself, there was a seventh building, if such it could be called, a little nearer to me, on the lower ground, an Indian teepee. On the slope to the left grazed a bunch of ponies, at sight of which my own little "buckskin" pricked up his ragged ears, and seemed to take an interest in the proceedings for the first time since we left the fort.

We had advanced to within one hundred and fifty paces of the teepee before any human life appeared. Then a party of four Indian bucks, muffled in United States military blankets, came suddenly scrambling out from behind their hut. Presumably the action of their ponies on the hill had told them that something unusual was in sight. For half a minute they stood looking at me, and I could hear their voices raised in babbling astonishment. Then they all started together towards me, on a kind of running trot. At a distance of some thirty paces from me they relapsed into a walk—or rather into the shambling, half-sliding, go-as-you-please gait which serves the Indian of the prairies for a walk. When about a dozen yards away, one of them, the oldest (and judging from the superior brilliancy of the red ochre with which the roots of his long black hair were dyed, and from the osprey feathers twisted into his locks, one holding some authority over them), darted quickly forward, and, grasping my bridle in his left hand, raised his right with a long-bladed knife gleaming in it, as if to stab me. In a moment the muzzle of my Winchester rifle, which lay across the saddle in front of

me, was at his chest and my finger on the trigger. For fully two or three seconds we remained so; his arm upraised, and my rifle almost touching the blanket where it overlapped on his chest. Neither moved his eyes from the other, and what wicked-looking orbs they were that I gazed at!

Suddenly the Indian dropped his arm and broke into a laugh, in which the other three joined. Then he loosed his hold on my bridle, and the whole party shambled off up the hill in front of me, chattering and cackling with laughter, all of us heading for the Mission building.

It was probably the noise which the Indians made that brought a white man (I confess that I was glad to see him) to the door of the cabin next to the Mission, while we were still some fifty yards away. As he stepped out the sun fell full upon his face, and I could see him plainly; much better, evidently, than he could see me, riding as I was with my back to the light. Dressed in the long black robe of a priest, he looked something above medium height, spare of figure, but active-seeming and hardy. His feet were cased in moccasins. The strong sunlight in his face made him droop his head forward, so that his chin rested on the heavy black cross on his breast, his eyes looking out at me from under his prominent brows. His head was partially bald, what hair he had being of a dark iron-grey. He suffered me to approach within a dozen paces, when as I dismounted, the Indians standing silently on one side, he came towards me with outstretched hands. Taking one of my hands in each of his, he kissed me on the forehead.

"Peace be with you, my son! You are welcome," he said.

This was Father Francis, of whom I had heard at the fort.

Father Francis was very cordial at our first meeting, with a quiet courtesy of manner, and we had not long been seated on the little stools in his cabin before I had given him a fairly detailed history of myself and of the reasons of my arrival at the Mission. He, in turn, told me of himself and the Mission: how he had lived for a quarter of a century among the Indians: how he had been almost alone for the last eleven months, since the Mission was deserted in the preceding June; and how the four Indians who had welcomed me so curiously had been there but a few days, having come down from the reservation ostensibly to see if the trout were beginning to run up from the lake yet, but really, as he said, more for the pure love of wandering than anything else. The eldest of the party (my friend with the osprey feathers and wicked-looking eyes) was one Tsin-shil-zaska, one of the oldest members of the Cœur d'Alène tribe, and a medicine-man of no small repute. Two of the others he called respectively Good Bear and Laughing Brave. The third was named Timothy.* All, he told me, spoke English fairly well; Tsin-shil-zaska in particular as well as the ordinary cultivated white man, and considerably better than the average of frontiersmen or of the private soldiers of the fort. These facts I subsequently verified by my own experience; and it is often the case that Indians who have learned their English from the priests, and not from trappers and miners, speak purely, and frequently after a somewhat biblical fashion.

Father Francis talked at length of Tsin-shil-zaska, and always in praise of his intelligence. But it was not long before I had a better opportunity of judging the medicine-man for myself than our first brief meeting had afforded.

When we had been sitting talking for perhaps an hour, and just as Father Francis was rising to make preparations for his evening meal, the Indian walked boldly, and, as it seemed to me, with rather an insolent air of importance, into the cabin. His three companions stood outside, peering in at the door. The father was already standing, so I arose, too, greeting the medicine-man with

* Though all the Indians are given Christian names, on conversion, by the father, it is only in a minority of cases that these cling to them. Usually the English translation of the old name is used, as in the case of Good Bear and Laughing Brave, or, when not too impossible of pronunciation the Indian name, as Tsin-shil-zaska (which only means "horse") is retained.

the ordinary Western salute to Indians, "How! How!"

His reply was given with an air of rather lofty rebuke, in good if guttural English: "How do you do, my friend? You are welcome."

I smiled, partly at his implied rebuke, and partly at the statement that I was welcome, after his manner of receiving me outside.

"You did not tell me so before?" I said interrogatively.

"No. Tsin-shil-zaska tried you, whether you were a coward or not."

"And am I?"

"He cannot tell yet. A man is brave the first time, and a coward the next. A man who is a coward the first time is always a coward."

Father Francis then asked him how the fish were coming up. I forgot his answer, and after a few more desultory remarks the conversation dropped.

It had not been my intention to stay at the Mission more than one day. I have now been here for three months. The causes of this change of programme, and the circumstances through which my first instinctive dislike of Tsin-shil-zaska ripened into an open quarrel with him, I will tell as briefly as possible.

The morning after my arrival, Timothy met with an accident. He was cutting a branch from one of the thorn bushes by the river, when his knife slipped, and, with the whole strength of his arm behind it, cut a terrible gash in the poor fellow's thigh. His companions carried him into the father's cabin, where the good priest dressed the wound with a simple poultice of wild parsnip as deftly and effectively as it could have been done by the best of surgeons; declining my proffered aid on the grounds that the Indians had full confidence in him as a physician, and that his own knowledge was in fact ample for so simple a hurt.

During the operation, Tsin-shal-zaska had stood looking on with an air of supercilious comtempt which exasperated me. Later in the day, when Timothy was lying on the grass by the side of the teepee, I happened to pass close by at the moment when Tsin-shil-zaska was operating upon him in his capacity of medicine-man. He had removed the father's carefully placed bandages, and was going through some incantation accompanied with extravagant gesticulations. These mummeries completed, he spat upon the wound, and replaced the bandages with at least as much clumsiness as the father had used dexterity. The sight made me inwardly furious, and it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from rudely interfering then and there.

It was the custom of Father Francis to hold prayer twice daily, morning and evening, in the Mission House. These services any stranger who was at the Mission attended, as a matter of course. That evening, upon issuing from the building after service, Tsin-shil-zaska, who had preceded me, was standing close by the door, looking westward at the setting sun. My resentment was still strong within me as I stopped to ask him, rather sneeringly, how his patient prospered.

"The treatment of the good father is always successful," said he, without removing his eyes from the horizon.

"But you have taken this case out of the good father's hands. Did I not see you doctoring Timothy yourself?"

"Huh!" (The Indian never loses his guttural ejaculations.) "Tsin-shil-zaska does what he can to help the good father."

The idea of his professing to be able, with his fooleries, to give any assistance to Father Francis provoked me further. I do not know now quite how the conversation that followed ran, but it resulted, and that quickly, in my telling Tsin-shil-zaska plainly what I thought of him and his skill as a practitioner, and wind-up with my calling him a "quack," which he probably did not understand, and a "hypocrite," which he evidently did. Then for the first time he shifted his eyes from the far-off landscape, and they gleamed more wickedly than eve. as he fixed them on mine.

"Huh! Tsin-shil-zaska does not speak so to the Man-with-the-little-rifle." (So, as I had already learned from Father Francis, the Indians had, in reference to a 44-calibre Colt's which I carried, named me.) "He

has not said that you are a hypocrite and that you know nothing. The medicine-man cannot cure? Huh! The wild goat on the mountain, when shot with an arrow, knows what plant to eat to make the wounds close and the arrow fall.* The hurt beaver medicines himself. The wolf, when hunted, if given time to eat what leaves he chooses, makes himself invisible. The dog, there, has learned when to eat the grass to make him vomit. The birds of the air know what food will hurt them and what food will not hurt them and what will do them good. Has the Indian, being wiser, learned nothing of all these? The Man-with-the-little-rifle will know better."

With which he huddled his blanket closer around his chin, gave one more guttural grunt, and shambled noiselessly away; his retreating figure black between me and the red sunset sky.

The next day saw me in better temper. Tsin-shil-zaska did not appear, and the statement of Good Bear that he had gone into the mountains "to find medicines" only made me laugh.

The day following I went out for a long excursion, on foot, up the river, taking my rifle in the hope of a shot at a bear. Deer there were in plenty, but, though no lack of "bear signs," no bear; and I returned in the middle of the afternoon, hot and tired. The whole day had been spent in climbing up hills and over crags, and scrambling through brush skirting the snow. The sun was hot (as the Pacific sun can be in May), and my shoulder was fatigued by the weight of the rifle. On my return I determined to undress and take a sponge bath in my cabin; so, having drawn a pail of water from the well and carried it inside, I moved the table into a corner, and proceeded to strip off my clothes. As I was standing "mother naked," sponge in hand, looking at the water, and wondering whether the first *douche* would be too abominably cold, the door was suddenly pushed open, and Tsin-shil-zaska walked unceremoniously in. I was indignant at the intrusion and the high-handed manner of it, and at first was disposed to order the intruder out. Then, feeling a natural bashfulness, I cast about for something wherewith to cover my nakedness. In my hand was nothing but the small sponge, and no garment lay within easy reach. But, on reflection, it occurred to me that my visitor was, underneath his one blanket, but little more dressed than myself.

The Indian has, in the matter of nudity, no sense of what we are pleased to call the proprieties, and I doubt whether the medicine-man had any idea of the awkwardness which, however illogically, I could not help feeling. But subsequent events convinced me that he had been watching me through some cranny in the log wall—which contained plenty—and had chosen the moment of his entrance with deliberate intent. His back was, of course, to the light, as he entered, and even when he had shuffled close up to me I could not see his face. When within a few feet of where I was standing, he thrust out one arm from under the blanket.

"Tsin-shil-zaska has brought the Man-with-the-little-rifle some medicine," he said "that he may know the Indian has learned something."

In the hand which he extended to me was a small vial—given him, presumably, at some time by one of the fathers—corked with a knot of grass. The vial was almost full of a brownish liquor, of the colour of tincture of arnica—perhaps a tablespoonful or more. I looked at him and then at the vial.

"And what am I to do with it? Drink it?"

"Huh!" with an accent of assent. "The Man-with-the-little-rifle will see whether Tsin-shil-zaska knows anything."

"And does Tsin-shil-zaska take me for a fool?"

The only response was a decidedly non-committal grunt. The question of my foolishness was an open one. The hand with the vial was still extended to me.

* It is curious, that this same story was told centuries ago by Ælian. "The Cretans," he says, "are skilful archers. With their darts they wound the wild goats that feed upon the mountains. The goats when struck immediately go to eating the herb *dictamus*. As soon as they have tasted it the dart falls from the wound."

"How do I know that it is not poison, and will kill me?"

"Tsin-shil-zaska does not kill. He cures people."

"But I am not sick, and need no curing."

And then silence, the Indian's strongest and favourite argument. At last he spoke: "Will not the Man-with-the-little-rifle drink? Will the man who was brave the first time be a coward the next?"

The wily old savage! Still I hesitated. "So this is only to test my courage? And if it kills me?"

"Tsin-shil-zaska would not hurt a friend of the good father's. If the Man-with-the-little-rifle had come to Tsin-shil-zaska, and said, 'Drink,' he would have done so."

Again, as in the wrangle of the preceding evening, I felt that he had distinctly the advantage of me in argument. I was discomfited.

"What is it?" I asked, reaching out my hand for the vial. He let me take it readily. Holding the liquor against the light, I saw that it was semi-opaque, with small particles of fibrous matter floating in it, and slightly gummy—about as fluid as glycerine.

I took out the glass stopper, and smelled the liquor. The odour was new to me—pungent, but not strong, and very herby.

"What is it?" I asked again.

"It is precious, and Tsin-shil-zaska knows no name for it."

"But what is it going to do to me?"

"Will the Man-with-the-little-rifle drink it and learn?"

If I could only see his face! But the strong light of the door behind me made it impossible. However, I reasoned, if it had been really a dangerous drug, he would never have come to me so openly with it. At all events, it is a physician's duty to experiment with new medicines on himself, if no more convenient subject offers. I remembered Emerson's advice: "Always do what you are afraid to do!" So I walked across the cabin, laid the sponge, which I was still holding in my left hand, on the table, and returned with a tin cup. As I was about to pour the liquid into the cup, Tsin-shil-zaska reached forward and took both from me. Dipping up perhaps a wineglassful of water from the pail which was to serve as my bath-tub, he emptied the mysterious liquid into it, finally rinsing the vial out in the mixture, which he handed to me. I hesitated a moment, smelled it, sipped it, and then swallowed it in a couple of mouthfuls, and threw the cup on the bunk. It had no particular taste; or rather it tasted faintly, as it smelled.

"Well, what now?" I asked.

"Huh! The Man-with-the-little-rifle will soon know." And with that he gathered his blanket closer around the neck, and shuffled off.

I laughed rather angrily at myself for the ridiculousness of the whole affair, and (for I was beginning to feel chilled) ran briskly across to fetch the sponge, and returned to resume my interrupted bath. Stooping to plunge the sponge into the water, I became aware that the drug was beginning to have some effect upon me, and straightened myself up again. Yes, there was no doubt of it. I felt a distinct sensation as of incipient intoxication. I was exhilarated and slightly dizzy. I braced myself, and, planting my feet firmly, threw my shoulders back, to try to shake the feelings off. No; they only increased with great rapidity. The blood was bounding through my veins, and my spirits rose higher (for I am a sober, matter-of-fact person ordinarily) than I ever knew them to in my life. I laughed aloud at myself, and jumped into the air with very joyfulness. Then the absurdity of my conduct struck me, and I proceeded gravely to remonstrate with myself, aloud. The next moment I had kicked the sponge up to the ceiling, and upset the pail of water over the floor—a joke which struck me as so irresistibly humorous that I was obliged to sit down on a stool and laugh, till the cabin rang again with my hysterical guffaws.

There followed a series of sensations which I will do my best to describe accurately, for they were sensations such as no man, as I firmly believe, who has ever walked the hospitals of New York, London or Paris, has felt, either before or since.

I have spoken of dizziness. That increased in intensity with every second, and

I seemed to be passing in rapid succession through all the stages of intoxication. Stories of various drinks of savage people came into my head, and I distinctly remember that the account of a native Burmese drink of which I have read somewhere, which will dissolve a Martini-Henry rifle-ball in thirty seconds, flashed into my mind.

"And now," I maudlinly commented, "it is dissolving the Man-with-the-little-rifle himself;" and again I laughed uproariously.

But the hilarity was of short duration. As the dizziness continued to increase, the cabin began to sway and the floor to heave, until I had to rock myself backwards and forwards, my head sunk on my bosom, to keep from falling off the stool. Nausea succeeded, and I made two or three ineffectual attempts to vomit, like a man in the extremity of seasickness.

So far, however, the sensations had not differed from those of ordinary intoxication. But now a new one mingled with the nausea and dizziness. In my time I have experimented upon myself with, I think, every narcotic and anodyne known to the pharmacopœia, and have described the sensations of each experiment in my diary. The one which I now experienced differed from anything that I had ever described myself or seen described by others. In fact, it almost baffled analysis or description. Even now, I am not entirely sure that my memory of it is not largely tinged by the subsequent knowledge of its results.

As I remember it, it commenced first in my extremities, but had soon distributed itself over my whole frame. There is only one word by which I can describe the process which then seemed to be going on in me—the process of disintegration! Every part of my body, solids and fluids, bone, blood, and tissue, was in independent and multitudinous motion, as if each tissue were resolving itself into its component cells, and each cell into its primordial atoms. It was not painful. But for the accompanying nausea and dizziness, it might have been positively pleasurable. The sensation, though intense in each member, was not to be located anywhere, but was evenly distributed from the marrow of my spine to the cuticle of my finger-tips. The motion of the particles seemed to grow wilder and more rapid. My whole being seethed and boiled. It was as the ultimate dissolution of my very fabric.

Almost blind in my dizziness, I rose from the stool, and staggered to the bunk. I fell on my knees as I reached it, and then dragged myself laboriously up and on to it. The cabin rocked and swayed; the motion in me appeared to grow into—not to produce but to grow into—sound, horrid, tumultuous, muffled but overwhelming; a surging of chaotic but rhythmical murmurs.

Things grew indistinct before my eyes. The motion in me communicated itself to surrounding objects. Everywhere was wreck, chaos, dissolution. Just before final blackness closed in on me, I remember seeing the form of Tsin-shil-zaska, almost filling the doorway. That was my last definite impression. Then came deathly nausea, retching that racked my very life, external blackness and unutterable tumult—and I lost consciousness.

When I emerged from the state of coma which ensued, it was early morning, dull and misty and grey, as I saw through the cabin door, which stood wide open. There was no difficulty in picking up the thread of memory. As soon as my consciousness returned, I found myself lying, still "mother naked," on my back. I recollected perfectly where I was, how I came there, and all the incidents of Tsin-shil-zaska's visit and the drinking of the drug.

My first serious thought was about the drug itself. What was it? Evidently a powerful narcotic. Violent in its operations, certainly; but the medicine-man had given me a pretty strong dose, as my long lethargy (which must have extended over some fifteen hours) sufficiently testified. In skilful hands, and after careful experimenting to ascertain its strength, it might prove to be of considerable value. I must make Tsin-shil-zaska show me the plant.

Having arrived at which conclusion, I proceeded to raise myself on my elbow and sit up. Somehow I did not feel quite myself yet. I was perfectly conscious and had all my senses, except, apparently, one. My

hearing was good, for the monotonous "see-se-se—saw-aw-aw" of a myrtle robin came at regular intervals from some tree behind the cabin, accompanied now and again by the hurried tap-tapping of a wood-pecker somewhere in the further distance. I could certainly see, though there was not much to look at, the interior of the cabin, dim and dark, the door being merely a parallelogram of pearl-grey mist in the surrounding obscurity. For my sense of smell—that was excellent, as the pungent scent of moist earth which came in on the morning air, telling of rain during the night, assured me.

But I had no sense of touch! Since first consciousness returned I had been aware of a curious sensation of—what shall I say?—unsubstantiality. You know how, in the moments between sleep and waking, you lie insensible of the contact between yourself and the bedclothes, yourself imponderable, the bed beneath and the covers above you without substance. That same sensation had been present with me since my awakening, but with an infinitely greater sense of reality, for I was not now anything but wide awake. When I put my hand on the wooden side of the bunk and raised myself to a sitting posture, there had been no sensation of contact as my palm touched the wood. I reached out my fingers to the rough logs which composed the wall. It was the same. I could feel nothing. I tried my foot. Again the same.

Yet my members were not dead. The circulation appeared to be normal, for I had perfect control over all my limbs. When I raised my leg and let it fall on the bunk again, it fell quite naturally; not at all heavily or lifelessly, as in a case of ordinary perverted sensation. Still, I could not feel it strike the bed. The more I became assured that this senselessness was a fact, the more convinced I was that the drug which had caused it would be of considerable value to surgeons as an anæsthetic. I must learn its nature at once.

With this resolve, I flung my legs over the edge of the bunk, and dropped to the floor. Strange! I was certainly standing, but without sense of anything under my feet. I walked. My limbs obeyed me. My feet rested normally on the floor. There was no tendency to lose my balance; my muscles supported me perfectly; but I could feel nothing. I jumped into the air, stamped, ran a step or two—the result was the same. So I sat down (having to look behind me to be sure that my person was actually in contact with the stool) to think it all over.

As I sat, it occurred to me that the room had been changed since I last saw it; and —where were my clothes?

Then it became plain to me. That miserable Tsin-shil-zaska had drugged me with deliberate intention of robbery. I remembered his coming into the cabin just before I became insensible, and doubtless he had then carried off my wardrobe. Yes, my rifle was gone, too, and my revolver. He had made a clean sweep while he was about it.

No, my saddle, with an india-rubber saddle-bag attached, was left, and I could dress myself in the shirt and pair of socks which were all the change of wardrobe that I carried, and so make my way to the cabin of Father Francis, and lodge complaint against the medicine-man. The table stood in the corner made by one of the side walls and the projecting end of the bunk. The bag was beneath the foot of the bunk, and therefore partly under the table. It would be easier for me to move the table than to creep under it on my hands and knees to reach the bag. So I took hold of the table to move it. I grasped it, as far as a man with no feeling in his finger-ends could grasp anything, and pulled. Not an inch did it stir. I pulled, and pushed, and shook (or tried to shake), and pulled, and pushed, and shook again. It would have done as much good to have pulled, and pushed, and shaken at the Rocky Mountains. If I could only have had the satisfaction of feeling that I was really grasping it, that would have soothed me somewhat. But this utter numbness was maddening, and my wrath against Tsin-shil-zaska grew strong.

However, there was nothing for it now but to get into the limited costume at my disposal as quickly as possible, and make my way to headquarters and make my complaint.

So I dropped on all fours, without feeling when my hands rested on the floor, and, crawling under the table, endeavoured to grasp the bag. I say "endeavoured," because I really could not say whether I did grasp it or not. I thought that I caught hold of it, and so far as my eyes could teach me my fingers were actually enclosing a part of it. But it was rooted as firmly as the table. If I pulled at it, my fingers simply came away from it, no matter how firm a grip I thought I had taken. They did not slip off, they simply came away—ceased any longer to be in contact with it. My hand was as nerveless as it was senseless. I was still tugging and gripping with what seemed a preposterous waste of energy, considering the smallness of the object that I was tugging at, but without the smallest result, when I became aware that some one had entered the cabin. My position was not dignified—my head and shoulders under the table, and the rest of my naked person protruding into the light towards the new-comer, whoever he was. So I scrambled out backwards as fast as I could, and rose to my feet. It was the father. His back was to the light, but as I saw by the motion of his head that he was looking around the room in search of something or some one; then he deliberately turned around and walked out again.

"Father! Oh! Good-morning, father!"

But he evidently did not hear me. It was very curious. If his face had not at one time been directed full towards me, I could have declared that he had not seen me. It was true that the light was dim, but a naked man, six feet and one inch in height, suddenly springing from all fours to his feet, is a fairly conspicuous object at the distance of some three paces—calculated at least to catch the eye of a man of ordinary clearness of vision.

I ran to the door, and, resting a hand on the post on either side, thrust my head out. The father's retreating form was some ten yards from me. I called him, and called again. He kept on his way, turned into the door of his cabin, and disappeared. Certainly he did not hear me. Was he deaf as well as blind? But my voice, I was obliged to confess to myself, was weak. I called again, as an experiment. Yes, it was very weak—thin and bodiless. It was not the fault of my hearing, because the distant scream of an osprey came plainly to my ears, and a flight of Alpine grosbeaks (birds which are very plentiful about Lake Cœur d'Alène), which flew jerkily over the cabin at that moment, filled the air with twittered music.

For fully a minute I stood there wondering what I was to do. I could not feel that my hands were resting on the posts of the door, though they were visibly doing so, or I should have fallen forward on my face; nor could I feel that my feet touched the ground. Then I commenced feeling all over the door and the rough ends of the jutting logs, where they had been chopped off to leave the doorway space. How solid, and hard, and unsympathetic it all was to my numb touch and nerveless fingers!

In pure exasperation I slapped the doorpost with my open hand, and a new horror dawned upon me. There was no noise when the hand came in contact with the wood. I tried again and again, and again, harder and louder; not a sound. I clapped my two hands together, but neither sound nor sense of touch told me when they met. It was very ghostly. I searched for anything that was resonant to strike. I smote the flat surface of the door. It neither trembled nor emitted any sound. I went back to the table, and struck that—slapped both palms down on it simultaneously with all my force. It was useless. When my hands reached the wooden surface on their downward course, they stopped, ceased to go any further, but the impact had not the smallest effect either on the table or on my hands.

And an unutterable terror crept into me; a hideous, indescribable feeling of unreality, as if I were out of all relation to the world around. Was it, after all, a dream? I reached out my hand to the walls, and could feel nothing. I struck the table again, and not a sound came from it. Was I in a world of shadows, or—and my heart sank as the thought came to me—was I a shadow in a world of realities? How utterly nerveless, powerless, unsubstantial, I was beside these great, black, rugged, unresponsive log walls! I called aloud, and my voice came to me

thinly, as if from a distance. An ineffable hopelessness came over me, and I sank on my knees by the table, and buried my numb face on my senseless arms.

All the horrors that followed have failed to weaken the memory of that moment of overwhelming and nameless terror. As I sit now writing at that same table, and look around at these same rough walls, an echo of that feeling of hopelessness comes back to me, and I smite my clenched knuckles on the resounding board, to make sure that it rings at the stroke, and that things are realities once more.

How long that supreme sense of terror lasted I do not know; probably some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. But slowly a feeling which had from the first been combating, and to some extent mitigating, the miseries of the situation began to possess me, and to restore me to my normal self—the feeling of professional curiosity as to the nature of the drug under the influence of which I then was. A very devil's potion it seemed. Certainly its action on me had been violent and crippling. But the stronger its properties proved, the more important its addition to the pharmacopœia would ultimately be. As I rose to my feet from my kneeling posture, a blue jay fluttered down with a dissonant "charr-rr-rr," and perched itself, head inside the cabin, in the doorway, looking dull and bedraggled in the damp air. I raised my arm and cursed the bird in stern Anglo-Saxon, whereat it tumbled precipitately backwards, and flew clamorously headlong into the mist. Come! It was a comfort to find some external thing that would still recognise and respect my existence. I yet had some relation to the things of the world.

Walking to the door, I leaned against one of the posts and looked out. Four figures were approaching from the direction of the father's cabin; and it was with something which was almost joy that I counted them, and knew that Tsin-shil-zaska was still at the Mission, and that I might hope to recover my properties and revenge myself.

They advanced slowly: the father with bowed head and downcast eyes; the Indians with heads erect and eyes gazing into the mist, as if they rested on the distant landscape beyond. They were evidently coming straight to my door, so I drew a pace or so inside, and awaited them with a deprecatory smile, apologetic for my nudity, on my face.

The father, after a moment's hesitation in the doorway, stepped in first, and his lips moved in murmured blessing. Tsin-shil-zaska followed. The others remained outside. I stood a yard and a half, perhaps, back from the entrance, waiting awkwardly for the good priest's salutation. But——

Even now, sitting writing this on almost the very spot on which I stood then, and with every detail of what passed imprinted—ah, how clearly—on my memory, I cannot accurately describe the utter horror of the minutes which followed.

In the first place, no salutation came. The eyes of the Indian, as he entered, shifted in one rapid glance around the cabin, and then fixed themselves, not on the wall, but on the distance beyond it. Father Francis began, with an expression of deepest anxiety on his face, to search the cabin in detail with his eyes. I was standing in front of him, slightly to his left hand (what a sailor would call on his port bow), directly between him and the table where it stood pushed into the corner. His scrutiny began at the corner to his and the doorway's left, to my right, and, after resting there a moment, passed along the wall, shifting from the floor upwards to the table—and me. For fully a minute again his eyes rested on me—on my chest, dropping to my knee, passing from right shoulder to left, and from left elbow back to right. But I knew that it was not I that he was looking at—not my chest, nor knee, nor shoulder, nor elbow.

He was looking through me at the table, under it, up to the bunk, from one side to the other; then, following the corner post, up to the ceiling.

It is useless for me to attempt to describe the sensation of that moment of terror. People have been buried alive, conscious the whole time, and have lived to tell of it. Men have kneeled on the scaffold, awaiting the fall of the axe which never fell, and have recalled afterwards the sensations of those last moments before the joyful shout

announced the reprieve. But never, as I believe now, has such mental agony been allotted to mortal man as in those moments seemed to arrest my very being. I strove to speak, but my tongue refused its office. I reached out my hand, and let it feebly fall again. Again I tried to articulate, and at last the word came:

"Father!"

But how thin, and weak, and how far away! Obviously he heard it not. Even I could hardly say whether I heard it, whether it had actually come in external words to my ear, or whether it had simply passed to my brain over the internal currents of my nerves.

It was Father Francis who spoke:

"You have not heard the report of his rifle, my son, since he left?"

"Huh!" with negative accent.

"Yet one of you, with your keen hearing, would surely have heard it had he fired?"

"Huh!" This time in the affirmative.

And it was I of whom they were speaking as of one absent; I, who stood here so close to the father that we could have clasped hands without either of us moving; I, who heard their every syllable, but could not make my voice heard in reply; I, present here before their very eyes, in daylight, unseen and—invisible! And the memory of Tsin-shil-zaska's words came back to me:

"The wolf, when hunted, if given time to eat what leaves he chooses, makes himself invisible. Has the Indian, being wiser, learned nothing of all this?"

Of the events which followed, when the first agony of the discovery of my condition had passed, my memory is vague and confused. I remember them only as a man may recall some stray shreds of the tangled visions which came to him in delirium.

Father Francis and the Indian stayed some time in the cabin, I know, the father at intervals advancing suggestions as to my whereabouts. I know, too, that in those moments I called and prayed to them to see me. I brandished my hands in their faces; fell at their feet, and clutched the skirts of the father's robe, which moved not as my nerveless fingers touched it. I struck Tsin-shil-zaska in the face with my clenched fist, and not so much as an eyelid trembled. I raved and wept, and shouted in their ears, and they stood unconscious of my presence. I flung myself before their feet as they turned to go, and their feet brushed me aside, without my feeling the contact or having strength to resist. They did not so much as check in their gait. I might have been "thin as air;" apparently, to them, I was. Once, when they had traversed half the distance to the father's cabin, still following, and clinging, or trying to cling, to them as they went, the good priest stopped, and turning abruptly to his companion said:

"And thou, my son, knowest nothing of him?"

Gravely, sternly, searchingly, he looked the Indian in the eyes. But the other—the red scoundrel!—how firmly he bore the scrutiny! Not a muscle of his face moved. He assumed no look of injured innocence. There was no over-acting. Unconcerned, imperturbable, he gazed back into and through the father's eyes.

"Of the Man-with-the-little-rifle? Tsin-shil-zaska knows nothing of him."

"But you quarrelled with him, my son?"

"Huh!"

For an instant longer the father looked him in the face; then turned and walked on. It was impossible to guess whether his suspicions were entirely overcome or not. I longed to tell him to go on questioning—to thrust home and spare not, and probe till he had forced the truth from the Indian's heart. But I could not. I was powerless, hopeless, substanceless.

As the day wore on and the white mist began to lift from the mountain slopes, lingering in thick flakes and scarves along the pine boughs, Father Francis organised a search expedition for me. The Indians started in a body up the river-bank, while the father himself stuck into the hills behind the Mission. I stayed behind, desolate and hopeless.

Soon after noon—a dull, sodden day it was—the Indians returned; and an hour or so later, the father too came back. The father spent most of the evening on his knees, coming out occasionally into the air to look and listen for any signs of me, while I would stand hopeless by his cabin door,

and try again and again to make him understand that I was by his side. Late into the night his candle burned, reddening the rough inside of the cabin, and just showing the outline of the black figure that kneeled before the crucifix in prayer.

Another day came and went. The forenoon was again spent in search for me—though the Indians only started off in a perfunctory, listless way, and returned again within an hour—and all the evening and night the good priest on his knees, praying, as I knew, for me.

For myself, I needed neither sleep nor nourishment. At night I wandered about the moonlit slope, wondering whether ghosts felt as miserable as I; or sat in the doorway of my cabin, occasionally, but rarely, throwing myself on my bunk, and lying there, longing to know how long this would last, and cursing Tsin-shil-zaska in my heart. Whatever change had come over my being, however thin and substanceless I might be (I had soon discovered that I threw no shadow), it was evident that my specific gravity was still appreciably greater than that of the atmosphere. I walked, and sat, and moved—the law of gravitation affected me—as though I were still solid and of ordinary fleshly weight. Only in relation to other substances and beings did I feel inferiority; and there were moments of solitude when I would actually forget my condition. Nor, in those first days, did it ever occur to me that my disembodiment, or etherealisation, could be anything more than a temporary affection, which would last only so long as the operation of the drug continued active.

But one day I made a discovery—curious at first, but horrible afterwards. It was on the afternoon of the third day—a variable afternoon of alternate cloud and sunshine—that I was standing in front of the Mission, in the centre of the crescent of cabins, when the five ponies, which wandered at will on the foot-hills, unhobbled, came walking in single file towards the river.

I was directly in their line of march, and as the first one approached me—a small dapple-grey, rat-like animal, with pink nose and ropy tail—I reached out my hand to its forelock. The animal at once flung its head aside and avoided my touch. Could it have been only an accident? I hurried after it, and placed myself again in its path. Again it swerved aside, and deliberately walked around me. I laid my hand on its flank. It winced, shambled on a step or two, changed feet, and broke into a lope. The second pony had reached me by this time. The same series of experiments had a like effect, and all five were soon going at a canter towards the river.

There could be no question of it. The ponies recognised my presence. Here, as I have said, was a discovery (and now I remembered the blue jay) which might prove useful to me. At any rate, it was infinitely consoling to know that I still had some appreciable properties. It detracted something from the unutterable feeling of isolation which oppressed me, afforded me some shadow of a semblance of companionship in my solitariness, and I proceeded to make the most of it.

I have once referred indirectly to the presence of a dog at the Mission—one of the hungry, half-coyote, pariah curs which are attached to every Indian camp or caravan. When the ponies had left me, I turned my attention to this dog, which was lying on the grass beside the teepee. As I drew near, his eyes opened and his ears went back, and when I reached out my hand to pat him he drew his head away, sat up on his haunches—still keeping out of my reach—and at last got up and slunk off. He trotted a few paces around me in a half circle, and then lay down again, but evidently uneasily. I approached once more; and again he evaded me. So, for some minutes, I kept him shifting his ground, until he refused to lie down at all, but stood, tail down, waiting wearily for me to go and leave him alone. That I refused to do. Presently he grew tired of being hunted, and commenced to whimper—a low, whistling whimper at first, and then growing louder and louder. Finally, as I made a pounce at him, he fairly turned tail and fled, howling dolorously, into the teepee.

> The dogs howl with icy breath
> When Sammaël, Angel of Death,
> Takes his flight through the town.

The words of Longfellow came into my mind, and then a sudden horror seized me.

"Angel of Death!" The time since my first awakening from the coma had been divided into three stages, or periods, by three moments of supreme terror. The first was the terror of unreality, when the feeling of my lack of relationship to the substances around me had first come over me. The second was the terror of invisibility, when I first knew that Father Francis and the Indian did not see me. Last came the terror of death.

Could this be death? Was I dead?

Again and again, at night-time chiefly, I had thought of myself as ghost-like. But was I really a ghost? How could I deny it? What knowledge had I of the state beyond the grave, to be sure that this was not the common form of departed spirits? I thought of all the men of whom I knew, from Socrates downwards, who have believed in the presence of demons, or angels, or genii, or the spirits of dead fellow men, invisible on earth. What assurance had I that my condition was exceptional—that I was not sharing the common lot that comes to all men after death? I needed no food to support me. Perhaps it was only an ordinary, though to me unknown, poison that had been given me, and no drug of mysterious potency. But no, I thought, with sudden relief, that cannot be. Where, if so, is my body—my (how I shuddered at the thought!) corpse? The relief, however, was short-lived. Why could not Tsin-shil-zaska have hidden my body as easily as he had hidden my clothes and rifle? And I found myself actually sweeping the horizon with my eyes, to see if anywhere over the tree-tops I could see hovering the tell-tale buzzards or carrion crows, to show me where my own corpse lay.

For the first time it occurred to me with any force that perhaps my state was something more than a temporary affection, dependent upon the continued action of a drug. For the first time I thought that an eternity of this wretchedness might lie before me. How could I tell that there were not other spirits around me, invisible to me as I was to living men; or, if not here on the lonely hill slope, how did I know that in the cities and haunts of men there might not be walking millions such as I? The thought was horrid in its possibility, utterly overwhelming in its bewildering immensity.

Then I fell upon my knees on the sunlit grass, and prayed as only a man in the supremest agonies can pray. From that moment I have never ceased to be devoutly thankful for the sustaining hope which was always with me. I arose from my knees full of confidence. It was easy for me to prove by irrefutable logic that the probabilities were enormously in favour of my being dead—that I must be dead. But I never in my heart convinced myself, logic to the contrary notwithstanding. I knew inwardly that I lived still as mortals live—that the life which enabled me to move, and think, and pray, was yet, in spite of the awful change that I had suffered, the same life as had always animated me, and as now animated other men. An instinct which I could not justify to reason bore me up against my own arguments, and that instinct, implanted, or at least first developed, in those moments of prayer, alone, I believe, prevented my reason from being dethroned.

Henceforward, however, the pleasure of the mute companionship of beasts was gone. Occasionally I would stop to pat the dog or make a pony move from its path, to assure myself that I still had some hold upon the world of external things. But such experiments were ever accompanied with a chilling return of the thought of death and an echo of those agonies of doubt. I did not often try them.

So day followed day, and I still wandered about the Mission, naked in my own eyes, invisible to others, voiceless to all human ears but my own, insensible to the changes of temperature, needing neither sleep nor nourishment, and senseless and numb of touch. The father had given up the search for me, though his eyes would wander mournfully from my cabin to the distant hills, and from there to heaven, when his lips would move in silent prayer.

How, in those days, I learned to love and honour Father Francis! And for Tsin-shil-zaska my hatred increased. He and his three companions still hung about the

Mission, ostensibly to wait till they could take back the news that the trout had run up stream. They divided their time between sitting on the ground about the teepee and sitting on the ground by the river's bank. Occasionally, they mounted their ponies and went off, aimlessly as it seemed, for half a day's ride over the plains and foot-hills. Timothy was still an invalid.

I had lived thus for a week!—what a week!—when I made another discovery, of more importance than the last.

It was mid-afternoon—still and hot as a Pacific coast spring can be—the air shimmering with heat, and the last year's butterflies, which fluttered round the walls of the Mission and sat fanning their wings in the warm rays, seeming the only things moving.

I was sitting listlessly in the door of my cabin. Opposite me, the flap of canvas which made the door of the teepee was caught back with a two-pronged peg of bone, and in the shadow within, I knew, lay Timothy, alone. Drawn by idle curiosity, I crossed the intervening space and entered the tent. In spite of the open door and central hole at the apex of the roof, the air within was thick and heavy with that oppressive smell—part grease, part dirt, and part humanity—which clings to the Indian wherever he goes. In the gloom I could just distinguish the form of Timothy stretching almost from side to side of the narrow tent. The only other contents of the place were a heap of skins and furs, scraps of dried meat, tin cups, saddles, rope, and innumerable other miscellaneous but indistinguishable things, such as the Indian loves to accumulate, which covered probably one third of the entire floor space.

Timothy was evidently asleep. There was no other seat there, so, conscious of my imponderability, but with no particular intent, I seated myself on him. As I rested on him he moved, muttered uneasily in his sleep, and then rolled round from his right side to his left, throwing me off. As soon as he was quiet, I resumed my seat. No sooner had I done so, however, than he commenced to toss again, this time suddenly, and leaving me, staggering, against the further side of the tent.

Could it be possible that he was conscious of my presence? I did not believe it, but determined to see. So, dropping on my knees by his side, I passed my hand once or twice over his face. Yes, he felt it. Drowsily he shook his head, as if to free himself from my hand, and, when I removed it, lay still again. By this time I had become excited and keenly hopeful. Again I touched his face, weighed against his side, and passed my hand over his frowsy tangled hair. Yes, he stirred as before.

"Timothy!" I called. "Timothy! Wake up! I am here! Do you hear me? Timothy!"

Slowly his head rolled from side to side, and his lips began to move. Eagerly I bent my head to catch his words, but he made only an indistinguishable murmuring. Again I called and shook, or tried to shake him. Once more his lips moved, and brokenly among his mutterings I caught my name—"Man-with-the-little-rifle."

"Yes! Yes! Timothy,"—how I was thrilling with excitement!—"the Man-with-the-little-rifle is here! He is speaking to you now! Do you hear him? Timothy!"

But the response was inaudible. Excited almost to frenzy, I called and called again, shook him, and threw myself upon him. Suddenly he reached out his arms, and, with a cry of pain, awoke. There was a startled look in his eyes, I could see in the gloom, as though he expected to find somebody there. I waited, hardly daring to breathe in my suspense. But the look died away. Evidently I was as invisible to him as ever. He pulled himself up to a half-sitting posture, and, leaning against one of the poles of the teepee, remained wide awake, with his eyes staring out through the open door into the sunlight.

Awake he was utterly unconscious of my presence, but asleep he was sensible of my touch and heard my voice. Was it possible that between human beings, when asleep, and myself there existed some such affinity as was evident between myself and brutes? Altogether incapable of making my presence felt by people when awake, was it possible that I could place myself *en rapport* with

them when asleep? So it must be; and I sat and watched Timothy, hungrily waiting for the first signs of returning somnolence, like a vulture waiting the approach of death to a wounded man. But Timothy was incorrigibly wide awake, as he reclined there, gazing with unfathomable eyes at the distant landscape. Presently the sound of cantering hoofs told that the others were returning, and I left the teepee to wait impatiently for nightfall.

Never, it seemed to me, did the sun sink so deliberately behind the horizon. When night did come, I thought the good old priest would never go to bed. How late he read! At last the volume was placed carefully aside. Then the light was extinguished, and I knew that a prolonged interval of prayer would elapse before he went to bed. I drew near, and sat in the doorway, from whence, in the gloom within, I could vaguely distinguish the outline of the dark-robed figure kneeling beneath the crucifix. Sometimes the murmur of his voice reached me, fervent but low, and more than once my heart was stirred deeply as the cadence of my name caught my ear. At length he rose, and was soon lying on his bed of cedar boughs, a rough and unaccommodating couch for so aged and good a head. I approached, and stood by the bunk side, waiting till the regular breathing told me that he slept. Then, with intense if suppressed excitement, I commenced my experiments.

First, I leaned over him, and whispered his name several times in his ear. Next, lightly and reverently, I passed my hand over his face and hair. After two or three such passes a certain irregularity in the breathing told me that his slumber was disturbed.

"Father! Father Francis! It is I, Arthur Sayce, your son, who speaks!"

Wearily he rolled his head from side to side; a faint murmur broke from his lips, and then—he awoke! The disappointment, when his sudden movement and the change in respiration told me that he had awaked, was intense. But there was nothing for it but to wait till sleep again asserted itself. This did not take many minutes, but to me, in my impatience, every moment of delay was irksome. At length he slept; but, as he had awaked so easily before, I knew that it would be better to allow him to become more deeply immersed in slumber before recommencing my experiments. So I left the cabin, and sentenced myself to walk twenty times from the door to the Mission and back, before returning.

This time I was more cautious, and touched his face more carefully (for, though without any sense of touch, I could regulate my muscles perfectly) and breathed his name more lightly in his ear. Whenever he moved, I ceased—waiting breathless with fear lest he should wake; then I commenced again to touch and whisper to him as soon as the regularity of his breathing was resumed. It was a stealthy and seemed an unholy work, and more than once I started guiltily at the hoot of an owl, or the cry of a distant wolf.

"This," I thought to myself, "is how the midnight murderer feels."

Many a time he murmured indistinctly in his sleep, but it was not till the night was far advanced, after hours of striving in alternate hope and despair, that I caught the sound of my name from his lips.

"Arthur Sayce!" he murmured brokenly. "He has not returned. My son! My son! He will not come to me, but I may go to him!"

"Yes! Yes! Father, he is here; he has returned; he has come to you! It is I, father, speaking to you now!" But he was awake again.

Once more, when he fell asleep, I exiled myself from the cabin, and resumed my old task, increased this time, by sentence of the court, to thirty turns outside. Returning, the same slow work of establishing communication with the slumbering mind commenced. By many repetitions, alternately insisting and desisting, I brought him once more to speak my name. By slow degrees, going again and again over every step of ground, and always fearful that he was on the brink of wakefulness, I told him all the story—I told him how Tsin-shil-zaska had given me a drug; and at the twentieth repetition of the fact, perhaps, the sleeper

gulped, and the muscles of his throat went through the motions of swallowing in his slumbers. I told him of my sickness and of my coma, and in the responsive, uneasy tossings of head and grippings of his hand I saw that the idea of sickness and pain was with him in his sleep. I told him of my waking and of his coming to my cabin, of the discovery of my powerlessness; and as I did so, repeating each phrase many times, the name of the medicine-man fell from his lips, and in the mutterings that followed the word "unrepentant" caught my ear.

The excitement of the narration and of the eager waiting for signs that he understood was intense. Merely as a psychical experiment, the operation was keenly fascinating; but added to that was the fact that, as I trusted, my life itself hung dependent on the experiment's success.

Again he awoke, and again, with unflagging eagerness, I went through all the story, repeating and again repeating every detail of it. The final fact that I had to force upon his mind was that Tsin-shil-zaska, and he alone, as far as I knew, had possession of the secret, and from him, if from anybody, must the method of counteracting or reversing the operation of the drug be learned. How often and in how many forms I repeated that fact I do not know. But the grey light of morning came, and found me still struggling with him. Then I left him, that he might have some space of peaceful slumber, and went out into the open air to wait for day as impatiently as I had waited for the preceding night.

At the first movement inside the cabin, I returned. Father Francis was just rising. I was beside him as he stepped from his bunk, crossed the floor, and fell on his knees before the crucifix. His first sentences of prayer were audible words of thanksgiving—"In that Thou, O Lord, has esteemed my service worthy of continuance for yet another day of earth"—and of supplication for the welfare during the day of "Thy servant and those whom Thou hast allotted him to labour with, as well as for all Thy children upon earth." Then his words became unintelligible even to my strained ears, but it was with eager joy that I caught them rising again: "Strange visions, O Lord, Thou knowest have come to me in my sleep in this the past night, but I know not whether they were of Thee, and sent as of old when Thou spakest to Thy servants in dreams and symbols, as also not seldom in later times. If in truth Thy laws have been broken, and one of Thy children has had the life which Thou gavest him taken from him contrary to Thy will, and if Thou hast appointed me as a minister to rebuke the offender, Thou knowest, O Lord, that Thy servant is waiting to do what Thou dost command."

Again his voice became almost inaudible. Breathless with eagerness, I endeavoured to catch the murmured syllables, but it was useless. How I longed for the power, only for one moment, to tell the father that what he had heard in his sleep was true, to urge him to follow the clue thus given to him! But it was futile wishing, and, weary and desperate, I turned into the open air again, as the father rose from his knees.

I waited anxiously for the first meeting of the father and the medicine-man. It came after the morning prayer, when the sun was a-glitter on the mountain peaks, though the Mission lay yet in shadow. On issuing from the building, the father called Tsin-shil-zaska to him, and with him re-entered the cabin. For some moments both stood silent: the father keeping his eyes fixed on the ground; the Indian, with frowsy hair and blanket muffled round his chin, gazing into vacancy. At length the father raised his eyes and looked at the Indian, while I stood trembling by.

"Tsin-shil-zaska, my son, I have had strange dreams during the night."

"Huh!" And there was a whole monograph of scepticism condensed into the monosyllable.

"Once more I must ask thee: thou knowest naught of him who is lost?"

"Of the Man-with-the-little-rifle? Huh!" This time in the negative and with one slow shake of his head.

"In my dreams, I thought thou knewest of the manner of his death; nay, that thou hadst the power to produce him again."

"Tsin-shil-zaska has no power to bring the dead to life. The good father is a greater medicine-man than he."

"When didst thou last see him?"

"The good father was with the Man-with-the-little-rifle last before he went away. Tsin-shil-zaska might ask the good father whether he knows anything of him."

"My son," said Father Francis, "thou knowest that I have never unjustly accused any one—that I have quarrelled with none and done no man wrong. Thou knowest that I would rather love thee than hate, and if thou canst show me that my suspicions are unjust it will be gladness and joy to me."

The Indian's face remained utterly without expression during this appeal.

"The good father has no cause for his suspicions. Tsin-shil-zaska has done no wrong."

Again there was silence. The father looked anxiously at him for some seconds; then:

"I trust it is so, my son. If thou hast done any wrong, be sure that the Lord will convict and punish thee."

With that he moved away to the farther end of the cabin. Then for the first time a gleam of expression came into the Indian's eyes—only one flash, but a flash of such malignity and hatred as I have never seen in human eyes before or since. A moment later he shuffled out of the cabin.

That day formed another epoch in my period of exile from the world. Then arose the fourth terror, which held a longer sway than any of its predecessors. This was the terror of murder.

. . . . .

After the events of the preceding night, the strain and mental agonies of those hours of darkness, I was possessed with a strange restlessness all day. It was a curious feeling—feverishness, perhaps, if a man without blood could be obnoxious to fever; intense nervousness, if nervousness could attach to a being that is nerveless.

The Indians had shambled off afoot in the morning, and the place was lonely even to me, accustomed as I was now to the supreme isolation of my condition. About midday, I, for the first time since the drinking of the drug, left the Mission, and wandered aimlessly towards the river. The stream was running brimful, and muddy with the melted snow from the mountains. Most unlike a trout stream it looked, as it hurried past in thick eddies and rapids, flecked with bubbles. Reaching the bank, I turned down stream, following the winding water through patches of woodland, and beds of purple iris, and round, smooth lawns of grass. Arriving at one unusually dense patch of woodland and brush, it became necessary to leave the stream, and skirt the edges of the thicket. When I was half-way round, the sound of voices from the other side of the intervening brush caught my ear. These, as I approached, resolved themselves into the rhythmic cadence of an Indian chant—the rising and falling of that simple song without words which is common to all the North-western Indians: "Hi-yi-yi-yi-ya-ha-ha-ha-hi-yi!" and so on in endless strophes of "Hi-yi-yi!" and antistrophes of "Ha-ya-ya!" On rounding the end of the woodland I came upon the party from which the song proceeded—my friend and enemy, Tsin-shil-zaska, and his two satellites. Just now all three were revolving in a common orbit round the same centre. From a distance I could not see what that centre was; but on approaching I found it to be a simple stake, some four feet high, driven into the ground, on the top of which a dead scarlet-crested woodpecker was impaled. Whether the woodpecker was an accidental victim, or whether the old bird of augury still has for the red man of the North-west any supernatural properties I do not know. However, there Picus lay, or hung, evidently the central figure in a solemn ceremonial.

It was a dance which was new to me, and I have a suspicion that it was invented for the occasion by Tsin-shil-zaska. Their blankets were thrown aside, and all were, except for a waistcloth, from the sides of which depended the straps by which the leggings, which reached a little above the knees, were supported, entirely naked. They were revolving in a circle, some ten feet in diameter, each equidistant from the other, of which the impaled woodpecker was the centre. Their attitudes and gestures were the same, and those which are adopted by, I believe, all Indians in their solemn dances: the knees slightly bent; the bronze body leaned a little forward, as if in eager, stealthy

march upon some enemy; the head erect, and turning stiffly and in jerks from side to side; the left hand pressed upon the groin; the right upraised, as if about to stab with the large knife which each held in his fingers. "Hi-yi-yi-yi! Hi-ya-a-a! Ya-ha-ha-ha!" and so on, and so on—*da capo* and *ad libitum*. Each sang without reference to the time of the others, and moved his feet, raising them at each step very high, and planting them flat and firmly, only to the cadence of his own voice. At intervals, Tsin-shil-zaska, who was evidently coryphæus, would, in addition to his regulat revolution in the common orbit, make a quick secondary revolution on his own axis—turning round on his heels as if suspecting some enemy behind, and quickly resuming his place in the circle, to recommence hi-yi-ing with renewed vigour.

For fully a quarter of an hour I watched them treading their weary round; then Tsin-shil-zaska quickened his step. The others followed suit. Quicker and quicker they revolved, till all were fairly on the run. Meanwhile their voices were rising, and the chant grew faster and wilder, till at length it culminated in that strange yelping noise into which all Indian chantings resolve themselves in the crisis of a dance. They brandished their right arms around their heads. The heads themselves turned rapidly from side to side. Keenest excitement was on every face. The yelpings rose higher and higher yet; faster and more furious grew the dance, till suddenly, with one demoniacal howl in unison, all three sprang on the poor woodpecker with uplifted knives. A sudden stab from Tsin-shil-zaska's hand, loosened the bird from the stake, and it dropped to the ground. In an instant all were on their knees beside it, and in rapid succession the three knives were plunging into the mangled body—so rapid that it seemed a wonder that none stabbed a comrade by mistake. For half a minute, perhaps, they were on their knees, each stabbing as fast as his muscles would work, and throwing into every stroke the strength of a death-thrust.

It was unutterably horrible and savage to watch. I felt my own being thrill with excitement, and the muscles of my hands twitched responsively as the Indians stabbed. When they rose from the ground, a few small shreds of bloody flesh and a litter of feathers—red and green and grey—were all that remained of the sacred bird.

It was a very Dance of Death. Whether or not anything as to the meaning of what I had witnessed had yet formed itself in my mind, I cannot say. I knew that it made me shudder; that it was horrid—the condensed expression of all the bloodthirstiness of savage nature; and, vaguely, that it had somehow a terrible significance. It was not long before I knew what that significance was.

After a moment's rest, Tsin-shil-zaska proceeded to gather up the feathers and fragments of flesh in his hands. Advancing to the edge of the swollen river, which was not ten paces away, he scattered them over the water, to be swirled away into eddies as soon as they touched the stream. This action he accompanied with the low chanting of what I knew must be a curse. Most of it was unintelligible to me, being in his native tongue, but twice the words "good father" caught my ear, and made me shudder. Ceasing, he turned round, took half a pace towards the Mission, and stood, the knife clasped in his right hand at the level of the thigh, the left foot forward as if about to make a spring, and every muscle in his body strained and rigid. The other two at once caught the spirit of the pose, and, similarly grasping their knives, threw themselves into the same attitude, facing in the same direction. A yell broke from Tsin-shil-zaska's lips. He raised his knife as if to strike, and all three started to run abreast towards the Mission. At first I thought they were really about to "run amuck" to the father's cabin, and murder him in their present frenzy. But after some ten paces they halted, brandished their knives, with a ferocity that was indescribable, in the air, in the direction of the invisible buildings, gave one yell, and suddenly relapsed into perfect Indian apathy.

It was awful to see the completeness with which they controlled themselves. A moment before, fierce as wolves savage with the lust of blood; and now, with their bronze skins still flashing in the sun from the perspiration which the excitement and

exercise had forced from their pores, unconcerned and listless as if after a day of idleness.

I did not wait by the river, but started at once for the Mission. There was no longer the shadow of a doubt in my mind as to the significance of what I had witnessed. The ferocity of the final feint in the direction of the Mission could not be misunderstood, even if the repetition of the father's name in Tsin-shil-zaska's curse had not already given the cue. That a murder, and a murder of the most revolting kind, was about to be committed I knew, without any argument or the necessity of putting my knowledge into words. The medicine-man was, of course, the instigator of the horrible conspiracy, with no possible motive for his crime but malice and jealousy, with perhaps a touch of fear, awakened by the father's reference to his vision, lest his disposition of myself should be discovered. The dance, with its bloody symbolism—whether improvised or of traditional observance on such occasions, I could not guess—was undoubtedly intended to give to the crime some semblance of religious sacrifice in the minds of the other two. All this I realised without formulating my apprehensions into words, as I ran, in dazed, staggering haste, back to the Mission.

Arrived at the father's cabin, I found him seated on a stool, lost in meditation, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, his hands folded in his lap. I threw myself kneeling at his feet, rested my elbows on his knees, and gazed in an agony of supplication and despair into his eyes. If I could but tell him! If by the lightest sign I could only make known my presence to him, then it might be that in some way I could put him on his guard! If it were only night-time, when I could speak to him in his sleep! But I thought with terror that before another night came it might be too late, and I would only be able, having witnessed his murder, to implore, in the perhaps more perfect communication of invisible with invisible spirit, his forgiveness. Was it quite impossible to establish a means of correspondence with his waking mind? All my life I have had the supremest contempt for what I have considered the charlatanry of spiritualism, and mind-reading, and "Christian science;" but in those moments of agony, how I wished that I had given even the smallest study to the methods which I had been so quick to despise!

Kneeling before him, I gazed with all my soul into the great grave eyes which, at a distance of scarcely a foot, looked through mine, and struggled to project some impulse of my mind into his. If ever man was enabled to influence and inform the mind of another, surely I, I thought, in the intensity of my endeavour, can influence him. Striving my utmost, contracting my brows to concentrate my gaze the more perfectly, drawing my eyes closer and closer to his, I watched with tingling anxiety every light and shade that flitted across his face. Sometimes serene in quiet meditation, then ruffling under the passing shadow of troubled thought, then again placid and smooth as if sunlit with the light of piety, I watched his eyes, as one may watch the surface of the lake on a day of fickle cloud and sunshine. More earnestly still I attempted to compress my whole being—heart and thought—into my gaze, and to force my mind into communion with his, trying to cut my attention from wandering even so far as to recognise the changes of expression on his sad, sweet face.

Whether or not I influenced him, certainly he was influencing me. I felt myself drawn more near and yet more near to him; my very life seemed to merge and lose itself in the soft light of his eyes; a sense of dependence came over me—of oblivion. I ceased to realise my own corporeal individuality, and felt drawn by those eyes into a clearer, purer atmosphere than I was used to move in. My mind was wrapped, engulfed, in his. A sense of quiet and of holy awe to which I was a stranger came over me. I knew that his temper was absorbing mine, or rather infusing itself into me. With an effort I strove to undazzle my sense, and with my heart as much as with my lips I murmured, "Murder!" And it seemed to me as if it were he who murmured it, not I—or at least that our two beings murmured it as one.

Suddenly his brow contracted. His eye darkened, as if some thunder-cloud obscured the light. His lips moved. The charm was broken, and my mind freed itself from his. Hastily he rose and paced to the door; then returned, and gazing for a moment, with clasped hands, at the crucifix where it hung against the rough log wall, in the further shadow of the little cabin, dropped on his knees beneath it in prayer.

"O Lord! I know not whether these presentiments, so recurring often, are sent of Thee, or whether they are but the unworthy forebodings of a fearful heart. Thy will be done, O Lord! In the days past, Thine arm has upheld me in the presence of death, when the knives were already lifted against me, and Thy goodness has softened the savage hearts. Lord, Thou knowest that Thy servant awaits Thy bidding, and that if it be Thy pleasure that I should now die by the hand of violence I am willing to suffer. But I pray Thee, O Lord, that this act be not laid to the charge of him who does it. Of Thy infinite mercy, I beseech Thee to pardon him——"

And here his voice became inaudible. I had influenced him! At least I had been able, however dimly, to warn him of the danger which impended; but I knew, and sickened at the knowledge, that he would take no steps to avoid what was coming, but would meet it resignedly as a manifestation of His will.

The rest of that day was terrible to me, as one long walking nightmare. But at last the time for the evening service arrived. The father, who had been on his knees in prayer since mid-afternoon, entered the Mission building. The Indians came up the hill, with their long shadows in front, and followed him into the sacred edifice. Then they sat silent, expressionless, indifferent, while the man whom they were about to murder prayed for them. Perhaps they did not hear him, or surely his gentle words must have softened their hearts. His prayers were short. Doubtless he felt the mockery of it all. His words were chiefly a supplication in behalf of the three visible members of his congregation; a hope that they might be blessed and purified, and made to live in the way of peace and gentleness, forgetting more and more the untaught manners of their fathers, and leading with every day a life of greater humanity and mercy. They submitted passively to be prayed for, never changing countenance, and, when he ceased, rose and shuffled down the aisle, shutting the sunlight out of the door as they stepped into the open air. The father remained, as usual, a few minutes on his knees, and then passed out with bowed head. The Indians were waiting outside for his customary evening greeting, which was given with greater earnestness than usual, and which they acknowledged doggedly, and with a brief, ungracious-sounding murmur of response. Their faces did not change—the same stolid, expressionless features, and the eyes fixed on the further dusk of the evening.

It was all, to me, inexpressibly pathetic and very terrible.

The father lingered in his cabin doorway for one last look at the now half-hidden sun, and I thought that I saw "in his eyes the fore-knowledge of death." Very deep and sad the eyes were, while the whole cabin, his face, his very robe, and the hillside beyond were flushed with rose-colour. Turning, he went into the cabin. The Indians shuffled off, their three figures black and large against the sky.

The father was soon again upon his knees, and I sat crushed and weary in the doorway. The last tinge of rose almost faded from the western sky. The song of the meadow-lark and the osprey's shrill scream ceased, and the night-hawks wheeled overhead. The mist hanging over the river shut out all the landscape. Once the father rose, and paced up and down his cabin; and when he stopped in the doorway I rose, and laid my hands on his shoulders, endeavouring to bring my mind once more into communication with his, to piece out the imperfect warning of the afternoon. But it was useless. His eyes were looking up to heaven, "filled with the sacred imagination of things which are not," and I knew that his mind was on a plane to which I could not climb —holy and unapproachable in its serenity. It awed me, and I soon desisted. As I sat down again a strange dizziness came over

me, causing sudden hope to thrill through me. But it passed, though I sat with head thrown back and muscles relaxed, inviting it to return.

Darkness fell. The father prayed on. Hours passed—nine o'clock—ten—eleven. My strained ears had as yet heard no sound from the direction of the teepee. At last the father rose, and lit a small remnant of candle, which was placed on a shelf just below the crucifix, so that that only caught any light, the kneeling figure below and the bunk being in complete darkness. Looking out into the night, I gave a sudden start. Something moved there in the further, faint candlelight. Yes, there were figures approaching—one—two—three; and I knew that the supreme hour had come.

But once more the dizziness was on me. This time the fit did not pass away so quickly; and what followed is all indistinct in my memory. I can remember Tsin-shil-zaska entering the cabin. I rose, and followed him in. I saw the father standing and facing the Indian. Then sinking on my knees behind and almost touching the latter, as he stood beside the table, I swooned.

When I recovered consciousness, it was to suffer again all the internal rackings, the nausea, and the dizziness that had beset me after the drinking of the drug. Through them I was dimly conscious of a certain hopefulness—hope that this second agony might mean that the potion had exhausted itself. But hope was soon blotted out again by physical pain.

Brokenly, as if from a distance, voices reached me. A movement in the blanket just before my face suddenly attracted my attention. The Indian's right arm had dropped stealthily down, and the long blade of the knife that I had seen twice before protruded from under the folds to within a few inches of my cheek. Again the fit came over me, and I sank lower to the ground, resting with my knuckles on the sawdust-floor; and as the paroxysm passed, a new fact came dimly to me: I became aware that I could feel a sensation of weight upon my hands—a sensation to which I had long been a stranger.

Hope? Oh, I was hopeful in a vague weary way. Everything was strange and unreal. I knew that I was becoming myself again; that my flesh gained substance once more. I knew that my horrid trance was ending; but I knew also that murder was about to be committed before me, and above all was the sense of intense sickness and great physical pain. I knew what was going on—knew it acutely; but I did not seem to care.

The Indian fumbled the handle of the knife in his fingers; and I heard his voice:

"Tsin-shil-zaska has not the power to bring the dead to life, but he can make the living dead."

The crisis had arrived. I saw the fingers moving nervously on the knife handle, as if preparing for the final grip. A few seconds more and all would be too late. Clearly, as in a burst of light, it all came to me. Had I strength? I knew not, but with a sudden spring I had clutched the murderer's hand in both of mine. The left grasped his wrist. The right wrenched the knife from his unsuspecting fingers. I jumped to my feet. He turned quickly to confront me. The candle, long apparently dead, shot up into sudden brilliancy, and a gleam of terror came into his eyes, as he saw who it was that faced him. In a quick movement of fear he raised his left arm, and with it the blanket from his breast, and I drove the knife with all my strength into his heart.

We fell together to the ground. Neither had uttered a sound. Then, as I lay, came the nausea again—deadly retching; everything swam around me; my head seemed bursting; then blackness, and once more I was unconscious.

. . . . .

When I awoke it was afternoon, as was evident from the sunlight which shone aslant in at the open door, throwing a long, pointed patch of yellow across the floor. I was in the father's cabin, lying on the bunk, with a blanket thrown over me. I knew at once that I was again as other men are. Father Francis kneeled by my side.

"Father!"

"My son!"

"Can you see me?"

"Assuredly, my son!"

With a long sigh of relief I turned on my side, and gazed out of the open door at the sunlit landscape, my whole being filled with a sense of dreamy pleasure, such as one feels between sleep and waking—an inexpressible contentment. There was no alloy whatever in the pure enjoyment of the sensation of new-found life.

. . . . .

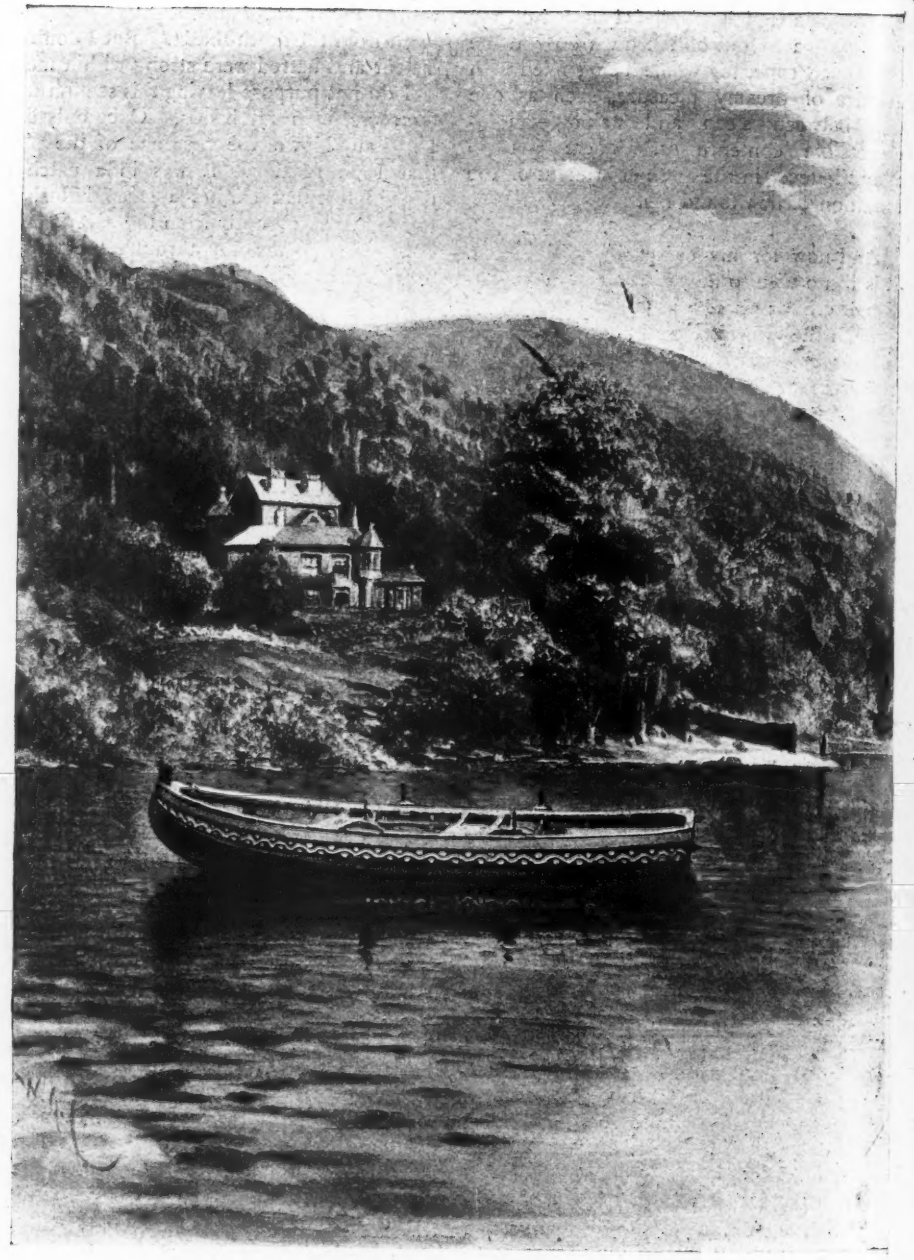
And now for my object in writing this. It is in no wise to be regarded as a confession of crime; though indeed, if at any time, through the information of any of the other Indians, accusation should be made against Father Francis of the murder of the medicine man, herein lies his exculpation. Nor is it simply written to catch the public ear by the narration of experiences which I believe to be unprecedented. It is chiefly for the benefit of my brothers of the medical profession, many hundreds of whom will know my name.

Somewhere on these western slopes of the Bitter Roots, not far from the Cœur d'Alène River, and so near to the Mission that the Indian could procure it within a day's journey, is to be found a drug of properties entirely new to science. A physician will not need to be told that the action of the potion was not that of any ordinary acid or alkali. Its operation on me was something more than one of mere chemical dissolution—no simple resolving of matter into its elements. With some subtler action than chemist has ever been called upon to analyse—by means of properties the very genus of which cannot be guessed at—it works upon the vital forces themselves. It is the fable of Gyges' ring translated into the language of prescriptions: "the gift of fernseed" in the hands of every qualified pharmacist in the United States! And during the two months in which I have been searching for the herb with the pungent, well-remembered smell, there is not a fern on the mountain side that I have not examined and experimented with again and again, with some vague, half-superstitious hope that the old myth may somehow help me to the truth.

I have visited the reservation, and cross-questioned the only medicine-man now holding any authority, but am convinced that he knows nothing of the secret. Perhaps, had I considered I was destroying the only clue within my reach, I might have stayed my hand from the death-thrust. But I doubt it. Terror and hatred were strong within me.

I do not purpose leaving this section until the secret is in my hands. Once only have I had any hint of the presence of the plant that I am seeking. It was in a patch of dense forest that clothes a steep hill slope, where it rises abruptly from the river's edge. I was forcing my way through the tangled brush, when suddenly there was a movement a few yards ahead, and a great she cinnamon bear rose in the dim light from behind a rotting log, where she had been lying with her pair of cubs. I knew that I should have to fight, and at once brought my Winchester to my shoulder. The brute scrambled over the log towards me, and as she rose on her haunches on the nearer side, scarcely fifteen feet away, I fired. She dropped, but rose again and charged. The flash from the muzzle must almost have scorched her face, as my second bullet crashed through her skull. So close to me was she that, in falling, one of her fore-paws struck me just above the ankle, and sent me rolling backwards into the brush. In that moment when I was falling the well-remembered scent came clearly to my nostrils. Forgetting all about the cubs, I began plucking the leaves and crushing the stems of every plant around; snapping twigs from the branches and peeling the bark from the trees, testing every substance with my nose. For a time I even thought that perhaps I was mistaken, and the drug was not an herb at all, but was expressed from some portion of the bear. A series of experiments with the carcase, however, have convinced me that there was no truth in that, and I am to-day as far from the discovery as ever.

But I will not abandon my hope. The chances of mishap in the life that I am leading are many, and it is possible that I may never live to achieve the great triumph. But I am hopeful, and do not believe that the object of my search can much longer evade me. If anything should happen to me, however, I implore some brother physician who has known me and can rely on what I say, by the love that he bears to his profession, to take up the task that I leave uncompleted.



(From a sketch by W. G. Collingwood)

Ruskin's "Jump"

Ruskin's "Jump"

By W. G. Collingwood

"JUMP" was the Brantwood vernacular for "Jumping Jenny"; and she was Ruskin's own private, particular "water sulky," as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table put it. There is hardly any need to say that she was named after the famous though somewhat disreputable brig, commanded and partly owned by the late Anthony Ewart, not unknown to readers of Ruskin's favourite novel "Redgauntlet." I do not mean to commit myself to any statement of literary criticism in calling "Redgauntlet" his favourite novel, or to imply that he thought it the best book ever written: but it was one which he continually quoted in conversation and discussed with pleasure in his autobiography. Of all the novels he read in those evenings of "auld lang syne," when he pulled the four candles close to him at the drawing-room table, and we sketched furtively in corners, Laurence Hilliard and I, and the ladies plied their needles—no novel was read with more delight and effect. It was a pretty way of passing the evening, but not so easy to imitate unless you have a Ruskin to read to you. He had a way of suggesting the dramatic variety of the conversations without trying to be stagey, and a skill in "cutting" the long paragraphs of Scott's descriptions which made it all as good as a play. He did not make you hot and ready to scream as many readers do, in their anxiety to act the scene.

Ruskin was no sailor, and never went for a real voyage; but he was very fond of boats and shipping, and all that came from the sea. One of his grandfathers had been a sailor. As far as I can make out, this grandfather was an East-coast skipper of small craft, very much like one of the captains of "Many Cargoes," and "Sea Urchins." He had passed out of this world before John Ruskin came into it, and the little genius never had the luck to hear sea-stories and to learn the mysteries of reef-knots and clove-hitch from an old captain grandfather. It would have been so good for him! But one must not forget that in the making of John Ruskin there was a quarter of the blood of a seafarer. It is a rather curious fact, also, and one which has not, I believe, been mentioned in print, that the earliest Ruskin of all was a sea captain. Mr. W. Hutton Brayshay tells me that he has found in the Record Office a notice of the name in the fourteenth century; this mediæval Ruskin was captain of one of Edward III.'s ships. We cannot connect him with John Ruskin's family, any more than we can connect the Ruskins of Dalton-in-Furness in the sixteenth century; but this identity of name suggests that they may have been ancestors. It is a problem which can only be solved by research, but it should be possible, if one had time and money to work out the pedigree from wills and registers.

Turner was his real teacher in seafaring matters, giving him, if nothing more, a true interest in the look of waves and ships. It was for Turner's sake that he wrote the fine essay on "the boat in art and poetry" which forms the introduction to "Harbours of England"; and this glorification of the coastwise fishing craft, and the old ship of the line was not merely a literary man's concoction, but the outcome of much study and sketching at Deal, where he spent the summer of 1855 to steep himself in the subject. In the early sixties, again, he stayed for some time at Boulogne in lodgings under the sandhills north of the pier, and made friends with a French pilot and mackerel fisher who, after due apprenticeship, actually promoted him to the tiller—an honour of which he was really prouder than that election to the membership of a foreign Academy which he forgot to answer until it was too late to say any more about it.

So when he came to Coniston, and had his own house on his own lake, he could not be without boats. There was a landing-place on the shore beneath Brantwood, shown in our photograph as it was in the

earlier stages of its development, with Mrs. Arthur Severn and Miss Constance Hilliard, (Mrs. W. H. Churchill) on the first primitive breakwater, and Mr. Severn's sailboat in the four or five miles' career up the long waterway; and the fun of riding with them is quite different from the struggle of getting your boat home again. Now Ruskin was a

(Sutcliffe, photographer, Whitby)

Brantwood Harbour in the Seventies

distance. Ruskin did not care for lake-sailing; a busy man hardly has time to wait for the moving of the water; and he got one of the indigenous tubs for the diversion of rowing. He did not fish, and he had the greatest scorn for rowing as it is done at Oxford. "That's not rowing; that's galley-slaves' work!" he used to tell us. "To bend to the stroke, and time your oars to the beat of the waves," was his ideal: he liked going out when there was a little sea on, and white horses; and he would paddle away before the wind with great enjoyment. But when there is a little sea on, at Coniston, it means a good deal of wind; though the waves are not very high they gather a fair amount of force in their very practical man in some things. "When you have too much to do, don't do it," he used to say. So after a wild water-gallop, he simply landed and walked home. When the wind changed he could bring back his boat. There was no use in making a pain of a pleasure.

The Lake district rowing-boat is built for the Lake fisherman, and it is as neatly adapted to its purpose as the Windermere yacht which, for the peculiar winds and waters of the place, is pretty nearly perfect. The fishers used to have two chief requirements, whether they netted or trolled; the boat must travel easily in lumpy but not violent water, for the men had far to go in reaching their "drawing-up spots," and in

taking their fish to market of an evening; and it must carry a good deal of tackle. In netting, there were always two partners, and so two thwarts and two pairs of sculls were used; in trolling, one went out alone, but there were rods and lines which needed space for convenient stowage. Consequently the boats were rather long, and rather low in the water; the sculls were fixed on pins, so that you could drop them when you got a bite, or landed hastily to take the hair-rope at your end of the net in drawing up. Feathering the oar was quite unknown; great speed unnecessary; great stability desirable; but not what a sailor would call seaworthiness. On the whole, for pleasure-boating on the lakes, these boats are safe and convenient; accidents are extremely rare, though hundreds and perhaps thousands of hopelessly unskilled people every summer try their hands at rowing, and do everything you ought not to do in a boat. It is impossible to insist on an experienced boatman going out with every party, and not always possible to prevent overcrowding. Local authorities have no powers, except to hang life-buoys (at their own personal expense) at convenient points on the shore. You will see one of the Coniston parish council's buoys on the boathouse in our photograph of the Hall: but you will be glad to know that it has hung there for years without being wanted for a rescue.

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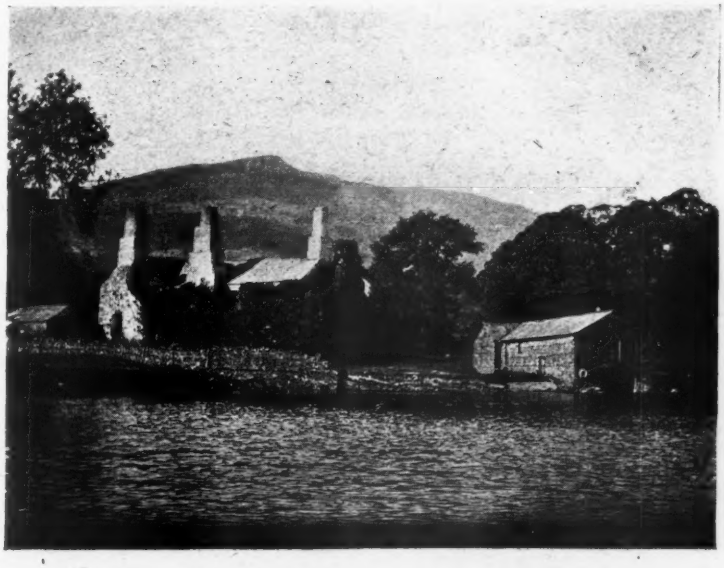

(Herbert Severn, Esq., photographer)

Coniston Hall and Boathouse

earlier stages of its development, with Mrs. Arthur Severn and Miss Constance Hilliard, (Mrs. W. H. Churchill) on the first primitive breakwater, and Mr. Severn's sailboat in the distance. Ruskin did not care for lake-sailing; a busy man hardly has time to wait for the moving of the water; and he got one of the indigenous tubs for the diversion of rowing. He did not fish, and he had the greatest scorn for rowing as it is done at Oxford. "That's not rowing; that's galley-slaves' work!" he used to tell us. "To bend to the stroke, and time your oars to the beat of the waves," was his ideal: he liked going out when there was a little sea on, and white horses; and he would paddle away before the wind with great enjoyment. But when there is a little sea on, at Coniston, it means a good deal of wind; though the waves are not very high they gather a fair amount of force in their four or five miles' career up the long water-way; and the fun of riding with them is quite different from the struggle of getting your boat home again. Now Ruskin was a very practical man in some things. "When you have too much to do, don't do it," he used to say. So after a wild water-gallop, he simply landed and walked home. When the wind changed he could bring back his boat. There was no use in making a pain of a pleasure.

(Sutcliffe, photographer, Whitby)

Brantwood Harbour in the Seventies

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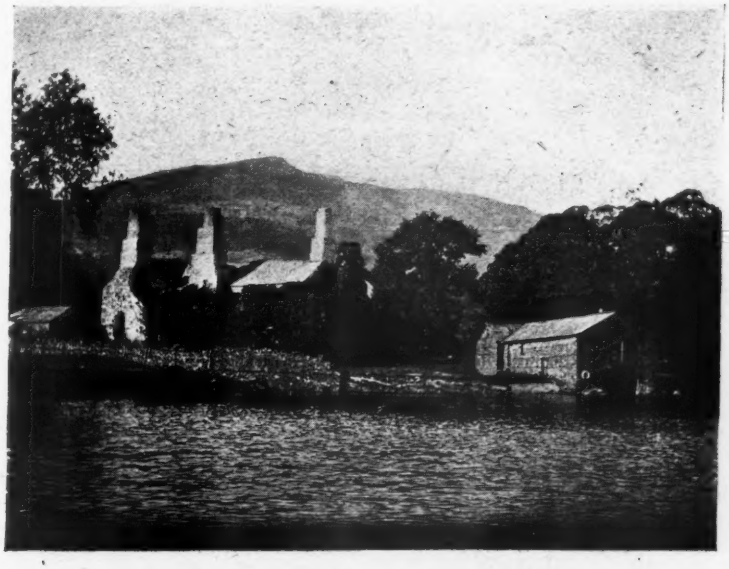


(Herbert Severn, Esq., photographer)

Coniston Hall and Boathouse

was only too pleased to have a hand in a real job, and turned out the drawings and the model for the new boat in workmanlike fashion. This was in 1879 or 1880.

Just opposite Brantwood, across the lake, the heroine of "Northanger Abbey"—about 1794 came to Coniston and mistook the old Coniston Hall for Conishead Priory, as it seems: and with an odd fallacy of romance described the "solemn vesper that once

(Hargreaves, photographer, Coniston)

The Ruskin Museum, Coniston

is the old Coniston Hall, built in the fifteenth century as the home of the Flemings of Coniston, but nearly two hundred years ago abandoned and left to ruin. Mrs. Radcliffe, who wrote the "Mysteries of Udolpho"—known to most readers nowadays less for itself than as the book that so excited swelled along the lake from those consecrated walls, and awakened, perhaps, the enthusiasm of the voyager, while evening stole upon the scene." But she was right enough in being charmed with the spot, as Ruskin was in his boyish visits, long before he dreamed of living—and dying—in view of the old round

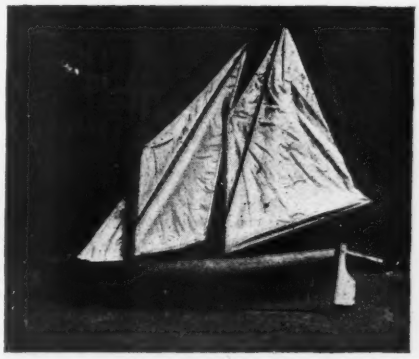
chimneys among the trees, with the ripple of lake below and the peak of the Old Man rising above. Early in the nineteenth century the ruins were fitted up as a farm, and somewhat later, the boathouse close by came to be the workshop of the man who built Ruskin's "Jump."

Mr. William Bell was one of the celebrities of this dale. In his youth he had been a sort of right-hand man of John Beever of the Thwaite, brother to the ladies of "Hortus Inclusus," and author of "Practical Fly-fishing." On the death of his father, William Bell became the leading carpenter of the place, and the leading Liberal, and during Mr. Gladstone's last Administration he was made J.P. for the county of Lancaster. Ruskin had heard of his neighbour, and sent word that he would like to come and take tea and have a talk about politics. Now the carpenter was used to Conservative orators and Liberal arguers, but he knew that Ruskin was a different sort of man; and all day long before the hour fixed for the visit he was in a greatly perturbed state of mind, walking up and down and wondering—a new thing for him—how he should tackle this unknown personality. At last the distinguished guest arrived. He was solemnly welcomed and shown into the parlour. The door was shut upon the twain. The son (Mr. John Bell), who felt he had brought into contact the irresistible force and the irremovable post, waited about hoping it would be all right, but in much trepidation as the sound of talk inside rose from a murmur to a rumble, and from a rumble to a roar. At last his father's well-known voice came through the partition in no trembling accents: "Ye're wrong to rags, Mister Ruskin!" "Then," says Mr. John, "I knew it was all right, and I went about my work." And after that Ruskin and "ald Will Bell" were firm friends in spite of differences.

So Will Bell built the "Jump"—or, to be accurate, was master-builder, employing at this job Mont. Barrow, well known to boat owners on Windermere for one of the most skilful of craftsmen, as his father was before him—and one fine day in spring she was launched at the boathouse with great ceremony. A wreath of daffodils was hung round her bows, and Miss Martha Gale christened her, with this little versicle which Ruskin made for the occasion:

> Waves give place to thee!
> Heaven send grace to thee!
> Fortune to ferry
> Kind hearts and merry!

There was one strange face in the group, one uninvited visitor. The people then at the Hall were not successful managers, though they had interested Ruskin, perhaps more through the idyllic prettiness of their homestead than otherwise. He had helped to stave off the failure by lending them £300, which they proposed to pay in geese! And the stranger at the launch was the man in possession. Alas! for "these consecrated walls," and the disillusionments of our Arcadia. Perhaps it is wise to add, in plain words, that twenty years have wrought changes at the Hall, and that the present tenants are quite different people.



(Hargreaves, photographer, Coniston)

Trial model for the Jumping Jenny

The "Jump," so launched at last, was always Ruskin's own boat, for his private particular use. Sometimes as a special honour the favoured guest was sent across the lake in her, rather than in a common boat; but to say the truth, if it wasn't for the honour of the thing, as the Irishman remarked when the bottom of the Sedan-chair came out, we had as soon walk round. She

rode the waves beautifully but you didn't seem to get forrarder with her. Perhaps it was the fallacy of the Scott Russell lines that made her heavy, or must we put all the blame on Ruskin? He tried to build a boat that would sail and row equally well, and that is not easy. She was never sailed, though the model, as you see from the photograph, is rigged. The "Jump," still on the water and often used, is treasured, I think, chiefly as a relic—Ruskin's flag-ship. When she is repainted, the old pattern round her gunwale, his device, and the brilliant blue, his favourite colour, are always reproduced, and she looks sound enough to outlast us all.

At a later time, when he was staying in Sandgate (1887–88) he reverted to his fondness for boating, and had several very beautiful models built and rigged—the old Dover packet, old style cutter and yawl and so forth—by Charles Dalby of Folkestone, now, I regret to hear, aged and disabled, but when he made these for Ruskin, a past master in the mystery. These models are at Brantwood; the model of the "Jump" is in the Coniston Museum. You can just see it in the photograph, in a lower case under the portrait at the right hand side of the picture. When we can afford the expense—for our museum is merely the beginning of what it will be when we get the benefactions I confidently expect from a discerning public—it shall be better shown. Its interest, as a side-light on Ruskin the many-sided, is worth a cubic yard of special case.

"Communing"

(Ps. iv. 4)

Oh heart, so full of love! why wilt thou seem
So hard and callous that the world must deem
Thee void of feeling, and would never seek
The affection which thy lips so seldom speak?

Oh heart so full of sympathy! why hide
Thy kindness 'neath a cloak which we call pride?
So that no troubled ones will turn to thee
For pity which thou wilt not let them see.

Oh heart so full of thankfulness and praise
To Him who saves and keeps thee all thy days!
Wherefore dost thou so oftentimes conceal
The gratitude thou burnest to reveal?

Oh heart so sensitive thou dost not dare
Unveil thyself! nor scarcely wilt thou share,
E'er with thy dearest, aught thou dost contain,
Those strange deep ponderings of joy or pain!

Oh foolish heart! unable to express
Thy sacred wealth, those thoughts of tenderness
Which flood thee, after seeking to o'erflow!
Oh why this mask of hardness wilt thou show?

Oh heart of flesh! why seem to be of stone?
Hiding the gentleness which should be shown.
Hearts starve for love. Haste thee! unlock thy shrine,
Forget thyself, display thy gifts divine.

E. M. N.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for July

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

THE CO-OPERATION OF INWARD AND OUTWARD FORCES IN SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

Ch. i. 5–12. But if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting; for he that doubteth is like the surge of the sea driven by the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord; a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways.

But let the brother of low degree glory in his high estate; and the rich, in that he is made low; because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the sun ariseth with the scorching wind, and withereth the grass; and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth: so also shall the rich man fade away in his goings.

IT is not well to read any book of the Bible as though it were a series of texts. There is a thread of connection which we ought to look for if we are to grasp the writer's meaning. Some of those who have commented, and commented well, upon this letter of St. James, have, I think, missed this thread of connection; and have in consequence described the letter as a series of disjointed precepts. It is true that at the end of the letter we meet with a number of instructions more or less isolated. But in the early part of the letter a definite purpose animates St. James. When we realise this purpose, the links which connect one part with another become clear. The principle of connection is more psychological and experimental than logical and argumentative. We shall see this if, before considering the passage (i. 5–12) in detail, we seek the undercurrent of thought.

First, then, St. James has expressed (i. 2–5) his belief that life is education; he has also affirmed that patience is needful if the full value of this education is to be won. The end of human discipline is likeness to God (i. 4). So our Lord taught. If we read the closing verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, we shall see how fully this thought filled Christ's mind. He says, "Exercise love, that ye may be the sons of your Father which is in heaven;" for indeed this is your destiny, the very end for which you were created and to which you are called. "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect" (St. Matt. v. 43–48). Likeness to God is the goal to which Christ points; and His disciples teach the same. Thus St. Paul urges his hearers to "put on the new man, which after God hath been created in righteousness and holiness of truth" (Eph. iv. 24). Similarly St. James teaches. The end of trial is "that ye may be perfect" (i. 4). It is ever that pattern of character which resembles God which is the ambition of Christian souls.

To attain to any perfectness or maturity, patience is needed. For instance, when a great purpose is achieved by effort, patience is one of the qualities which ensures success; or, again, when that ripeness which is the perfection of growth is looked for, patience is needed, even as the husbandman waiting for the precious fruit of the earth is patient over it (v. 7). When man works towards an ideal, he needs patience; when he waits for the operation of nature's laws, he needs patience; and when the soul of man would reach to likeness to God, it must take the way of patience also. Compare 2 Peter i. 6, where patience immediately precedes "godliness" in the evolution of the qualities of the soul.

Now for all true growth two co-operating forces are required. For the growth of the plant we need the seed and its environment of soil, sun, and shower. For the growth of character we need the disposition of the soul and the providences of life. In the opening paragraph St. James declares that there is an ideal or perfectness towards

which human character should grow. In the next paragraph (i. 5–8) he describes the inward disposition which is a pre-requisite of such a growth. In the third paragraph (i. 9–12) he touches on the environing circumstances, the providential vicissitudes of life. Thus in verses 5–8 he may be said to describe the condition of the seed: in verses 9–12 he describes the influence of circumstances, the powers which in life play the same part as shower and sun play in the world of natural growth. If we keep the idea of soul-growth before us, we shall understand the connection of the two paragraphs. We seem to hear St. James saying —character, lofty character, even likeness to God, is the true end of existence. All the circumstances of life, if rightly understood, are designed to help forward that end, just as rain, storm, and sunshine make for the ripening of the harvest. But the sun and rain ripen alike the tares and the wheat. Therefore it is needful that the soul should possess that disposition which will be sure to ripen into godlike character. In verses 5–8 he gives his view of what the disposition of the soul ought to be in order that it may ripen aright. In verses 9–12 he gives a picture of the influences under which this ripening takes place. In other words, these two paragraphs stand related to one another as the inward and outward forces which are concerned in spiritual development.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE INWARD FORCES OF THE SOUL (SENSE OF DEPENDENCE)

Ch. i. 5–8

"BUT if any of you lack wisdom." All of us feel at times our want of wisdom. The perplexing question how to act for the best has often shown us the need of sage counsel. The wisdom desired at such times is wisdom for a special event. Is not, however, wisdom for life more important than wisdom for one set of circumstances? Do we not realise that one of the best gifts which could be bestowed upon us would be that gift of wide and general wisdom which would make us skilful and prudent in the conduct of our lives? It is this general wisdom which St. James has in mind. What he has just written about patience and the trials of life leads him to remember the common human need of that larger wisdom which enables a man to guide all his life affairs with discretion (Ps. cxii.).

But the first step towards this wisdom is self knowledge—*i.e.*, the consciousness that we lack wisdom. On the ocean of life we are like the Breton fisherman: we realise that the sea is so great and our boat is so small, and therefore we betake ourselves to God, for the sea is His and He made it. The first step in the larger wisdom is the realisation of our dependence upon God. We may well compare this with the principle laid down in the Book of Proverbs, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." There are indications in our epistle that St. James was familiar with that old book of life-counsels; but we can see that he has moved forward, and taken a step above the level of that ancient Jewish wisdom. He lives in a more sunny atmosphere. He does not speak of fear as the first step in wisdom. Whatever truth there may be, and doubtless is, in this old wisdom, St. James has taken a step beyond it. He says to the soul conscious of its lack of wisdom that its security lies in the character of God. Man, aware of his want of experience, and distrustful of self, may turn with confidence to a God whose property is ever gracious generosity and ready helpfulness. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Do we not feel that the man who wrote these words has caught the spirit of His Master's teaching? Do we not hear the music of Christ's words making melody in his soul as he pictures the ungrudging liberality of the Father God? Those gracious words of Christ come inresistibly to our memory: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. . . . Or what man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will he give him a stone; or if he shall ask for a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father

which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him" (Matt. vii. 7–11). "He giveth to all men liberally," writes St. James. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust," says Jesus Christ (Matt. v. 45).

THIRD SUNDAY

THE INWARD FORCES (CONFIDENCE IN GOD

We are prepared by these thoughts for St. James' caution to him who asks for wisdom. "Let him ask in faith." St. James would have his hearers realise the bounteous character of the Heavenly Father: he takes his stand on the character of God. He started with the view that life properly understood and properly met is education; it can only be so on the supposition that a divine wisdom and love guides all. Man can only enter into the possession of true wisdom by entering into fellowship with the God of wisdom. He does this when he throws himself unhesitatingly upon the guidance of God. He first realises his dependence on God; he then realises that to benefit by the operation of the Divine Order of things he must enter into fellowship with the Divine wisdom; he must share the spirit of Him who governs all things in heaven and earth: to do this is to possess a portion of the unfailing wisdom. But naturally and necessarily the condition of this fellowship is faith. Since how can he enter into partnership with the wisdom that rules the world unless he believes in that wisdom? Or to put it in another way—how can he enter into the spirit of the Righteous Ruler of all unless he believes in righteousness? Faith in the ultimate triumph of right—or, better still, faith in right itself—is faith in righteousness; and this is the entering into the spirit of God, for to have this faith is to share the spirit of Him who sitteth on the throne judging right. Turn the thought the opposite way; let a man begin to lose faith in right; let him become the victim of a plausible expediency or let him become influenced by self-interest; let him allow the intrusion of any thought or desire which lessens his confidence in right; and he of necessity paralyses his power of approach to God in prayer: for he has fallen out of harmony with the spirit of righteousness. This will be the clearer to us if we remember that wisdom in St. James' view is not mere cleverness or adroitness, or the nimble sagacity based on three-score years' experience of the tricks of men, but a wisdom ethical in quality—a wisdom of purity, peacefulness, mercifulness (*cf.* iii. 17)—in other words, a wisdom based on righteousness, and so involving belief in goodness as a guide to life. To possess this is to enter into the spirit of God: to doubt this goodness is to fall out of harmony with that spirit. To ask for such a wisdom while we disbelieve in its value is to contradict our own prayers.

There is therefore a certain steadiness of soul needed for successful prayer: no man can truly pray who does not love the thing which his God commands. Hence, all wandering desires move man from this steadfastness of soul, and, being hindrances to perfect communion, they are obstacles to real prayer. From this principle it follows that a lack of real and full-hearted desire on our part paralyses prayer at the outset. We do not pray our prayers unless we truly wish the thing we pray for. The divided heart does not pray. This state of soul is glanced at by St. James' words, "Let him ask in faith, nothing doubting." There must be no manner of doubt. Doubt concerning the character of God, or disbelief in righteousness, vitiates all prayer for the establishment of right, and similarly, the doubtfulness of a divided soul enfeebles prayer. How often we pray for the things we know we ought to desire, but as we pray our poor weak worldly hearts cry out against our prayer being answered! When such a condition of heart prevails, our whole inward being is disorganised. Its coherence is broken up; our passions, like winds, lash our souls into storm. He that is divided in desire is like a surge of the sea, wind-driven and shaken as a fan is shaken. The word used expresses the movement of a fan. A man so uncertain cannot win the ear of heaven. Let not that man—such a man as that—

think that he shall receive anything of the Lord (i. 7). Such a man is no true servant of righteousness. He is not whole-hearted; he is not single-minded. He is, to use the word of St. James, a double-minded man. Perhaps "double-souled" would express the thought more clearly to modern ears. Double-minded is often used to mean a person who has a sinister object in view; who is seeking definitely some selfish end, while he is plausible enough in virtuous or flattering speech. But there is no vacillation of such in such double-mindedness. Such a man is wholly and strongly set upon his own objects. The double-minded man whom St. James has in mind is the man whose moral nature is enfeebled by the vacillation and double-hearted condition of his own soul. He would fain serve God and mammon. He would do right, and yet would wrongly win. His feet will move from the doomed city, but, like Lot's wife, his eyes are looking back with wistful regret. Such men are the Reubens of life to whom all excellence is denied (Gen. xlix. 4). His heart is vacillating; his conduct is uncertain. He is the double-minded man, unstable in all his ways. God wants not such servants. He wants rock-like men who can stand four square to all the winds that blow. He wants single-minded men whose souls are illumined with the certainty of right. He wants men whose sympathies are unalterably with righteousness. Such men are invincible—win their petitions—for those who live in the divine thought, and whose hearts love the divine commandments are invincible in prayer. "If," said Jesus Christ, "ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John xv. 7).

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE EXTERNAL FORCES IN SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

I have tried to show that the paragraphs in the passage (i. 5–12) are not disjointed. The sequence of thought will be clear to those who have so realised the earnestness with which St. James has urged whole-heartedness on his hearers. Man ought to be like Jerusalem, a city at unity in itself. He should possess individuality, the mysterious and impressive coherence of soul which belongs to men of purpose. He should be, not driftwood, but an actor in life's strife; he should be a voice, not an echo; he should be the slave of no desire, still less the victim of many conflicting ones. Some supreme dominating principle should govern his life. We consent to this view when we think of what true manhood is, when we realise man's capacity and the dignity of character which is open to him. But we recognise still more the necessity for some strong individuality of character when we remember the nature of those external circumstances which try and test men.

To these St. James alludes. He touches on the vicissitudes of life in a brief and illustrative way. He takes poverty and wealth; he pictures the rich man who has fallen upon evil times; and he indicates the steadfastness of soul with which such vicissitudes should be met. Such trials were common enough at a time when followers of Christ suffered the loss of all things for their Master's sake. The power of Christianity then showed itself in the unconquerable joy which characterised Christians in the midst of such trials. St. Paul counted all things—which he once valued—as worthless compared with what he won and found in Christ (Phil. iii. 7, 8). The note of joy meets us in the New Testament, yet we know something of what these writers endured—loss of wealth, loss of social position, the scorn of friends, the bitter hostility of foes. Life was not easier to Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and Barnabas, when they threw in their lot with Christ. But they could rejoice in whatever lowering of prestige or lessening of means came to them in consequence of their faith. This joy in spite of circumstances shows a condition of mind higher than that of stoical pride; for pride of this quality tends to cynicism; but in joy there is no cynicism.

The secret of the Christian joy in earthly vicissitude lies in the complete revolution of their views of life. The light of heaven transforms the whole world. When it shines men see things no longer in shadow, but as

they truly are. The really valuable things are the ethical and spiritual. A man's life does not consist of the abundance of the things which he possesses. A man's life is nearness to God, likeness to his Father in heaven. All that makes for this is good. The turning wheel of fortune can bring nothing but good. Patience will work experience, and experience hope. All things will work together for good, therefore all can be met with joy. The loss of wealth is nothing to him whose riches are things spiritual, and whose treasure therefore is of a kind outside the reach of earthly change. The rich man in St. James' day did meet with humiliation. He felt it, as men must feel change, but he had a compensating joy in the access of inner peace. He could realise the beatitude of the poor, for he measured riches by spiritual affinity with God; he measured life by service. Earthly means were only of secondary importance, valuable only as means of service. Therefore the soul in which Christ dwelt could strike the note of gladness whatever fate or fortune came. His song, like the song of a lark, was sung close to the gate of heaven, and poured forth from a heart rich with spiritual joy and strong in the inspiring sense of the love of God.

The Marquis of Salisbury

By Frederick Douglas How, Author of "Bishop Walsham How, A Memoir," &c.

VII. Personal Characteristics—Hatfield House

AN attempt has been made in the foregoing chapters to give some idea of a few of the phases of Lord Salisbury's life with which the public may not be familiar, either by reason of the lapse of time, or because the brilliance of his career as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary has put other matters in the shade. It remains to describe the sort of man our Premier is at the present day and the sort of surroundings among which he lives. The first thing to strike any one who has carefully observed Lord Salisbury is his extraordinary calm. His self-command under circumstances the most trying and in crises the most alarming has been nothing short of marvellous. A great ambassador of a foreign court once spoke of his astonishment at this great calmness and likened him to a rock beaten by the waves. During the period in which Lord Salisbury has guided the fortunes of our country, events have happened which would have shaken to their foundations many other governments and states. To his firmness and calm resolve we in great measure owe the fact that the greatness of our nation has not been impaired by the loss of Ireland and by the dismemberment of the Empire in other directions. To come to very recent events, the self-control exhibited by the Prime Minister all through the anxious strain of the Boer War has done much to keep the nation cool and to minimise the fear of disaster. There was a good deal of criticism expressed when he took his usual holiday and rest at Beaulieu in the summer of 1901. Many letters and articles appeared in the Press at the time. An exceedingly amusing little poem found a place in the *Outlook*, and is worth quoting here:

ODE TO LORD SALISBURY

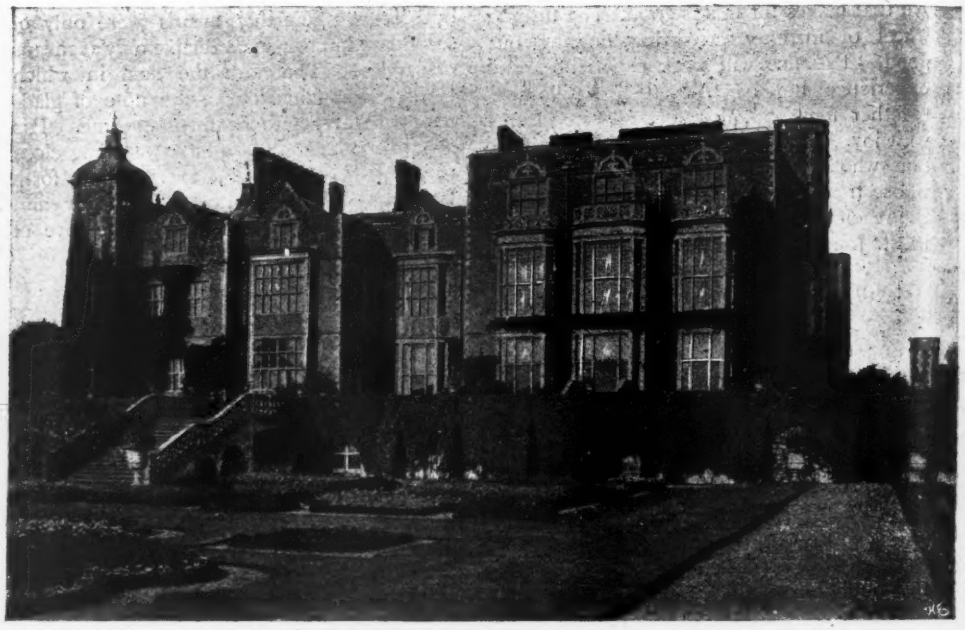
My dear Lord Salisbury,—
If this should meet your eye,
Return at once;
All will be forgiven and forgotten,
Johnnie
(You remember little Johnnie Bull, don't you?)
Is asking after you.
I expect to see this, or the like of it,
In my morning paper
Almost any morning,
Things, my dear Lord Salisbury, are in a bad way.
I grudge no man a holiday,
But I do say,
What is the good of having a Prime Minister,
Who somehow,
Never seems to bestir himself?

This very wittily expresses what a good

many people felt at the time, but anything in the shape of a premature return to London, or an apparently urgent summoning of the Cabinet, would have been not only unnecessary but possibly productive of a panic, and no good purpose would have been served.

Then, again, in January 1901 there occurred the death of our beloved Queen Victoria. How quietly and calmly the nation passed through what many expected, and some few hoped, would have proved an anxious crisis. No doubt the nation was ready to welcome King Edward VII., whose public labours and private geniality had already greatly endeared him, but it was also due in some measure to the sense of security engendered by the strong and quiet personality of Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister, that the history of England was undisturbed by any untoward incident, however trivial, at that season of the nation's grief.

To this quality of calmness Lord Salisbury's wonted good health has greatly conduced. Always an advocate of regular exercise, he still tricycles every morning when the weather permits, and at eight o'clock is to be often seen thus wheeling along the London streets before the traffic of the day has assumed formidable proportions. Some years ago he was a tennis player of some repute, but the court at Hatfield has not witnessed his powers for some time. One of the last games he played was against M. Waddington, the French Ambassador. Lord Salisbury's superior knowledge of the game at first gave him the advantage, but his lighter and more active antagonist ultimately wore him down and secured the victory. Then came a day when a nasty fall in the court caused the breakage of Lord Salisbury's spectacles, and from that time forward he gave it up altogether, Lord Hugh Cecil being now the chief representative of the family in the tennis court. Besides this amusement the Premier has in his day been a fair shot, but his greatest delight has been in his garden and farm. In the former he has always



(*Wisdom, photo, Hertford*)

Hatfield House, east front

taken an extraordinary interest, and well has it repaid him. No visitor to Hatfield can help being struck with the beauty of the gardens, and not a few will remember with delight a bed—probably nearly a hundred yards in length—which in September 1901 was one mass of low-grown pink roses. In his farming operations he has never had any special fads, but has undertaken it upon regular business principles, gaining a knowledge of the trials and necessities of agriculture in this country. While considering, as has been said, that a horse is "the most tiresome beast in the world," he has often ridden about his farm on a mount that has been carefully exercised beforehand. In the course of his strolls when on foot, it has been no uncommon thing to find Lord Salisbury meditatively scratching the backs of his favourite pigs with his walking stick, though where his thoughts are at such times it would be difficult to say.

He is, indeed, one of the most "detached" and mentally absorbed men in existence. He is often seen to pause in his walks about the grounds at Hatfield and lean upon his long staff for many minutes at a time, evidently deeply wrapt in thought. "He is always studying—studying—studying," said an old retainer who watches him with that rather distant affection and respect which he inspires in most of those who serve him.

Trifles are not allowed to disturb his reveries. An eye-witness describes how she watched him walking up and down the platform at King's Cross, while the rug which he carried trailed along the dusty pavement. At last a man approached and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but your rug is trailing on the ground." "Ah!" said Lord Salisbury, with a smile, "it generally does!" This little story forcibly reminds one of the occasion when Dean Stanley, who was staying away from home, came down to dinner with his collar hanging down attached by one button only. His hostess went up to him, and gently pointed out the fact. "Do you object?" said Dean Stanley. "Oh no!" was the only possible reply. "Well," said the Dean, "no more do I!"

In addition to this "mental aloofness," as it has been called, Lord Salisbury is extremely short-sighted, and is also one of the shyest of men. These facts taken together account for the accusation that is sometimes brought against him, of passing acquaintances in the

(Elsden, photo, Hertford)

The grand staircase, Hatfield House

(Elsden, photo, Hertford)

The Marble Hall, Hatfield House

street without recognition. When travelling in a train he buries himself instantly in a book—probably a novel, for he is a great reader of this class of literature—and spends much of his spare time when indoors in this manner. Music and art have few attractions for him. He has, indeed, been known to express his inability properly to appreciate the compositions of Wagner!

When he is at work he is, however, a different man. He is phenomenally rapid, not only in his grasp of a subject, but also in his method of getting through his business. He writes far more letters himself than is usual for a man in his position, although he still (since, that is, he has resigned the Foreign Secretaryship) retains the services of two private secretaries, one of whom, the Hon. Schomberg McDonnell, has held this post for fourteen years.

Of Lord Salisbury's attachment to his family it is scarcely fitting to speak during his lifetime, but it is well known that it is intense. His fondness of children is perhaps less notorious, but is none the less true. He is especially "jolly" with boys. There is one tiny bit of evidence in Hatfield House that the young ones are not forgotten, for a miniature children's billiard-table occupies a prominent position in the cloisters.

To his servants he is always extremely considerate, but, as may be supposed, undemonstrative. Probably no one in his service has ever been admitted to the familiarity which is sometimes allowed between master and servant of old standing. At the same time it is easy to discover that a very real attachment exists. Here is a story which may well illustrate the point. An old butler, who had been in the family during the lifetime of the late Marquis, lay dying. Lord Salisbury went to see him, and found that the one thing that was marring the peace of his last hours was the idea that he would be buried in the cemetery, and not in Hatfield Churchyard, which had been closed. Nothing would console the old man until Lord Salisbury suggested that *he* had no dislike to the cemetery, and promised to attend the poor old fellow's funeral. The old women at the Union used to tell how they had all been to see Lord Salisbury and four of his sons attend a cemetery funeral, which at that time was considered

in Hatfield a very "common" sort of funeral indeed.

So much for what Lord Salisbury is in himself. Now one word as to his personal appearance. It is scarcely necessary to state that the slim young politician has developed into a massive and somewhat ponderous (physically) statesman. His portraits are too familiar for any detailed description to be necessary. His size and weight are sometimes the subject of jest on his part. When the late Baron Dimsdale, also an exceedingly big man, was once staying at Hatfield, Lord Salisbury, on coming in to breakfast, said, "Now, Baron, you and I will sit at the end of the table and show how well it can be filled!" There is also what Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his "Life of W. H. Smith," calls a "grimly comical little note" from Lord Salisbury to the latter. An intimation had been received from the Chief Constable of Hertfordshire that the lives of the Prime Minister and of Mr. Smith were threatened This is how Lord Salisbury conveyed the intelligence:

Aug. 6, 1882,
"HATFIELD HOUSE, HATFIELD,
"HERTS.

"MY DEAR SMITH,

"The enclosed may interest you. I am afraid I am, in point of superficies, the biggest mark of the two.

"Yours very truly,
"SALISBURY."

Owing to this increase in weight as well as in years the Premier has become to some extent uncertain in gait and movement. The porters at Hatfield Station always exercise the most watchful care as he crosses the line on the level, which he is obliged to do to avoid the steep ascent and descent by the bridge; a precaution on their part which

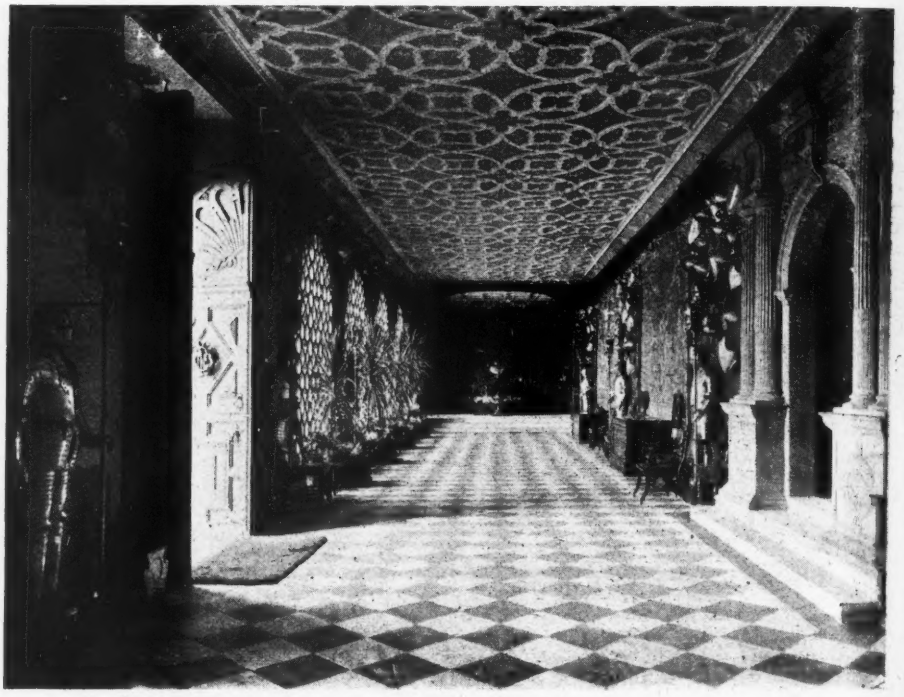
(Elsden, photo, Hertford)

The winter dining-room, Hatfield House

is rendered necessary also by Lord Salisbury's constant absorption in thought.

And now to give some idea of where Lord Salisbury lives. Reference was made in a previous chapter to the various London houses which he occupied in his early days. Since then his residences out of London have been mainly four. For some years he had two villas in France: Beaulieu, Villefranche, near Nice, which he still retains; and the Châlet Cecil near Dieppe, which was sold when he became Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1895. This appointment gave him the use of Walmer Castle, where a succession of notable men have sojourned for longer or shorter periods, and where Pitt and Wellington both ended their days. The honour of holding the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is nowadays all the recompense pertaining to the office. Formerly there was an income of £3000 or £4000 a year from wreckage, but this no longer exists, and there is no source of suppply from which to meet the large expense of keeping up the castle.

Besides these three abodes there is also, of course, Hatfield, Lord Salisbury's real home, to which he returns as often as can possibly be managed, even during the sittings of Parliament.



(Elsden, photo. Hertford)

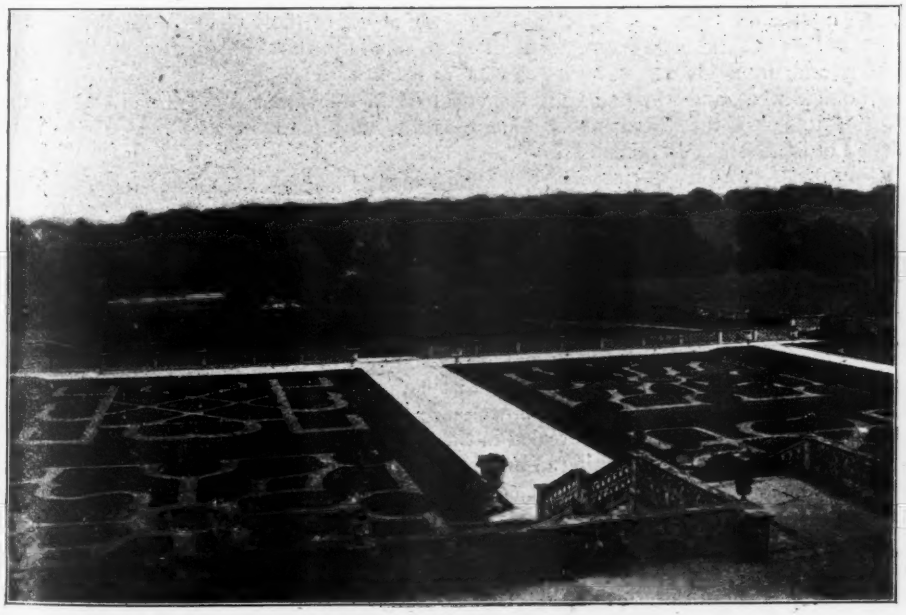
The Cloisters, Hatfield House

It was the writer's good fortune to arrive at Hatfield for the first time late on an autumn evening. After dinner at the hotel a lovely moon tempted him out for an evening stroll, and never will he forget the picturesqueness of the scene. The old town climbing up gable by gable, distinct yet mysterious in the moonlight. The steep and narrow street, crowned by the parish church, and faced at its summit by the ancient gateway, of which the ruddiness of the old brickwork was scarcely subdued by the cold rays of the moon. It was very

quiet, an occasional footfall sounding distinct and solitary, and the scene seemed scarcely real. It was more like a wonderfully set piece in a gigantic theatre, and one half expected to see the big gates roll back and men in armour march out in gleaming ranks.

It is said that the best time to see the interior of the house is when it is lighted up on some State occasion. It is certainly a little bit gloomy by daylight in parts, but exceedingly impressive notwithstanding. Even when discovered in *déshabille* (as it was by the present writer) this is eminently the case. The library windows were being removed by a gang of masons, carpets were being beaten on the grass, and coal was being taken in in prodigious quantities, but none of these things could spoil the effect that the stately old mansion cannot fail to produce. Perhaps the finest room in the house is the marble hall where Lord Salisbury entertains his tenants at an annual dinner. High up on the walls are hung French colours taken at Waterloo, while below them several portraits of Queen Elizabeth, to whom it will be remembered the house once belonged, claim attention. A magnificent ceiling, which gives a perfect decorative finish to the hall, was put in by Lady Salisbury thirty years ago, not long after the present Marquis came into possession. Another beautiful room is that which goes by the name of the Long Gallery. Here the family and guests mostly assemble, and very warm they must generally be, for it is said that the heating arrangements of this part of the house are so thorough that it is difficult to keep the temperature of this room below seventy degrees!

There are, as is well known, numberless treasures to be viewed by the sightseer who is lucky enough to visit Hatfield on a day when the house is thrown open to visitors. Chief among these are the bed in which Queen Victoria once slept, and the cradle which many years before was the resting-place of her great predecessor, Elizabeth, when a baby. Lady Salisbury had a model made in silver of this cradle and presented it to Queen Victoria on her



(Elsden, photo, Hertford)

View from the East Terrace, Hatfield House, showing the maze in the distance

eightieth birthday. Another curiosity which is of special interest is the pen—a broad white feathered quill — with which Lord Salisbury signed the Berlin Treaty on July 13, 1878.

But, if the house is impressive, what words can describe the park? It is, in the first place, of vast size; so big, in fact, that Lord Salisbury has been able to give permission for a rifle range to be formed in one part of it without the least interfering with its beauty or utility as a pleasure resort. To wander among the mighty oaks, many of them showing signs in their gnarled trunks of the greatness of their age, to stand and gaze down the vistas of the avenues, to find one's footsteps leading one to the still waters of a winding river, and to do all this on an autumn afternoon, when the blue mists intermingle with the red and gold of the turning leaves, is an experience never to be forgotten. It is almost possible to imagine oneself alone in some scene of enchantment—almost, but not quite! Presently there draws near an irreproachable individual in a suit of grey who passes and is lost to sight, only to re-appear again in a most mysterious manner from another direction. On his next appearance, he speaks, and from his anxious inquiries as to who, and what, and why one is, it is not difficult to guess that he is there to see that Lord Salisbury's domain, and also perhaps his person, is safe from undesirable visitors.

But night comes on and one must reluctantly turn one's steps away from all the beauty and stateliness of Hatfield House and park, grateful for the chance of having seen it all, and feeling that the statesman who so largely has controlled the destinies of Europe is fittingly housed.

And now the limits set to these chapters has been reached, and so very much has been left unsaid. They are indeed the greatest things of all which have not been touched. But they are the things of which all are well aware, and to which the history of these latter days, when it comes to be written, will give due prominence. His mission to Constantinople in 1876, and that to Berlin with Lord Beaconsfield in 1878, for which he received the Garter, his statesmanlike avoidance of a breach with America on the question of Venezuela, his guiding hand and never-failing influence over his colleagues, his masterly arguments and unflinching front when Home Rule threatened the country with disaster, these and many kindred things have all been left untold, for the object of these chapters has been rather to recall what has been forgotten, or to relate what has been little known, than to attempt to add the tiniest shred of gilding to the brilliant reputation of the Marquis of Salisbury.

Unity

As when two talking gradually discern
Their own experience mirrored in the speech
Of one another strangely, and so learn
How much they have in common each with each,
So they who search through great philosophies
A unity below all variance find.
Truth is revealed in those high sympathies
That spring of goodness in the human mind,
Wherein all men of every race are one.
Time cannot touch this bond of brotherhood,
From east to west the splendours of the sun
Declare the source of universal good,
Of which in life, love is the parallel,
The source of all delight; who loves, lives well.

ROSA WAUGH.

A Daughter of the Sea *

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two travellers arrive at Perrancove Towers, a mansion standing on the sea coast on the borders of Devon and Cornwall. The elder, Mr. Endicott, is owner of the place. Mr. Endicott has an adopted child named Una Cartaret. She is now twenty-one. To please Mr. Endicott, who is dying, and has made Una his heiress, Cuthbert Gregson, his travelling companion, marries her. The object of the marriage is to protect her from her father, a scoundrel, who would otherwise obtain an evil influence over her. Mr. Endicott dies. A ship is wrecked off the coast, and Una sees two wreckers rob a man who has been washed ashore, and leave him for dead. Una finds he still breathes. She tells a fisherman—Jim Tanner—who nurses the stranger, one Duncan Thiselthwaite, back to health.

Una, Jim, and his father, in order to defeat wrecking, build a lifeboat in a haunted cave. Jim's wife, Kathie, is devotedly attached to Una. A sister of Gregson's, Marjorie, comes from America to stay with her brother. She becomes engaged to Duncan Thiselthwaite. Duncan rows Marjorie to the Witches' Cave and almost discovers Una's secret. Una's husband, who is writing a book begins to take an interest in Una's comings and goings, a fact which Una resents, as they had agreed to live their own lives when they were married.

The lifeboat *Triumph* makes its first journey one night. A yacht and its crew are saved and towed into the haunted cave. Before morning they have sailed away. The villagers are disappointed that there is no booty, and regard the incident with superstitious fear. A half-witted woman is stoned by village-boys as a witch. Una's husband rescues her.

One night a large ship drifts on to the rocks. The *Triumph* goes to the rescue and brings ashore, through the Witches' Cave the Captain, his little boy, and the crew. Cuthbert tells the villagers to render all assistance possible to the Captain, but they refuse to help, and fighting ensues. The crew manages to secure the wreckage. Cuthbert goes with Jim in his boat to Plymouth to ask the authorities to establish a coastguard station.

CHAPTER XV

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL

You may know him by his company.
WYCHERLEY.

WHEN Una went to Kathie's cottage the next morning she found her at her usual household tasks.

"I must keep busy, Missy; an' I thought I'd go out fishin' with feyther this afternoon."

She always called Tom "feyther," and she was indeed a good daughter to him.

"That will be lovely," exclaimed Una; "and I will bring my boat and come too. We shall thoroughly enjoy it."

Kathie shook her head doubtfully.

"I will try an' make out as I do," she returned. "But my body be lackin' a heart; for 'tis Jim has that bit of me, an' he be far enough off by this time."

"Oh, Kathie, how you talk! I wonder, if you feel as you say, that you can go on living so cheerfully. I am quite sure it is a bad plan to get so fond of any one that you feel miserable without them."

"Not miserable, Missy. Thank God, not that. Not while I have a Father an' a Saviour above who love me an' care for me. 'Tis only Jim an' me have been tied up together in the same bundle o' life by God Himself. Us never shall be complete now wi'out each other, on earth nor in heaven."

Una was silent. She gazed at the rapt look which crept into Kathie's eyes, and wondered.

"I wish I was good, like you," she said meditatively.

"Oh, Missy, hush!"

"You needn't hush me. You know you are good. You love God, and God loves you; and if you died you tell me you are sure you would go straight to heaven. How can you be sure? Tell me that."

Una sat down on the window-ledge, and fingering a flowering myrtle there, looked up a little anxiously for Kathie's reply.

Kathie stopped washing up her crockery. She took a seat by the table, and putting her elbows on it, leant her chin in her hands, and returned Una's look with a very earnest one.

"Missy, I always like gran'feyther's talk. He be so simple. 'Tis because I got into the Lifeboat that I know I'm safe for heaven's port."

* Copyright, 1901, by Amy Le Feuvre in the United States of America.

"Yes," said Una thoughtfully; "I suppose that is it. And the Lifeboat is our Lord Jesus Christ. I have always one verse ringing in my head, Kathie, and I cannot get rid of it: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father except by Me.' I heard it in a sermon here once; and I can't say I do not know the way; but what I feel is that I do not know how to get into it, and to know that I am really there."

"There was not much time lost the t'other night, Missy, when us came alongside o' that sinkin' crew. They didn't ask no questions, they just tumbled in an' they didn't want to know if they were really in or not. They trusted an' they asked no questions."

"They really felt they were sinking; but my boat is sailing along fairly well. It is only when a squall comes that I want the Lifeboat, and when it goes, and there is fine weather again, I forget all about it."

Una's brows were knitted as she spoke.

"The devil fills our minds wi' excuses," said Kathie sadly. "First it is we don't know how to step in, an' then we'll wait till the weather be rougher. I think, Missy, 'tis best to step in when the waves be not overhigh; 'tis a pity to wait till we be hangin' 'twixt life an' death. An' as for the steppin' in, why the dear Lord be so near at all times that if we cannot see our way to step, we can just drop our own oars, an' lift up our arms, crying, 'Lord, Lord, lift me in Thyself.' That little lad o' the capt'in's the t'other night, he were just taken clean into gran'feyther's arms an' put down in safety. He had to be willin' to be taken, that was all."

"Yes," said Una, deeply moved by the earnest longing in Kathie's voice, and hastily brushing away the tears that had started to her eyes. "I know it is a question of one's will. But I can't drop my own oars yet, Kathie; and that is the fact. Oh, I wish there was another way. It would be easier if we had to work hard ourselves, instead of just do nothing but trust."

"Another way, Missy!"

Kathie's tone had a hurt indignant ring in it. "'Tis ungrateful to wish that, when the dear Lord opened this way at such a cost. As Jim told me when I was learnin' about it, 'twas the Lord's own glory an' happiness an' life He gave up, so as not to let one of us miss it. Findin' fault because the way is free, Missy! Oh, thank God! it is that, or where should us be, poor, helpless, dyin' sinners? An' 'tis not an idle life us be called to. Once in the Lifeboat, there be pullin' all the way. But step in an' pull! That be the way. 'Tis not pullin' that will help you to step in!"

Una left her soon after, but Kathie's words returned to her again and again, and she thought of them much.

Kathie watched her go, and murmured to herself, "Missy's craft have always been in still waters. I cannot bring myself to wish her a storm, but I do pray wi' all my heart that her may step into the Lifeboat soon!"

Time seemed to pass but slowly to Una now. She missed her husband in a thousand little ways. Independence seemed to have lost its charm, and she almost began to envy Marjorie, whose plans and purposes were wholly regulated by her lover.

One afternoon Una came up from the beach after a long row round the coast. She was tired; the day was warm, and she felt a strange kind of depression come over her as she entered the house—a depression for which she could not account.

Baldwin met her looking agitated and perplexed.

"A gentleman hath ridden over from Kingstawton, mistress. He saith he be goin' to have his luggage foller him. An' he waiteth in the master's study to see you."

"What name did he give?" asked Una, with wide-open eyes.

"'Carteret,' he saith."

Una stayed to hear no more. She impetuously threw open the study door, and then stopped, a little disconcerted at the sight of the stranger within.

He was an old man with white hair and beard; he was raising a glass of whisky-and-water to his lips; and his hand shook visibly as he did so. His face, in spite of his venerable appearance, was not a pleasant one; his eyes were shifty and restless; dissipation was stamped on every feature. Yet

when he rose to his feet, and made a courteous bow, no one would have suspected him to be other than a true gentleman.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Gregson?"

"You have, sir," Una said, a little shyly, as she dropped her orthodox curtsey.

"And was Mrs. Gregson once Una Carteret?"

"Yes, that was my name."

"Then Una, my child, look at me, and behold in me your father."

"My father?"

Una repeated the words mechanically. She was dazed by such a statement.

"My father is dead," she went on. "How can you be my father?"

"Have you ever seen your father's grave?"

"No, but I thought—I have always been told I was an orphan."

Mr. Carteret cast up his eyes in pious horror.

"In such a way do they seek to complete the alienation of parent and daughter! No, my child, your father is alive; and he placed his child in safe custody many years ago, before he began to wander over the face of the earth. He has at length returned to the place of his forefathers, and seeks out at once his only child!"

There was a theatrical pose in his manner which puzzled Una. And after a sharp glance at his daughter, Mr. Carteret adopted a different tone.

"Una, my dear, I may seem a stranger to you, but you have been in my thoughts many years, and when I heard of Mr. Endicott's sad death, I resolved to come home to offer you my protection. It was only on my journey here that I heard you were already married; and it was a shock, a distinct shock, to my feelings. I find that your husband is away from home. I hope he is a worthy and estimable man?"

"He is all that you could wish," said Una, feeling as if she were in a dream. She stood grasping the back of her husband's chair, and wishing he were at home.

And then, making an effort to be herself, she sprang forward.

Then Una, my child, look at me and behold in me your father

"If you are indeed my father," she said, "I welcome you with all my heart. I will try and make you happy here."

And lifting up her glowing face, she kissed him.

"I am so glad," she went on gaily, "that I have some one who really and truly belongs to me. I have all my life longed for a relation. I cannot understand why Mr. Endicott never talked to me about you."

"He was a peculiar man," Mr. Carteret said, as he patted her shoulder, then turned to the whisky and helped himself to another glass of that beverage.

"He always gave me to understand that he intended you to be his heiress, and wished to superintend your education and training himself. I would not stand in your way, though it cut me to the heart to leave you. I knew you would be well cared for, and I have heard of you from time to time. I conclude this property is yours, is it not?"

"I—I—suppose it is," stammered Una. "I have never thought much about it, because I have always lived here, and it seemed quite natural to go on doing so after I married. Cuthbert manages all the business part of it."

A little frown came over Mr. Carteret's smiling face.

"Does your husband travel? Is he away much from you?"

"Oh, no, he has never left me before, except when he went up to London about his book, which is coming out very soon. And he is only away for a short time now!"

Mr. Carteret gave a little sigh.

"I am glad I came to my little girl in her loneliness. You will be thankful to have my help and counsel in many matters."

"Ye-es."

But Una's tone was hesitating.

"We live a very quiet life here," she said; "I have only my housekeeping to think of. And that reminds me I must leave you to make a few arrangements. I will come back soon, and take you to your room."

She left the study, feeling still as if she were in a dream; but when she found Marjorie, and told her the news, that little lady was delighted.

"How romantic! An unknown father coming upon the scene! Why it is truly delicious! I cannot bear a house without a man in it, and Duncan is absorbed this week in home matters that need his presence. I am positively dying to see him! May I go and entertain him now?"

When Una returned a little time later, she found Marjorie bewitching the old man with her airs and graces.

"Ah!" she said to Una, when Mr. Carteret had gone upstairs to his room and the girls were alone together, "your father has seen the world; he knows; he has mixed with all sorts and conditions! And oh, how mightily amusing he is! Some of his stories would shock you! But I could not keep my laughter back. He will enliven our dull hours. Indeed, he is a pleasant addition to our household!"

But before many days elapsed Una began to be a little perplexed and anxious. Her father was introducing a fresh element into the house. He kept late hours, he smoked and drank, and swore freely if he did not obtain the most servile attentions from the servants of the household. He borrowed money from his daughter, and confided to her that lately he had found it a struggle to live.

After the first feelings of delight at owning a parent, Una began to feel a sensation of shame that Mr. Carteret should have such tastes as he possessed. When Duncan came over, the gentlemen adjourned to the billiard-room, or spent their time over cards and wine, and money was freely exchanged between them.

Duncan excused himself to his *fiancée*.

"He is an amusing old fellow, and I feel sorry for him. He says he is moped to death here, and is grateful to any one who will kill time with him. He and his daughter are as unlike as two peas! I cannot help watching her when she is with him. She has such a high idea, of filial devotion, and ye tevery word he utters is bewilderment and pain to her!"

"Una is a baby; an innocent child," said Marjorie; "and my brother is dull and commonplace, though good. I confess to have a liking for a man not quite so perfect; but Mr. Carteret is too fond of his drink even for me. He stays on at the dinner table long after we leave, and comes into the drawing-room afterwards too jovially. Una reminds

me of a tiny child trying to manage and restrain the gambols of a huge mastiff! But she is a proud little damsel, and will not brook a word of interference from me!"

But Una did not feel a real anxiety till some friends of her father's came to see him.

Mr.. Carteret had invited them before he mentioned them to his daughter; and she felt helpless to prevent it.

Even Marjorie raised her pretty eyebrows when she saw them. They were gentlemen by birth, but in nothing else. One of them, a Captain O'Flanders, was a little known to her.

"He bears a very fast reputation, and has left the service; in truth, he was cashiered," she told Una. "I hear he is a professional gambler now. It is a pity that your father has invited him here."

"He is not going to stay long," was Una's quiet reply.

They spent their time over cards and wine and money was freely exchanged between them

But Captain O'Flanders knew when he was comfortable, and so did his companions two gentlemen who had been obliged to live in seclusion on foreign shores for many years. They led a merry life at the Towers, and by degrees lost all sense of restraint in the ladies' presence. More than once Una and Marjorie got up and left the room, and it became their endeavour to see as little as possible of them.

One afternoon Una left the house and went out for a row. She was daily now expecting her husband's return; and it was the one absorbing thought in her heart.

"Oh, Cuthbert, I want you! I want you!" was her inmost cry. As she shot out her small boat upon the rippling ocean, she raised her face with a deep-drawn breath of relief up to the fathomless blue above her.

"I am so glad to be away from it all. The house seems polluted with their presence. How can father stand their coarse jokes, their insolent bearing, their foul language?"

And then her proud little head drooped in shame, at the remembrance of some of her father's own words. Far better, she

thought, to have a father lying in a quiet churchyard than one who daily tortured her by his wild and dissipated ways. Why had she never been told of his existence before? Did Cuthbert know of it, she wondered? Did he know whose blood was in her veins? And then filial loyalty upbraided her for such thoughts about her father; and distressed and bewildered, she suddenly pulled in her oars, and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

"I am frightened of what may happen. I do not know what they will do! Oh! if I had only some one to turn to! some one to advise me. I feel unable to do or say what I ought!"

For the first time in her life Una was feeling her own insufficiency for existing circumstances.

The sensation was not a pleasant one.

Two hours after, she returned to find Marjorie in tears on the doorstep in her lover's arms. His horses with groom were pacing the drive below.

They looked up as she approached, and Duncan strode towards her with a flushed and angry face.

"Mrs. Gregson," he said, with a stiff bow, "I am taking Marjorie to my mother's house for shelter. She has been subjected to gross insult under this roof, and it can no longer afford her the protection she needs!"

Una's face paled. She went towards Marjorie with both hands outstretched.

"Oh, Marjorie dear, what has happened? You are never going to leave me alone?"

Marjorie looked up sobbing.

"I cannot help it, Una. You must come with us. It is not fitting that you should stay. That odious Captain O'Flanders has been following me about from room to room, and he tried to—tried to kiss me! And he was as drunk as he could be!"

"Drunk or not, he has got the soundest horse-whipping that I have ever given any one in my life," exclaimed Duncan hotly. "If you give me permission," he said, turning to Una, "I will clear the house for you! I will fling them out neck and crop; but as to leaving a defenceless girl in their midst, that I will not! And the sooner you clear the house of such characters the better."

"It is my father!" faltered Una.

Duncan shrugged his shoulders.

"It was an evil day that brought him to your doors. I have said my say to him; for I went straight to him and spoke my mind. And I have sworn that neither Marjorie nor myself shall set our feet inside this house till he is out of it!"

For an instant Una seemed about to plead with him; then her pride came to her rescue. She flung up her head.

"If that be your determination, I can but bid you farewell. And you too, Marjorie. The sooner the better, for your sake. I will send one of the men with your baggage later; for I conclude you have not had time to attend to it. Sorry am I to lose you. And I hope my husband will understand how it was that the ones he thought would help and comfort me in his absence failed me when I needed them most."

She swept past them like a little queen; then dashed up to her own room and gave way once more that afternoon to a passionate fit of tears.

Duncan followed her. The chivalry in his nature was roused by her tone. But she would not open her door or listen to his protestations. And after a while she heard them ride away; and in her misery she again cried out:

"Oh, Cuthbert! Cuthbert! Why did you leave me?"

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—V. Mr. S. R. Crockett

OUR essays point to a very general feeling that though Crockett's novels are books to be enjoyed he cannot be ranked in that very small group of the very best authors. Almost every one of the essayists says frankly, while those who do not tacitly imply, that he spoils himself by writing too much. He has considerable power of description, a gift of humour, a keen appreciation of nature, and a warm love for youth and childhood, and were he to confine himself to producing one novel in the time that he now allows himself to produce several, he would probably attain to that position as a writer of which he has hitherto fallen short.

Coming to particulars, his critics are about equally divided as to whether his talents lie more in the delineation of every-day life or in that of the historical novel. The preponderance of opinion, so far as its real trend can be estimated from the general tone of each individual essay, seems to be in favour of the former, and even those who incline more to the eulogizing of his romantic genius, for the most part have to acknowledge that it is in the simple-mindedness of his heroes and heroines that the charm of his stories really lies, and that his episodes of marvel and adventure largely derive their interest from an atmosphere of excessive exaggeration and improbability.

The more critically minded of his admirers complain that his heroes are too much out of the same mould, and that though to read one of his historical novels makes the heart stir and sets the cheek aglow, a succession of them must eventually pall by reason of this sameness. Altogether, however, there is a tendency to treat him as a writer whose books may always be welcomed as pure and wholesome contributions to the general light literature of the day, without going so far as to elevate them to the dignity of classics. His particular charm, as universally allowed by all his critics, is his power of depicting Scotch life, and especially the life of the Galloway village folks whether as now existing, or as it was in the time of the Covenanters, and his novels dealing with that time are considered far and away the best of all his excursions into history.

His books are pretty impartially quoted, but those most often referred to are the "Stickit Minister," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "Sweetheart Travellers," "Cleg Kellie," and "Kit Kennedy" in the order of apparent appreciation of his "domestic" novels, and of the historical novels in the same order, "The Raiders," and "Men of the Moss Hags" (about equal), the "Grey Man" and the "Red Axe."

The "Stickit Minister," it may be mentioned, is unquestionably accorded a place by itself amongst all his writings by both the domestic and the romantic parties; while the "Banner of Blue" is as generally pronounced to be his least successful effort.

This month we invite open letters under the same conditions to

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

The letters must not exceed 1500 words in length. They must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than July 25, being addressed "Open Letter Competition," GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. They must be addressed to Mr. Hardy as an author—with him as a personality apart from his writings we have nothing to do. Prizes will be awarded to the three letters adjudged to be best as follows: First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £3; Third Prize, £2. The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final.

The winning letters addressed to Mr. Crockett follow.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

To Mr. S. R. Crockett

DEAR Mr. CROCKETT,—Years ago—at least it seems years ago—I had a strong inclination to write to you. I had been busy all

day and half the night reading one of your earliest and best novels, "The Raiders." When I had finished the book I was so full of indebtedness to you for that vivid, stirring, breathless romance that I went to bed with the intention of writing a personal letter of thanks the very next day. That letter was never written; but I still retain a deep sense of gratitude for the spell you cast. I am delighted to think that I have now an opportunity of acknowledging my debt in a letter which, if less personal on your side, is deeply personal on this, and which may be the means of giving wide public expression to the obligation many beside myself owe to your art. You have many gifts. Your chief gift, and it is a crowning one, is the power of telling a story. You, at least, will fully appreciate the meaning and force of that compliment, for are you not in the line and of the same land as Scott and Stevenson? There are people—you will have come across some of them—who do not seem to realise in what the charm and glory of romance consists. Some one—I humbly think he ought to have known better—once said to me, "Yes, 'Treasure Island' is a fine story for boys." Yet he expressed a great truth while only meaning to sneer. The man who has not enough of the spirit of youth left within him to enjoy romantic literature is to be pitied rather than blamed. Deep down at the essential root of human nature there lies the instinct to cry out, "Tell us a story and make us forget." It is no mean thing to be a genuine story-teller; and you are one. The office of the story-teller is to create a world of bright visions, to spin us along safe but excited participants in heroic or tragic deeds; to capture our imagination, and make the unreal more real than the real; and to inspire chivalry, tenderness, pity, and indignation, all the nobler human emotions, in so doing. All this you have succeeded in achieving, sometimes with marked, and it must be confessed, occasionally with qualified success. From the beginning of your literary career you have proved yourself to be a born story-teller. You have brought romantic refreshment to an age and society which, given up to sordid problems and morbid introspection, stood specially in need of such refreshment. So much by way of unstinted praise.

And now may I be permitted to enter the region of candid and honest criticism. I notice that since 1893, when "The Stickit Minister," with its blend—if I may say so—of Galt and Barrie, won you an audience which included R. L. Stevenson and more humble bookmen, you have produced something like twenty-five books. A wonderful proof is this of your industry and fertility of invention. Yet many of your warmest admirers have come to the conclusion that the record comes under the category of over-production. I won't argue the question of Scott with you—you won't wish me to do so! Last year alone, if I mistake not, five books—"The Stickit Minister's Wooing," "The Silver Skull," "Cinderella," "Love Idylls," and "The Firebrand"—were published to your credit. Taking myself as a criterion, you are taxing both our time and sympathy rather too much. For one thing, this is a busy world. Most of us have little leisure, and we can hardly keep up with you if we wanted to. For another thing—and this is the main consideration—you cannot be expected to do yourself justice working at this breathless pace. You never could do anything less but give us a "rattling good story"; but we expect something more than that. We would willingly spare half a dozen "rattling good stories" for an occasional masterpiece like "The Raiders," "The Men of the Moss Hags," or "The Grey Man." Further, while you have given us a gallery of delightful feminine heroines—creatures

> Not too bright or good,
> For human nature's daily food,

like Winsome Charteris, Nell Kennedy, May Maxwell, and Maisie Lennox, your love-making has occasionally been too treacly for anything, as in that unfortunate mixture of sentimentalism and facetiousness, "The Lilac Sunbonnet," a disappointment which I like to forget. There are times, too, when, striving for the heroically sensational and thrilling, you have plunged into transpontine melodrama; your "Cinderella," for instance, had quite an Adelphi flavour.

And finally, before I have done with fault-

finding, please do not allow your serial publishers to advertise your novels beforehand as greater than the greatest of great novels. The case of "Kit Kennedy"—your "Copperfield"—is what I have particularly in mind; the incident distressed me, and did you harm by creating a prejudice against the book. Yet "Kit Kennedy" was a charming, wholesome book—as also was "Cleg Kelly"—worthy to stand on its own merits. I have no doubt you are the victim and not the creator of the unfortunate circumstances. But you are the guardian of your own reputation.

You are most at home, most entertaining and most inspiring when your foot is on your native heath, where in the words of R. L. S.,

> Blow the winds to-day, and sun and the rain are flying,
> And about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying.

You touch the truest chords of feeling when you are either painting those brave pictures of the old Covenanters, as in "The Men of the Moss Hags," or when touching the common life of to-day with the romance of quiet pathos, as in "The Stickit Minister." I am an Englishman, who knows only the Derbyshire and Yorkshire moorlands, yet I love the scenes of Galloway, the wild freshness and beauty of which is exhaled from your pages. I have likewise learned to admire and revere, with ever increasing admiration and reverence, those brave sons of the North who fought, prayed and lived so nobly in the days of your Cameronian ancestors, amid what you call the "hills of my homeland, ancient, unforgotten, well-beloved." When you take us abroad in books like "Joan of the Sword Hand," "The Red Axe," and "Little Anna Mark," your versatility wins our admiring recognition, but we like you most at home, where your genius finds its best setting.

Your gift of delightful feminine portraiture, and your power of creating a dramatic situation that is enacted before our eyes and makes our pulses throb have been acknowledged earlier in this letter; they are part, of course, of your skill as a romancist. One thing more remains to be acknowledged, it is this: the love of breezy nature and the encouragement of whatsoever is true and lovely and of good report in human life and character have always been pre-eminent in whatever you have written. You have elevated while you have entertained, but in so doing have neither given us problems "nor preachments." You have exhibited some of the best qualities of literature in a degree which entitles you to that best homage a reader can pay to a favourite author—his affectionate personal regard.

With that word I may fittingly close this frank but friendly greeting.

Yours faithfully,

J. B. HOBMAN.

43 Sheldon Road,
Sheffield.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

DEAR SIR,—When I read your books one pregnant line of Browning instinctively comes to my mind: "He who blows through bronze may breathe through silver," inasmuch as the pastoral pipings of your silver-sweet idylls are as individualistic of your literary expression, as those wildly fierce clarion calls which summon us to witness the onflowing of that desperate tide of Red Terror which your pen compels us to see in all its dread and awesome reality.

Added to the idyllic and terrible you possess the gift of supreme humour, unforced, pure, and altogether delightful.

There is a breezy buoyancy, an inexhaustible flow of high spirits, an ever present optimism, a sense of fresh air, and free wild things about your work that makes it so lovable, and so much to be appreciated by all who love the pure, the noble, the ideal; to whom childhood is yet an adorable mystery, and the love of man and maid, even as a glimpse of that fair Paradise, wherein was set the Tree of Life, if also alas! the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil!

Manliness without egotism, ethical teaching devoid of a shadow of cant, jests which wound not, the passionate declaration that—

> The world, as God has made it, all is beauty
> And knowing this is truth,

these, and these always you insist on in the multi-coloured webs you weave with the swift shuttle of your powerful imagination. You "must write," you say, "whether any read me or no." This is as it should be, for we are "entirely happy" that you write.

Whether describing the simple, homely joys of the Drumquhat folk, the M'Quhirrs, the Andersons, Chrysties, Carmichaels, Tammas Thackanraip, the wanting-to-be-married Ayrshire drover, Simeon Clegg, and his grotesque ambition to spend his "twunty pounds on the improvement o' his mind," or the delightful comedy of the Old Tory, David Armitt, who, aided by his blunderbuss, compelled those who came to scoff at his politics to remain, if not exactly to pray, at least to wear the colour of his party, perched from night to broad dayshine on the perilous "rigging" of his house; or whether you pilot us through the blood-reeking streets of the city of Thorn, where the fearsome shadow of the Red Axe, and the baying of the Duke Casimir's hounds strike terror into the stoutest heart, we can only wonder, filled with admiration, at gifts so manifold, so varied, and so well used!

Yet, strange to say, "Joan of the Sword Hand" does not take me in imagination to the grey shores of the Baltic, but South—to Italy to wit—where both in city and obscure village, I have many times looked in amused wonder at the marionette theatres which afford such pleasure to the workaday folk. There they are the prince and princess, the lords and ladies and men-at-arms; the serving-men and waiting-maids, the cowled priest and rotund, rubicund innkeeper, all apparelled as befits their proper rank and station. There they plot and counter-plot, make passionate love, and suffer base betrayal, with a surfeit of sword play and the burning of much red fire at the wings! Little wooden-headed mannikins behaving (save for an occasional weakness at the knees) in the most life-like manner, but their wooden faces are expressionless, their wooden feet tap-tap-tapping on the floor proclaim them to be only the heart-without puppets they are.

Manipulate them as cleverly as you will no one—least of all their manipulator—is ever deceived as to their woodenness.

How different are the flesh and blood people in that most delicately sweet idyll "Lad's Love." Even the regenerated Old Chrystie, and that arrant cad, the detestable packman, Nathan Murdock, are real, although displeasing entities. But what shall be said of Nance Chrystie, the adored of Alec, as of all of us? She, who in my heart disputes sovereignty even with the Sweet Maiden of the Lilac Sunbonnet. What most gracious phrase have we not to give her welcome, and to beseech heaven that such a true heart and pure soul as hers might shed the sunshine of perfect happiness on our lives? What would we not give to hear such an one say, when our love had overflowed into speech, "Then just tell it me all over again from the beginning"?

And Hempie too, dear innocent, arch tease that she is! while could anything be truer than Alec's dear mother's first poignant grief at learning another occupied that place in his heart, which, with an almost passionate yearning, she desired to fill to the exclusion of all other women?

How true, and pure, and homely it all is. So simple, its very simplicity making it beautiful, and if we less enjoy the betrayal of the Hoolet, and the subsequent touch of melodrama, we all love Rab An'erson, shepherd, cotter and poacher, as a real man, heaving a sigh of relief to know his hands are clean of blood-guiltiness, and that he and the De'il are prosperous and content in Our Land beyond the Sea.

From the purple and grey braes of Galloway to the dazzling heights of the snow-clad Alps, beneath whose rosy morning crest we first meet Ione March, and that meanly abhorrent caricature of a man, Kearney Judd, is a far cry. But it is worth the journey, if only to hear that exquisitely unconventional and equally amusing Idalia Judd. What a mental tonic she must have been with her pretty impertinences, her outspoken defiance of the proprieties, her cool insouciance, her bewitching gaucheries! That good-humoured giant, Marcus Hardy, was no fool when he annexed that particular sample of the American girl as she is.

Of Keith Harford, the dreamer and disbeliever in his own genius, it is difficult to speak without feeling that although Ione in some measure set him on his legs, and taught him how to fight, she might have not only failed to do this, but died of a broken heart into the bargain. Had she married Shillabeer, the dominant and resolutely self-contained man, who at least showed a reverent devotedness, hardly to be expected in such a character, Ione's future might have held higher possibilities for good, in a far wider sphere of action than her marriage with Keith could allow. *Amor omnia vincit.* I feel that will be your answer. So be it.

The altogether admirable burlesque of Mrs. Forsaken Hardy's "cult," the Purifying of the Peculiar People, is distinctly good, and he must be entirely devoid of humour who doesn't roar over that lady's elephantine amorousness to the unwilling Keith. We have all met Chadford Eatons, the over-dressed, cunning, low, sensual wretches for whom the horsewhip and the ducking-pond seem the only fitting recompense.

I will not write you of John Heron of Isle Rathan, winsome May Mischief, homely hardy Grizel, loving Eppie Tamson, merry Jen Geddes, and the mysterious John Faa, until in some golden-hearted September, when the braes are purple and creamy pink, and the rowan glows with scarlet berries, the beeches hueing like burnished copper. I tread for myself the Wolf's Slock, climbing to the fastnesses of utmost Enoch, discovering from thence the Auchty on the Star Hill—aye, even maybe that dreadful Murder Hole. Then, although I be of the West Countree, though the glossary held thrice six-hundred words, I will find me the Cave of the Sixteen Drifty Days, and with it and thee track the dreaded Raiders to their secret recesses in the centre of the loch of living blue water. And now, like a lad who keeps his piece of cake to complete the feast, I come to my supreme favourite, Cleg Kelly.

Bred in vice, with the hereditary taint of his burglar father, used on two notable occasions for good; careless, reckless, generous to a fault; true as steel, yet inimical to the uttermost point where his inclinations were thwarted; full of infinite resource, with an ever merry heart, a fund of mimicry inimitable, and a constitution which defied disease, what a lad he is!

Shall I ever forget the young ruffian in his slit-suit-sack acting for the amusement of his hosts in that lonely carriage-hut? And Nara Kavanah, the heroic maid who set out with the bairns to seek her missing father, how true and wholehearted is she too. Laugh! I should think I did at the cradle episode, and I can even now hear Mistress Frazer abusing Muckle Alick. "Oh, ye leein' deevil. Ye blackgaird, ye cunnin' hound, let me catch ye. Twa laddies and a lassie! O, ye vermin, and me has sent to the Folds and the Cowdenslacks for twa cradles to mak up the three!"

Ah! we turn over a few pages and a lump rises in our throats, and scalding tears fill our eyes, for Muckle Alick is slain, herowise at his duty, and we hear the brokenhearted wife call out, as the sad procession winds away, "My ain man!"

"The Book Sealed" has indeed been opened to your eyes, and if only fragmentary reading thereof be permitted to you, as to all of us who still cherish our ideals, catching a glimpse here and there, in the glory of the dawn, the splendour of the sunset, or beneath the silent silver shining orb of midnight, remember: "All we dreamed or hoped of Good shall exist, when Eternity confirms the conception of an hour."

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

WILL. EDWARDES-SPRANGE.

13 Hornsey Rise,
London, N.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

DEAR MR. CROCKETT,—Well do I remember when I first heard of you as an author. It was shortly after your book of poems, "Dulce-Cor," had been published. I saw it in a manse in a seaboard parish of Galloway, and the clever, kindly minister who had just been reading it was enthusiastic in its praise. I never had a copy of the book myself and so have only a vague remembrance of harmonious lines. But many were prepared by it to welcome "The Stickit

Minister" when he appeared in print. We Scottish folk took him to our heart at once. We knew him so well; he had been neighbour to many of us, and we had often watched him with his bent shoulders going about his work in the fields, but we never knew the secret of his life till we read it in your pages. Now, we understand why his smile of greeting so strangely moved us. I think of all you have written since, nothing is finer or truer than this sketch.

But I cannot write of your books as a critic, for I, too, am "born of the hill-folk" and can form no idea how they appear to those who are strangers to the country. To me they bring ever the scent of bog-myrtle and peat and a vision of "the grey Galloway land where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying—my heart remembers how."

I wonder how many exiles besides him of Samoa have read that dedication with the lump in their throat? And if the ordinary Scot feels thus, what must those feel to whom these hills are the hills of homeland, and "friends ancient, unforgotten, and well-beloved?"

I have just taken down a row of your books from the shelf. What a number there are and yet they are by no means all here! Some are out on loan, for they are in great demand. "The Raiders" is, by far, the most dilapidated—that tells its own tale. We have few books of adventure like it; it goes with "Treasure Island" and "The White Company." I know old men and young, learned professors and hard business men, douce shepherds in the far-away hills and school children in their lodgings, who have sat up half the night to finish it. They crept guiltily to bed at dawn with the jingling of the bridle-reins in their ears to dream of Granny Eggface and the Murder Hole. May Mischief makes a charming sweetheart and is well worth the perilous journey up the Wolf's Slock. Few people but the farmers and shepherds knew that such wild places existed among the hills till you told of them.

Silver Sand is the real hero of "The Raiders." He is a most mysterious and fascinating character, whether by his camp fire on Rathan Isle or lying hidden during the awful snowstorm in the Cave of the Auchty. We listen breathlessly while he tells Patrick Heron and the rescued child the story of the little lad, murdered by Lag, whose death was the turning-point in his own life. Sammle Samson and Eppie, his wife, are a most diverting couple. Eppie is gifted with an amazing vocabulary.

Next to "The Raiders" I would put "The Lilac Sunbonnet," surely one of the sweetest and most wholesome of love-stories. It is truly a love idyll, full of the scent of the heather and the fresh moorland air. We wander with Ralph and Winsome by the side of the silvery Loch Ken and through the marshy meadows where the lonely Grass of Parnassus grows. Many a student lad since Ralph's time has come and gone by the same road, and there can be nothing more beautiful than the approach of fair Glenkens by the drive along the Lochside on a summer evening.

Some prefer "Cleg Kelly" to "The Lilac Sunbonnet." Most men do, I find, and Cleg is hard to beat. He is a delightful companion, and one grows young again in his company. Big Alick is a grand character and dies the death of a hero. We shut the door reverently on him and Mirren, his wife, and come away with hushed steps as from some holy place.

The "Grey Man" is a powerful story, and very weird in parts. I suppose that is part of the attraction it has for boys. I find they are also partial to "The Red Axe," which is rather a gruesome tale. It and "Joan of the Sword" are much akin, both good stories of their kind, but I like your Galloway tales the best. The minister of the seaboard parish, of whom I have already spoken, always hoped you would give us a book about the Covenanters, and great was our delight when "The Men of the Moss Hags" appeared. There is some splendid writing in it, finer perhaps than in any of your books, but to me the story lacks the swing of "The Raiders." Still, it is a worthy memorial of the grand men who fought the battle of religious liberty and whose graves are scattered here and there among the hills.

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor.

I must confess to being keenly disappointed with "The Banner of Blue." It is well enough as an ordinary story, but it is not fit to be called a tale of the Disruption by Crockett. We expected something worthy of the author and worthy of the subject.

But I am not halfway through the books yet. Here is the worn little copy of "The Play-actress," a story we cannot read aloud without tears in the voice. "Mad Sir Ughtred" is beside it, a clever book maybe, but it does not appeal to ordinary folk like the other. "Sweetheart Travellers" is delightful, and a fairy tale that older people can enjoy as much as the children. In "Bog-myrtle and Peat" there are some capital sketches of Galloway character and scenery. "The Minister of Dour," "The Cry across the Black Water," and the description of the Scottish Sabbath, are very good. "Lochinvar" is a tale of stirring times, and tells us of the further adventures of Wat Gordon and others whose acquaintance we made in "Men of the Moss Hags." Of your later books I think "Kit Kennedy" is the best, but the history of the "Black Douglas" is also a favourite. "The Silver Skull" is an interesting story of brigand life. They are good sort of men these brigands, and that is a fine scene where the chief gives his life for the girl, who has grown up in his home like a sister, but whom he loves with more than a brother's love.

There are other books I would like to speak of, but, as I told you at the first, I am no critic. If a story is well written and interesting I enjoy it without any thought of criticising it, and I am glad of this opportunity of thanking you for the many pleasant hours you have given me and mine. If an ordinary story-reader like myself might give you a word of advice it would be, "Ca Cannie! don't write too much, and your books will always find a welcome."

In this age, where so many books are published that smell of the sewer, and of the unclean places and people whence they come, we are proud to think that among the stalwart sons of Galloway there is one whose name is known all over the world as a writer of books as pure and wholesome as the moorland air that blows through them.

South View,
South Shields. M. BARBOUR.

The Flower of Coronation

His Majesty the King and Queen Alexandra and the members of the Royal Family have each of them individually a special preference in flowers, at any rate for wearing, whether as "buttonhole" or spray. Common to all is the love of the rose, but ranking after that truly royal flower comes, in various degrees of favour, the gardenia, which is King Edward's choice; the Souvenir de la Malmaison carnation, Queen Alexandra's; the violet, the Prince of Wales; and lilies of the valley, the Princess of Wales.

Of these, the Queen's favourite has a somewhat special claim to be, after the rose, the Flower of the Coronation, for time was when carnations were called "coronations." Spenser speaks of them by that name and so does Ben Jonson, and in the herbals of the sixteenth century we find both coronations and cornations. The name takes us, through its Latin specific *coronata*, to old Rome and the days, as Pliny tells us, when the carnation was one of the chief "crowning flowers," the flowers used for chaplets and garlands.

Why then should not Queen Alexandra's favourite, the Malmaison, be the Flower of the Coronation? Next to the rose, what is there sweeter or more appropriate for the great crowning-day?

How Runjeet Singh got the Koh-i-Noor

Chief among the jewels of the "Imperial State Crown of England" have been hitherto the great ruby, which was given to the Black Prince by Don Pedro, King of Castile, in 1367, and the sapphire which is said to have been once set in Edward the Confessor's ring.

But in the crown of King Edward VII. these splendid gems can no longer hold pride of place, for his Majesty has had the famous diamond, the Koh-i-Noor, added to his diadem, and no jewel in the world can compare in celebrity with this, the "stone

of fate," "the talisman of Empire." It would fill a bulky volume were the wanderings of the Koh-i-Noor, "the mountain of light," to be told, and romance itself would seem dulled by the glittering terrors of its changeful story.

Much, of course, has been written about this marvellous diamond, but none of the writers, tempted to the bright theme by the Coronation, seem to have known how the penultimate owner of this precious stone became possessed of it or how he disposed of it. This was Runjeet Singh, the one-eyed "Lion of the Punjab," the extraordinary chief who conquered Cashmere in order to adorn his zenana with certain beautiful girls of that country, who fought a bloody campaign to possess himself of the incomparable horse Leila, and who intrigued with neighbouring chiefs till he entrapped as his guest the ex-Ameer of Afghanistan in order to rob him of the Koh-i-Noor.

Poor Shah Sooja was an exile, and allured by Runjeet Singh put himself in his power. His host promptly demanded the diamond. Shah Sooja refused to give it up, so Runjeet proceded to starve him and his family to death; but finding that the Shah really seemed to prefer death to giving up the gem he gave him food, but beset him with every species of indignity and petty cruelty. The Shah then protested that he had not got the Koh-i-Noor. "Very well," said Runjeet, "I shall go on worrying you till you do get it!' And after three months of this torture the unfortunate guest gave in, and said his host should have it. So Runjeet went to his victim's quarters, and for a whole hour the two princes sat facing each other in solemn silence. The one would not ask for the diamond, the other would not give it up till asked for it. So there they sat. Then Runjeet got impatient and told his only attendant to remind the Shah what he had come for. He did so, and then Shah Sooja signalled to a rapscallion of a menial, who produced a little roll and laid it down on the carpet exactly mid-way between the two chiefs. "Open it," said Runjeet, and lo! there before his eyes lay the longed-for "world's desire," the "mountain of light." At the sight of it Runjeet's self-possession and manners suddenly deserted him and he pounced upon the diamond and without a word hurried off with it!

Thus did the ruler of the Punjab become master of this wondrous gem. By-and-by came the day when Runjeet Singh lay dying and his thoughts were on the Koh-i-Noor. To leave it to his son was, he knew, to tempt his neighbours to fight him for it, his family to assassinate him for it. So, to the amazement of those around him, he gave it to the priests of the temple of Juggernath! But they never got it. Within a few years one successor after another was murdered, and then the Sikhs challenged the English army, and our soldiers in a startling campaign of rapid victories conquered the Punjab, and before anybody had time to think of running off with the Koh-i-Noor it was in Lord Dalhousie's pocket!

And so to Windsor and Queen Victoria, and now to the Imperial State Crown of England. There, humanly speaking, this superb and terrible jewel, whose change of ownership has signalled the downfall of so many Oriental dynasties, has found a final resting-place. "What do you value the Koh-i-Noor at?" asked Runjeet Singh of Shah Sooja. "*At good luck*," replied the Shah. And so may it henceforth and for ever prove. P. R.

Reminiscences of the late Mr. Bret Harte

THE death of Mr. Bret Harte awakens memories of the time when he was American Consul in Glasgow, and when I had the privilege of being on somewhat intimate terms with him He was at once interesting and peculiar. Unlike Americans, who usually lay themselves out to be attractive and are ever ready for conversation, cultivating it as a fine art far more than we do, Bret Harte had to be interested before he became interesting. He was morose in uncongenial society, and was at little pains to conceal the fact if he felt bored. But when he was at home with people he liked he was immensely entertaining, bright, frank, and unaffected. When I first called upon him I found him in a bad humour. I fancy he suspected that an editor must always be on the prowl for copy, and so his reception was worse than reserved; for he began indulging in a diatribe against the bad manners of my fellow countrymen

and fellow-citizens especially, who, I am sorry to say, do sometimes lay themselves open to misunderstanding on the part of those who judge by outward bearing. "I find the people here the worst mannered in Europe," he said, without apparent consciousness of offence. Except for the measure of politeness I still retained I was on the point of putting the query: "What, worse than the Dutch?" for I recollected how Mr. Augustus Hare once described that people to me in the very terms employed by Mr. Harte in reference to our Lowland Scotch—who in this connection may be distinguished from the Highlanders, of whom the Queen used to say, "Every one of them is a gentleman!" But I forbore the interruption, and he went on—"Why, it is marvellous. Here in this lodging of mine even the table-girl cannot hand me a plate except in the spirit of aggression!" Some other instances of similar aggressiveness were related that were simply ludicrous.

I came afterwards to see a good deal of him, for he used to have me to lunch with him when he had removed from the sphere of the aggressive table-girl to a civilised hotel, and many a pleasant chat I enjoyed with him while we smoked American "green" cigars, of which he had a frequent supply. It was in this kind of *tête-à-tête* that he was at his best, for there was undoubtedly a vein of Bohemianism in him which often made him appear at a disadvantage when he was a guest at some formal dinner-party, and would perhaps be guilty of the sin of aggressiveness which he condemned in others. But when he was alone he was a delightful talker and a polished gentleman.

He had another amusing quarrel with the Scotch. "When drunk they are like no other drunk people I ever saw. I have watched them over and over again in the street. There is no gaiety, no brilliancy, no sense of enjoyment visible, but a stern, stupid, aspect of business in it all, as if they were intoxicated from a sense of duty!"

We had at that time in Glasgow a series of science lectures, delivered by the most grave and learned representatives of the scientific world. They were intended to be educational, and the audiences which filled our largest hall showed how much they were appreciated. But the committee in charge thought it would be a delightful variety to get Mr. Bret Harte to undertake a lecture. He did so, and of course steered at once away from anything which could possibly be mistaken for science, and launched out in a brilliant description of the "Trek" into California some decades previously. The lecture was full of characteristic humour, subtle and delicious, but the audience long remained absolutely grave and evidently puzzled as to where the expected science was to come in, till the loud laugh—well known to his friends—of a genial professor broke the spell, and the necessary surgical operation having been thus completed, the people perceiving the joke of it all joined heartily in the fun, and a delightful hour was passed. I afterwards walked home with Bret Harte, and on remarking, "It was some time before your hearers found your bearings," he replied, "Yes, it put me in mind of Wendel Holmes, who once went to lecture in a Wesleyan Chapel in some out-of-the-way place. He cracked his best jokes, but it was no use. Nothing could disturb the deep solemnity of his audience. Thoroughly depressed by his experience he was hurriedly passing through the crowd in the street to reach his hotel when he overheard one man say to another: 'Wa-al, do you know once or twice it was all I could do to keep from smiling!' The remark amply rewarded him." THE EDITOR.

London's Yearly Losses

As compared with the figures for 1899 the property lost in 1900 showed an increase of fifteen hundred articles; the said increase, however, is practically confined to the item "umbrellas," which more than hold their own as the most losable article ever invented, the number of other articles most frequently lost proving to be practically constant.

Of those items showing an increase we note that four more bags were garnered into the Yard in 1900 than in 1899, and instead of a paltry 2662 as in 1898 the total stood at 2813.

Whether cabs are freely utilised as dressing-

rooms is a moot point, but judging from the fact that over two thousand male and the same number of feminine garments are annually left in them, it is believed that for the purpose of saving time they must at times be resorted to for that purpose. Londoners, however, what with streets "up" for various reasons and the congested traffic, are more accustomed to lose time than gain it, but in one sense at least the amount of time lost in 1900 was considerably less than in 1899 and 1898, for, whereas 210 watches in the former and 192 in the latter year were left as mementoes in various vehicles by the thoughtless, the total in 1900 was but 180, which would provide material for one huge timepiece, the face of which would comprise 540 square inches and, having a diameter of 26¼ inches, would possess a circumference of 6 feet 4 inches.

Apart from miscellaneous commodities (taken in the aggregate) and, of course, the umbrella which is unrivalled in its possession of the fine art of losing itself, the purse is more frequently lost than any other portable article, and the number lost, moreover, shows a steady annual increase, doubtless attributable to the increasing difficulty experienced by ladies to find their pockets when desirous of replacing their purse after abstracting the necessary shilling or penny, according as to whether the traveller journeys by cab or 'bus.

That opera- and field-glasses have fallen off, so far as numbers lost are concerned, from 757 in 1898 and 763 in 1899 to 742 in 1900, is probably due to the fact that the British public, since the commencement of the war, has not been so constant a theatre-goer as usual.

Rugs may be said to have fairly held their own, for the falling off in numbers lost is but eleven less than in 1899, whilst in comparison with the year before a gain of thirty-two is disclosed.

Thirty-nine less sticks were left in vehicles in 1900 than in 1899 and three less than in 1898.

Some few years ago when the moderate total of 17,113 deserted umbrellas were deposited at New Scotland Yard the decrease was attributed to the great falling off in American visitors during that year: this year it is expected that the great influx of coronation visitors will result in all previous records being broken, and that the figures given in the latest return (19,077) will be altogether eclipsed. H. M.

The Lhassa Terrier

WHAT kind of dog is this? Ah, that is just the question. That it is a terrier of some kind is agreed, even though it does carry its tail curled over its back, but as its home is in Tibet, and beyond the frontiers of British India generally, the christening of it was rather a difficulty, and Bhutear, Tibetan, Kashmir, Lhassa, Leh, and Skardo terrier are half a dozen of the "show" names by which it is, or has been known. What the pedigree of the little animal may be does not much matter, for among well-known "breeds" of dogs there are many of very modern

Lhassa Terrier

"manufacture." Thus, two puppies out of one litter have taken prizes at the same show, one as a Bedlington terrier and the other as a Dandie Dinmont. So, too, with "black" pugs and "fawn" pugs, and with "Toy" spaniels. Each is now called a different "breed" although born of the same parents! So that the newcomer with the many names may just as well be called a "breed" as not; and in any case it is an interesting creature, as good-looking, as affectionate, and as plucky as most terriers. It is not by any means a common dog in England yet, but those who do own them are so enthusiastic and enterprising that the Lhassa Terrier has been, within the last month, officially christened and entered with all due formalities in the Kennel Club register as a "breed." P. R.

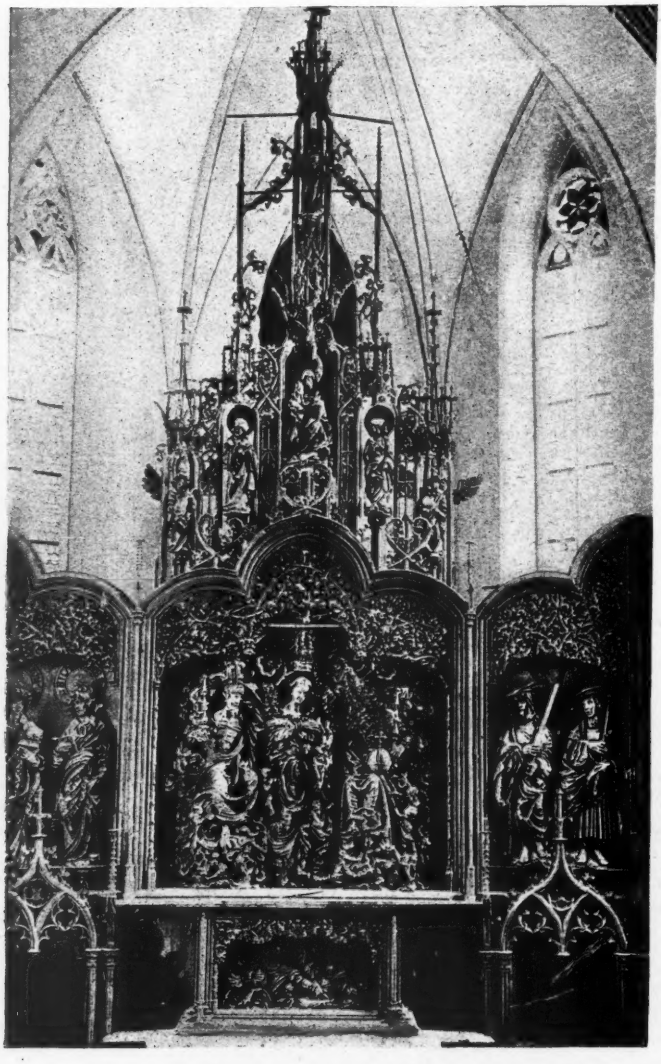
Love's Reward: A Legend of Breisach

FOR my annual holiday last autumn, I betook myself to the quaint old town of Freiburg-in-Breisgau, where after enjoying its fine cathedral, and roaming about the narrow and picturesque streets for some days, I extended my tour to Breisach, one of the ancient frontier towns of Germany. A railway journey of half an hour landed me at the foot of the village, which, after climbing steep-paved streets, led up to the beautiful old Minster, situated at the summit, from where a fine view of the Rhine winding below could be seen.

Breisach itself is full of interest, but more especially the quaint little church surrounded by ivied walls, full of treasures and works of art, including its chief treasure, the famous altar-piece. A touching little romance attached to it may interest some readers to whom the story is new. In the first quarter of the sixteenth century the town of Breisach greatly increased in prosperity, and its inhabitants were anxious to endow their beloved church with some special work of art, agreeing that it should take the form of a high altar. They accordingly invited the most famous artists of the day to send in their proposals and plans. A young artist in the town, Hans Liefrink by name, living humbly in a small cottage, also sent in his design, but first submitted it to his old friend and former master, Albert Durer, in Nuremberg. The great artist himself was also preparing his own design for the church, but on seeing his old pupil's admirable work, with great generosity, sent it to the town council, adding that Breisach evidently possessed native talent, which he strongly recommended to their notice. Here we come to the most romantic part of the legend. Hans Liefrink was in love with a young girl who lived in the adjoining cottage, who fully returned his love; but, as in many such cases, and naturally enough, her father, Herr Rubacher, declined to give his daughter to a man who had no certain means of livelihood on which to support a family. In the meantime, the council had assembled, and (with the exception of Rubacher, the one voice raised against him) decided in favour of Hans to carve the high altar from his own design. The deputation waited on the young man and told him of their decision. The work was to be completed in two years, viz., at the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1527, and when in need of money he was to apply to the Treasurer of Breisach. Hans was much surprised at the decision of the deputation, but thanked them gratefully and humbly, and with hope in his heart, went at once to Herr Rubacher to tell him of his good fortune, and to beg the hand of his daughter Katherine. Hans little knew that the only vote against him in the council was given by the father of his loved one, who, when the young suitor appeared, dismissed him with roughness, adding however, that if Hans was so great an artist, he would give him a task which, when executed, would satisfy the desire of his heart. The task was to make the altar-piece higher than the chancel itself. Hans returned to his cottage in despair; his chances of winning Katherine seemed hopeless, and that evening, instead of the customary music sent up in strains of love from his garden, he sat thoughtfully at home, trying hard to puzzle out his task.

That same night aroused from sleep by a sudden storm of wind, Hans thought of his favourite rose-tree, planted at the beginning of his friendship with Katherine. Hastily rising to see if the tree had suffered, he saw it slightly bent under the arch of the door, and a fragrant rose gracefully inclining forward

on its stem. At once the sudden idea flew to his mind! Why should he not design the pinnacle of the altar-piece to bend forward in like manner? It would solve the difficulty of making it higher than the chancel! So he began his work in earnest, and after two years the time arrived for the completion of it. The altar-piece was indeed magnificent when finished. Triptych in shape, exquisitely carved in white limewood and delicate as lace-work, the rood-loft in Gothic form tapered in light tracery to a point towards the roof, ending in the form of a rose bent forward. The second section of the triptych represents the coronation of the Virgin, surmounted by a leaf-like design, and in each wing at the sides of the altar, large-sized figures of saints are depicted, in masterly carving.



The high altar of Breisach Minster

It was indeed well worth a visit to study such a unique work of art. The church was closed for three months previous to the time appointed to erect the altar-piece, and on the day a feast was held to do it honour. Hundreds came to see the work from afar, and were astonished when it was exposed to view. It was a glory to the little Breisach Minster from that day to this. The modest artist concealed himself in the church during the Dedication Festival, but he was discovered and brought forward, congratulated on all sides, Herr Rubacher, among the number, declaring before the assembled company that as Hans Liefrink had completed the allotted task in such a praiseworthy manner, he now regarded him as eminently suitable to wed his only daughter. Hans' love troubles were now at an end, and he had his reward. Thus runs the legend, explaining to those who come after, the reason of the beautiful high altar of Breisach being higher than the chancel.

The Private Soldier as a Familiar Friend

By Eric Macfayden, late Trooper, Imperial Yeomanry

ONE of the first characteristics of the army to strike one is the strongly marked individuality of the different corps. It is like a big public school with its different houses, each with their easily recognisable features, peculiar to themselves. There is the long-suffering good nature of the line; the self-assertive pride of the Guards, almost always on its defence; the rather patronising superciliousness of the cavalry; the solid self-confidence of that most popular service known as the 'tillery; and the conceit of the engineer. The existence of these several types is continually forcing itself into notice. In another respect, too, there is a resemblance to a public school: in the kind of friendly enmity existing between the respective corps.

Such feuds and friendships are due to all sorts of interesting but often recondite origins; some to recent Aldershot alliances, some to quarrels far back in the past. But even when the beginnings are forgotten, regimental *esprit de corps* will not allow the feeling to die out. The other day I was travelling in a railway carriage with two old soldiers, who had not been two minutes in the same carriage before they found their respective regiments had lain next one another at Allahabad in 1883! At first they were as friendly as could be. But before long they neared a question of disputed right—about a race which was said by the one regiment to have been unfairly run. The one was as energetic in vindication of the winner, and the other as angry in condemnation, as though the race had been run the day before. When one of them left the carriage the other hurled vituperation at the retreating figure as it marched down the platform.

In hospital at Pretoria my bed was between those of a gunner with bad bronchitis, and a big Gordon recovering from dysentery. They fought across me continually for the honour of their regiments, and challenged each other at least daily to single combat—neither being able to rise from their beds. Both had been in Ladysmith, and the allotment of credit for the various memorable exploits of the siege was usually the subject of disagreement.

"Seventeen hours under long Tom," begins the gunner.

"Seventeen hours in the clink," retorts the "Jock" (Highlander that is). "A weesh a had ma strength, laddie; a wad sune knock the breith out o' your blazin' batt'ry."

"Ay, there's a deal o' scrappin' in these 'ere 'Dargais,'" replies the gunner, "when a bloke's in bed, an' there ain't no chance of their bein' 'urt." (The "Dargais," I need hardly explain, are the Gordons.)

So the argument would go on. It would be varied sometimes, apropos of the playing of the Lincolns' band in the square outside, by a dispute as to the quality of the different regimental bands. As neither had ever heard the other's, there was room for infinite discussion, with little prospect of a settlement. One day I succeeded in proposing, as a *modus vivendi*, a decision in favour of the "Blue Hungarian." Neither side of the controversy having ever heard the name of this band, it was agreed, as a compromise, that perhaps it was the best in the world.

The relations between the Cameron Highlanders and Seaforths (the former of whom boast that they have within three years circumnavigated Africa and fought hard in both north and south) have been strained ever since the Atbara. In this fight the Camerons were to have demolished the Dervish zareba and then let the Seaforths through their ranks. When the Seaforths came up they found the zareba demolished, but no Camerons were to be seen. They had gone through and done the rival regiment's work as well as their own!

One of my friends at Bloemfontein (though we did not know it at the time) had just earned the Victoria Cross. He narrated the incident in connection with which he won this distinction. But I only learned of his part in it months afterwards, when I saw

the award in the papers. Another struck me as being quite an artistic character. He could draw from memory pictures of Shakespeare's house at Stratford and make up verses of his own of a pathetic character. All of these he sang to one tune. He would divert himself in his leisure moments by circulating circumstantial rumours about the death or capture of De Wet, which would return to us after a few hours, embellished with handsome augmentations. He was also continually borrowing sixpences, which he spent on heaven knows what.

In his taste with regard to songs, Tommy is almost always sentimental, even morbid. He loves to "suck melancholy from a song as a weasel sucks eggs." Perhaps, for the time being, the most popular song in the army was one about the dying speech of a little drummer-boy; of which the refrain ran somewhat thus:

> Oh break the news to mother,
> She knows how well I love her;
> But tell her not to wait for me
> For I'm not coming home, &c.

Ballads such as "Oh, Valentine," and "Rosie O'Brady" were a good deal sung. When the song was humorous, the humour usually consisted in puns, or was of the kind associated with pantomimes. I remember one much-liked song of the kind:

> What did I do? What did I do?
> As soon as the boat began to fill
> I turned around and I said to Bill:
> "I'm a wonder, of that there is no doubt,
> I'll simply bore a hole in the boat and let the water out."

But the really popular song was of a melancholy order, and set to a most lugubrious tune. A fair example is the one that begins:

> Down in the deep they are sleeping,
> Sleeping to wake no more.

Most of the men, especially married men, were a good deal homesick in hospital, where there is plenty of time to think of home. Some of them, when one got to know them, spoke most charmingly of their home affairs. One reservist whom I came to know well was in a state of perpetual amazement at his own blessedness in having secured the "missus" he had.

He was a big, awkward Lancashire lad, very often in trouble. "I never could tell," he would say very humbly, "how she came to tek up wi' me—her bein' one o' that sort as keeps theirselves to theirselves." He cherished the dream of an Arcadia in which he kept a country butcher's shop, (with a cart of his own to drive round in with the meat,) and had a field behind his house in which the "missus" kept fowls. This man was in the 21st Lancers, and had been through the great charge of Omdurman.

Another, whom I knew as a person of considerable imaginative powers, and particularly fond of an appreciative audience, gave me a characteristic account of his courtship. He had apparently won his lady by his moving account of adventures in the Tirah campaign:

> She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
> And I loved her that she did pity them.

I knew another man—a sergeant in a Scotch regiment who hailed from the Clyde—who positively wearied me with his praises of his young wife. "A'm tellin' ye she's a self-taught dressmaker! She has ae single sewing-machine that dis auchteen different stitches—mon, a couldna tell ye sae muckle as the names o' the half of them! Ay, and there is na a wumman in the married-quarters but comes to Mrs. —— for receipts in cookery. An' she's ten years the younger o' me—for all a'm callin' her mither. Ay, and ye'll no be seein' the one out for a walk wi'out the ither. For where she canna go, I mauna; and where she mauna go, ye'll no be seein' the sergeant."

Some of the men, poor fellows, felt that they missed little enough by being away from home. I asked one reservist, a middle-aged man of fifteen years service, if his berth was being kept open for him while he was away. "Oh, yes," he answered, "my job's 'unemployed,' and they'll keep it open for me."

Tommy no doubt has his faults, though some of them are the almost inevitable effects upon certain characters of a life like that of the army. Perhaps the most general (though

not nearly so common, I believe, as a generation ago) is drunkenness. A good many of the men in hospital were suffering from ailments more or less directly traceable to alcoholism. I remember a doctor asking an old Indian soldier with a very bad liver, whether he was not a rather heavy drinker. The man gave a grudging acknowledgment, that "he might be fond of a drop." "A drop!" replied the doctor; "buckets, my man, buckets!"

Another man put the reason for the prevalence of enteric and similar diseases among the troops in a rather new light. Discussing the matter with me one day, he remarked: "You see, this is such an unhealthy country—a man has to drink so much water. Now, when I'm at home, if I'm a-going to drink a glass of water, I sez afore I does it: 'Now, I'm a-goin' to give my in'ards a surprise.'" This struck me as a novel form of "grace before water."

Tommy upon his officers is always interesting. I found that many officers receive a degree of admiration, and even of affection, which almost amounts to hero-worship. I was sitting alone one day in the recreation tent at Bloemfontein when a man strolled in whose acquaintance I afterwards cultivated. I found him to be a Scotsman, though in a London regiment, and no more demonstrative than most of his countrymen. But as he entered the tent, his eye fell on a print of Sir R. Buller pinned up on the wall. Instinctively he sprang up to attention and saluted!

He turned round immediately and saw me sitting in a corner. He blushed at once and began to exculpate himself. But the action had been almost involuntary, and the emotion which had prompted it had been genuine.

I believe there can be little doubt that General Buller was the idol of the South African Field Force. I thought it significant that, though I spoke of him to many men who had been through Ladysmith, I never found one who had a word to say against "old Buller." And yet, if any one had the right to do so, they had. The universal opinion was that it was astonishing he should ever have got in, even in the end. The feeling of hopelessness, which yet never affected the dogged determination of the Ladysmith garrison, was well illustrated by a story told me by one of the 5th Lancers. A man coming into a tent towards the end of the siege, sat down, and remarked:

"They say as Buller 'll be in to-morrow."

"Silly fool—chuck 'im out," was the curt response, and some one arose and ousted the man of hope. Then one of the others began:

"Wot's the use of a bloke talkin' like that; we'll all be skeletings before Buller gets in."

"Silly fool—chuck 'im out," again came the reply, and the man of despair was also expelled.

At the same time, Tommy is exceedingly bitter in condemnation of a certain class of officers. He is angrily contemptuous of young and thoughtless officers who get their men into "tight corners!" Numbers of men in the ranks know more about fighting than most lieutenants and many captains; and they are not sparing in their criticisms amongst each other. Indeed, I have heard officers even of high rank accused, not merely of being deficient in tactical skill, but even of not being overburdened with ordinary pluck. I give the following story in the words of the man whom I heard relate it, not suggesting, of course, that it is a true story, but merely as an instance of the kind of criticism not uncommon in the ranks just now.

"Oh, you was a talkin' of 'ow the cavalry was in the firin' line at Nauwpoort Nek, or was it Karree Sidin'? Never mind, 'cos this 'ere didn't 'appen at Nauwpoort Nek, nor at Karree Sidin' neither, what I'm a goin' to tell you of. Well we was in the firin' line we was, and the old . . . Rigiment a layin' to the right of us. Extreme right of them was eighteen mounted men and the Colonel of the —— on a 'orse. Them was all the geegees we had.

"Well sudden-like a Morser bullet comes a wizzin' past the ol' Colonel's ear, and 'is 'orse, a thinkin' I suppose as 'e orter carry a message to the gin'ral wheels to right about. It wasn't the Colonel's fault of course; no one didn't say as it was. 'Owever round 'e

goes and 'e sets off at what you might call a full gallop.

"Well the Colonel 'e was the 'are, and the eighteen mounted men, they was the 'ounds. They chases that Colonel till he was well out of sight; and we sees 'em both, next morning, jest about breakfast time. But the boys they was a sittin' up in the firin' line and a callin' out—'Ten shillin's reward for any one as will pro-dooce the Colonel of the —— Rigiment!'"

I was naturally interested in finding out the opinion of the rank and file of the regular army upon the value of the auxiliary forces. Of the Canadians, the Australians, and the South African Colonials, there was only one opinion—the highest. Of the home volunteers, opinions were mixed. Each regiment spoke well of its own volunteer service company; and such as knew the Imperial Yeomanry by personal experience, spoke well of them also. I never heard a man belonging to Lord Methuen's division, for which Lord Chesham's Yeomanry Brigade supplied all the cavalry they had, who did not praise the yeomanry. But many of the infantry in other divisions had never, at this time, acted with yeomanry, and these were reluctant at first to treat one as a man and a brother. The popularity of the service was militated against by the raising of such corps as the so-called "millionaire" or "kid-gloved" corps.

The Guards regiments came in for a good deal of unpopularity; but they, even in peace time, are disapproved of by the army as a whole; and the non-combatant services, as was natural, did not always receive fair-play. When a hospital orderly would complain of patients being unhandy or shiftless, the smart retort would probably be, "But then we're fighting sojers, you see." I once heard a sharp rebuke administered to an Army Service sergeant quartered at the base, who had been recounting with much spirit the adventures of a friend of his at the front. "Who's that a-talkin' so big?" asked a Tommy (who knew of course as well as the rest of us). "What, don't yer know 'im?" replied a confederate; "why 'e's a commissary duke, 'e is—a bloomin' non-com.; South African medal and Base-fontein bar." The coinage Base-fontein I thought particularly good.

The Tommy's dialect is always peculiar and often picturesque. Most ordinary things have their special names, as though in a different tongue. Thus "scoff" is food, "rooty" bread, and "slingers" army rations, unaugmented. Many expressions disclose an Indian origin. Thus a "bandage-wallah" is a doctor, a "Bible-wallah" a chaplain, a "wobbly-wallah" a barber (wielder of the "wobbly" or shaving brush). Of the soldiers who have been in India almost all consider themselves accomplished Orientalists. Whenever we came across any coolies (of whom there are large numbers in South Africa), these linguists would display their prowess before their less-travelled friends; but the coolies, I confess, never appeared to be particularly responsive. I am informed, on good authority, that in India the ordinary Tommy's vocabulary usually consists of the monosyllable "j-ow," assisted by the suasion of a kick!

But without his resorting to eastern expressions Tommy's language is often an interesting study. The use of the perpetual epithet which Mr. Kipling usually, I think, represents by the milder expletive "blooming," is not of course confined to the army. But I have heard there niceties and developments in its use which could scarcely I think have grown up elsewhere. I remember lying on my back one very hot day with my eyes closed. A friend sat by me eating a large bun purchased for a penny. He amused himself by indolently plucking out the rare currants and flicking them at my face. For some time, hoping the extravagant impulse might wear itself out, I lay quite still, simulating slumber. At last he planted one on the very end of my nose. Then I sat up, expostulatory.

This was, of course, the object at which he had aimed, and he greeted me with a delightful burst of idiom, "Hoo-bloomin'-ray, I thought you wasn't a-bloomin'-sleep." Surely this double instance of "tmesis" (for "hooray" and "asleep") should be a treasure for the grammarians.

Many of these men, though practically uneducated, had a real command of descrip-

tive language. I recollect an infantryman describing a charge in which he took part (it was at Van Wyk's Vlei), and in which he received a bad thigh wound. After describing the rush very graphically he ended up: "So there we was, at about two 'undred. We seen 'em on January 6, in the general assault, and then we'd walked five months without even 'avin' a look at one of 'em; and we thinks we be goin' to git it into 'em again, an' our blood was up, I can tell yer, and we was 'ollering like 'ell-cats. It was then as I got a Morser in my thigh, and down I comes on my nose, like as if I was 'it with a sledge-'ammer, back o' the neck, an' I tries to up an' I couldn't, but I was that 'eated, I keeps a schreechin' like a bagpipes." I never met a soldier who spoke quite the sublimated slang of Mr. Kipling; but this man came fairly near it.

In connection with his story, I may note that I never saw, nor heard of a case of a man hit in front, who threw up his arms and fell backwards, as they do in pictures. I questioned a number of men of considerable experience, but all agreed with me that it was universal to fall on one's face.

Making the acquaintance of these men was one of the few alleviations of hospital life, which was about as dull, otherwise, as could well be imagined. Each morning there was the doctor's visit, with the eternal question, "Well, my men, how are you to-day?" and the equally certain answer, "Oh! pretty well, thank you, sir." This grew so monotonous that I remember one man, on the usual question being put to him, breaking out in his native tongue, "Och, brawly, and thank ye for speirin'!" From the doctor's look, he must, I think, have supposed the man to be reviling him, and contemplated having him put under arrest.

In our tent at Bloemfontein we attempted to make the time pass quicker by undertaking the responsibility of keeping up a perpetual game of four-handed bezique. The six of us took turns, and "kept the pot boiling," with occasional pauses for meals, from reveillé till lights out. We used to sit round a bed, mildly elated by "royal marriages" and "sequences," and steadily reducing our stock of tobacco. Sometimes for a day or more we would be dependent for a light on a chance and charitable passer by.

One night I went to the door of our tent rather late, and was at once attracted by an unusual object straight before me. I went up to it and found it to be the figure of a man, turned upside down, and apparently fixed so in an everlasting station! I turned the figure over and found it to be a friend of mine, in the regiment endearingly known as the "Dubs" (the Dublin Fusiliers that is). "Why what's wrong with you Mike?" I asked. "Ugh," he replied; "doctor he sez, 'ye're not looking yerself to-day, Mike;' so I sez, 'neither am I feeling it docthor,' sez I. 'So what is the matter wid ye then,' sez he. 'Ugh, sorr,' sez I, 'I think it's the monothony that's preyin' on me vitals.' 'Why,' sez he, 'go and shtand on yer head, man,' sez he, 'that's all you 're needing.' So I thried it, and I felt such an improvement in me gineral health, that I'm just conthinuing the motion."

Building a Thunderstorm

By Arthur H. Bell

ONE of the worst ways in which to gain a true idea of the shape of a flash of lightning is to look at some of the pictures which appear in many old books that purport to give the history of a thunderstorm. The path of a flash of lightning is, indeed, a zigzag, but it is not so abruptly angular as it is commonly represented. In recent years this subject has been investigated by the aid of photography, the many excellent pictures which are now obtained clearly showing what a flash of lightning is like. When old sketches are compared with the modern photographs it is seen that among the artists two names stand out conspicuously as having accurately observed and drawn this natural phenomenon. These are Turner and Nasmyth, and their pictures of lightning will always be conspicuous examples of accurate observation. Moreover, not only is it known nowadays what the shape is of a flash of lightning, but much has been learnt as to the way in which the flash is built up. At first it would not be supposed that there was much connection between a tiny evanescent dewdrop twinkling in the sunlight and a destructive flash of forked lightning. They are, however, closely related, for both the dewdrop and the flash of lightning are the children of aqueous vapour, and both are fabricated and nourished from the same substance.

From all parts of the earth and the sea minute particles of moisture are continually leaping into the air in response to the invitation of the sunbeams. This moisture has, moreover, many careers open to it, and it may go to build up a fog or a mist, or it may quietly fall back to earth again in the shape of a dewdrop, or as a glittering deposit of hoar-frost. It may also serve to build up a cloud and take part in some tropical downpour of rain, or flutter downwards on the back of a snowflake, or rattle earthwards as hail. During its sojourn in the cloud it finds its opportunity to assist in the building up of a thunderstorm, which is probably the most impressive piece of work in which the particles of moisture are ever engaged.

These little atoms of moisture are individually very insignificant, but, as they leap into the air under the stimulus of the force of evaporation, they carry on their surface a minute charge of electricity. These atoms of vapour have been experimented upon in physical laboratories, and a careful observation of their behaviour has revealed much of their history. Everybody has noticed how the drops of rain on a window-pane run together and increase in size, so that they presently plunge headlong downwards. A similar thing happens to the small drops of moisture in the air, for they are continually jostling one the other, a collision always resulting in the two drops becoming one; until presently a full-sized raindrop is produced which at the call of gravitation runs to meet the earth. Nor is this all. Every time there is a collision, not only does the moisture coalesce, but the electricity carried on the surface of the tiny drops does the same. Moreover, by this process the strength or tension, as the term is, of the electricity is greatly increased, so that whenever a drop of moisture increases in bulk it becomes a much more effective agent, and, as regards building up a thunderstorm, its value is greatly increased. The atoms of vapour, therefore, are not only actively engaged in building up the clouds and giving them their varied shapes, but they are at the same time accumulating within the cloud itself enormous stores of electricity which, when a favourable opportunity arrives, will leap noisily forth as a full-grown thunderstorm.

There are, of course, two kinds of electricity which, for convenience of reference, are commonly called "positive" and "negative," the former being mainly derived from the ocean and the latter from the land. Some celebrated authorities on these matters made certain experiments which showed that, when

water containing a strong solution of salt was evaporated, the particles of vapour were detected in the act of hurrying off into the atmosphere with a tiny load of positive electricity on their backs. These and similar experiments give sanction to the conclusion that it is to the particles of moisture rising from the sea that the vast accumulations of positive electricity in the atmosphere are due. Investigators are indeed continually testing the atmosphere in order to discover the variations which occur as regards its electricity, and these observations also confirm the conclusion that it is mainly from the surface of the sea that positive electricity is derived.

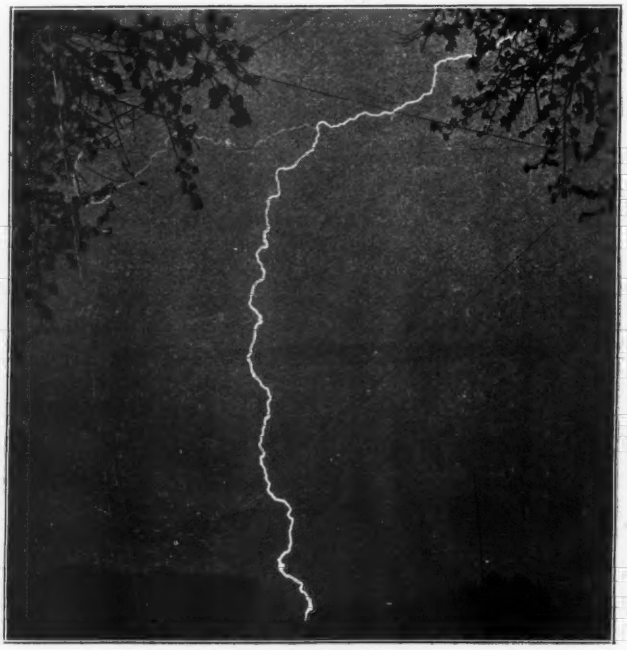
An ordinary flash of lightning

But from the land there are ever rising other particles of moisture charged with negative electricity, particles, moreover, which are antithetical and antagonistic to those born of the sea. There is a perpetual feud between them, and out of this comes the thunderstorm. The clouds, therefore, as they float through the atmosphere, have within them some very combustible material which never fails to act when the fitting occasion arrives. It is these clouds which Milton describes as being like "a looming bastion fringed with fire," waiting, "till winds the signal blow to join their dark encounter in mid-air." Supposing, then, that clouds of different strength as regards their electricity meet one another, there is a prompt adjustment of their differences, and a bombardment is immediately commenced. As a result of these exchanges equilibrium is produced, for just in the same way that two volumes of water of different heights run together and come to a common level, so does electricity. It is while making these adjustments that the thunderstorm is formed.

Further, not only do the discharges take place between cloud and cloud, but they also occur between clouds and the earth. It is, moreover, the dark brumous clouds that rise from the earth that are mainly responsible for these aerial bombardments. Commonly the clouds are charged with positive electricity, and in such circumstances they float serenely in the atmosphere, and any fiery or turbulent manifestations on the part of electrically charged particles of

moisture occur within their own borders. The rising of some earth-born cloud, however, dispels this quietness, and the invader can only be destroyed by a copious stream of positive electricity which leaps upon the visitor in the form of a flash of lightning. It has been estimated that lightning travels at the rate of 290,000 miles a second, and it is not, it may be supposed, easy to tell whether a certain flash sprang from the earth to the cloud or from the cloud to the earth, but during a violent storm it is probable that the flashes move in either direction with equal facility. Under the influence of the enormous heat generated by a flash of lightning the air is torn, as it were, violently asunder, and it is the noise of this tearing asunder of the atmosphere that produces the thunder. The thunder, too, is thrown from cloud to cloud, much of the rolling of the thunder being due to the echoes so produced. Any one who has noticed how the noise of an engine's whistle diminishes as the train moves farther away will realise that the rolling of the thunder may also be ascribed to another cause. Thus it will often happen that flashes of lightning which are many miles in length are, as it were, end on to the observer, so that, although the flash of light arrives promptly to the eye, the sound falls into the ear draggingly, like a long piece of string into a box. There is, therefore, not so much mystery about the thunder as there is concerning its parent the lightning.

The lightning is seen first and is followed by rain and thunder. As regards the two last, they do not always appear in the same order. Further, although the lightning is seen first there are reasons for believing that it is made last. For this reason. It has already been remarked that the particles of moisture as they coalesce to make raindrops yield up their stores of electricity, so that the raindrop is made first, the flash of light following as the result of this combination. Moreover, when the flash of lightning occurs, it is only the surface electricity that leaps forth from the cloud, and since there is an innumerable host of particles of vapour within the latter, each having their charge of electricity, it follows that several flashes may come from the same cloud until its stores



Stream lightning

are exhausted. It has been suggested, too, that drops of moisture have a special facility in storing up electricity, and that, although a flash of forked lightning is such an appalling phenomenon, it is, after all, built up bit by bit by these tiny particles of moisture, and forms a notable instance of the great effects achieved by insignificant things when acting in combination.

Sinuous lightning

The raindrop, then, may be considered as being formed first, and then the lightning. Commonly the downpour of rain during certain thunderstorms appears to tumble down on the earth several seconds after the lightning has been seen. But it should be remembered that the raindrops have often travelled a long way, the cloud in which they were born being perhaps a mile or two above the surface of the earth, and it is this long journey that causes the rain to put in an appearance after the lightning. Sometimes, too, the length of this journey allows the sound of the thunder to be heard before the heavy rain shower is seen, but it will perhaps be understood that the distance of the cloud from the observer regulates the order in which the two competitors in the race earthwards will appear. The rain as it falls during a severe thunderstorm has, moreover, an important function to perform. In this connection it may be mentioned that Faraday once tried to kill with electricity a rat whose skin was drenched with water, but failed. This failure to electrocute the rat was due to the fact that water is a good conductor of electricity, and it was to this fact that the rat owed its escape. It may, in passing, be observed that this experiment has caused some nervous people to affirm that the best protection one can have during a thunderstorm is to get wet through. Water, then, being thus a good conductor, it will, when a heavy shower is descending, make, as it were, a bridge from the clouds to the earth, and it is, indeed, up and down this watery highway that the flashes of lightning, which have been mentioned as leaping from the earth to the clouds, are commonly supposed to pass.

Broadly speaking, there are three kinds of

lightning, commonly called "forked," "sheet," and "globular." The latter kind is extremely rare, and awaits further investigation. It is variously described as being like a cricket-ball, a round cheese and a quart pot. Most observers agree that this globe of light is very leisurely in its movements, and since it has occasionally been known to explode with a loud report, it is not surprising that this mysterious phenomenon has in popular language been sometimes classed with the so-called "thunderbolts." "Sheet lightning" is merely the reflection of a thunderstorm taking place, perhaps, below the horizon, or it may be behind some dense bank of cloud. Thunderstorms also occur at great heights above the earth, and too far off for the sound of the thunder to reach the ear of the observer, the pulsating flashes of light being the only means by which the electrical demonstration is announced. The parent of sheet lightning is, therefore, the forked lightning, as it is termed, this being the lightning built up by the raindrops. In passing it may be observed that the forked or zigzag appearance of the lightning is due to the electricity moving through the air along the line of least resistance. The flash, therefore, behaves much in the same way as does a man pushing his way through a crowd of people, for both reach their goal by moving where opposition is the slightest.

Ramified lightning

An examination of a series of photographs taken during thunderstorms by different observers shows that, although, as already mentioned, there are three kinds of lightning, there are no less than six different ways in which the flashes manifest themselves. There is first of all the lightning that appears as a simple broad smooth band, this band commonly bending from side to side, this variety being called "stream lightning." In another form this kind of lightning seems to move snakewise, and is then called "sinuous." Of all kinds of lightning flashes this latter kind is probably the most common. These varieties, however, do not make such pretty pictures as the lightning called "ramified," a variety that has the appearance of a tree with its trunk, its branches and roots all complete. The "meandering lightning" is fitly named, for of all the children born of the thundercloud it is the most erratic in its movements, for not only does it travel in strange directions, but during its journey through the air it forms into loops and twists, which give it a very curious and interesting appearance. Then there is the "beaded lightning," which

the camera shows to have, at certain intervals in the fiery ribbon of light, some strange spots and circles of light. The last type of lightning to be mentioned is called "ribbon," its peculiar features being that one edge of the flash is finer and more brilliantly white than the other. Although, therefore, lightning is so evanescent, it is possible to question it as it makes its quick pulsations, and it will be gathered that, since it is now possible to classify flashes of lightning, their history is becoming better understood.

Popular superstitions die hard, but it may be questioned whether any fallacy has persisted so long as the belief in thunderbolts. There are, of course, no such things, but it is easy to see to what this belief has owed its long life. In many museums there are objects carefully preserved and labelled as "thunderbolts," and many generations have gazed at these relics and never doubted the label was telling the truth. Newspaper reporters, too, find it so very picturesque to call a destructive flash of lightning a "thunderbolt," that the word is kept alive. It should, however, be removed from the dictionary and given decent burial. When people send a telegraphic message there is no transmission of substance, neither is there when a flash of lightning leaps from a cloud to the earth. A glance into the translucent atmosphere will show that there is no material there for the forging of thunderbolts. But during thunderstorms it does sometimes happen that meteors fall to the earth, and when one of these is picked up immediately after a brilliant flash of lightning has been seen, what is more natural than to label it as a "thunderbolt"? Occasionally, also, the lightning during its downward rush may make a hole in the ground, and when some object of an unusual appearance is subsequently found therein, the local museum once more receives the gift of a thunderbolt. Belemites, nodules of iron pyrites, and fossils have all, at one time or another, been taken for a bolt from the blue, while a piece of prosaic brick has also been similarly described. Moreover, when a flash of lightning happens to strike a patch of sandy earth containing much silex, the latter is fused and assumes a peculiar shape, and is then known as a fulgurite. It is, indeed, these fulgurites that perhaps, more than anything else, are taken and treasured as thunderbolts, but it will be gathered that they have an earthly origin and were never hurtled through the sky. For these and other reasons the word "thunderbolt" should be allowed to die a natural death.

There are excellent grounds for believing that the safest place during a thunderstorm is in bed, a position between two featherbeds giving complete immunity. In the open air, too, it is possible to exercise a wise discretion as regards choosing a place of shelter. Owing to the metallic substances in certain soils, some trees, for instance, are more frequently struck than others, and should therefore be avoided. Thus the oak and the elm are often struck and destroyed by lightning; but the ash is rarely struck, and the beech, it is said, never. A little botanical information may, therefore, during the passing of a severe thunderstorm prove its own reward. As regards animals, they are often struck when huddled together, for there is often a body of warm air rising above the flock which serves to attract the lightning, for, as already mentioned, the flash moves ever along the easiest paths. It is, however, to the minute particles of moisture in the air, and to the tiny charge of electricity they carry with them, that the mightiest flash of lightning and the most reverberating peal of thunder owe their force, for these particles are indeed the builders of the thunderstorm.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two travellers arrive at Perrancove Towers, a mansion standing on the sea coast on the borders of Devon and Cornwall. The elder, Mr. Endicott, is owner of the place. Mr. Endicott has an adopted child named Una Cartaret. She is now twenty-one. To please Mr. Endicott, who is dying, and has made Una his heiress, Cuthbert Gregson, his travelling companion, marries her. The object of the marriage is to protect her from her father, a scoundrel, who would otherwise obtain an evil influence over her. Mr. Endicott dies. A ship is wrecked off the coast, and Una sees two wreckers rob a man who has been washed ashore, and leave him for dead. Una finds he still breathes. She tells a fisherman—Jim Tanner—who nurses the stranger, one Duncan Thiselthwaite, back to health.

Una, Jim, and his father, in order to defeat wrecking, build a lifeboat in a haunted cave. Jim's wife, Kathie, is devotedly attached to Una. A sister of Gregson's, Marjorie, comes from America to stay with her brother. She becomes engaged to Duncan Thiselthwaite. Duncan rows Marjorie to the Witches' Cave and almost discovers Una's secret. Una's husband, who is writing a book begins to take an interest in Una's comings and goings, a fact which Una resents, as they had agreed to live their own lives when they were married.

The lifeboat *Triumph* makes its first journey one night. A yacht and its crew are saved and towed into the haunted cave. Before morning they have sailed away. The villagers are disappointed that there is no booty, and regard the incident with superstitious fear. A half-witted woman is stoned by village-boys as a witch. Una's husband rescues her.

One night a large ship drifts on to the rocks. The *Triumph* goes to the rescue and brings ashore, through the Witches' Cave, the Captain, his little boy, and the crew. Cuthbert tells the villagers to render all assistance possible to the Captain, but they refuse to help, and fighting ensues. The crew manages to secure the wreckage. Cuthbert goes with Jim in his boat to Plymouth to ask the authorities to establish a coastguard station. Una's father arrives at the Towers soon after Cuthbert's departure, and proves to be a dissipated man. Una longs for her husband's return.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FLOATING SPAR

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
  And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
  Is dimmed and vanished too!

Oh! Who would bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting, through the gloom,
  Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
  With more than rapture's ray:
As darkness shows us worlds of light
  We never saw by day!

MOORE.

AND now ensued a very dark time in Una's life. Her father, mistaking her willing submission to his authority for want of character, grew more and more aggressive in tone and manner. The amount of money he required seemed to her to be quite incomprehensible; but she dared not refuse him anything. Honour and obedience to a parent was deeply implanted in her breast. She sometimes thought of the words she had uttered to her guardian long ago, and which she little thought would ever touch her life—

"Even if they drink themselves to death, it is the duty of their children to look after them."

She tried gentle expostulations and entreaties with her father; but they were of no avail. And she began to realise that her household was suffering from his influence. One or two of the younger servants were drinking heavily. The old cook and housekeeper, Mrs. Craven, came in great distress one day to say that the maids were getting their heads turned by the flatteries and attentions they received from the gentlemen.

"And mistress, my dear," the faithful old creature added. "'Tis you yourself I be in fears of. You be so young and pretty; so unprotected, so alone, that I sits me down and haves a hearty cry again and again. Oh, when will the master be back!"

Duncan Thiselthwaite rode over for the first few days to ask if he could be of any help; but when Una dismissed him curtly and coldly, and told him she was in her own home, and would not dream of leaving it, as

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he suggested, he left off coming, feeling he had done his utmost on her behalf.

It seemed of little use remonstrating with her father, but she attempted it more than once.

"I do not like your friends, father. How long are they going to stay? Can you not tell them to go? I will make you comfortable and happy without them."

"My dear," he said uneasily; "I owe them money. I—I—am awkwardly situated."

"How much do you owe them? Tell me, and I will give it to you. They are making me miserable, and every one else. I would give anything to get rid of them!"

"I will try to find out."

But he put off doing it from day to day, and Una lived for the first time in her life in an atmosphere of fear. She shunned the house, and was only happy when she was in her boat, or with Kathie.

And as days went by, and there were no tidings of the *Flying Gull*, the two young wives looked into each other's faces with anxious eyes.

"My husband said he would be back in a month," Una said. "It is six weeks to-day, and we have had no letter or message."

"It seems six years to me," said Kathie with glowing eyes. "But us'll hope on, Missy. Any day now us may see them sailin' in."

"I seem to have no hope left," Una exclaimed impetuously; "everything is black, and dreadful!"

Kathie looked at her in astonishment. She noted tired lines and shadows about her eyes that never used to be there; there was a downward droop to her lips, and a lack of that buoyancy and breeziness that was her great characteristic.

"You are ill, Missy?"

"No, I am not; I do not sleep at night, and it makes me feel dull in the daytime. That is all that is the matter with me."

Kathie shook her head at her.

"You are frettin' too much, Missy. What is it?"

And then Una sat down and burst into tears.

"Oh, Kathie, I must speak to some one! I do feel so lonely without my husband. I want him back; I feel I shall never be happy again without him. If I could see him now, and hear him speak; if I could just lay my hand on his coat sleeve, and know it was really and truly him, I think I should go wild with joy."

Kathie smiled and nodded. This was after her own heart. She had long been perplexed and distressed by Una's apparent indifference to her husband. It needed only his absence, she thought, to show her dear young lady how big a part of her affection he occupied.

"Yes," she said; "us would both be crazy wi' joy if us had them by us. But, Missy, 'tis only waitin', the good Lord hath 'em in His keepin'. He doth watch over them an' us together, and it seemeth to me every night when I lay my head on my pillow and saith, 'Is he safe an' well, Lord, to-night?' that the answer cometh, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' The Lord will tell me when He taketh Jim to Himself; but I be sure that that time has not come."

Una left Kathie cheered and comforted; but it needed all her spirit and courage to keep cheerful at home. She told Kathie of one trouble that was weighing on her heart; she could not tell her of the others. Her life at the Towers seemed to her like one long nightmare. And things grew worse instead of better. The old servants became anxious; and then indignant. One or two of them said that if the master was not soon returning they must leave. Baldwin said that the house would soon get a bad name in the neighbourhood; and that he would not stay to see disgrace come upon the old place. And Una was powerless to stem the tide that was sweeping everything pure and wholesome away. Her father ruled the house, and treated her, as many women were treated in those days, as if she had no individuality or will of her own. One afternoon, about five o'clock she was sitting with Kathie when there was a hasty knock at the door, and a near neighbour, Mrs. Catwick, put in her head excitedly.

"Missis Tanner, there be a smack just

landed from Plymouth. Ye may get news of your man."

In one second both Una and Kathie were running down to the wharf. They saw a little cluster of fishers round the boat, and there were low murmurs as they approached.

"Ah, poor crittur!" said one woman as Kathie passed her. "Her be allays too much taken up wi' him."

"Who be to tell 'em?" was a whisper that caught Una's ear.

In an instant she was making her way through the little group towards the seafaring stranger.

"Sir," she said; and though she tried to speak steadily, her voice trembled visibly, "have you seen anything of the *Flying Gull?*"

The captain looked at her, then rubbed his hand through his grizzled hair.

"Have 'ee friends on that craft, mistress?"

"My husband."

"Then may the Lord help 'ee!"

And stooping down in a shamefaced sort of way, he lifted up an object that was in the centre of the little group around him, and held it out to Una's wondering eyes.

It was a long piece of wood, dark, and still damp from the salt waves that had tossed it to and fro. But there was no mistaking it, for the white painted letters that had been Jim's pride now stared his wife full in the face—*Flying Gull.*

For a moment Una turned and grasped Kathie's arm.

"What does it mean?" she gasped, and the colour ebbed from cheeks and lips till it left her wan and pale.

The captain cleared his throat.

"A had a word wi' them o' this craft," he said, "an' A knowed 'twas for here they was bound. 'Twas nigh on three weeks ago they left our port. An' A telled 'em A were follerin' their track, for A hath cargo to take beyon' this. 'Twas not the gent A had speech wi'. All A heerd 'un say were, 'Tanner,' sez 'un, 'let your boat fly, man, A'm wearyin' to be home!' The young chap laughed and sez he, 'Ay, sir, us be o' one mind concarnin' that!' An' that were the last A saw of 'em. But off Crackington Haven us picked up bits o' planks that had not bin long under water, an' this bit were one on 'em. An' A felt there would be some a-watchin' for em, an' A brought 'un long wi' us."

Kathie and Una listened breathlessly; the crowd fell back; a few women began to sob, and lift their aprons to their eyes, but the two who were most concerned stood like stones. Then Kathie held out her arms.

"Give it to me!"

She received the bit of spar as she might a child. She hugged it to her bosom, and with rapid, determined steps sped towards her cottage.

Una looked after her wonderingly. Then she addressed the burly captain passionately:

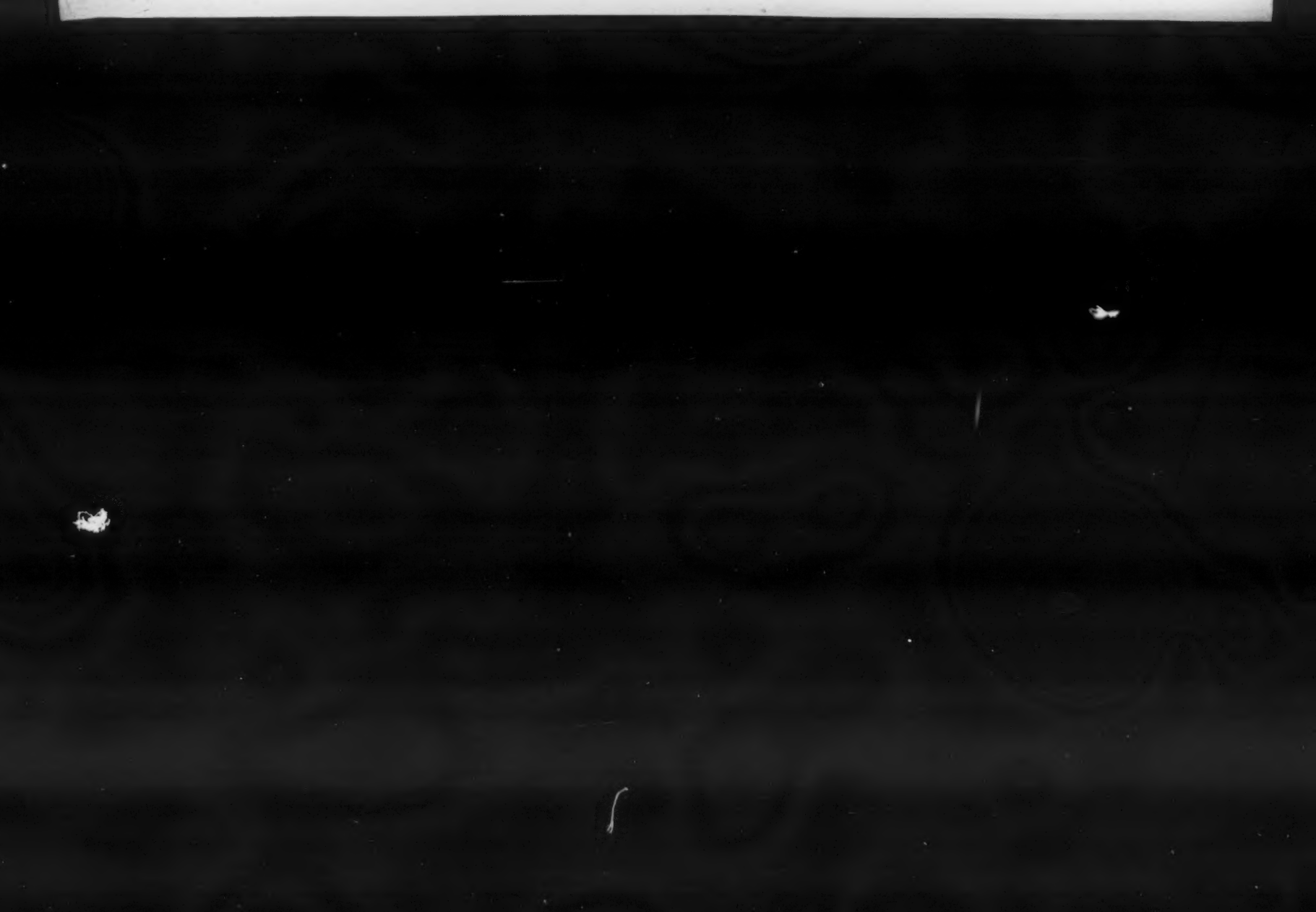
"That cannot be their boat. There has been no storm; Jim is one of the best sailors in Perrancove! How could they drown, and no one see or hear them? Do you think we should not have known? Do you think I could have been eating and drinking and living all these days, if he was dead and gone? Tell the truth; where are they? Don't bring us idle tales to send us mad!"

The captain shook his head helplessly.

"The Lord help 'ee!" he groaned. "A can say no more than A hath said, for the reason that A knoweth no more."

And then Una turned, and made her way breathlessly into Kathie's cottage. She found her on her knees, still clasping that piece of inanimate wood in her arms. But she was speaking with dry, hot eyes to an unseen Presence in her little room. Una locked the door, and fell on her knees beside her.

"Father, good Lord, speak, for my heart be strainin' wi' longin' an' expectin'! Hast Thou got him wi' Thee? Oh, Lord, I dursn't pray him back, I cannot turn Thee from Thy purposes o' love! I dursn't if I could. Where be he, Lord? My bonny Jim, wi' his curls an' his deep true eyes and his smile that warmed my soul through an' through! Be that part of him under the cruel lashing waves? Oh, Lord, Thou knowest the cruel power o' the sea, but Thou couldest raise a sinkin' disciple out of its grip, an' Thou hadst my Jim in the clasp of Thy strong hand; Thou didst cradle him in Thy



The white painted letters that had been Jim's pride now stared his wife full in the face—*Flying Gull*

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA (*page 550*)

arms. Where hast Thou taken him, Lord? For Thou knowest us be one flesh; Thou wouldest not let me live on without him! Lord, speak? oh, speak to my soul, for I be in agony, an' only Thou canst give me peace!"

Una listened dimly, but she was conscious that she had not a place in that prayer; and this consciousness brought impatience into her tone.

"Kathie, I came to you for comfort. I don't know how to pray. Don't forget my husband. Oh, do pray for him."

But for once Kathie was selfish in her agony of soul. She waved her away.

"Leave me, Missy; I must be alone. You never loved the master as I love Jim!"

Una crept out of the cottage feeling, as she did so, that the last ray of light had departed from her. She was alone in the world, she thought. No one cared for her, no one belonged to her. Even Kathie had turned her away from her door! Her father? Was he one to whom she could go for comfort? She felt the very house would be unbearable; it was no longer a home to her; it was a place of unrest and of uncongeniality. She made her way up the village street to the lonely stretch of turf on the top of the cliffs. Her thoughts flew back to the ride she had taken there by her husband's side; and coming to the spot where her unfortunate horse had fallen over the edge, she sat down on the grass, and clasping her hands round her knees looked out upon the still ocean with dazed, tearless eyes.

It was a crisis in her life.

Sunshine around her, and easy, happy circumstances, had wrapped her soul in a serene slumber. Her craft had sailed through life in fair wind and weather, and the few breezes she had met, only seemed to carry her along the better. The skies had darkened lately; but she was like some bewildered child who felt the discomfort of it, but expected every dark moment to be the last. Through all her trouble and perplexity at home, the thought of her husband's return had stood out before her mind's eye like some bright star at night. It was only a short time longer, and then her difficulties would be over, he would come to her and set things straight. And Una's heart had told her lately that Cuthbert was now all in all to her.

She thought over their parting. She felt herself in his arms, and heard him say with that quick-drawn breath of his, "Tell me you will try to love me."

Was it possible that she would never see him, never hear his voice again? Was this awful separation going to last for ever?

"Every one has left me," she cried out in the abandonment of despair—"Miss Endicott, Mr. Endicott, Marjorie, Kathie—how can I bear this alone? How can I live on alone? If Cuthbert is dead, I have no one left! No one but God."

"*No one but God!*"

Her own sentence startled her. She looked up into the sky. The sun was setting; the whole horizon was illuminated with a rosy hue. The rippling waves were edged with crimson; a golden path through the waters led to the dazzling bed into which the glorious king of day was slowly sinking.

She was always susceptible to the beauties of Nature; she watched, feeling, as she did so, that she was watching the sunset of her own life, and as the light faded in the sky she again repeated to herself:

"*I have no one left but God.*"

In bitter loneliness of spirit, as dusk crept slowly on, and the last golden rays sank slowly into the sea, she cried aloud:

"The sea which has been my love and life, is swallowing all I have! It has taken the light of this day, it has taken the light of my heart! It has left me no one—*No one but God!*"

She sat there still as death; she did not heed the gathering dews of night, and then at last she stretched out her hands with a heart-broken cry:

"Oh, God, Thou hast done it. Why hast Thou taken everything from me?"

It seemed to her as if a voice from Heaven whispered:

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil!"

She gazed out into the darkness, and again, as when she was breasting the storm in the lifeboat, a sense of her utter insignifi-

cance and the infinite greatness of God came over her.

"I have only lived for myself," she thought; "I have only till lately loved myself. God has shown me now how empty such a life can be. I have not the realisation of His love to comfort and help me as Kathie has. But I have lived like a heathen, and refused to listen when He called me. I told Kathie I was not in need of a lifeboat, for my boat was sailing along so well. I could not say so now. I see nothing but storm and blackness; and I am alone in it all. But there is God."

A deep silence seemed to fall on her spirit.

And then a short heartfelt prayer rose to Heaven, "Take me. I have come to an end of everything, and am helpless; oh, take me, God, and save and forgive and comfort me. For Christ's sake. Amen."

Was it a mere coincidence that over the darkness in front of her stole a radiant silver light? And in a few minutes the moon was shedding its beams over the same waters that had swallowed up the golden light of day.

It seemed to Una's imagination that the same soft light was entering her soul. She rose at last from the ground with stiff and aching limbs; and with faltering tread made her way home. She met a little group of servants at the door, who were sallying out in quest of her. Baldwin gazed at her wonderingly

"Her came in," he confided to Mrs. Craven later, "looking like some still white angel. Her eyes seemed hardly to be a-seeing of us. Her passed us without a word and went to her room. Us knowed her had a-heerd the news, but her looked as if her had bin talkin' to departed souls, and holdin' communications with Heaven itself!"

Mr. Carteret could not gain access to his daughter's presence; but early the next morning a note was brought to him from her.

"My dear Father,—Will you tell your friends of the trouble that has befallen me. I am sure their good taste will take them away from a house of mourning. Make my excuses to them, for I cannot bid them farewell in person.

"Your dutiful daughter,
Una."

Before nightfall came again, the Towers was freed from the presence of Mr. Carteret's friends; but Una still remained in her room.

She had taken a severe chill, and was for some time confined to her bed. It was weeks before her father saw her; and then he was puzzled at the sweet gravity of her demeanour.

"I have felt for you, my dear," he said a little awkwardly; "but you did not seem to need any comfort from me."

"No," she said, looking at him dreamily, "I have discovered that the One who fills the universe is sufficient to fill one poor empty soul."

CHAPTER XVII

A DARK TIME

But love can hope, where reason would despair.
Lyttelton.

And all this time Kathie and Una had not met. Kathie had more than once been up to the Towers to inquire after "Missy." But Mrs. Craven guarded her young mistress jealously, and refused to let any one see her. She feared at one time she was going to have rheumatic fever; the doctor said she had only just escaped it. So it was not until Una was able to walk out again that she found her way down to Kathie's cottage.

Kathie met her with outstretched hands; and then Una impulsively drew her to her, and kissed her.

"I have wanted you so."

"Ay, Missy; an' I have missed you sorely."

There was a little silence. Kathie drew a chair forward and Una sat down. She looked round the cottage, and saw across the mantelshelf the spar that had brought them such dire news. Above it on a piece of paper was printed in rather uneven letters —"With God all things are possible."

A strange light came into Una's eyes. She turned towards Kathie impulsively:

She saw across the mantelshelf the spar that had brought them such dire news

"You don't believe them dead, then?"

Kathie stood with folded arms, gazing at her treasured relic with a dreamy smile.

"Missy, I were near overwhelmed when I see you last. I just felt the billows closing overhead; but now I be waitin' patiently, for the good Lord has not let me know that Jim be gone; an' my heart feeleth as if he be still on earth!"

A thrill ran through Una's veins. She spoke excitedly:

"Oh, Kathie, if they should come back! I have felt so uncertain how to act, but I cannot put on my widow's weeds. You wear no black. I wondered when I saw you, but I understand now. I have put back such thoughts, but they will come; and perhaps God sends them, and men have been picked up by passing vessels before, and God may yet give them back to us. Oh, I shall begin to hope now! It is so delicious to let oneself hope."

Kathie's cheeks flushed.

"The neighbours have been ratin' me, but I do not care. I pray night an' morn that tidin's may be sent, and I believe the answer will come."

There was another silence, then Una said softly, "Kathie, I think I have stepped into the Lifeboat; at least, I have been lifted in, and when I feel inclined to doubt, I say to myself, 'I have only to trust and ask no questions.' Do you remember saying that to me?"

Kathie's big eyes filled with tears.

"I knew you would soon come to it. I never have forgot to pray you might. Except," she added truthfully, "that first dreadful night when us were told the news. An' now, Missy, us can have a double strong prayer for tidin's; an' us will be kept at peace the while."

The little community at Perrancove were scandalised at the young widows refusing to wear mourning. But they were firm in their refusal; and the light of patient, persistent hope shone in their eyes.

Marjorie took the gloomiest view of her brother's disappearance. She draped herself in the deepest black, and expressed strong disapproval at Una's action. She would not return to the Towers; but said that in three months she hoped to become Duncan's wife. There was now nothing to wait for; and till then, his mother had offered her a home.

Una managed her household with a little extra sweetness and dignity. Since that terrible day, her childishness seemed to have left her; but she had gained in womanly feeling and tenderness. Even her father was dimly aware that there was a quiet strength in her character, that he had not thought possible. His daughter's trouble had subdued him for the time; but he was feverishly anxious to have the control of all her money matters, and Una's disinclination to allow him, and her efforts to keep much of it in her own hands, annoyed him extremely.

"Women know nothing of business matters," he said irritably to her one day. "In place of your husband, who could advise you better than your father?"

"I want to manage everything myself. If I do not understand, I can learn."

Then he begged her to go abroad with him.

"The change will do you good, my dear. You are young to be buried in this desolate place, with none of your own age or station near you. I will take you to Paris and try to teach you how to take life easily and gaily."

But Una shook her head.

"Nothing will induce me to leave this spot. My husband may return. I have no proofs of his death."

Her father laughed harshly.

"Do you need the sea to dry up, or throw up all its dead? Una, I fear this morbid imagination of yours will become a craze. I remember an old crone of ninety I met long ago, who every day walked to a certain spot to meet a lover who had been drowned seventy years before. Do you mean to spend the remaining years of your life in such hopeless waiting?"

Una shivered as she listened to her father's words. She felt so young, so strong, so full of life, that old age seemed generations off. And then she threw up her proud young head and replied:

"Kathie and I mean to wait five years, and if we hear nothing by that time, we will wear widow's weeds, and give up all hope. But till those five years have passed, we shall hope on, and no one can quench that hope by any words or persuasion!"

"'Tis crazy folly!" muttered her father; but he gave up remonstrance in the matter.

The first visit that Una paid to Eagle's Head was a sad one. Old Eli seemed almost stunned by the loss of his grandson. Tom startled her by declaring there must have been foul play.

"Yes, Missy," he said excitedly. "The *Flying Gull* were too good a craft to go to pieces in fine weather. There be many that wish us ill, and that errand of the master's were a nasty one in the fishers' eyes. Old Martin, Enoch, and Nat Patton have leagued theirselves agen us. There be nothin' they won't do to spite us. The t'other night Patty Jessop met me comin' over the cliff. 'Eh, man,' hur sez, 'tis plottin' an' wreckin' now right fast an' furious! An' if folks 'ull strive to put an end to what plazes most on us, they be sure an' certain to meet wi' destruction. If masters be doomed, 'tis a pity young likely lads do cast in they lots wi' un!' Them be her very words, Missy, an' I cannot get 'em from me!"

"But you don't believe all old Patty says?" said Una. "She is half crazed."

"Ay, Missy, so us saith. But I know her be so sharp an' needle like that her seeth double as far as us do. An' her be spyin' an' discoverin' all that goes on. I knoweth her be acquainted wi' our *Triumph*, an' her have sense in all her saith."

"And do you think they would be so cruel and wicked as to tamper with Jim's boat? Oh, Tom, I cannot believe it!"

"When the drink getteth inside on 'em, they will do most anythin'," responded Tom gloomily.

"I will go straight to old Martin and confront him with it," said Una excitedly. "He is afraid of me when I talk to him."

"Nay, Missy, that be the worst ye could do. Us have no proofs. 'Twould enrage 'em more, an' do no good."

"But, Tom, surely if the boat was made unseaworthy, they would never have got to Plymouth. We know they arrived there safely, for they were seen and spoken to before they started back."

"Ay, truly! But there be ways o' destroyin' slowly that be known to some evildoers. An' maybe the *Flying Gull* were a better boat than they took her for. Well, arter all said an' done, 'tis in the Almighty's hands, an' us shall find out the reason of 'un some day."

Una retraced her steps homewards that day with painful thoughts, but she thought of Kathie's text above her relic, and took fresh comfort and courage from it.

The spring passed, and it was a lovely day in June when Marjorie was married. It was a quiet wedding, and both Una and her father were present at it. The night before her bridal day Marjorie came into Una's room.

"I want a good talk with you," she said, "for we are going to Paris for our honeymoon and I may not see you for a long, long while. Oh, Una, do you think I shall be as happy as I expect to be?"

"I hope you will be," said Una soberly. "I know Kathie has been."

"Oh, do not quote your fisher maid to me!"

Marjorie's tone was pettish. She was sitting at Una's feet with her rippling, golden hair falling in thick tresses over her shoulders. She continued:

"When I first knew you, Una, you were a simple, ignorant child. I was years older in age and experience. Your married life had not developed your character in the least. I always felt that you and Cuthbert were a perfect enigma to me, and I used to feel cross—you must forgive me—that you appreciated my brother so little. I used to fear that when once the marriage knot was tied, wedded life became prosaic. You seemed to have so little in common. But when I heard your views on love, I understood, for your heart had never been wakened to love's touch. Ah, believe me, Una, 'tis a touch you cannot mistake, and I desire you should experience it. Poor Cuthbert would not have you always remain single and forlorn. I want you to come out into the world and give yourself a chance of meeting the one in life who will make you happy. Duncan admires you much; he says it is a sinful shame to shut yourself up for life in the Towers. You have money; you are independent. Go up to London and see the city's fashions and ways. Shut up your gloomy house for a time. You seem to be getting old so fast. Not in looks, my dear child, for you seem to grow in grace and beauty; but this sorrow is not one that will last you for life. Cuthbert and you were unfortunately yoked together. You may be staunch and loyal to his memory, and yet——"

Una had been unable to stay her flowing tongue. Now she sprang up from her seat, and with burning cheeks and glowing eyes confronted her.

"Not a word more, Marjorie! I would not be angry with you on your wedding eve; but you have been stabbing and cutting at my heart-strings till I can stand it no longer. I may have been a child when you first came to us; I am not a child now. I may not have known my own heart, but I learnt to know it before this sorrow came upon me. You say well that I did not appreciate your brother. It tortures me to hear it, but it was a fact. I was too young, too uninformed when I married to realise his worth. You can rate me for the past; I acknowledge with shame that you have good reason to do so; but you shall not address me now as if my husband's heart were not mine. Your love towards Duncan may be strong; I say mine is stronger. My absent husband is ever present in my thoughts. I will not take his death for granted. Do you think that separation breaks the tie between us? Death cannot touch true love. He is nearer and dearer to me every day that I live. Absence makes no difference My heart may ache with longing to hear his voice, to feel his touch, to meet his steadfast gaze, but my soul is wed to his throughout eternity, and it is sacrilege to talk to me of others filling his place."

Marjorie gazed at her young sister-in-law in amazement.

"You are the most wonderful and contrary of human creatures," she said breathlessly.

"My husband and I," continued Una, with heaving breast, "parted as lovers. We shall meet as lovers when we are brought together once more. And if we do not meet this side of the grave, his memory will be the sweetest thing in life. It will carry me through all sorrows and difficulties; it will sustain me in the bitterest moments of pain or affliction; and it will satisfy that part of my soul that craves for human love!"

"This is a soul's awakening in truth!" exclaimed Marjorie. "You were over-cold before, my child; you are over-warm at present, I protest!"

Una shook her head. She had, as she felt, delivered her soul, and now sank back in her seat in silence.

Marjorie looked her up and down as she might some rare curiosity; then she said:

"We will not talk about my poor brother any more. I—I want to make a confession to you, Una; and I feel if I do not do it to-night, I never shall."

"What is it?"

Una's tone lacked interest.

"I have been curious about this unknown lifeboat for a long while. I could not believe with the fishers that it was of the devil's contrivance. Your long unexplained absence puzzled me; your anxiety to be out on a stormy night; your apparent indifference to what was causing such an excitement around us—all this made me ponder. And then I looked back to my visit to the Witches' Hole, and I am convinced that we were frightened away from there for some purpose. I am good at piecing a puzzle together, as I told you long ago. Those Tanners and you know the secret, do you not? Now, can you deny it?"

Una's colour paled and flushed alternately. She said nothing.

Marjorie continued:

"Captain Berry's little boy enlightened me when he told us your eyes were like the sailor's who held him in the lifeboat. I questioned him closely afterwards, and—you must forgive me, for it is a woman's privilege to be curious—I went and examined your oilskins. I found them soaking with salt spray, and in one pocket was a little blue silk handkerchief. The boy claimed it as his; he dropped it in the boat, he said."

There was another pause. Una sat shading her eyes with her hand. Not a word did she say.

"I know you are vexed, my dear. You think I have behaved dishonourably; but you might have confided in me. It angered me to see you following your own plans and purposes with such independence and secrecy; and I was so angry that I did a thing that has made me sorry ever since. I was chattering to one of the old men on the beach, and I told him what I thought."

"What did you tell him?"

Una's eyes were raised now, and their steady, penetrating gaze disconcerted Marjorie.

"I told you I was going to make a confession, so you must be gentle with me. I did not say much, for I was frightened to see how he took it up. It was that man you call Martin. He was dilating on the mystery, and I said, 'I think Mrs. Gregson can enlighten you. Why do you not ask her?' He turned upon me fiercely:

"'Then by ——'—well, I cannot repeat his expression—'them cursed Tanners be in it too! Us have have had our doubts, but us will stop their games before long, if us swing for it!' He quite frightened me, and I have felt unhappy ever since."

"When was this?" asked Una, trying to speak calmly.

"Oh, it was about a week before Cuthbert left us."

"Then," cried Una fiercely, "you are the cause of all our trouble. There has been foul play; and Tom is right, and Patty, too."

"Oh, Una, forgive me! I did not mean any harm. What do you mean by foul play? The *Flying Gull* was wrecked."

"It was tampered with before it left us. Oh, Marjorie, why were you not open with me? Why did you not tell me your

suspicions instead of taking them to the fishers?"

"Why did you not confide in me? Now tell me all about it. I am going away from these parts. I shall be a visitor at the Towers no longer. If you had taken me into your confidence, I should not have betrayed you. I can keep a secret."

"No," said Una resolutely; "I will tell you nothing. Your conjectures have worked us enough harm already. I little thought you could do us such a mischief. You must think what you like; I shall not enlighten you. Only if you have stirred up the passions and rage of our Perrancove fishers, there is worse to come."

Marjorie dissolved into tears.

"You are cruel to me on my bridal eve. You have no heart, no feeling. I need not have told you anything. Oh, Una, for Cuthbert's sake do not be so angry with me!"

But Una paced the room, and her passionate thoughts were hard to control. She could forgive Marjorie her curiosity, but not her confidences to the fishers. She realised now their desire to wreak their vengeance on Jim and her husband.

"Leave me," she said with flashing eyes; "I am angry with you, and I have a right to be so."

Marjorie crept away, frightened at the tempest of wrath she had awakened in her sunny-tempered little sister-in-law. But half an hour later Una came to her with tears in her eyes.

"I forgive you, Marjorie. I must, for I am trying to be good. God has forgiven me for worse sins than yours. But oh, you little know the mischief you have done! And I have heavy forebodings of evil still to come."

CHAPTER XVIII

A PLOT

They reck no laws, that meditate revenge.
T. KYD.

MARJORIE'S wedding was over. Una went back to the Towers feeling very lonely. Her father was no companion to her; and now he began riding to the nearest town, and sometimes staying away for days at a time.

Then suddenly a terrific gale swept the coast; the fishing-boats came into the harbour hurriedly; and the fishers, lounging about the wharf and drinking heavily, held consultation together with sinister looks and words.

Una and Kathie sped off to Eagle's Head one afternoon. They found Eli and Tom looking to the gear of the *Triumph*, but Tom's face was grave and anxious.

"If this be wanted, we'll be an oar short," he said sadly.

Kathie gave a little shiver.

"An' I could pull wi' double the will, when I saw my Jim's broad shoulders in front of me. I mind the look o' his curls, and the tan brown o' his dear neck, that I did at times bend for'rd and touch soft wi' my lips as I pulled."

Eli looked up, and a fire seemed to kindle in his honest eyes.

"If so be, lad, that us were four oars short, out the *Triumph* should go, an' two strong old arms wi' the help of God should take her."

"Ay, gran'feyther, us will do our dooty, short though us be."

"Of course we will," put in Una heartily; "but we will hope that the *Triumph* will not be wanted. It isn't every storm that wrecks vessels passing by."

Eli shook his head.

"'Tis these cruel rocks, an' the strong current, that drives 'em on to 'em. 'Tis a miracle any craft keepin' close to the coast escapes."

They were talking on, when suddenly a shrill voice close to them startled them.

"Ay, masters, look ye well to your treasure! There be many leagued now on the side agen she, an' if so be ye can master the waves, ye will na be masters o' they."

It was Patty standing on the shingle and peering into the cave with her little sharp, cunning eyes. For a moment the owners of the *Triumph* looked at each other in consternation.

Who could silence Patty?

Then Tom strode forward, laid his hand gently but firmly on her arm and drew her in.

Una and Kathie instinctively shrank out of sight; but Patty laughed shrilly as she held up her skinny fingers.

"Ay, Missy, ye be reckoned on my right han' along wi' the lad's widder; 'twas just five on ye, an' the thumb be taken, an' now the fingers be goin' to be crippled; an' the han' which grippeth the *Triumph* will be hangin' helpless, an' the ocean will laugh an sing:

Oh, ho! I will dash and drive!
No use for the craft to strive!
For hardworkin' fishers, young an' old,
Be waitin' for bodies, cargo, an' gold.
An' evil will come on them that try
To save the souls app'inted to die!

Ay, masters, look ye well to your treasure!

"Hist!" said Tom sternly, putting his hand over her mouth. "You will not make us afeered, Patty; an' if so be that ye hindreth our plans or bringeth evil on us by yer tongue, ye'll rue the day ye did it, for Missy be yer only friend, an' ye know it too well."

Patty did know it. Many a time had Una rescued her from teasing, mischievous boys; many a meal had she given to the poor homeless creature; and the old woman had sense enough to realise the truth of Tom's words.

She changed her tone and began to whine.

"Ay, Missy dear, the old witch wouldn't harm ye. Her be but a half-crazed crittur, but her do be terrible fond o' frightenin' folks, an' her do know a wonnerful lot o' what be goin' on."

Una came forward.

"Well, Patty, you must be good to us, and keep our secret."

"Ay, ay," said the old woman, chuckling and nodding her head. "Silence be my mistress—her allays has bin."

"How did ye come here?" asked Tom.

But Patty would make no reply; not a word more would she utter. Coaxing, threatening—all proved useless; she shook her head with her finger on her lips. Una suggested that she must have scrambled down the cliff, for there was no sign of a boat outside, and in such a storm she could not have rowed herself over.

They were puzzled to know what to do with her, for they were anxious to guard their way of exit; Una and Kathie were obliged to return home; it was becoming late. At last Tom solved the difficulty by taking her into a dark corner at the furthest end of the cave, and there keeping watch over her till Una and Kathie had climbed up the rope ladder and were safe on the cliffs overhead.

Eli and Tom intended to remain in the cave all night. They would signal to Kathie as usual if they needed her help; and she in her turn would signal to Una.

"I wonder what they will do with Patty?" said Una, as the girls sped swiftly along the cliffs together. "I always felt she knew about us—and what dreadful things she says! I wonder if she really can foresee events? She is always prophesying evil, and sometimes it comes true."

Kathie was silent. Her thoughts went back to her wedding-day, and again to the time when the *Flying Gull* started for Plymouth. Patty's words had not been favourable either time. She shivered as she thought of them; and then bravely she tried to put them from her.

"Feyther will manage somehow, Missy! I hope he an' gran'feyther will go home to their tea, for they have nothin' down there."

"I heard them say they would do that. Now we part company. Good-night, Kathie, but perhaps we shall meet again."

As they parted, a dark shadow that had been haunting their steps crept aside to some bushes and disappeared.

The last two sentences would have remained unuttered had the girls known a listener was greedily taking them in, and storing them up for future use.

It was about eight o'clock that evening when Una saw the signal light from Kathie's cottage. She had come up to her room some time previously, but her father was still lingering over his wine in the dining-room. It did not take her long to get ready, but she was delayed on her doorstep by Baldwin.

"There be terrible trouble in the village, mistress," the old man said. "Mrs. Jonas Pengaff came up an' be carryin' on shockin' wi' the maids. Her man an' two others be still out to sea. Her be nearly daft wi' fear."

"I will see her," Una said impulsively, throwing off her oilskins. "Tell her to come to me here."

She knew that trouble always drew the fishers to the Towers. They had an idea that if any help was to be had, that was the only place from whence it could be obtained.

Baldwin went in search of the poor woman, but came back with the news that she had left. He helped his young mistress into her oilskin coat in silence; then, as she was dashing out, stopped her.

"Pardon me, mistress, for speakin'. Be ye goin' down to the beach? 'Tis too rough for ye!"

"Baldwin, you know I always go out if there is a storm."

Una's tone was impatient. She felt she had been already delayed unnecessarily. Every moment was precious. But Baldwin stepped in front of her.

"Pardon me," he repeated in a quavering voice; "but a body have hinted 'twas best for your safety ye did not venture out to-night."

"What do you mean? Who hinted such a thing?"

Una spoke sharply. Baldwin looked mysterious.

"Ay, mistress, there be ways an' talks in Perrancove nowadays which a never used to be! An' the drink, an' that there scrimmage us had a small time back'erds have much to answer for. Will ye take an old man's counsel an' keep indoors to-night?"

Una tossed her head indignantly.

"I am not likely to be kept in by fear, Baldwin, or by silly idle tales you get from gossiping with the villagers. Who would dare to lay their fingers on me, I should like to know?"

She stepped out haughtily, and Baldwin looked after her with sore misgivings. He closed the heavy oak door and sank on a wooden chair in the square hall, covering his face with his hands.

"Her be such a sperrited young creature. Not all the trouble her have passed through

have taken that from her. A there be none left to guard an' guide her steps. I be but a useless bit o' lumber, her feyther be drinkin' himself silly, an' the lads they be off down the beach wi' all the others. Now may God Almighty protec' her, for there be nought else to look to!"

Mrs. Craven found him there some minutes after. Her good-tempered, homely face looked anxious and ill at ease.

"Be the young mistress gone out, Baldwin?"

"Ay," groaned the old man; "her be, an' nought that I could say would prevent her."

"She be so determined," Mrs. Craven said dejectedly, "that I felt 'twould be of little use to stay her. I be very anxious about these tales. Sal Trepann have told me in an awed whisper that she heerd tell that Mistress Marjorie herself had telled old Martin as our young mistress knoweth all about that strange rescue boat. An' Martin, an' Nat, and half a dozen others have sworned that the bewitched boat shall not go out agen. The master did enrage 'em terrible when that smart Captain Berry were here. An' Sally did say she heerd somethin' to our young mistress' disadvantage. 'Twas as if they were goin' to do somethin' to her hurt!"

Baldwin tottered to his feet.

"I will into my coat an' track her steps. If evil did befall her I should never forgive myself. 'Tis true we have her strictest orders ne'er to follow her, but her be in danger to-night, an' that will pardon my interference."

"Ay! would that I could come wi' ye. Haste ye, man, an' if so be as her be not on the beach, why, step up across the cliffs, for her be fond o' wanderin' in that direction."

"If my legs be carryin' me so far. But I misdoubt it."

When Baldwin staggered out into the wild storm, the violence of the wind nearly carried him off his feet. He made but slow progress; and when he came to the steep incline down to the beach, he paused to consider.

"If so be I go down, I shall not have the strength to come up agen on such a night as this. I had best go along the cliffs. The wind be terrible high there, but her may be overlookin' the coast, an' I can but venture."

The night was not a very dark one, for the wind was hurling the black clouds along with such rapidity that every few minutes the silver moon would show her placid face. She seemed the only thing in nature that kept her serenity, and smiled calmly down on the roaring waves and shrieking wind as they ravaged all that lay in their path.

Baldwin stumbled blindly on; his faithful old heart was with his young mistress, and he determined, if possible, to find her.

Once he fancied he saw a figure moving in the distance. He called, but there was no answer. He was at last compelled to stop. Breathless and exhausted, his feet refused to carry him further, and he was about to retrace his steps when he distinctly heard a muffled call for help. It incited him to fresh effort; he pulled himself together, and made his way to some furze bushes, from whence he fancied it came.

And there, a moment after, lying face downwards with a thick cloth tied round her throat and mouth, and arms pinioned across her breast, was his young mistress!

Baldwin shook with fright when he discovered her.

Who had dared to offer this insult to the lady of the Towers? What fiend had planned and carried into execution such an audacious outrage?

With trembling fingers he released her, and was relieved beyond measure when she sat up and spoke.

"Baldwin, is it you? Oh, thank God! How I have prayed that some one should come to my aid. Help me up. Why, poor old man, you are quite worn out!"

He was, indeed; and half an hour later Mrs. Craven opened the door to a strange sight—her young mistress, with dishevelled hair and scratched and bleeding face, almost supporting in her arms her faithful old servant, who seemed to be in the worse plight of the two.

"Get him to bed, Mrs. Craven, and give him something hot to drink. Are there any men in the house? I must go out again, and I need their help. There has been

Lying face downwards with a cloth tied round her mouth, and arms pinioned across her breast, was his young mistress

wicked work this evening, and there is not a moment to lose."

At this Mrs. Craven began to sob aloud.

"Oh, mistress dear, you must not; nay, I cannot let you go! Oh, if only the master were here! If only there were a man who knew how to act! Come to bed yourself, mistress dear. If there be evil going on, are ye the one to be in the midst of it?"

Baldwin struggled to recover himself.

"Her be well-nigh murdered when I found her," he said with a wailing cry.

Mrs. Craven wrung her hands together in anguish of spirit. She and Baldwin looked such frail old creatures that Una softened her voice in pity.

"Never mind me; I am quite safe; it is others whose lives are in danger. I am going to my room for a few minutes. Find out who is in the house, and send them to me, Mrs. Craven. Take comfort; I shall do nothing rash."

She stepped up the stairs with such determination in look and tone that Mrs. Craven knew further resistance was useless. She gathered together the groom, stable-boy, and under gardener, and then went up to Una's room. She found her bathing her face in warm water, and tying a handkerchief round an ugly cut in her forehead.

"Have you got any one?" she said quickly. "That is right. Give me that woollen hood of mine; thank you. I will tell you about it by-and-by, but there's not much to tell. I was set upon by some one as I crossed the cliffs; he was not a highwayman, though he posed as such and wore a mask; but he smelt of fish. Don't looked so frightened! I am quite safe now, but I am going to Eagle's Head. Has my father gone to bed? Do not disturb him. I hope we shall not be away long."

Poor Mrs. Craven was beyond speech. Una gave her a little reassuring nod, then ran down the stairs and met the three men on the doorstep. Dick Robson, the under-gardener, was a sturdy Cornishman, with broad shoulders and much length of limb. He was proud to serve his young mistress, and brandished his cudgel as if he were longing to test its strength. John Snelling, the groom, though small in stature, was by nature well fitted for a contest. The muscles of his arms stood out like whipcord; he was a renowned boxer, and had nearly lost his place by continual boxing fights in the stable yard. And lastly, Ned Craven, a nephew of the good old housekeeper, was a daring, mischievous spirit, who delighted in anything and everything except his work.

Una looked at them with satisfaction.

"I hope we shall not want blows," she said. "I fear we shall be too late to prevent what I dread. Now step quickly and quietly after me, and ask no questions, only do as you are told."

She led them across the cliffs towards the Tanners' cottage—it was on the edge of a sharp cutting in the cliff. The door was open, but there was darkness within. Una had a lantern which she had not lighted, but which now with the application of a match showed the interior of a small kitchen. Not a thing was disturbed or out of place. A meal was laid on a round deal table, but Una noticed that the food was only half-eaten, and a woollen comforter that Eli always wore was on the table by his cup and plate.

"They were interrupted," she said half-aloud. Then turning to Ned, she added:

"Now, Ned, stay here. We shall not be far off, and if you want our help use this whistle. Do not let any one enter the cottage until we return."

She gave the boy a whistle which she detached from a chain she always wore, then signed to the two other men to follow her.

Ned looked after their retreating figures with great discontent.

"'Tis plain I be not meant to join the fray to-night," he grumbled.

Then taking a chair, he drew it up to the smouldering wood fire, and with the bellows commenced to expend his energy in vigorous blowing. When the flames were dancing up merrily he turned his attention to the table, and cutting himself a good hunk of bread and cheese, seated himself again in his chair.

"I were brought out wi'out my supper, so will take it here," he reflected.

A hearty meal and the warm fire combined soon had the effect of making him drowsy. In a little while he slept heavily.

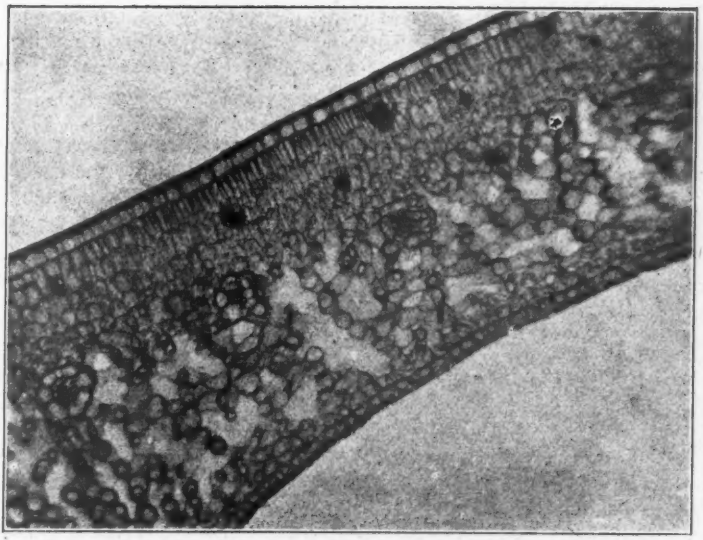


Fig. 1. Part of a section of the blade of a laurel leaf to show its internal structure

Minute Marvels of Nature

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

V.—A Green Leaf

TO describe any work of Nature as being more "marvellous" than another implies ignorance. There are really no "marvels" in Nature, because everything which is has its proper place in a sequence of simple cause and effect. Yet we are so accustomed to judge things by what we can see of them with our unaided eyes that it is hard to hold back the exclamation of surprise and admiration when the microscope reveals to us unsuspected complexities in structures which we have previously regarded as simple and insignificant. Take a green leaf for example. Nine out of ten of us are satisfied to know that it is the habit of plants to be covered with green leaves, which usually fall off when the cold of winter nips them but grow again in spring. To ask why plants have leaves seems as idle a question as why birds have feathers, or fishes scales: so when, under the microscope the elaborate structure and important functions of leaves are made plain —when we see that not only the life of plants but the life of all things that live depends upon the activity of a certain green-coloured substance which fills one layer of tiny cells in the leaves of plants, the temptation to exclaim "Marvellous!" is great.

It is not enough, of course, merely to gaze upon the magnified structure; we must at the same time endeavour to analyse a leaf and see of what chemical elements it is chiefly composed. Having thus gained a knowledge of its structure, and of the matter of which it is principally built up, we are in a position to trace the connection of the two, and the consequences of that connection.

In Fig. 1 is shown part of a magnified section of the blade of a laurel leaf, made to

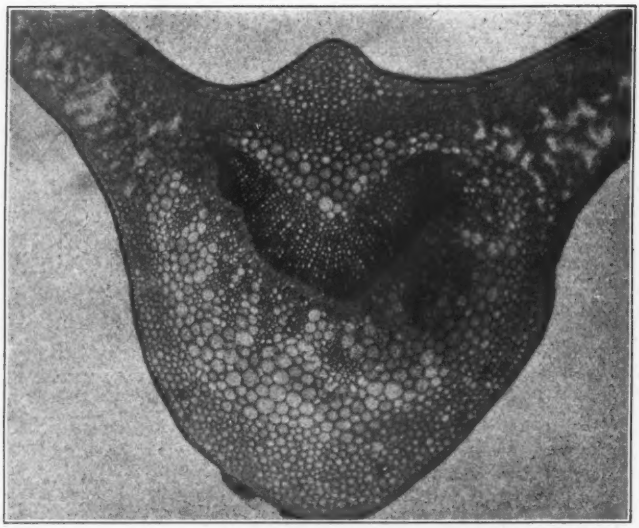


Fig. 2. The mid-rib or central vein of the laurel leaf, showing its structure

evaporate superfluous water, and so keeps up the circulation. Finally, the lower epidermal layer of cells completes the structure, as shown in the illustration, excepting the few darker rings of cells intermixed with the palisade and spongy cells, which represent the cut ends of the nerves or leaf veins.

Fig. 2 gives the central vein or mid-rib from the same section of this leaf, showing that the mid-rib gradually assumes a structure more identical with that of the stem (a description of which was given in a previous

show its internal structure. As the laurel is an evergreen, the upper surface of its lea has a protective layer of a varnish-like substance, probably to protect the leaves from injury by the frost of winter. Immediately below this varnish layer is situated another layer of large cells, which botanists call the "epidermal tissue." These cells usually are transparent and colourless, and full of water, and serve to protect the internal tissues of the leaf from excessive evaporation and external injuries. Following these, a series of regular, closely packed green cells will be seen. These give the green colour to the leaf, being seen through the transparent layer above. They are called the "palisade cells," and their green colour is due to the presence of numerous microscopic green granules embedded in their otherwise colourless protoplasm, in the same way that our blood, which is really colourless, appears red owing to the minute red corpuscles with which it is crowded. These green chlorophyll-corpuscles may be said to perform the most important function of any organism in the history of life, as we shall see later.

Below these palisade cells comes a kind of spongy cellular arrangement, which serves to

Fig. 3. Part of a section through the blade of the sunflower leaf, showing many-celled hairs

paper) rather than the leaf blade, while Figs. 3 and 4 illustrate sections from the blade and mid-rib of the sunflower leaf for comparison; but you will notice that the rough leaf of the sunflower differs from the smooth one of the laurel in having minute multi-

where new leaves are being formed, to trace their origin, we find at the apex (see Fig. 5) a conical mass of small-celled tissue or "meristem," as botanists term it, the cells of which are continually dividing and subdividing to form new tissue, forming lateral

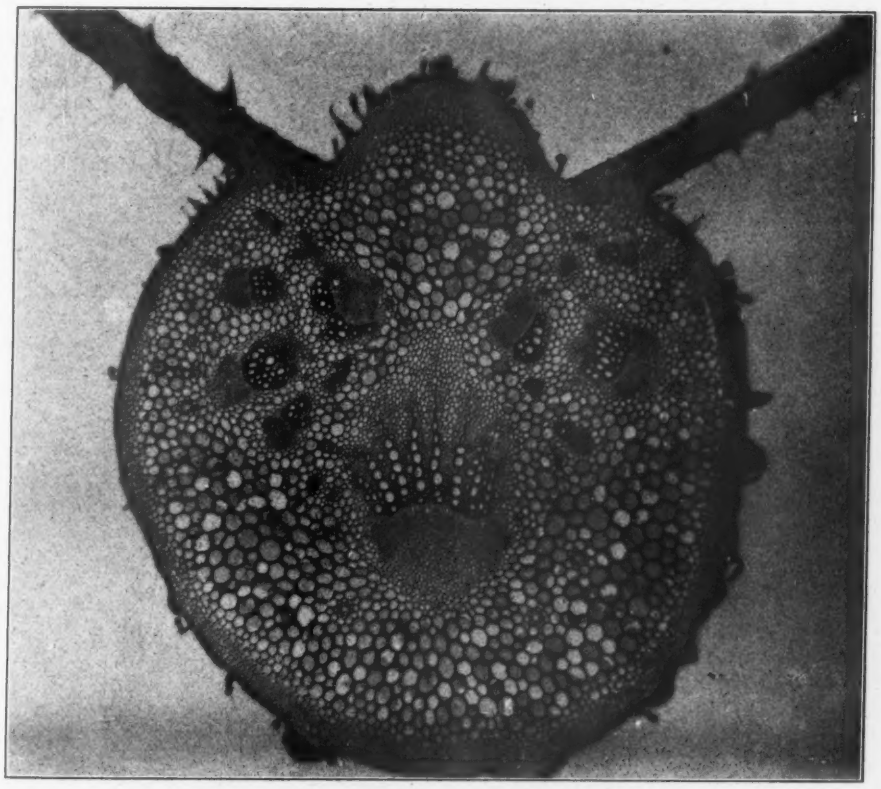


Fig. 4. The mid-rib or central vein of a sunflower leaf

cellular hairs arising from the epidermal tissue.

It is the continuation of the leaf stalk or "petiole," as botanists term it, which constitutes the mid-rib, and the same structure becomes similar to the young stem as it nears it; but towards the apex of the leaf the various vascular tissues often disappear by degrees merging their original character in the more simple cellular structure of the leaf.

If we examine the growing point of a stem protrusions in regular succession. Each protrusion is the basis of a leaf, and as these increase in size, spaces form between them, until we get the stem with leaves arranged symmetrically round it at regular distances, as we see in the branch of any familiar tree.

Of course there are many variations in leaf structure. For instance, Fig. 6 represents a section through one of the fleshy leaves of one of the stonecrops—plants which grow in dry, sandy, or stony situations

Fig. 5 The growing point of a stem, where new leaves are being formed

—and develop thick, fleshy leaves, like short stalks in clusters, so as to retain moisture and prevent evaporation when exposed to the heat of the sun's rays. Many desert plants like cactuses, euphorbias, acacias, &c., have dispensed altogether with true leaves, their functions being fulfilled by the thick fleshy stems, though it is sometimes perplexing to decide where leaves end and stems begin. It will be seen in the stonecrop that the epidermal structure is thickened and strong, and that the internal tissue is more or less homogeneous, on comparison with the previous leaf structures.

As another example of a different form of leaf, a section of the curious awl-shaped leaf of the pine is represented in Fig. 7. The epidermis is also in this case, thick-walled, because the pine, being an evergreen like the laurel, requires protection in winter. The mid-rib in this leaf consists of the two vascular bundles or central veins, which show distinctly in the illustration, and which are but the continuation of the leaf stalk. The straight palisade cells are in this instance replaced by others of sinuous outline; to contain the green chlorophyll grains. The tubes encircled with dark cells, and situated at intervals round the margin of the section, are resin ducts similar in structure to those found in the pine-wood stem.

In plants like the water-lily, whose leaves float on the surface of the water, a special arrangement is required. The spongy portion of the leaf-cells becomes largely developed, and great air cavities, which act as buoys, make their appearance. In these air cavities curious and beautiful crystals are sometimes formed, some of which appear in the section of the water-lily leaf shown at Fig. 8. The veins of the leaf should also be observed, and the palisade cells which form a dense band along the upper surface.

Again plants which have grass-like leaves are represented at Fig. 9, this being a section

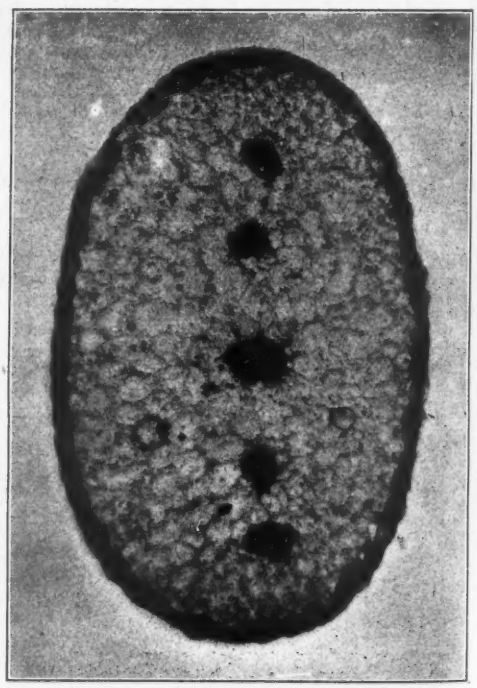


Fig. 6. The fleshy leaf of the stonecrop

of portion of the leaf of the maize or Indian corn, showing that the leaf blades of plants which are widely removed from each other in the vegetable kingdom are still only variations of the same plan to fulfil the same purpose, merely specialised in the division of labour to meet the particular ends of the

constitute the first step towards the evolution of the mid-rib, so highly developed in some of the plants which we have been considering.

Having now glanced at the structure of various types of leaves, before considering the purposes of these various cellular divisions, let us roughly analyse a green leaf and see

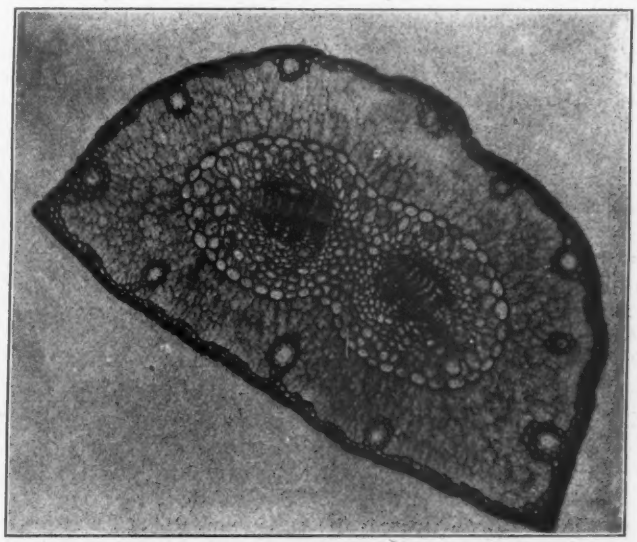


Fig. 7. The curious structure of the pine-tree leaf

plant. This example may be taken as a type of the leaf structure peculiar to the "monocotyledons," the grasses, lilies, palms, &c., in the same way that the laurel, sunflower, and water-lily were types of "dicotyledons." If we take one of the smaller plants, which are neither "dicotyledons," *i.e.*, plants whose seeds throw out a double leaf, nor "monocotyledons," which send out a single shoot, like a blade of grass, plants, indeed, which have no seed leaves at all, because they have no proper seeds, we find that there is seldom need to make a section of a leaf, because the leaves of most mosses consist of a single layer only, of cells, which are generally simple as shown at Fig. 10. It will be seen that these leaves have no mid-rib, although there are some mosses in which this differentiation of tissue first begins to appear with a few thick-walled cells or rudimentary vascular strands which

of what elements it is mainly composed. We take a few fresh green leaves and carefully weigh them on a chemical balance so as to be exact. Having taken their precise weight, we place them in an arrangement over a lamp where they may be heated to a temperature equal to that of boiling water, and leave them there for several hours; after which we remove them and weigh again. Of course they have dried up, having parted with their moisture, and on weighing we find that they have lost about four-fifths of their original weight. So it is plain that four-fifths of their original weight was water, which has been driven off as vapour by the heat.

The leaves may now again be heated in a suitable vessel until they burst into flame. After burning, there remain only charred bits of carbon or charcoal, which may be allowed to burn on until nothing is left but a grey ash. This ash we can destroy no

further by burning, as it is the indestructible mineral residuum of the leaf. After allowing it to cool, we weigh this ash and find a very small fraction of the weight of the dried leaves remaining.

Hence we conclude that fresh leaves consist of water to the extent of about four-fifths of their substance, while the remaining fraction is largely carbon or charcoal, they contain a small percentage of mineral matter, probably averaging from about two to seven per cent. of the whole. A certain gaseous portion has also been burned away into the atmosphere during the experiment, but we need not consider this.

This extremely small fraction, by weight, of ash, is nevertheless very important to the plant, and has been absorbed by the roots in solution, from the soil. And this is practically all that plants, generally speaking, obtain from the soil, except water. Where then did the plant obtain its great weight of carbon from?

When we stand by a great oak-tree and admire its monstrous girth, and think of its many tons of solid substance chiefly built up of carbon obtained from the air by the leaves during sunlight, year after year, surely we must recognise that a leaf is not the least significant of Nature's works.

These wonderful arrangements of cells that we have examined in the leaf, perform this great work unceasingly from the spring-time when they are spread out in the newly born leaf, until its fall in the autumn. And when we speak of the "fall of the leaf" it must not be supposed that the leaves fall off by accident or because the frost has nipped them. The tree has arranged for this fall long beforehand. If we examine the scar where a leaf has recently fallen, we find that it is carefully protected by a layer of cork or

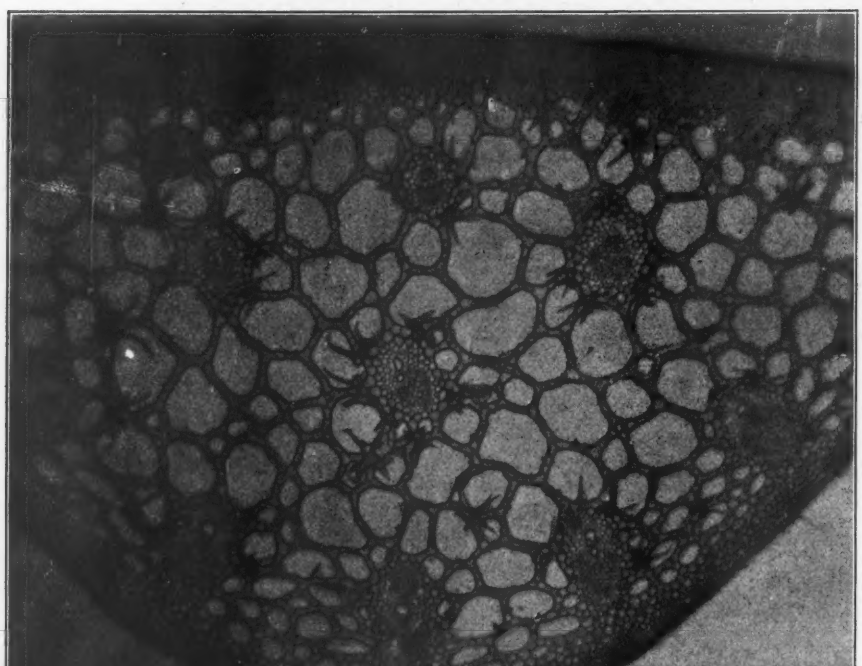


Fig. 8. The structure of the floating leaf of the water lily, showing the air cavities which act as buoys

bark-like cells, so that no open wound is left into the internal tissues of the plant.

Fig. 11 shows a section through the portion of a virginian creeper's stem, where a leaf-stalk joins it just prior to defoliation. when it opens out into a new branch of the plant.

But from the time that the leaf expands in spring until it falls in autumn or, in the case of evergreens, in the following summer,

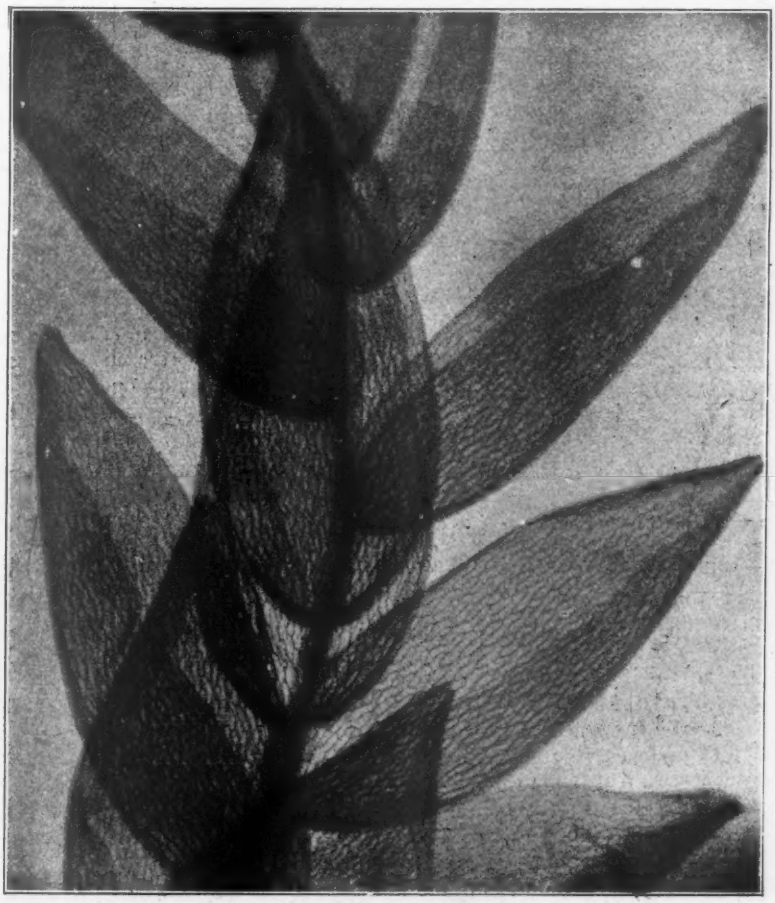


Fig. 10. The thin transparent leaves of a moss

It will be seen how the outer, bark-like cells have severed the darker vascular bundles or veins, which go into the leaf and have continued their protective covering between the leaf-stalk and stem, in readiness for the separation which is about to take place. Above this is seen in section, the bud which has formed in the axil of the leaf, and which remains as such until the following spring, it has never ceased during the hours of sunlight to accumulate carbon for the plant. It is a familiar fact to every one almost, that our atmosphere is always becoming polluted by having poured into it enormous volumes of carbon dioxide, or more familiarly carbonic acid gas. Large manufacturing works may turn thirty tons of this impurity into the atmosphere in the course of a single day,

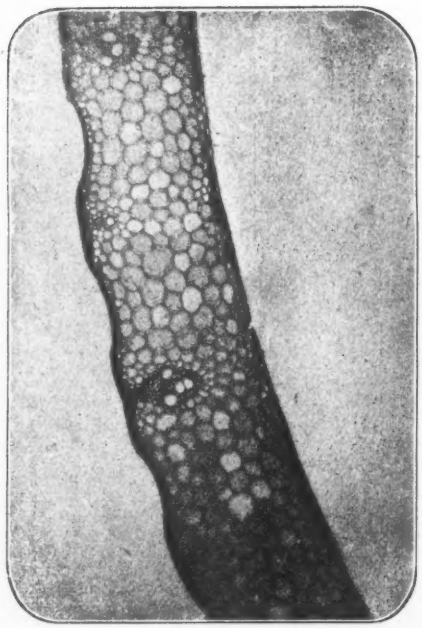


Fig. 9. The maize or Indian corn plant leaf structure

while every living animal is continually inhaling oxygen or pure air from the atmosphere and converting it into this carbonic acid gas.

Now, by a wonderful law of Nature, plants require this carbon gas just as we require oxygen. So it comes about that we make a kind of exchange, the animals supplying the plants with carbon to build up their tissues, while the plants in return supply the animals with oxygen, or the "breath of life." This is how the leaves fulfil these important functions, in the scheme of Nature.

If we chemically analyse carbon dioxide we find that it is composed of one part carbon and two parts oxygen. And if we could take one part of solid carbon and chemically combine it with two parts of gaseous oxygen, we should produce one part of this gaseous carbon dioxide.

Now, when this gas, which is always floating in the atmosphere, reaches the green leaves this is exactly what takes place. The leaves firstly drink in this carbon gas from the air during sunlight, after which they chemically decompose it. That is to say they break it up into its original elements—carbon and oxygen, the carbon they retain, assimilating it for their own use, the oxygen, which is of no use to the plant, but which is so essential to animal life, is returned to the atmosphere. But how do the leaves take in this gas? If we carefully examine the epidermal tissue of plants, especially the underside of the leaves, we find intermixed with the cells numerous little mouths or pores, arranged sometimes in rows, as Fig. 12, which represents a portion of the epidermis of one of the leaves of the araucarias, or "monkey puzzle." These tiny mouths open into the intercellular spaces in the spongy tissue, and sometimes between the palisade cells, of the leaf. And it is by means of these that the interchange of gases takes place. These mouths open during sunlight and close during darkness; and it is esti-

Fig. 11. Section through the base of a leaf-stalk prior to its fall, showing how the outer bark protective cells separate the tissues

mated that there are in one square inch of the underside of a lilac leaf 160,000 mouths, while by way of contrast in the same space on the mistletoe leaf only 200 are found. But it must be remembered that the mistletoe is a semi-parasitic plant, and therefore does not altogether earn its own living.

Through these numerous tiny mouths then, the carbon dioxide is absorbed by the leaves, and is then passed to the green chlorophyll corpuscles in the palisade cells for them to perform their most important function of freeing the oxygen and retaining the carbon. To these little green atoms, then, we are indebted for the oxygen without which life would cease to exist. But this is not all. These same atoms supply us and every living animal, not only with pure air to breathe, but also with every particle of food that we consume. And again, they supply us with innumerable comforts in our home life ; they provide material which we utilise in the making of our furniture, and the building of our homes, as well as the planks and masts of the mighty vessels that carry us to other shores.

When the leaves retain the carbon it is passed on to the internal laboratory of the plant, where it is at once manufactured into starches, sugars, oils, &c., which serve to sustain the plant, build up its structure, and perpetuate its kind. Much of it goes into temporary storehouses in the bulky substance of fruits, nuts, turnips, potatoes, marrows, &c., these, of course, being designed by the plant for its own use, but often appropriated by man.

To put the matter clearly, this green chlorophyll is the main-stay of life. It is the substance which sustains life and provides material for its regeneration and continuance. For although we may eat animal food the animal must originally obtain its sustenance from the vegetable world, because the animal possesses no apparatus for the manufacture of energy-yielding starches, &c., out of the inert elements of carbon dioxide and water.

This, I think, will justify me in pointing to a green leaf as one of the most important of Nature's works, for without it neither man nor any other animal could exist.

So, on the next occasion of a ramble in the country where the atmosphere is fresh and invigorating, let us think for the moment as we gaze at the green verdure around, of the great functions that it performs. It has been calculated that fifty million tons of carbon dioxide are passed into the atmosphere daily. Hence it follows that fifty million tons of impure air must also be purified by the green leaves; otherwise the natural equilibrium would not be sustained, and animal life would soon realise that something was amiss. So, as we breathe the pure air into our lungs and add vigour to our systems, surely we must develop an ever increasing respect for the laws of Nature, which fill the world with life through the scarcely noticed agency of the insignificant "green leaf."

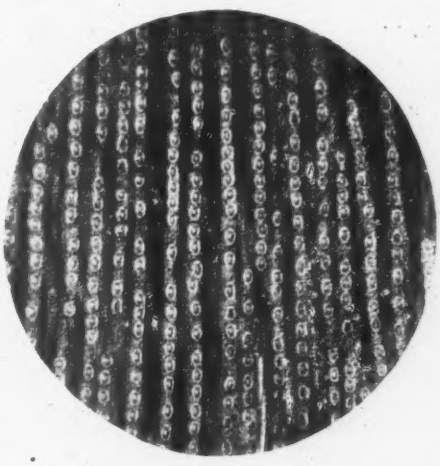


Fig. 12. The breathing pores of a leaf

The excellent microscopical preparations used to make the illustrations for this article, are from the slide-lending department of the firm of C. Baker, 244 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Laying the Boundary Line from the Orange to Vaal Rivers

By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G.

SECOND PAPER

WE arrived at Port Elizabeth (Algoa Bay) on Sunday morning 26 Nov. 1876 after a forty hours' run in *The Danube*. We stopped at Mossel Bay to put down Sir John Coode, C.E., who is on a tour of inspection to the several harbours. He seems to have little hopes of doing any good there, but was desirous of going on to the Knysna, where there is a land-locked harbour, and at least fifteen feet of water on the bar. According to all accounts the country about George and the Knysna is the most beautiful in the world; splendid forests, flowers, climate. You can ride through miles of red geranium, you can shoot elephants (if you have a permit), you water your horse every three miles at the running streams. This is to be the harbour of the future (according to current account), and it can be so easily defended. With all these advantages I hope Sir John Coode can push the matter, but his instructions appear to be only regarding Mossel Bay.

Algoa Bay is said to be the most thriving port in South Africa, 14,000 whites and 3000 Kafirs, but from the sea it seems quite a small place with clean-looking buildings; the absence of trees is the most remarkable want. There is simply a great open bay, with a surf of great violence, and *beachcombers* in strings on the shore holding hand and hand, stretching right into the surf and bringing goods and passengers on shore among them: a very turbulent proceeding at times, but a necessary evil. They say that vessels cannot ride safely at anchor in a south easterly gale; and have to cut and run.

From the sea the plains above the town look like Clevedon in Somersetshire, but the coast-line is barren and rocky and contrasts strangely with the brand-new houses; everything looks so clearly cut in this bright climate.

We were able to land in boats, and put up at the Phœnix Hotel, where we got our coach tickets for Kimberley.

Hearing the church bells going, I had just time to change my clothes and make for a new plastered building of cruciform shape; a very ugly church outside, but the service conducted well, somewhat ornate. A good choir of six men and fourteen boys, and a decent organ. The minister had an excellent voice and led the whole service, including the singing. The psalms and all responses were chanted. The boys sang well and rather loudly, but I should not have considered it different to any service at home; I should say that it was a good deal above our average. A good sermon on the Second Coming; no Communion. I cannot say what an effect it had, this first joining a service in church with our people grown up in a colony; what a bond it is between us!

In the afternoon I came in for a tough job. It was very hot, but I felt restless staying indoors, and walked through the town into a fine church; and, seeing a young man puffing away at the organ bellows and looking at the last gasp, I offered to lend a hand while he rested a bit; after a time the music did not cease, and the organ blower did not come back, and I began to perspire very freely. I did not like to incommode the people by ceasing to blow, and gradually it dawned upon me that it could not be a church of England that I was in. Presently the people began to flock out, and they all seemed to scrutinise me as much as to say, "You are not one of us." However, I pegged away until the organist stopped, and then I took a look in and found it was a Roman Catholic Church,

and bolted. [I never met that young man, the organ-blower, again, and I think he did not wish to meet me.]

In the afternoon I went with Porges and the Frasers to see the gardens of Port Elizabeth. What keeps striking me so much is the absence of trees, otherwise the general appearances of the country is like Cornwall. The houses all seem new and look well with balconies and verandahs. I never realised before that the ox is a majestic animal: I can understand now why he appears on the standards of the Children of Israel. The ox out here is a splendid beast, walking with a freedom of step that I have always ascribed only to the lion. As they draw the waggons through the street they look as though they were doing it of their own free will, for the love of the labour; they look absolutely independent and free. Above the town, at the height of about 200 feet from the sea, is a level plateau with coarse grass. Here are an observatory, and a pyramidal monument to Elizabeth Donkin, who died in India in 1815, and a cemetery, and then the town gardens. Oh, what a disappointment! A pond of water and some trees and flowers in a most unkempt condition, quite melancholy to see. The trees are principally fir and blue gums, and the flowers are petunias and geraniums. There is wanting a little artistic skill, and a good deal of labour, to make these gardens presentable.

The Malays, who are Moslems, are dressed in nice, bright, clean colours, and they inhabit their own quarter of the town, I like the look of them. The Kafirs are scarecrows; they wear our old clothes, and very bad ones too, instead of their national costume (if they have one). What guys they all look! What a lot there is to be done in this country, and the dust is insufferable. Major Lanyon has telegraphed to ask me to stay with him at Kimberley.

Tuesday, Nov. 28.—We rose early and started by train for Sand flats, over an undulating bush country; such a desolate scene. The veldt is quite dry, and the scrub or bushes have lichens hanging down from them like beards, as though they had been immersed in a sea full of sea-weed and the water suddenly drained off. A most melancholy sight. Then by coach to Grahamstown, where we arrived in the evening.

The style of hotel accommodation up country would be amusing if it were not so singularly uncomfortable; it is cheap enough. Bed-rooms which have six to ten or more beds in them, and the washing to be done in the open air in the back yard; it reminds me of the Ventas of Spain, but not so amusing. I cannot express my sensation as to the voyage up to Kimberley as anything else but dreary in the extreme as far as outside circumstances, though being a merry party we were very happy all together.

The very sullen look of the Kafirs disturbed me; so different to natives I have met in other parts of the world. Everywhere else I have found the native looking upon the Englishman as his friend, but here the Kafir looks gloomily at us as his natural enemy; there is no greeting, no "Good morning." How hateful all this is! (At this time the discontent had begun which culminated in the great rising of 1877.) We passed through Cradock, Colesberg, the Orange Free State, staying for the night at wayside hotels, and reaching Kimberley on December 4 early in the morning. What a dreary country we have gone over, uninteresting in the extreme for 400 miles! I did not think it possible that there could be 400 miles of such vacuity.

Imagine an uncultivated country, with large plains and only small flat-topped mountains; without corn-fields, without trees, without terraces or vineyards; without a single ruin or vestige of the past; with absolutely no history of any kind reaching back a hundred years. A general scene of desolation, farmhouses (or inns) 15 to 30 miles apart, with nothing to eat in them save bread and butter milk, and meat—tough meat too. I wonder if I am becoming a pessimist.

The rains take place in summer, so that wheat cannot thrive, and, if rain by any chance does fall in the winter, the long grass rots on the ground and the cattle starve; moreover, the winter in the uplands is said to be severe in the extreme. Yet with all this I found the summer, with all its heat, extremely

pleasant. This is the same latitude as Gibraltar, but the sun is not nearly so oppressive, and one feels so wonderfully well—all alive!

I have felt more cold than heat as yet, though it is midsummer, and I have often had to don my great coat.

Yet here and there were objects of interest, the great white-ant heaps, and the holes made in them by the ant-bear with a long snout; then two kinds of merckats which inhabit cities on the route, and also snake communities. The thorny mimosa is almost in blossom, and the wild jessamine just out. Yellow wild cats to be seen. They seem to milk the sheep in this country, and they have only one lamb each and bear for six years. The stages average 16½ miles each, and our rate was 6½ miles an hour, going for about 16 hours a day, temperature 85° to 90° F. during the day, and cool, even cold, at night; the plateau of the Orange Free State is some four thousand feet above the sea.

As I approach Kimberley and the western boundary of the Orange Free State, where I am to spend so many months, I must confess I see nothing interesting or prepossessing in the appearance of the country—miles and miles of nearly dead level steppes, gently rising every few miles and culminating in flat-topped hills of iron-stone or trap, and falling again and rising up to another range of flat tops. The slopes so imperceptible that they can only be detected at long distances. Here and there deep sluits or gullies in the shaly soil, running into the Riet and Modder rivers, which are merely bigger and larger gullies running through these nearly level plains: with only a dribble of water in them except in the heavy rains—then they are a fine sight, they say, roaring torrents sometimes overflowing the plain.

At the junction of the Riet and Modder rivers we came to a large store, half tin, half corrugated iron (Berry's), and after crossing the river we approached the Diamond Fields, whose galvanised iron roofs and walls shone brilliantly in the sunshine, a dazzling white.

I am glad to be over the journey, for it had its inconveniences, though I enjoyed myself immensely. The food bad, the accommodation bad, our Boer hosts both insolent and grasping: they gave us the bare necessaries of life, charged us as though we were in first-class hotels, and they treated us as intruders. Owing to the dryness of the air, the bread, said to have been baked in the morning, had to be parted with a hatchet in the evening, and the beef was too tough for mastication—had to be bolted. Yet at some of the English wayside inns we got excellent mutton chops and ham and eggs.

We were highly amused with one of our fellow passengers from Grahamstown, a vivacious Afrikander Englishman, who laid down the law, put us all to rights, and kept us amused. On getting to one of the Boer inns he disappeared as a passenger, and reappeared as the waiter of the inn under Boer supervision, and a very good one too, most civil and obliging, but no longer passing as the man of fortune and means on his way to shoot big game in the interior. I could see by his eye that he thought he had scored. [Some months after I passed this house and found this same waiter sitting on a stone, dull, abstracted and dejected. I tried to rally him with no effect. Again I passed the inn and found he was gone, a victim to consumption.]

Dec. 4, 1876.—We arrived at Kimberley on the coach so early that there was no one from Government House to meet me, and, being a stranger to Col. Lanyon, I put up at Mrs. Jardine's hotel to get a wash and breakfast. [Here I made the acquaintance of the kindest of landladies and one of the best of women, Mrs. Jardine.] Her hotel was a novel building to me. An enormous eating room with very small single bedrooms opening out all round, and in front the bar and sitting room. Soon I was discovered by Colonel Lanyon (afterwards Sir Owen Lanyon). I was well wigged for not coming to him at once, and he treated me most hospitably, as his reputation is so to do.

Here I met my future colleague, Mr. Jos. E. de Villiers, Government Surveyor, who had come over to meet me and carry me up to Bloemfontein to pay my respects to President Brand, of the Orange Free State.

A Second Imperial Competition

THE Publishers of GOOD WORDS could not but be deeply impressed by the success of the late Coronation Ode competition. It is not merely that so many Odes have been received from such diverse parts of the Empire, or that so many of these Odes are so admirable in themselves. There is a deeper significance. The invitation of GOOD WORDS has for the first time, as it were, called forth the Voice of British Loyalty all over the Globe. It has made the Empire vocal. All that was needed was the opportunity; that given, and instantly the world-wide silence burst into song, and from all the far-sundered dominions of the King there broke from the hearts of his peoples—who are one people—the chorus of praise and thanksgiving.

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Dec. 5.—Jos. de Villiers took me in his Cape cart to his house at Boshof, over thirty-five miles; here I made the acquaintance of his wife; and on the following morning we got up very early and drove straight through into Bloemfontein, the whole distance by Boshof from Kimberley being 120 miles.

Thursday, Dec. 7.—I have paid a visit to President Brand and was delighted with nim. I suppose he would not be offended if I say that he seems to be thoroughly English. We shall get on first rate together, I can see, he takes such reasonable views of everything. He was glad to find that I had authority to alter the line to a slight extent, as he said I should find great difficulties with some of the farmers, who were very wroth at being brought into British territory and threatened to shoot those who laid down the line. The President seems to have some difficult people to deal with in the Volksraad, but he manages them so skilfully that they respect him greatly, though they do accuse him now and then of being too English. I think that they are rather proud of him.

Dec. 8.—All about here say that the Orange Free State and the Transvaal are to be the rich portions of South Africa. People here are making their fortunes in six to ten years. The proprietors of this hotel have in succession made two fortunes in ten years, and now a third is getting rich. Prices are at a frightful pitch; five shillings for a bottle of Bass, one shilling for a slice of bread and butter and cup of tea. At Jacobsdaal I had two cups of tea and they charged me sixpence each, but there are extortioners there, if anywhere. After all, however, it is not much more than we have to pay at a railway station at home, but the style and comfort are very different.

They all boast about the Transvaal, there is no end to their talk about it, it is a real El Dorado or Tom Tidler's ground, where gold and silver and precious stones seem to be had for the asking. A good farm of 6000 acres can be bought for £150 (what is the title?), the climate is delicious, with thunderstorms every few days in summer. I must confess that even here it is "good enough," though we are near midsummer the weather is most agreeable, water in bath quite cold and a fresh breeze all day.

This town has more than doubled during the last ten years, and is very thriving. When the railway comes here it is to be the educational centre of South Africa. Already it must have made its mark in the minds of some, as a young Afrikander told me on board ship that, next to Paris, it was the most enlightened place on the face of the earth. I have reason, however, to conjecture that the young lady he is in love with was educated here, so no wonder he cracks up Bloemfontein.

I can see in front of me convents, churches, a cathedral, schools in all directions, and buildings springing up: it is a pretty sight, and I give a little sketch of it as I sit here.

I am on top of a small hill of iron-stone about a mile to the south-west of the town (or may we call it a city?); it is 11 A.M., and as I look to the city to north-east the sun shines in my face, as we are in the southern hemisphere, and is at mid-day due north. Below me is the rifle-range (hurrah for their military instincts!), the Boers are excellent shots, and are said to hit springbuck at 800 yards. Bloemfontein is in a hollow, basking in the summer sun, for we are near Christmas. Forty to sixty miles away on the horizon are indications of mountains, amongst others Marocco's Mountain (Thaba N'chu) the centre of a native republic within a white republic, belonging to a great Kafir chief with a town of 10,000 men.

Around Bloemfontein and overlooking it are four low hills, two to north about 400 feet above the plain, and two to south about 200 feet above the plain, between them the road from east to west passes. The southern hill to east sustains the citadel, on which the Orange Republic flag is flying. This fort is composed of a loose stone wall, with two old smooth-bores (24-pounders) mounted on iron gun carriages. Between the two southern hills is a monument to "the brave" who fell in the Kafir war, and on the southern slope of these hills are two cemeteries, one English, the other Dutch, the latter is nicely kept and has trees in it.

The city lies in the hollow between the

northern and southern hills; on the west is a sheet of water kept in by a dam, and near it is the fountain called after Bloem, the first farmer (probably a half-cast Griqua, I quote from my father's notes) who settled here. The water in the dam is obtained from the occasional rainfall, which is conjectured to be about fifteen inches or more per annum. Beyond is a pretty farm-house surrounded by trees, cypress, blue gum (Eucalyptus Globulus?), where the Church of England Sisters have a school, I believe. Next to the dam appears the new House of Assembly for the Volksraad, then a succession of houses with galvanised iron roofs. Green trees are interspersed, cypress, weeping willows (near the water), blue gums, pride of India. Schools, churches, convents, stores, private dwellings, succeed each other until the city is hidden behind the hill. In the centre is a large square, where the market is held (please remember that I am a stranger taking stock, and no doubt my account is full of errors, I begin to be alarmed at being questioned by next mail how many convents there are, and to which orders they belong).

A strong breeze is blowing, objects forty miles off are easily seen; but there is also the mirage, sheets of water in the distance, which are only streams of heated air; the mountains sometimes rise up in the air, sometimes seem topsy-turvy, and they often look like hay-stacks—huge hay-stacks—because they are flat-topped, get larger as they go down, and then suddenly, on account of the mirage, get smaller still lower down. The earth is red, grass brown, but the shrubs (Karoo) are green, so are the trees in the town, especially the beautiful pride of India, whose roots are so poisonous to other plants. There are no trees to be seen about the veldt.

What a pity that paper, the sweepings of all the stores of Bloemfontein, should be flying about the veldt! Acres of paper. Some of it seems to have been here for years, careering over the plain, backwards and forwards with the wind, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, but always near, quite spoiling the environs. It would appear as though every wrapper on every parcel reaching this metropolis since its building had been wandering about for years around.

I inquired after Harry ——, and hear that he is partner with Hubbard, transport-riding between this and Kimberley, and I must have passed him on the way driving his ox-waggon without recognising him. I hear good accounts of him, and that he is likely to do well. I have not yet met Sister Henrietta, but have heard from her that next to going home she would like to meet an old friend from home. She is nursing somewhere about, and I hope to see her soon: she is not yet in possession of a hospital, that is to come.

I have been to a very pleasant children's party at President Brand's, and danced with the children, and made the acquaintance of Miss Trench, daughter of the archbishop of Dublin; she is not a permanent sister, only a grey lady, and goes home very soon to take care of her father. I am delighted with Mrs. Brand, who made herself most pleasant; she is an Afrikander of good old Dutch family. She regretted very much that the President's income (£5000 a year, I think) could go such a little way in so expensive a country, and that their hospitality had to be curtailed more than they wished.

Sunday, Dec. 10.—I think I shall like the cathedral people very much, they all seem so nice. Bishop Webb preached a most impressive sermon, and the services are well conducted. I lunched with Mrs. Webb at 1 P.M., and met Mr. Gall [now Bishop of Mashonaland]; he took me over the theological college west of the cemetery. The cemetery is in a dilapidated condition, all except the wall. I made the acquaintance of Archdeacon and Mrs. Croghan, and of Canon and Mrs. M'Kenzie. All are living without competent servants, so far as I could judge, the ladies doing the cooking, which was very good; I am sure that Kafirs could not cook so well. When I called on the Croghans I had to thump at the door, as there was no bell or knocker, and Madame came out in her kitchen garments, and was very merry over it. I think these people are very happy so far removed from conventionalities; at any rate, they impressed me with their great hospitality and intense energy in struggling against all difficulties.

A Back Seat

By F. J. Davey

Illustrated from photographs

OLD Dick Hatheron, like all other back-block bushmen, had the dramatic instinct strong within him, an instinct sternly repressed in the conduct of everyday affairs, and only allowed full expression on very special occasions. "There's a time for everything," he often used to say; "a man may be a fool to die without makin' his will, but what sort of a fool would he look if he went an' made his will an' then didn't happen to die that time, after all?" But when old Dick was brought home after the accident and tried to make his own will (for lawyers didn't grow in the bush in those days as they do now), he found the task unexpectedly difficult, and his time was short. It was in vain that he cried to his pen, "Steady now! Whoa back there!" It had not been as well trained as one of his bullocks, and when at last the writing was finished, he was only too conscious that the will he had made was not at all the will he had intended to make. "Anyhow," he thought, consolingly; "anyhow it's a will! A reg'lar last will an' testymunt, accordin' to law! An' I done my duty." However, to set matters straight as far as possible, he explained his real wishes and intentions to his elder son. "Look here, Martin, this is my will, an' I ain't denyin' it, but I s'pose I ought to know my own mind better'n what that ridic'lous piece o' paper does, so understand you ain't to take no notice of it. 'Fore I die, I'm goin' to give you my blessin', as is right an' proper on these auspishous occasions, an' you bet it'll be a real stylish blessin', full fightin' weight; but mark my words, that blessin' 'll be null an' devoid if you go by that blamed will instead o' doin' what I tell you."

So Martin came into his inheritance, which comprised a four-year-old half-brother, Anthony, whom he was enjoined to cherish and protect, and a farm—perhaps the poorest on the river—which, although ostensibly bequeathed solely to himself, was nevertheless to be regarded as half Tony's, to be kept as a joint home and never to be sold while they both lived. The young man's heart, filled as it was with day-dreams and ambitions of a brighter life, strongly rebelled; nevertheless, he set himself, however grudgingly at first, to obey his father's injunctions, and in course of time the ambitions faded away, the day-dreams were forgotten, and the uncongenial task so warmed and brightened into a labour of willing love, that when the passing years had at length brought the two brothers, one to young manhood, the other to matured middle age, their mutual affection and unvarying agreement had become almost a proverb in the district.

"Tony, lad," said the elder man one day, "it's twenty years to-day since father died. Aye, twenty years," he repeated, musingly.

"I don't remember anything of it. I was too young, I suppose," replied Tony.

"True enough! It was hard lines for you to be left an orphan so young."

"It would have been, but for you," said Tony, gratefully. "Strikes me, now I come to think of it, the hard lines was your share of it, to be left with a youngster to look after. How you must have blessed me! It's a wonder you didn't chuck me in the river!"

"No need to do that, sonny—it used to take me half my time fishin' you out. Besides, you were such a winsome, chummy young nipper, why if the babes in the wood had been like you, they—they'ld ha' been alive to this day."

"What a rosy old humbug you are, Martin! You were the wicked uncle, I s'pose. You must have reformed since then."

"It's all very well to joke, Tony lad, but I'm ashamed to say there was a time when—but never mind about that now. I'm on'y thankful we've managed to keep the old place——"

"I'ld be thankfuller, for my part if the old place would manage to keep us—anyway

decently that is. An' that's jus' what I want to speak to you about. Look here, Martin, we've given this wretched old farm a fair trial, I think. I was readin' the other day about some place where they just tickled the land with a hoe and it laughed a harvest. Why, we can't raise a smile out of it here—I s'pose it isn't ticklish, somehow. Anyway, I vote we sell it, and make a fresh start somewhere else."

"Not while I'm alive, lad. It's about the on'y thing you could ask me I'ld never consent to."

"Well, but, considerin' it's as much mine as yours, as you've always told me, it seems to me I've got a say in that," began Tony, a little impatiently.

"Aye, but listen!" Martin laid down his pipe, and then relapsed into a long, thoughtful silence, and when at length he spoke again, Tony heard for the first time the contents of his father's will and the story of his last wishes. "Everything is yours, then," the young man burst out; "it's all yours, and I've got nothing."

"It's all as much yours as mine, Tony lad—aye, an' always will be."

"There's nothing of that in the will, though."

"All the same, if I thought you'd set your heart on it, s' far as I'm concerned I'ld sell it for you tomorrow, on'y father said not, s' long as the two of us were alive."

She purposely barred his way

For the first time in his life, Tony was really angry with his brother. "Then all I can say is," he cried, "it's too bad of you to have kept it dark all this time! Why didn't you tell me all this years ago, instead of lettin' me believe everything was shared between us?"

"Because"—faltered Martin, humbly—"because I didn't want you to feel as if you was—well, anyway—kind of under me, lad. If I've made a mistake, try an' forgive it, Tony—I did it all for the best."

The young man's disappointment was far greater than Martin knew, and Tony wilfully allowed his chagrin to master his temper. "Oh, of course!" he sneered; "all for the best! That's what people always say when they've done the very worst! You don't know what a fool you've made of me! I was goin' to be married, that's all—but it's all over now." He rose and strode across the

room, pausing a moment at the door. "As for forgivin' you—well, I s'pose I've got no choice, but there's no fear I'll forget it in a hurry!" He slammed out of the room in a very tempest of anger, and Martin sat still, lost in a stupor of dismay and sorrow, the love in his heart rising up and dully accusing him of having wrecked his brother's happiness.

Outside the door, Tony found himself confronted by Harriet, his nurse of long ago, and now housekeeper and despot-general to the establishment; she purposely barred his way in the narrow passage, a fat little thunderstorm in petticoats and hob-nailed boots. "You won't forget!" she cried. "Oh yes, I was list'nin', if you want to know, an' heard ev'ry word of it! An' him that could never do enough for you! You won't forget! Yer heart must ha' sprung a leak, I'm thinkin'. Yer only brother——"

"Half-brother," corrected Tony.

"Aye, my boy, an' t'other half father an' mother an' all the rest o' the lovin' kind ever you had!"

"He's treated me like a child."

"So did I, long years ago—acrost my knee—an' I'ld like to do it again this very minnit, that I would!"

"An' now I've got to go an' tell Nelly."

"Aye, tell her you love her so much you can't forgive yer brother for her sake. Shame on you, Anthony Hatheron! Shame on you!"

An angry retort rose to his lips, but at the sight of a tear trembling on her cheek—a thing he had never seen before—he turned and fled by the back door. She marched into the room, and the kindly touch of her hand on Martin's shoulder belied the roughness of her greeting. "Come now, Martin, what's all this fuss about? What on earth did you go an' rile the boy for, that way? You ought to know people is always cross-tempered when they're in love, an' seein' you never denied him anything before."

"Aye, Harriet, I know. You see, I never thought of such a thing as gettin' married, myself—anyway, not this last twenty years—an' so——"

"No, I'm thinkin' not," she interrupted, drily. Harriet had had her own little dream in days gone by, but she was still only the housekeeper, and she knew it would never be fulfilled now.

"And so," Martin went on, "it never struck me, somehow, that he would. Of course I ought to have thought of it, but it never once entered my mind. I s'pose you don't happen to know who it is he's—he's thinkin' of?"

"Why, Nelly McTare, of course, who else? Ev'rybody but you has been tumblin' over the two of them together."

"Now I come to think of it, I think I remember seein'——"

"You thought they was discussin' the price of maize, I s'pose? Anyhow, McTare, he come to think of it, same as you, an' he come to think some purty ugly things of it, too! I b'lieve Mrs. McTare favours Tony, but she's been sick this long whiles an' don't count. Anyhow, McTare made Tony promise, 'fore he'ld consent, that you an' he would sell out here an' take the lease of Brunton's farm. McTare was to help stock the place, much agen his will, but he knows Nelly ain't the sort o' girl to stop out in the rain 'cause he'd shut the door. An' my word! the fine plans the two young love-struck sillies had got fixed up! We was all to be millionaires—or thousandaires, 't any rate—in about six months; you was to live with them, from now till the last clock stops, so you see they didn't forget you, neither."

"No, no, I'm sure they didn't. And I'm the one that spoils it all! It's all my fault, I know. Don't think I blame Tony."

"Oh, don't you? Well, I do, then. The ungrateful young leatherheart, to speak to you the way he did! My word, Martin, it's jus' wicked, to my thinkin', to be as forgivin' as what you are, that's what it is."

"But what'll McTare say now?"

"Let the bully say what he likes—we ain't bound to like what he says, are we? It'll be a bit rough on Tony, but it'll do the young scamp good. He'll never find his proper footin' till somebody stamps on his toes."

When Harriet had gone, Martin sat musing on, engrossed with the oppressive thought that he himself was the chief, indeed the only real obstacle in the way of Tony's

happiness. His own words, "Not while I'm alive, lad," kept on echoing in his mind, at first in mere hopeless self-accusation, and then a shadowy thought grew out of them which at last took definite shape. He could not—would not—kill himself, but——

The farm lay before him like a map

The farm, poor as it was, would afford Tony and his wife a living, if only it were all their own, and in that case McTare would probably consent. He, Martin, must simply take himself away. But how should he live out his life, cut off from the only being he loved on earth, the brother at whose feet he had laid all the years of his manhood, for whom alone he had lived and toiled, only to find that a greater and far heavier sacrifice was now required? And even the farm—it was certainly not much of a farm, but he remembered the tiny clearing at the time their father died, and how year after year, little by little, he had felled more timber, opened new land, and fenced, and cleared, and drained (for the farm of the Wimbriatta settler is his own handiwork) until now he could stand on the little hill at the back, and there before him lay like a map, marked almost by every stump and fence, and fire-charred log, the long record of what had been the toil-won prize of each succeeding year. His brother and his farm—what else would be left him?

Tony, knowing only too well the irascible nature of his sweetheart's father, hoped at least to get a few words first with Nelly, but luck was against him. Only one faint square of curtained light gleamed from what he knew to be Mrs. McTare's sick-room window, the dark little parlour stood blankly desolate, and worst of all, McTare was pacing irritably up and down in front of the cottage. "Come to see Nelly, have ye?" he snarled. "Well, ye cahn't see her, thin! Am Oi to be alwiz tellin' ye her mother's sick?"

Tony had perforce to explain the new position in which matters stood, and McTare, annoyed by his wife's illness, which he regarded entirely as a personal injury to himself, eagerly seized this new grievance, which at least had the merit that it could be

stormed at. "Blame ye, thin, ye're ohnly a shiverin' pauper, ahfter all? Well, but Oi'll say this for ye—ye're ahctin' real proper to come an' give the gurl up this way—we ain't got room for no beggars in our family."

It was the hardest task he had ever had, but Tony mastered himself to reply as quietly as he could: "But I'm not goin' to give her up, all the same. If she wishes it, I'll give her back her promise—not else."

"That's all right, thin. We don't gen'ally give nothin' to beggars, but she'll give ye that, safe enough. Think we're goin' to b'lieve you didn't know aught o' all this afore to night? It's jus' blarneyin' me an' Nelly ahll this toime ye've been, with yer half-shares an' what not, thinkin' ahfter ahll's said an' done, she'ld shame to go back on ye now, but Oil'd have ye to know——"

Tony turned away hoplessly, and from mere force of habit drifted down to the riverside gate where Nelly and he had so often met, and there stayed brooding. He had expected hard words, but had not dreamed that his conduct could be made to appear so vile. Surely Nelly would not think so meanly of him? But then she would be fairly well-off some day, and he had nothing! Might she not think? No—he knew her better—and yet—oh, if he could only see her! And at last he turned disconsolately homewards, so lost in a tumult of uncertainty, so absorbed in his own bitter thoughts, that it was only when he found Martin sitting dejectedly just as he had left him some hours before, that he remembered their quarrel. Tony himself had suffered since then, and in suffering had learned many things. A remembrance came to him of some occasion of his childish days, and he did now what he had never thought to have done again—knelt penitently at his brother's knee and begged to be forgiven.

A few evenings afterwards, Harriet sat at her sewing, and the two men were silently smoking. At length Martin spoke. "I've got one o' them giddyish feelin's to-night, Tony. I'm goin' out fishin'—the fresh air'll do me good, I think."

"You oughtn't to go, if you feel like that. You nearly fell out of the boat the other day. If you go, I'ld better go with you, at any rate."

"No, Tony lad, no, I'ld rather you didn't. I'm not afraid of tumblin' out."

Tony did not press the matter; he had no real fear of such an accident, and he very much wanted to try and see Nelly that evening, which he had not succeeded in doing as yet. Besides, he had been watching Harriet's face, and he knew the signs, for when Harriet was making up her mind, one could plainly see the process going on. The stitching grew faster and faster, her head no longer bent to her work, her kind, soft old face gradually put on a quite comical assumption of ferocious sternness, and the words, when they came, were heralded by a special cough, only used on similar occasions. "You don't stir out o' this house to-night, Martin," said she. "Take my word for that! It'll be a raw night out on the water, an' all you'll catch'll be a cold the size of yer head an' chest. So jus' you sit down."

"Get me my scarf, an' top-coat, then, Harriet, p'ease."

She had been used to having her own way in such matters, and had never experienced that tone of quiet authority before. She hesitated, and, woman-like, was lost, and much to her own astonishment, meekly and even silently obeyed. "Thank you,' he said, and passed out of the room.

"Martin's all out o' sorts," said Tony, apologetically, as much astonished as was Harriet herself. "He hasn't seemed like his own man lately."

"Humph!" snapped she; "it's purty plain he ain't mine!"

Martin was for some time apparently busy arranging his lines and hooks on the verandah; in reality, he was crouching at the window, filling his heart with a last long look at the brother he was leaving because he loved him. Tony heard his footsteps passing down the path. Then the grating of the paddles in their rusty rowlocks, and then the faint splash of the kellick as the punt was moored amid stream. Martin, after casting out his lines, sat still and watched. The river formed, as it were, the very edge of the known world: on the one bank the cleared lands, the evening sounds

and many a twinkling light, on the other the dark, impressive rampart of the forest gloomily overhung the water, and beyond lay the great unknown, unseen, except where one narrow, almost obliterated, track threaded its way through the sombre depths. Long Martin sat and watched; he heard his brother leave the house, and saw the lights blink out one by one until the last had disappeared. Then, noiselessly slipping down into the water, he swam to the further shore at the place where the track began, and at once was swallowed up in the forest. When men woke to another day, the stream ran sleepily on in the grey hush of the dawn, the curling wreaths of mist sailed slowly past where the empty boat swung idly at her kedge, and Tony, in unsuspecting sorrow, bore his grief alone.

The empty boat swung idly at her kedge

Alone, for his errand of the night before had brought little comfort. He had waited a long time, and had almost begun to believe that Nelly was keeping out of his way, when at last—the flutter of a dress—a light touch on his arm—and she was clapsed in his arms. "Oh, Tony," she said; "I—I didn't mean you to do that. I—I overheard what you told father the other evening; I couldn't leave mother then, but now I've come to—to tell you something."

"Ah," he replied, coldly; "I can guess what you're goin' to say. Of course I don't hold you to your promise, for I can see you don't wish it."

"I thought you would have trusted me," she sobbed; "it doesn't matter now what I wish. Poor mother is very, very ill, although father somehow won't believe it, but I don't think she'll ever get better again now. His terrible temper upsets her terribly, and now he's dreadfully angry and goin' on so about you, he'll never let it drop, unless I—give you up. He'll keep on storming and worrying about it worse than ever, an' if you knew how it tries her, you would see that I must have peace for her."

"But Nelly, we needn't really part. Even if we don't meet, we can——"

"No. There must be nothing between us, Tony. I must be able to look father in the face and honestly tell him it's altogether broken off. 'Even then, it will be hard enough to make him believe it. It's for her sake, Tony."

"So then I don't count at all?"

"Oh, don't say that—but poor mother comes first."

"Aye, an' last too, it seems."

"Yes," said the girl, despondently, but with firmness. "And last too, if need be."

Entreaties and reproaches were alike unavailing; Nellie's resolve remained unshaken, and the young man went home, little guessing what new cloud of sorrow the morning light would bring.

The years seemed long and cheerless, while Mrs. McTare still lingered out her suffering life, and Tony kept loyally away from the girl for whom he yet waited and hoped—waited and almost ceased to hope. And then, after her mother's death, Nelly had to go away to recover her own drooping health and spirits, and still another year had gone when at last she returned home. And then he lost no time. "Oh Nelly, my girl," he said: "how I've waited and longed for this day, till I grew to think it would never come. Everything but you seems to have grown old an' dull."

"It seems to me I've grown old an' dull too," she answered.

"You know what I've come for now?"

"Tell me," she said frankly.

"As if you didn't know! Well, I've come to ask you to give me your promise again—the promise I had to return to you that evening—you remember—although it seems a hundred years ago."

"Shure," she said, roguishly; "Oi do be thinkin' that same'll be a thrifle shtale by this toime, Tony."

"Stale? That's only from want of use!" he cried, suiting the action to the word.

"Sorra a bit ye're out o' phractice, thin," she laughed, struggling to free herself. "Oh Tony, what'll I say at all at all? Shure Oi disremimber jus' this minnit what promiss ye're ahfter shpakin' av!"

"I almost forget, myself, it's so long ago. We'ld better begin all over again, eh, Nelly?"

"I've been wonderin'," she said, becoming serious, "wonderin' and wonderin' if you'ld come—an' sometimes I thought you wouldn't."

"An' every day I thought I would, only you'd told me not to, but it was hard work to keep away. And now I've got a home for you, Nelly, an' if only your father——"

"He's as bitter as ever against you, and I'm sure he'll never consent."

"But you will?"

"Oh Tony, my lad, I'm so lonely an' tired o' my days, how can I help it?"

But McTare did consent, after all, in his own delicate way. "Marry her thin, if ye want to," he shouted, as if his hearers were half a mile away; "marry her to-morra an' be blamed to ye, for all I care. She's of age an' Oi cahn't shtop her, but by Jin, Oi'll make me will the nixt minnit an' divil a cent o' mine iver either wan av ye'll see."

"Thank you," said Tony; "that will suit us all to pieces."

"Aye, ye're huggin' the d'lusion."

"I won't have you call Nelly a delusion," rejoined Tony, with a sly glance at his sweetheart.

"Ye're thinkin' Oi don't mane it, an' tryin' to joke it off. But the day she marries you I'll disown the hussy in public, afore them all!"

Harriet, who was standing by, saw her chance, and chipped in, delightedly. "Now that's what I call real consid'rate of you, McTare, a real nice weddin' present, pleasin' to all parties. I reckon Tony'ld rather do all the ownin' himself, whether or no, s' far as Nelly's concerned!"

McTare's rage grew beyond all bounds. "Aye, ye're moighty cliver," he shouted, louder than ever. "Oi'ld jus' loike to know whether 'twas you or Tony as mhurdered poor ole Martin! Ah, that jabs ye, don't it? The poor ole man's body was niver found," he went on, significantly, "but this was," pulling something out from beneath his coat. "I come acrost it 'bout a week ahfter he was missin', in th' ole track, opp'site yer

farm. Ev'rybody knew the ole man's scarf! What d'ye say to that, eh?"

But McTare's thunderbolt was a complete fizzle. "That's poor old Martin's scarf, safe enough," rejoined Harriet, composedly. "An' I ought to know, as knitted it myself."

McTare felt himself to be completely beaten and slunk away, covering his retreat with a sustained volley of oaths and threats.

Afterwards, when Tony and Harriet were alone together, she suddenly said, apropos of nothing: "So there'll be no goin' to Sydney now for yer honeymoon, Tony."

"Why?" asked the astonished Tony. "What d'you mean?"

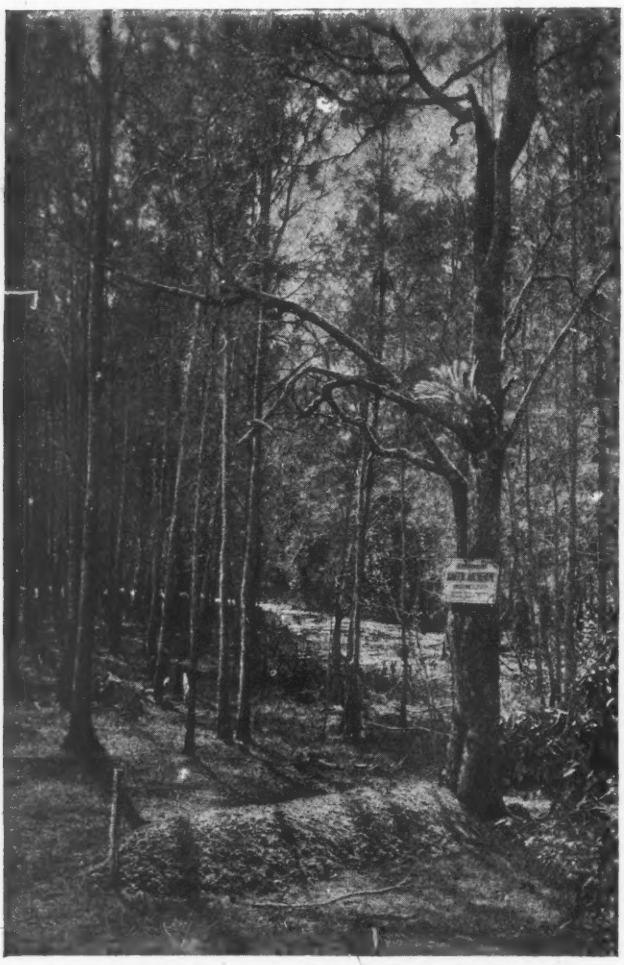
"Jus' what I say. You an' Nelly'll have to go right away up North, to Taragoodna Station, for yer weddin' trip."

"But why?"

"'Cause I say so, an' 'cause poor Martin was there when he was a boy, an' 'cause, when yer father died, Martin was dead set on goin' there an' makin' his fortune, an' 'cause—" Harriet paused, as if unwilling to say more.

"Well?"

"An' 'cause he's there now, to my thinkin'."



At the foot of a tree lay a lonely grave

"Nelly," said the bridegroom; "I'm afraid it will be rather a dull place for our honeymoon, but I'm glad we've come here instead of goin' to Sydney, because it'll set all doubts at rest. But I don't for a minute expect to find him here, all the same. Poor Martin was drowned, I feel sure of it. What on earth should he have come here for, without sayin' a word to me?"

"But, Tony, can't you guess how perhaps it might have been? I can't help thinking Harriet may be right, after all. What if he left home simply to make things easier for you and me?"

"Ah, well, I don't think so, but we shall soon know now. If it is so, we must take him back with us an' try an' make it up for him, you and I, eh, Nelly?"

"It won't be a very hard thing to try, Tony, will it?"

The stockman showed the way across the

station. "You see, sir, he had scarcely the strength for the work—seemed ailin'-like—even when he come first," the man said. "Yes, sir, that's the place. He was always fond o' this here spot, said it reminded him of some other place, an' when he was took bad, he asked to be laid here."

Over the rocks, and in and out amongst the ferns, a little mountain stream tumbled headlong, helter-skelter down the forest hill, and then rippled soberly on, yet still with many a sparkling glint, through a grove of tall she-oaks. And near by, where the sunlight streamed through the avenue in ribboned lines, at the foot of a tree there lay a lonely grave, and on the tree a board, whereon were roughly painted the words:

Sacred to the memory
of
MARTIN HATHERON.
"And would not be comforted, because they are not."

"He chose them words himself," said the stockman. "Must ha' been a bit light-headed, I s'pose, for none of us can make out much meanin' to them."

But Nelly and Tony knew the meaning.

Islands of Mist

By Lauchlan MacLean Watt

I HEAR the throbbing of waters that break upon lonely shores,
And the sigh of the wind in the hills where the heather is growing;
And old, dead, faded faces look out from the open doors,
Far away in the glens, where, ever, in dreams my soul is going. . . .

Far away in the mountains, far at the back of the seas,
Where the soul goes groping back, like a blind man feeling
For the latch that is rust and dust, long since blown over the leas,
Lost in the love forgotten by loch and shieling.

It's a song of the dead they're singing, away by the rocks and sand,
Down by the silent place where the loved are sleeping,
And the young and the old together are lying, like tired ones, hand in hand,
And the only song is the sea's sad song, bitter, alone, and weeping.

Far away in the mountains, far where the fathers lie,
Who shall blame us, if ever our thoughts must roam,
Hearing, in towns, the song of the waves that wash on the shores of Skye,
Far away, where the West is waiting her children turning home.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for August

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

THE writer has led us on to realise that our calling is to be living messages of hope to mankind. Trial works good; it trains character; it develops and reveals the heaven-like qualities of which man is capable. To give expression to these in life is the Christian calling. We are called to be first-fruits, earnests, and evidences of what all may become. If we are thus called to shadow forth, both in life and character, hints of the ideal life and the ideal character, it behoves us to translate our calling into reality. Hence the advice: Express in living and practical fashion the divine purpose revealed in your calling. Be eager therefore to learn; be slow to speak, for chatter is not character. Avoid unreality in speech and in sentiment. Be neither arrogantly desirous of setting others right, nor yet emotionally greedy of much hearing. Check the thought by learning to listen; check idle listening by practical obedience. Be real, and let the best expression of your worship be a character pure and benevolent. Be pitiful, loving messengers of God to men as your Master was.

Such is the summary of St. James' teaching in the closing verses of Chapter I. We must now follow out the teaching of these verses more in detail. "Ye know this (or know ye this) my beloved brethren. But let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath; for the wrath of God worketh not the righteousness of God" (verse 19).

Ye know this—the Greek word is only used here and in two other places in the New Testament, viz., Eph. v. 5 and Heb. xiii. 17. Its force seems to be: this is evident. The point need not be laboured. But, as a practical result of your recognition of your calling—let every man be a learner.

"Swift to hear"—the thought rises out of the writer's declaration that the recognition of their calling was awakened by the word of truth (verse 18). The general attitude of mind is to be that of learners. The more keenly we realise that we are called to manifest God's kingdom, the more naturally shall we be ready to learn. There are some who are "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth" (2 Tim. iii. 7); but these are insincere learners; they are laden with divers lusts, and so misled by desire. Compare Christ's declaration that social ambition hinders the apprehension of truth (John v. 44). "Slow to speak." The one duty follows the other. The man who is wishful to learn gains also the habit of thoughtfulness, and is not likely to be rash or impatient in utterance. Reckless speech denotes a thoughtless nature. Hence the reflection of the wise man (Prov. x. 19), "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," or that other yet more significant utterance (Prov. xiii. 3), "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life." The relation between speaking and hearing has been the subject of many proverbs and sayings, the most often quoted of which is perhaps the quaint one of Zeno, that we have two ears and but one mouth that we may hear twice as much as we speak.

"For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." This thought rises naturally from the preceding. The rash and reckless speech runs the risk of wounding; it is likely to provoke animosity. Words kindle wrath, as sparks spread fire. Moreover there is a magic and binding force about words. The word once spoken binds the speaker. What is half believed before it is spoken becomes often wholly believed by the speaker when once he has put it into words. Obstinacy ties him to his speech; and not only obstinacy, but the charm and deceptiveness of the uttered word invest the thought with an air of truth, making it seem real, as the sketch-plan of a house appears to

be a building, though it is not yet more than a picture. Thus calmness and reflectiveness not only help truth, but check the passionateness which hinders good. We may compare Christ's distrust of even well-intentioned zeal, in the word He spoke about the tares in the field. The master would not let his eager servants attempt to gather up the tares, lest, he said, "Ye root up the wheat also." So little does the indiscriminate passion of man work the righteousness of God.

It is well to note that St. James takes it for granted that the Christian aim is to work the righteousness of God. What this righteousness is we need hardly doubt. It is that righteousness which is greater than that of Scribes and Pharisees (*cf.* St. Matt. v. 20). It is a righteousness which is of the soul; it is the righteousness which worships right and truth; it is the righteousness which goes deeper than a punctilious regard for ceremonial, or even than a correctness of outward living; it is the righteousness which so realises the righteous order of the universe that it can resist the temptation to do evil that good may come, which seeks good, but only by right means. In it there must be a desire to love the right, reverencing it too highly to do it violence. In other words there must be a disposition which is itself harmonised with right. This leads the writer to recall those qualities which interrupt this harmony.

SECOND SUNDAY

"Wherefore putting away all filthiness and overflowing of wickedness, receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls" (verse 21).

THE word here rendered wickedness (*κακία*) has a certain elasticity of meaning. It may be used in a wide, general, and inclusive sense, signifying that viciousness of soul which is the matrix of all kinds of vice. In this sense it is regarded by Cicero, who would not translate it by the Latin word *malitia*, but used *vitiositas*, a coinage of his own, explaining that *malitia* was the name of one special vice, but *vitiositas* included all. The word therefore has a tendency towards a large meaning, but it is also used with a sense of the special direction of the vicious disposition. The special direction indicated here is that of the disposition to work harm to others. The writer prepares us for this in the previous verse. The wrath of man falls away from the divine purpose, *i.e.*, the seeking of the good of others; it runs towards harmfulness; it loosens the vicious dispositions, and turns them in the channels of malice. It is the opening of the flood-gates of that ill spirit which runs counter to the dictates of humanity and fair play. It thus is like the overflowing stream which carries down with it alike foulness and danger. Such is the filthiness and overflowing of wickedness. The remedy against this unholy activity of evil lies in cultivating the docile and receptive spirit. We are told freely to give, but it is only those who have freely received that can be trusted to give freely. Christianity is the most active and missionary religion; it teaches us to give, to spend, to diffuse light everywhere; but it is also the religion of continuous receiving. We are to abide in Christ; His words are to abide in us. Our life is indeed to be one of untiring activity, but it is also a life hid with Christ in God. It is like a tree bringing forth fruit; but it does so because it is planted, by the rivers of waters. It is a life of distributive energy because it is one of constant receptiveness. This thought St. James expresses by saying that the remedy for the ill-working of the evil is to be found in receiving with meekness the engrafted, or implanted, word, which is able to save your souls. The word is to be received, and turned, as it were, into a part of our own nature. As food is turned into energy of body, so is the word to be received. We recall the familiar words of the collect, "read, mark, and inwardly digest," and so transform into living force the word which we read. It is God's word, but it is to become our word. It is the divine thought realising itself in us. It is to be ours so that it is no longer an alien, but an assimilated power and element; and yet it is God's, for it is from Him. Here again we touch that paradox of the spiritual life which is a mystery so simple that we may miss its truth. The divine thing is mine, yet not

mine; it is the "I yet not I" of the apostle. It is that divine power which is not of me, and which yet can make me most truly myself; for it is able to save my soul. The saving of the soul is the bringing it into the order of God, and so setting it that it may grow up unto God. The soul is saved when it is rescued to be what God meant it to be, and so rescued from all things which hinder its divine calling. St. Peter speaks of this salvation of the soul as the end of faith (1 Pet. i. 9). The soul is saved when it gives itself to God in complete confidence, living by Him, accepting His way and receiving His word; for the soul is saved when it is set free from the destructive forces which sin lets loose upon it; it is saved when it surrenders itself to the divine order. If man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, then we can understand that this word, implanted or engrafted, is powerful to save the soul.

THIRD SUNDAY

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any one is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror; for he beholdeth himself and goeth away and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But he that looketh into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continueth, being not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing" (i. 22–26).

THE section is characteristic of St. James' practical genius. He has been counselling the docile and receptive attitude of the soul. There is an activity which he dreads; it is the activity born of passion and wrath; but there is an inactivity which he dreads. The repression of the active impulses of evil must not be followed by indolence, the self-deceiving indolence which imagines that hearing good things is an evidence of real goodness. To hear is ever the call to action. Therefore "be ye doers, not hearers only, deceiving yourselves."

He gives an illustration. The man beholds his face in a mirror; he goes away and forgets what he has seen. The illustration is of a man's habit, not a woman's. The man gives a glance and goes; what he has done leaves no trace behind; he knows no more of himself than he did before. The word of God shows man his own image. The mirror is held up to nature. But of what use is this, if man forgets. The mirrors of the ancients were of polished metal; of silver or of a mixture of copper and tin. The illustration, therefore, of the reflection seen in the mirror may be used in two ways. The reflection was by no means perfect; the mirror, therefore, sometimes was used to represent imperfect knowledge. So St. Paul (1 Cor. xiii. 12), who employs it as the later Rabbins. St. James uses it to illustrate the opportunity of knowledge which the word of God, like the mirror, offers. The illustration carries on his thoughts. The opportunity may be used. A man need not be content with a casual careless glance. He may look; he may bend over and carefully scrutinise the image which he sees. The word is used of Mary and John at the sepulchre (John xx. 5 and 11); compare also 1 Pet. i. 12, "Which things the angels desire to look into." Such a scrutiny expresses the wish to seize and appropriate truth. The mirror is the perfect law of liberty. Such is St. James' description of the word of God. Even the psalmist claimed perfection for the law of the Lord (Ps. xix. 7), but the true perfection of the word as a mirror for human life is seen in Christ's teaching (Matt. v.–vii.); for there, indeed, is the significance and moral value of human actions clearly set forth; there also is the law of freedom set forth, for there the difference between conduct enforced by an outward law, and conduct the offspring of a law written within is brought into vivid contrast. St. James in using the whole phrase "perfect law of liberty" reiterates his Master's words. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. v. 20, *cf.* Matt. xv. 18, 19). St. James while deprecating idle hearing does not approve a formal and slavish obedience.

The man who gazes into the mirror of truth is to be in downright and honest earnest. He must look, see, and keep on translating knowledge into duty. Christ

uttered the same thought. "If ye abide in my word, then are ye my disciples," are his words (John viii. 31), where the whole discourse is of honest earnestness and consequent spiritual freedom. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The freedom comes to the honestly obedient; it is freedom from slavish principles of action; it is freedom from self-deception. There is a saying of Rabbi Chanaanah which has been well quoted to illustrate St. James' teaching here. There are two crowns, one of hearing and one of doing. "Whose works are in excess of his wisdom, his wisdom stands. Whose wisdom is in excess of his works, his wisdom stands not." With which we may again compare Christ's profound saying which teaches how obedience, or the earnest spirit which wills to obey, may be the revealer of truth. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God" (John vii. 17). This is the man who receives the benediction of knowledge. It is such a man, earnestly examining truth and careful to turn it into practice, whom St. James declares will be "blessed in his doing." Not observe, in his deed, but in his doing. The point is not the success of the action, but the blessing which comes to the honest doer, whether the special act is successful to human eyes or not. It is thus in keeping of God's commandments there is great reward. The beatitude descends upon the faithful doer; he gains in force and dignity, in steadiness and nobility of character. Thus, as his Master in the Sermon on the Mount, St. James teaches that the beatitude is spiritual; the coherence and integrity of character won in fidelity stands firm against opposition. Like the house in storm and flood, it stands the test. It fell not, for it was founded on a rock. Herein the secret of that strength of character, which is so universally praised, and yet so seldom seen, is unfolded. The Latin poet could admire

> The man of firm and righteous will,
> No rabble, clamorous for the wrong,
> No tyrant's brow whose frown may kill,
> Can shake the strength that makes him strong.
> (Hor. Odes, Bk. iii. 3.)

The source of such rare and admirable strength lies open in the Gospel.

FOURTH SUNDAY

"If any man thinketh himself to be religious, while he bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain" (i. 26).

HERE the Apostle gives another source of self-deception. The man who hears (verse 22) may deceive himself, but so also, and perhaps more readily, may the talker. The man described is the man who seems to himself and possibly also to others to be a religious man, perhaps by virtue of his ready tongue. St. James is developing in an example his caution, "Be swift to hear, slow to speak." Chatter is not character; words are not actions; but plausible tongues take in both speaker and listener. Here the man literally thinks that he is religious.

The word here used alludes to religion in its external aspect, *i.e.*, as worship, *e.g.*, one mode of worship contrasted with another. The word in fact expresses the general form or ceremony of worship, the outward garb of religion so to speak. We may paraphrase: If any man thinks himself to be a diligent observer of the offices of religion, while he bridleth not his tongue, &c. The image of the bridle is used here by St. James and again in iii. 2; in both cases it is used in reference to the tongue. The man who is master of his tongue is master of himself, is St. James' thought in the latter passage. The need of tongue mastery rises to his mind here. It was a natural thought and image of the student of the Old Testament. "I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight" said the writer of Ps. xxxix. (verse 1). The bridle was for the horse and mule which had no understanding (Ps. xxxii. 9). Man should bridle himself, or at least have the wisdom to pray for God's guardianship. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips" (Ps. cxli. 3). The empty talker deceives himself; his religion is vain, profitless. Religion should be of service; it should yield some real and abiding good. According to the teaching of Christ, it should bring advantage to the world; for service is the law of Christ, as love is the spirit of His law. Hence a religion which is content with empty talk serves no true end. It does no good to man, it yields no fruit to

God. Profitlessness, we must remember, is condemnation in the kingdom of God. "Ye did it not" is the accusation we read in Matt. xxv. 44, 45.

FIFTH SUNDAY

"Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (i. 27).

THUS the way is prepared for what follows: What is the true worship of the Christian? It is service. To serve man is a divine service. Pure religion and undefiled; the two adjectives are often found together. Does one express the inward and the other the outward purity? There is a purity of purpose and intention as well as a purity of conduct. The mere chatterer, the shallow religious talker, is often an egotist; he is nearly always self-conscious. Real inward desire to render to God what is His does not show itself in noise or in outward display of religiousness. It is the reverse of the Pharisaic religion which imposes on man's admiration, and of the Pagan religion which thinks it will be heard for its much speaking. The true religion is not that which satisfies the test of man's observation; it must come under the eye of God, it must be before God and the Father—real, sincere, unostentatious, earnest to do what God's love desires should be done. The world's verdict is valueless; it knows not the heart. God sees and knows. Our religion to be abiding must be a religion in His sight—real to meet His response who before all temples prefers the upright heart and pure. What then are the tokens of this real religion? The answer is service; not talk, not angry discussions about faith, nor controversies about ritual, but practical, loving service. It is to visit. St. James uses the same word as his Master employed (Matt. xxv. 36, "Sick and ye visited me"). Can we doubt that the whole thought of the Apostle is the echo of Christ's teaching in that wonderful chapter? There our Lord showed that that religion was faulty which had no inward love (Matt. xxv. 1–13), which lost the opportunity of using its gifts for good (14–30), and which failed to show the common kindliness of life (31–46).

Of the common kindlinesses of life, St. James selects the care of the fatherless and widow. This is in harmony with the precepts of the law. In Deut. xxvii. 19 a curse is declared against those who trouble the widow and fatherless. Our Lord denounced the Pharisees, because they devoured widows' houses (Luke xx. 47). These unprotected ones were believed to be under God's special care; for He was the Father of the fatherless and Judge of the widow (Ps. lxv. 5). The outflow of the godlike spirit would go in the direction of kindness, and on behalf of those who specially needed help. The second feature of real religion is personal stainlessness. To be unspotted from the world is not to retire from its activities, its pursuits or even its joys; it is to enter into these with an unworldly spirit. Worldliness, as St. John tells us, lies not in things but in the spirit with which things are approached. It is not the eye, the flesh, the life that are wrong; it is the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life (1 St. John ii. 16). These are not of the Father. It is in this way that the friendship of the world makes alienation from God, as St. James says later on (iv. 4). If his heart is tuned by heaven, a man may pass untainted through the world; the things which harm others will not harm him (St. Mark xvi. 17, 18). Pure religion is a thing of the spirit; it is the spirit which loves noble, pure, and kindly things. It is the spirit which was seen in Christ, and which He still confers on His chosen.

The Cairns of Slieve-na-Cailliagh.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., L.L.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot.

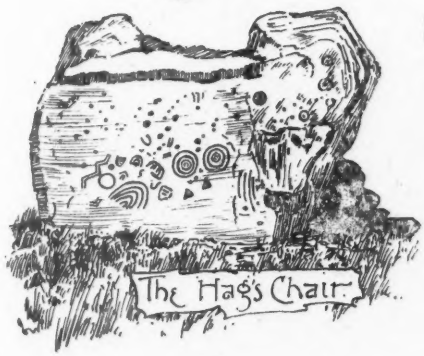


Fig. 1

IN the north-west corner of the County of Meath, a short distance from the town of Oldcastle, the terminus of a branch railway from Drogheda, there is a range of low hills extending about two miles east and west, which form a prominent feature in a landscape otherwise uniformly level. They are called the Lough Crew hills; the name Lough Crew signifying "the lake of the tree," being derived from a beautiful sheet of water at the foot of the hills, mirroring their forms, on whose shore once grew a famous yew-tree connected with the old religious rites of the inhabitants. To the archæologist this region is one of the most interesting in all Ireland. On the tops of the different hills are scattered upwards of thirty cairns of various dimensions, many of which are chambered sepulchres, lined with large upright stones inscribed with extraordinary archaic carvings, and forming evidently a great primeval cemetery.

The highest peak is 904 feet above the level of the sea, and is known distinctively by the name of Slieve-na-Cailliagh, which has been given to the whole range. It is associated in legendary lore with the marvellous exploits of a witch who figures largely in Scottish as well as in Irish mythology. The legend of Cailliagh-Vera or Birra grew in all probability out of the original name of the hill, viz., Slieve-na-Caille—the Hill of the Wood—being surrounded in ancient times by an extensive primeval forest which covered all the wide plain. This vast forest, called Caille Cuain, was cut down by order of Tailte, one of the mythical queens of this part of Ireland, in order that its site might become a place of annual assembly round her grave. She was buried, according to tradition, on the hill; and hence the old name Slieve-na-Caille passed, when the wood disappeared, into the similar legendary name Slieve-na-Cailliagh—the "Hill of the Old Woman"—which it now bears, as if to commemorate her last resting-place. Mr. Edward Conwell, an Inspector of Irish National Schools, who was the first to find out the remarkable character of the sepulchral cairns on this and the other summits of the Lough Crew or Slieve-na-Cailliagh range, believed that in them he had discovered the long-lost Necropolis of Tailten—called after Queen Tailte—one of the most important of the ancient burial-places of Ireland.

> The three cemeteries of the idolaters,
> The cemetery of Tailte the Select,
> The cemetery of the ever fair Cruache,
> And the cemetery of Brugh.

The last two cemeteries are known with certainty. Cruache or Rothcrogan is a large circular enclosure, filled with round mounds covering rude sepulchral chambers, about five miles west from Carrick-na-Shannon; and Brugh has been identified with the extraordinary cairns of Knowth, Dowth, and New Grange, on the northern bank of the Boyne, about five miles from Drogheda. No other ancient cemetery in Ireland

answers to the description of Tailten, except the cairns of the Slieve-na-Cailliagh range; and the proximity of Telltown, a modern townland situated between Kells and Navan on the banks of the Blackwater, about twelve miles distant from this group of hills, goes far to confirm the conjecture, for it has been identified almost beyond dispute with the ancient Tailten, and no graves have been found nearer Telltown than those on this range. Tailten was the great royal residence of the Ultonian kings before the succeeding dynasty took up their abode on the celebrated Hill of Tara.

Close beside the river at Telltown may still be seen the remains of three immense Raths, indicating the place where the ancient Ænach, or national assembly of the nobles and people, was held once a year, on the first day of August, and lasting for a week. The buildings were constructed of timber and protected by earthworks; consequently when the buildings perished, the earthworks survived, and they can be traced still on the spot. Games and athletic contests, somewhat similar to the Olympic games, were established at Tailten by King Lugh Lambhfhada, or the long-armed Lewey, in memory of his foster-mother, about 600 years before Christ. This was in conformity with a custom which was universal in ancient times, of having games in connection with funerals, as part of the burial rites. We read how Æneas, when his father died, buried him with much pomp, accompanied with athletic sports. In the Middle Ages in our own country the ancient burial games survived in the sports of wrestling matches and spear plays, which took place within the consecrated precincts of the churchyard after service in church on the great festivals. These sports became afterwards transformed into markets for the sale of local produce; and these markets were also held in the churchyards, showing clearly what must have been their origin. At Telltown the primitive burial games in course of ages underwent a similar change; and the last fair, which was a relic of the old commemoration rites of King Lugh Lambhfhada, was held in this place in the reign of Roderick a Connor, the last Ard-Righ or chief sovereign of Ireland, in the twelfth century of our era. Thus we see how the continuance for long centuries of burial and other games on the site of old Tailten points out their connection with the great cemetery on Slieve-na-Cailliagh.

An objection to this theory of identification has been made, owing to the great distance of twelve miles between the royal residence of Telltown and the Slieve-na-Cailliagh range of hills, where the mighty dead were buried. But almost the same distance intervenes between the royal residence on Tara and the dynastic burial-place at Dowth and Grange on the banks of the Boyne, the one being ten miles from the other. Distance was of no account to a people who lavished such funeral honours upon their dead. Indeed, the farther they had to carry the remains of their great ones to their last resting-place, the more opportunity they would have for a lavish display of funeral rites, and the more imposing they could make their ceremonial honours in the transit. It would be like the burial of Joseph across the desert of Egypt to the Cave of Machpelah in the Land of Promise, or the funeral cortege of the kings of Norway and Scotland across the sea, and along the sacred way to Iona.

The reason that induced the ancient Ultonians to bury their dead so far from their homes is not difficult to guess. Any one who climbs the highest point of Slieve-na-Cailliagh must feel that, as human nature is always the same, the feelings that move him on that spot must have been equally impressive to the primitive dwellers in this region. Slieve-na-Cailliagh is the loftiest eminence in the whole royal County of Meath; and though, as I have said, it is less than a thousand feet high, the surrounding country is so flat that it commands a most extensive prospect over the wide plains, stretching south and west across the centre of Ireland. There are few places where such a vast horizon spreads before the eye. On a clear day no less than eighteen out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland may be discerned. In the far north the mountain range of Quilca, from which the Shannon takes its rise, appears like a faint purple cloud. To the west

the mountains that look down upon Sligo Bay loom in the far distance. In the east the Mourne Mountains assume the soft aerial hues of the sky; while to the south the Wicklow hills suggest to the imagination all the fair scenes that repose beneath their shadow. Immediately below, the richly-wooded grounds of Mr. Naper of Lough Crew, the proprietor of the range of haunted hills, surrounding a magnificent mansion-house, feast the eye with the vivid freshness of verdure to be seen only in the Emerald Isle. A number of lakes, some of considerable size, like Lough Ramur, gleam out from the park-like fields, and flash back the sunshine with almost intolerable brightness. It is worth while to climb Sleive-na-Cailliagh for the sake of its magnificent view alone. Apart from the beauty and variety of the pastoral landscape, the horizon, embracing the whole of Royal Meath, contains within it probably a larger and richer store of antiquarian relics, and early Christian and historical associations, than any other in Ireland. Every one who stands on this summit must instinctively admire the taste of the ancient kings of Erin in choosing for their last resting-place a spot with such a vast and glorious outlook of sky and land. In one of the lines of the ancient poem already quoted, the cemetery of Tailten is called "the select"; and this peculiar epithet shows how thoroughly the prehistoric people in this region appreciated the commanding advantages of this "select" eminence. It would be impossible to obtain a more suitable site for a royal necropolis, on the very border of Leinster and Ulster, visible from the greatest possible number of places in Meath, and lifting up the dust of the dead nearer to heaven than in any other spot on the great plains of Central Ireland.

The principal cairn of the group, the original nucleus, as may be supposed, round which the thirty other cairns scattered over the range of hills gathered, is that which is called the Chair Cairn (Fig. 1, heading). It is situated on the highest point of Sleive-na-Cailliagh, and a description of it may suffice for that of the others, which are all constructed very much according to the same pattern, and have somewhat similar features. Consisting of a huge heap of loose stones of the Lower Silurian grit of the locality, it slopes gradually up from the ground to a height of twenty feet in the middle, with a circumference of about 116 feet and is enclosed at the base by a circle of large blocks of stone, which serve as a retaining wall. Mr. Conwell always regarded this cairn as the tomb of Ollamh Fodhla, so celebrated in Irish legend and poetry. He is supposed to have reigned as king over Ireland a thousand years before Christ, and, like a Celtic Solon, to have given the wise laws under which the primitive people settled down into civilised habits. One of the outer boulders of the retaining wall on the north side is shaped like a rude seat, with a hollow in the flat top; and there can be little doubt that it was intended to be a seat or throne of some kind. It is popularly known as the Hag's Chair (Fig. 1), because

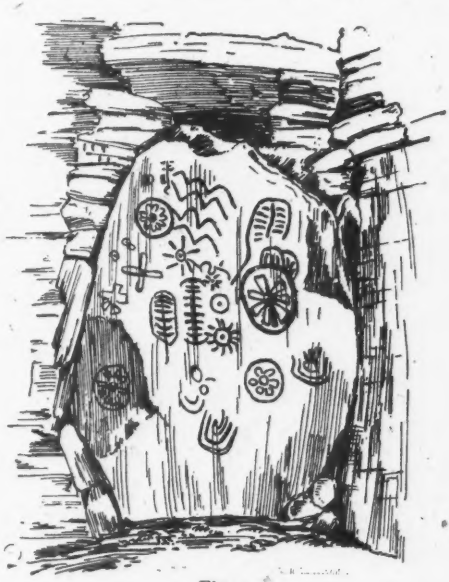


Fig. 2

she rested on it from her mighty exploits on the Slieve-na-Cailliagh Hills. Originally embedded in the soil to the extent of three-fourths of its height, the turf has been removed, exposing its full size, and disclosing some archaic carvings that had previously been hid. These markings are now very

faint, on account of the weathering of the stone, and can with difficulty be distinguished. They consist of little hollows or cup-marks, surrounded by two or three concentric rings or spirals, and a series of half-rings and zigzag ornaments. On this rude boulder, like that on which the primitive kings of England sat at Westminster, or the Curule chair of Jupiter in his Temple on the Capitoline Hill, Ollamh Fodhla is said to have administered justice, probably on this very spot, which might originally have been the moothill or open air court of the district. And, when the great monarch died, his people showed their veneration for him by ourying him on the moothill which he had made sacred by his wise and righteous administration, and making his judgment-seat one of the retaining stones in the cairn which they built over his remains.

When first explored, the entrance of the Chair Cairn was closed by two large blocks of stone, and the Government, which has taken this ancient monument under its care, has built a modern wall of stone and lime across its mouth, over which you have to clamber by the aid of steps inserted in it. The interior of the cairn is arranged in a cruciform manner, approached by a narrow funnel-shaped passage, measuring from its commencement to its farthest extremity twenty-eight feet, with a transverse passage nearly seventeen feet long. In the centre there is a large octagonal chamber rising to a height of about ten or twelve feet, built of huge rough stones overlapping each other, and coming to a point in the roof. The sides of the passages and of the central chamber are composed of huge blocks higher than a man standing more or less upright; but the flags that roofed them have disappeared, having been carried away to serve as lintels in building some of the modern houses in the neighbourhood, leaving the floor cumbered with the ruins. On twenty-eight of these upright blocks are incised sculpturings of the most interesting character. The most remarkable of these are: a stone on the north side (Fig. 2), next the octagonal chamber, which is nearly six feet high, and about four feet broad and ten inches thick; another opposite, on the south side of the passage, scarcely so tall but about the same breadth and thickness; a third which forms the head-stone of the terminal recess; a fourth

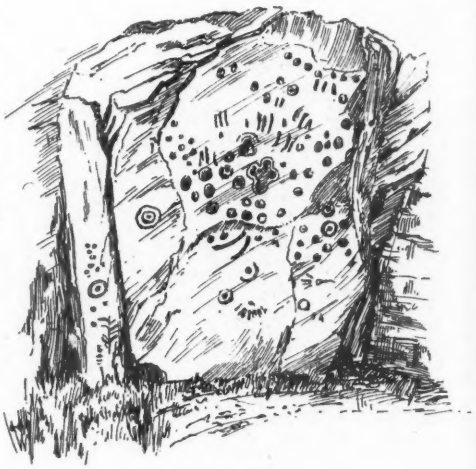


Fig 3

supporting the roof of the recess at the western end; and a fifth which is the second stone of the entrance passage on the south side. All these stones are most elaborately carved with cup-shaped hollows, dots, concentric circles, spires, lozenges, chevrons, wheel-shaped and flower-shaped figures, and other devices. When the cairn was first examined these scribings were clear and unmistakable; but since then they have all been considerably weathered by exposure, and some of them have been injured in the most reprehensible manner by ignorant visitors, who have defaced the figures and added their own initials. It was fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Conwell, the discoverer, had preserved for us a rough but accurate record of their first appearance when uncovered. Subsequently a pupil of the famous Irish Antiquarian, George Petrie, and a member of the Irish Geological Survey, G. V. Du Noyer, made a series of drawings of all the stones, not only in the Chair Cairn but also in the other cairns on the range, executed with great accuracy and artistic skill. Most of these scribings were punched probably by a chisel, but whether of flint or bronze it is difficult to say; but the super-

ficial markings were "scraped," not punched, on the stone. They are ruder and much more primitive than those in the extraordinary tumuli of Dowth and New Grange in the Boyne Valley, indicating their earlier origin. Every antiquary is struck with their singular resemblance to the sculpturings on the prehistoric monuments of Brittany, of which Matthew Arnold wrote :

> Behind us on their grassy sweep,
> Bearded with lichens scrawled and grey,
> The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
> In the mild evening of the May.

They are especially like those in the elaborately sculptured interior of the chambered tumulus of Gavr Innis, or the Goat-Island, at Morbihan They also strangely

Fig. 4

resemble some of the archaic figures on the cromlechs of Sweden and Denmark. The profusion and richness of the sculpturings in the Chair Cairn are a clear proof of the importance of this cairn, and give a strong verisimilitude to the tradition that it is indeed Ollamh Fodhla's tomb. What the figures mean, if they have any meaning at all, no Rosetta stone has yet been discovered to afford a clue. Some regard them as mere ornamentation, the first untutored efforts of some primitive artist to copy the objects of nature around him, or to give rude shape to the vagaries of a riotous fancy. Others hold that they are symbolic, and contain the secrets of some religious creed—or the hopes of some occult faith. But whatever may be their real significance, they indicate unmistakably that those who executed them had the universal human wish to honour and perpetuate the memory of their beloved dead. And they are especially interesting to us as the dim beginnings of the artistic genius for which Ireland became afterwards so famous, and of which the intricately interlaced illustrations of the well-known Book of Kells, executed in the same locality, are most wonderful examples.

The Chair Cairn had been rifled long before its exploration by Mr. Conwell, and whatever valuable and interesting treasures it contained were carried away and lost. No urns were found, and the niches were empty; but underneath the large stones forming the floor of the central chamber a considerable quantity of charred bones, pieces of charcoal, and human teeth was discovered. A beautiful bronze pin was picked up, covered with the green rust of long exposure, which, however, may have been a later addition dropped by a visitor to the tomb in after ages. We have thus almost no relics remaining in the cairn of the original interments, hardly anything to indicate the date of the tomb, or the condition of social life when it was built. Many of the cairns on the Lough Crew Hills, while conformable to the general pattern of the Chair Cairn, have distinctive features of their own, and are characterised by special designs on their carved stones. Indeed, so varied are these devices that Mr. Conwell calculated that he had personally examined more than 1400 separate ones, and all the details of construction and ornamentation of this great cemetery would afford ample material for the study of months. Most of the devices have been copied by the deft pencil of Mr. Du Noyer, and are thus preserved from the ravages of decay. In all the cairns quantities of burnt human bones, and fragments of rough brown pottery, evidently portions of urns, have been found mixed with sea-shells and round white pebbles, rings of bronze, stone balls, beads of amber and glass, and implements of iron rusted almost out of all shape. The anachronisms of these varied treasures of the tombs prove that the interments in them must have extended over long periods,

and confirm the tradition that this great prehistoric cemetery was in active use for fifteen or eighteen hundred years down to the Christian era.

Standing in the central chamber of Ollamh Fodhla's tomb with an accomplished local antiquarian, and trying by the aid of a dim candle in the darkness to trace the mystic designs on the great pillar stones of the cairn, I had a strange eerie feeling. And this feeling was greatly increased by a sudden thunderstorm which happened to break out at the time. We were safe in the dry chamber from the downpour of rain which rattled upon the stones outside; but a large drop oozed through the roof and fell with an oppressive monotony upon the earthen floor beside me, like the counting of the beads in some uncanny service of the dead. The roar and crash of the thunder seemed to shake the solid cyclopean structure which had stood for ages, and the flash of the lightning at times filled the chamber and illumined the strange characters on the stones, like the handwriting on the walls of Belshazzar's palace. The features of Ollamh Fodhla's tomb were impressed in this manner most deeply and abidingly upon my mind by Nature's grandest electric phenomena. One could not help thinking of the last archangelic trumpet that shall stir up the ancient graves, and summon the long-forgotten dead to life. What struck me forcibly was the greenness and luxuriance of the grass around these mountain tombs. There was no heather, contrary to the reference of Dean Swift in his poem on the subject,

> Of hills whose tops with heather bloom,

as there would be in Scotland at a similar elevation. Nature in such a place in the sister country would have separated, by her moorland vegetation, the far-off human dead entrusted to her keeping as widely as possible from all the scenes and associations of busy life, and taken them more entirely to her own wild bosom, and no sound would be heard in the barren solitude save the sigh of the mountain breeze and the shrill wail of the plover and curlew. But here in the Green Isle the grass grows around these prehistoric tombs, as it grows in rank luxuriance over the sunken graves in the churchyard around the village church. The long slopes of vivid verdure over which the cattle browse, in the midst of which these lonely cairns lie, still connect with the homes of man, and the fields where he sows and reaps his harvests, the ancient unremembered dead,

> Whose share in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills,
> Is that their graves are green.

A Benediction

God bless thee, Sweet, to-night!
His angels, pure and white,
  Their vigil keep while thou dost sleep
In peace till morning light!

God bless thee, Sweet, I pray,
Not only one short day;—
  Through all thy life, in joy or strife,
God keep thee safe alway!

God bless thee, hold thee fast
When earthly days are past,
  O'er death's dark sea thy Pilot be,
And guide thee Home at last!

MARY FARRAH, L.L.A.

"From Natural Causes"

By Harold Bindloss

WHEN there was war, a grim war of extermination waged mercilessly by either side, across the American border, there was peace between white men and red on the broad Canadian prairie which then stretched from the Saskatchewan to the Souris, silent but rich with the wealth of centuries waiting for the plough, and this was chiefly due to the wisdom of the servants of a great fur-trading company. They ruled, for the most part in patriarchal fashion, over a vast dominion, controlling the red mens' food supply; while now, when the heavy wheat cars thunder across the levels the dog sleighs passed before, old men still tell of the doings of one of them—Kenneth Munro.

It was a cold evening, long before the railroad's advent, and he sat in his stockaded blockhouse, wondering why his daughter Flora stayed abroad so late on the prairie, when a horseman, sweeping up out of the white wilderness, came in at headlong gallop through the Sweetwater gate. For three years it had stood open day and night, for there was a truce between Blackfoot and Cree within the radius of a day's journey round Kenneth's factory. He greeted the stranger heartily. The barriers between the races melt before the vastness of the lonely land, and the two were friends, though one followed the teachings of Calvin, and the other served the Church of Rome.

"You're aye welcome at Sweetwater, Père Fontaine," he said.

Munro stood six feet in his moccasins with the dignity becoming a benevolent despot; his long hair was frosted, and his steady eyes were blue. He weighed out the Indian's stores with just balances, and, living well himself, fed the hungry even when he received no furs in return for it. Fontaine was small and slight and dark, and oftentimes preached his gospel starving on the white fish the sledge dogs ate; but, because each in his station did his part, the prairie surrounding Sweetwater was free from the stain of blood. Perhaps they worked together the better because, differing greatly, the one supplied what the other lacked.

"Je le sais," said Fontaine, hurriedly. "But I come not to make the compliment. A band of the starving and very sick Cree traverse the long prairie; he is chercher of you provision and the medicine of me, but of mine nothing remain. It is"—and the speaker's voice sank—"the variole."

Munro started at the ominous word. Small-pox, which scourged the tribesmen of the south, crept north across the prairie, and his rugged face was anxious as he said, "It has come at last. But we'll isolate them in the big bluff, and ye're freely welcome to the best of my drugs."

Fontaine's eyes glistened as he opened the chest. He was skilled in medicine, and held himself responsible for the red men soul and body. While he made his selection he spoke fast in his mixed idiom, and the Briton, who listened gravely, answered, "It's a long journey, but though I'm old for the saddle, if Wayne is no back by moonrise I'll e'en go with ye. If it once grips them fast there'll be great need o' your calling—and none for mine," he added grimly.

Meantime, sub-factor Wayne stood under the lee of a birch bluff, talking with Flora Munro. The snow lay thin on the prairie, and the short wiry grass showed through, though thick ice spanned the Sweetwater fifty feet below. It was neither day nor starlight, but the weird glow between when strange flickers of radiance blazed above the northern verge of the great white plain. The cold was keen with the keenness of steel, but Wayne wrapped in furs felt no touch of it, while Flora's cheeks were rosy, as she listened to the boldest rider along the Saskatchewan.

"Next year I shall be factor at the New Portage, if all goes well," he said. "And then, at last, I shall ask the gift I have waited three long years for from Kenneth Munro. Three years of lonely marches and bivouacs in the snow, but I would have served the company a lifetime to win you, Flora."

The girl blushed a little, avoiding his

mittened hand. "One values things won hardly, Walter," she said. "But you will not be sorry? never sigh for all you left behind in the old country? I was born on the prairie, and yet sometimes its great loneliness frightens me. You might grow tired of it—and me."

She shivered while the man protested, for her mother was a daughter of the old French voyageurs, her father from a sea-girt rock of Caledonia; and, born under the influences of the silent land, her imagination, shadowed by a fear which was half-instinctive, strove at times to reach forward into the unknown. "If all goes well—and I trust it will," she said, looking into the dimness with vacant eyes. "But no trouble has touched Sweetwater for three years, and troubles must come. You will run no risks, for my sake, Walter. I am afraid to-night."

The man had heard half-breed voyageurs tell strange stories of premonitions, and the disasters that certainly followed them, which may have been due to coincidence, or have resulted from the super-cultivation of some primitive faculty in a region where failure of foresight and observation results in an icy death. Still, he laughed as he strove to reassure his companion; and so the minutes passed until he grasped the horses' bridles, when a faint beat of hoofs rose out of the prairie. Save for the steely starlight it was dark now, but as, half-heard, the sound broke through the impressive stillness the pair shrank further into the gloom of the bluff. Silently almost, save for the soft patter of the ponies' hoofs, one by one shadowy figures flitted across the ice, which rang hollowly, and while the white dust eddied behind them vanished again. No voice marked their passage. They came up out of and sank into the emptiness like immaterial spirits, but Wayne had noticed a flutter of feathers and the glint of gun-barrels catching the starlight across the saddles.

"It's Water Snake, the Blackfoot, seeking scalps," he said. "Your father will be furious. He has broken the pledge of neutrality over all the trails between Bitter Lake and the factory. Well, there's trouble brewing; we must mount and ride."

They started at a gallop, and Wayne's prediction was justified, for when he told his story Munro's eyes blazed. "It's murder let loose—an' the sick Crees trusting to me," he said. "Confusion on false Water Snake for breaking his pledge! Ye'll warn and help them, Walter. Kill the best horse in Sweetwater, but, for the honour o' the Company, ride ye, ride."

"Moi, je vais," said Fontaine; and Kenneth groaned. "They ken my day is over or they would not dare. I can only wish ye God speed."

The factory half-breeds were away, and Wayne, swinging himself into the saddle with repeating rifle slung behind him, only halted to bend low over his horse's mane when Flora appeared at the stockade gate. "You will be careful, Walter," she said. "If the sickness killed you it would kill me, too. But need you go? You are no doctor, and Fontaine knows what to do."

"I am a servant of the Company, and your father says go," was the grave answer, for the man did not explain that it was sterner work than a doctor's he might have to do. Then, with her warm breath fresh upon his lips, he swept at a gallop out into the night, while the words, "Heaven keep you safe," followed him through the whirled up snow.

He came up abreast of Fontaine, then his horse forged past, but neither spoke, while the bitter wind screamed by them and the long levels rolled away mile after mile. The moon hung low to the eastwards under a haze of frost, and as her silver radiance widened a coyote howled dismally in a distant bluff. Then there was only the silence and coldness of death, and men and beasts, swathed in steam, seemed stationary in the centre of a vast white circle whose circumference ever moved on with them. The risk they ran was heavy, but infection the least of it, for, while white men brought in the scourge and the stricken Indians died, it was not often the latter could return the contagion, though they tried, hoping to free themselves by passing on the plague. It was rather a risk of lead and steel, for Munro ruled by prestige, and Water Snake clearly feared him no longer, or he would not have broken the truce, made almost as a

matter of necessity, but at Kenneth's instigation, with his hereditary foes.

A deep gash seamed the prairie, through which with many doubles a creek wound. Birches and willows clothed its sides, which sank into the shadow steep as the roof of a house. But each minute lost might cost an Indian's life, and, waving his mittened hand, Wayne plunged through pale streaks of silver light and mingled shadow down the steep declivity. Slender birches reeled by, frost-nipped branches, snapping like rifle-shots, smashed, while living ones lashed the shoulders of the dim figure swaying low in the saddle as it passed. Then something glimmered dull white with steely breadths under the stars ahead, and the Briton hurled a cry over his shoulder. "Garde! Ware ice!"

An answer came out of the beat of hoofs behind, and, staring forward, Wayne drove his horse at a fringe of willows beyond which a patch of white appeared. If its hoofs alighted there all might be well; otherwise, man and beast would be hurled against the glassy surface with tremendous impetus. The good horse rose beneath him, and launched itself into the air. Crackling willows parted, then amid a hollow ringing it came down upon the snow, and its rider twisted round in the saddle. There was a crash close behind, and a beast with doubled forelegs drove through the willow screen. A wild flounder followed, and the horse stood still trembling, while a fur-wrapped shape traversed in a glissade many yards of ice. Wayne dismounted, and presently bent over his comrade who lay gasping heavily, until, catching at his breath, he said: "Pas de—the bones they escape the fracture. It is not my good point the manège. Allons—I get up. We go on again."

Wayne helped him into the saddle when they gained the crest of the ravine, and, if henceforward Fontaine rode very stiffly, he did not complain. Scorching heat, and the thirst which alkaline water will not quench, arctic cold, and hunger when a strip of pemmican or can of green tea outvalued all the riches of the earth, were his alternate portion as the seasons changed, and he rode, with set lips, for the honour of Him he served, neck and neck with the other who rode for the honour of the Company and the love of a blue-eyed maid. It was in the dimness of the dawn they dropped half-frozen from the saddle where a conical teepee loomed beside a willow bluff. Two others lay near it, overturned, and the mournful howling of a dog emphasised the surrounding silence.

"We have come too late," said Wayne, while a prickling commenced among the roots of his hair. "Here is the trail of horses, and a Blackfoot feather. I would rather face half that nation living than—what we shall find up there."

He was stalwart and strong, with the full tide of lusty life pulsing within him, but now he hung back fidgeting with the bridles, while the lean ascetic led the way. Day had not come yet, and the prairie stretched back to the horizon, an empty waste of shadow, unreal and ghostly, while the sigh of the willows seemed filled with wailing, and the dog howled eerily. Wayne stopped at the low door of the skin tent, while the horses snorted; but the priest went in, and the Briton stooping watched him rub a sulphur match into sputtering blue flame. Then he caught hard at his breath, turned his back on the terror and only halted a score of yards away, when the roll of a Latin sentence broke through the dog's whine, which almost maddened him.

Long minutes passed before Fontaine returned from the litter of poles and skins, with his head bent towards his breast; and, answering the question in the other's eyes, said solemnly, "It is a relief from hunger for all those Cree. Water Snake he kill them sleeping or helpless and sick of the variole, with the women and children, too."

Walter clenched his rifle hard, and, gazing with savage eyes along the shadowy blurr traced by horses' hoofs athwart the snow, returned the hoarse answer, "I'd give two years' salary to meet the men who did it face to face. Whenever I think of Flora that woman's awful face will haunt me with its look of frozen fear—and the child she tried to shelter. Pah! I daren't remember. Fontaine, it's an outrage on humanity and—why should these things be? Have none of all

your saints the power to smite them off this clean white prairie?"

Fontaine stood erect, fumbling inside his fur robe with a mittened hand, and Walter fancied he heard, in a classic tongue he had learned in England, apposite words spoken on Eastern soil long centuries ago. Then he answered the trader gently, saying, "You did well to ride hard, and even carry the carrabine, but to be angry is not good for you. How and when the Blackfoot he answers, what is that to you? And here is no need for the miracle. Already nature's retribution follows him."

Wayne rode back slowly, but long before he reached the factory the ringing of a rifle roused Kenneth Munro, and while the old trader stood shivering in the snow a line of horsemen flitted white-sprinkled past the Sweetwater gate. As each went by he raised the weapon he carried in ironical salute, and pointed to something which dangled from his belt and in dripping had stained the horse's flank. Then they wheeled at his commanding shout, and sat for a space motionless as equestrian statues, with copper-tinted faces and jetty hair, the steam of the beasts and the lone white waste forming a background that suited the wild figures. Munro, who knew what the trophies were, was filled with the righteous rage of a kindly man deceived and an autocrat defied, and Water Snake, the Blackfoot, had bitter cause to remember the words he spoke in the tongue of the Cree.

"You have broken the truce. Flung dirt on the fame of the Company and the fame of your race," he said. "And now, listen and remember. Your tribe shall hate your name for ever, and for every drop of blood you spilt you will writhe and burn under the variole. Ride hard, hide in the barrens or the deepest muskeg, but the sickness that will not tire goes with you."

Kenneth was old and stately, famed for wisdom, foresight, and medical skill, which powers were in that region considered akin to the supernatural and consistent with the gift of prophecy. So when he flung one arm aloft with a gesture of condemnation the Blackfeet shook their bridles and rode hard, for fear came upon them. Kenneth had recovered his serenity when Wayne rode wearily into Sweetwater, and on greeting him said, "Ye did your best, but were ower late!—ay, I ken. Ye'll lay those furs in the frost on the prairie, and for a week ye will not seek speech with Flora. With your life ye would shield her?—that I also ken, or I guessed ye were so thinking, but I'll hear the rest when the Company makes ye factor at the New Portage."

No more was seen of Water Snake, but his countrymen made no further war upon the Crees in the Sweetwater vicinity, and some months passed before Fontaine came south to relate the sequel of the tragedy. Water Snake carried the plague with the reeking trophies to his offshoot tribe, who sickened with it, and, when driven off by their neighbours, pushed north into the wilderness and died. But that was not the end, for other branch tribes were smitten too, and in dying the sick and starving Crees had brought down a terrible retribution upon the heads of their enemies. "The time when there was need of the miracle is past," said Père Fontaine. "This is you say an enlightened age, and they died from natural causes. C'est bien vrai, mais alors—what are the natural causes? Under and behind them is always the law."

Walter married the factor's daughter, and in due time maintained the best traditions of Sweetwater in his stead, for it is told how he saved many red mens' lives in time of famine. To-day the wild peppermint which covers the slope of the river bank where he sleeps serenely is blackened by the smoke of locomotives, and wheat to feed the hungry in the overcrowded East rolls in the clanging box cars over a neighbouring bridge. The Blackfeet are hemmed in on their reservations, the buffalo have gone, and the prairie is ridged by mile-long furrows or gilded with rippling grain; but it was he and the men he lived with made it ready for the settler, and his story, in several versions, is still told on the wide levels between the Saskatchewan and the Souris.

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—VI. Mr. Alfred Austin

THE essays this month point to a general appreciation of Mr. Austin as poet and prose writer. Those poems written in his official capacity as Laureate are treated as an exception, and are unfavourably spoken of. At the same time sympathy is extended to a poet who upon a given subject is expected to write inspired verse at short notice. But it is contended that those who smile at Mr. Austin's official efforts, and judge him only by these utterances, do him a great injustice. Those who would know the poet at his best are recommended to familiarise themselves with his songs of nature, and his lyrics of love and life, which have long delighted a small if select audience.

But if his poetry on garden themes is hailed with pleasure, his prose on the same subject is greeted with something approaching enthusiasm—such books as "The Garden that I Love" and "Veronica's Garden" being firmly established favourites.

As a cultured writer, a writer of unerring taste and a keen and accurate observer of nature, Mr. Austin, it is agreed, is a worthy figure among his contemporaries.

This month we invite open letters under the same conditions to

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS

The letters must not exceed 1500 words in length. They must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than August 25, being addressed "Open Letter Competition," GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. They must be addressed to Mr. Phillips as an author—with him as a personality apart from his writings we have nothing to do. Prizes will be awarded to the three letters adjudged to be best as follows: First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £3; Third Prize, £2. The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final.

The winning letters addressed to Mr. Austin follow.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

DEAR SIR,

"It is an ungracious task to criticise unsparingly the poetry of those who have added to our store of mental and spiritual pleasure." These words were written by you in reference to your dissection of the poetical works of your great contemporaries Browning and Tennyson; yet you overcame your reluctance, and wrote unsparingly indeed. That being so, you will now the more readily pardon any frank expression of opinion concerning your works which may occur in the following "open letter."

Your career as a writer began, if I mistake not, in 1869. Why "The Seasons" succeeded, and "The Human Tragedy" failed, is a mystery to me, as it was to the French critic whom you quote in your preface of "The Golden Age." As a *roman-poème* "The Human Tragedy" is replete with interest, but its great length probably ruined its chance of popularity. In these days of life at high pressure, long poems in the heroic manner, about the perpetual strife caused by "The Fatal Four"—"Love, Religion, Country, Mankind"—are simply not wanted. Nevertheless, there is much beautiful verse in this book which it would be a pity to bury, and I am glad that the delightful idyll, "Madonna's Child," which forms the second "act," has been rescued from an unmerited oblivion. Its charm, apart from the perfect freshness of the story and the many picturesque descriptions of Italian scenery, lies in the character of the heroine, Olympia. She, with Olive, Candida, Egeria, and a host of others, indicates that chivalrous attitude towards women which marks so strongly all your writing. Another illustration of this is afforded by a little poem called "Beatrice," which is really the life of a noble and lovable woman epitomised in four stanzas. Such condensation is unusual with you, for your most prominent fault is prolixity. It is your most prominent gift—the power of interpreting nature—which most frequently leads

you into that fault. For instance, in "A Tale of True Love" you devote eight stanzas to a description of the coming of Spring. Elaboration of this kind too often degenerates into word-painting for its own sake. In the much earlier work, "The Human Tragedy," there is a finer piece of descriptive writing, dealing with the arrival of a belated Spring, which is so suited to the present year that I am tempted to quote here :

Rude Winter violating neutral plain
Of March, through April's territory sallied,
Scoured with his snowy plumes May's smooth domain,
Then down encamping made his daring valid.
Nor till June, mustering all her gallant train
Of glittering spears, Spring's flying legions rallied
Did the usurper from the realms of sleet
Fold his white tents and shriek a wild retreat.

The natural facility with which you make these double rhymes leads you to occasional lapses—as "rallied" and "valid"—and to such strained metaphors as :

Graves are the sheltering wimples
Against Life's rain,
Graves are a mother's dimples
When we complain.

It is infinitely to your credit that your aims have always been high, your ideals noble. The love of nature, love of England, reverence for women, and, above all, love of love, form the ever recurring chord of your minstrelsy. You are pre-eminently one of those who *se passionent pour la passion*, not in any unworthy way, but, on the contrary, in that which is highest and purest. Love shines from your pages as the one thing real and enduring in a world when all else is illusive and transitory. Everything passes, and whether "Time means amelioration," or brings no change from the same old alternation of gloom and sunshine, Love remains "The Eternal Star," the abiding comfort, the one thing unchanged and unchanging. In your own words :

But whether the unsetting day shall rise
For which the downcast weep, the sanguine pine,
Or but as hitherto in fitful skies,
Dawn must be dark, fair must to foul decline,
For gentle hearts and steadfast gazing eyes
Thou, thou at least will never cease to shine
Mid wreck of things that were or things that are;
Oh love! undying love! eternal star!

Another distinction of yours is your singular content. Taking life as it is, you are thankful for the mere living; you "love the doubt, the dark, the fear"; the "mystery" which you do not "seek to solve" is dear to you, and your heart is full of gratitude for all things. To show this you write a *Te Deum* in one of your earlier works, which is surely a curious anticipation of Mr. Kipling's style :

Thanks for the things that are,
For the fair, the foul, the fell—
Thanks for the morning star
And the nethermost murk of Hell.
For the music of moonlight nights
And the savour of summer days,
For the swoop of carrion kites
And the stench of gibbeted jays.

There is a charity of purpose in all your work which is most admirable. Good art is not necessarily great art, but we have it on high authority that "in the greatest as in the lowliest literature the one indispensable beauty is, after all, Truth." In your pursuit of this great quality no ignominious fear of popular wrath prevented you from making a fierce attack on the idols of the market-place in "The Golden Age." No point for satire went unrebuked, from the adulteration of food to the horrors of the Mayfair marriage mart, and the dreadful lives led by votaries of pleasure. In your account of the moral *dégringolade* of Lucullus, the following lines show how your love of nature weaves itself into every devolopment of your thought :

Lo, the wide woods which centuries had seen
By frosts unmoved, mid thunder-fugues, serene,
By thousand suns, by tens of thousand showers
Fostered and fed, one greedy day devours.

It is no doubt as a nature poet that you would prefer to be regarded. This is sufficiently indicated in the graceful prelude to "At the Convent Gate" with its autobiographical beginning. "A foster child of May, and a suckling of the Spring," you drew in the love of Nature with your earliest breath, and thus "gained the vernal

need to sing." You are not the "poor lame interpreter of nature" which in all humility you describe yourself; but if I may say so, you interpret the moods we know best, and do not reveal to us any of her hidden depths. However, though the beauty of Italy, so tempting to the poet, is so well known to you, your ardent championship of your own land should endear you to all lovers of English scenery. Irish people would be churls, indeed, if they did not acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe you for the charming book, "Spring and Autumn in Ireland," in which you show your high appreciation of the exquisite and varied loveliness of their country. But before speaking of your prose, I must make a passing mention of your dramas; or, as they are dead, should I allow them to rest in peace? "Savonarola" is interesting to readers of "Romola," but, as a play, it is devoid of merit, save for the character of Lorenzo, which is rather vigorously drawn. Tennyson's dramas are not dramatic, Browning's are barely so, and "Savonarola" should never have been called a drama at all. I drag in the comparison because, in "Poetry of the Period," you point out so remorselessly the failures which, in your opinion, those great authors made. I have always longed to tell you that one of the very excerpts from Browning's poetry which you were pleased to anathematise, brings to the eyes a picture of England in springtime far more vividly than any of your own more ornate word-paintings, I mean the well-known beginning:

Oh, to be in England now that April's there!

But the limits of my space are almost reached, and it would be ungracious to conclude in a censorious strain. Poetry has fallen upon evil days in this "age of millionaires and mountebanks," and you, at least, have never soiled your singing robes by any concession to the prevailing lowness of public taste. You have given us of your best, and we are grateful that it has always been inspiriting and ennobling. Love of liberty has been—except in one case—consistently displayed in your works, and, as is usual with the poetic temperament, it is allied with a sympathy or children which does not always find such happy expression as you have had at command. A little poem, called "Dead," in "At the Convent Gate," is of such pathetic earnestness as to alone justify this statement of mine.

In conclusion, I will say that of all your poems my favourites are "Lost," which I think occurs in "Interludes," and the "Polyphemus" of your latest volume of verse. This, with its exquisite picture of Acis and Galatea swimming in the wake of the moon in the broad breast of the ocean, is worthy to be compared with Tennyson's "Ænone," and no higher tribute of praise could be offered to you by

Your grateful reader,

GERTRUDE BLOOMER.

9 Effra Road,
Rathmines, Dublin.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

DEAR SIR,

Whether we agree or not with the axiom "Happy is the country that has no history," we must, most of us, I think, have a private feeling (however we might shrink from acknowledging so unorthodox a view) that the Poet Laureate is happy whose tenure of office is not marked by too frequent a succession of public events, each making a fresh demand on his pen, and issuing, in terms that may not be disregarded, a fresh summons to harness Pegasus and urge him—with whip and spur if need be—to his appointed goal. It is one thing to feel the inspiring influence of some national triumph or catastrophe, so long as you yourself are free to speak or be silent as the mood impels; it must be quite another thing to know that you are pledged to celebrate every public event that occurs—a funeral, a victory, a coronation; and that, by virtue of the position that you occupy, the poems in which you seek to act as mouthpiece to the nation, will be subjected to a criticism far more severe than that meted out to any of your contemporaries. No, there can be no doubt that yours is an unenviable post. We are so quick to forget the Pyes, the Tates, and others of like literary attainment who have occupied it

before you; and, remembering only the names of those who have added lustre to the title that now is yours, expect every laureate to stand on a level not only with Tennyson, but with Wordsworth, Dryden, Ben Jonson, or even with the poets' poet, Spenser, himself. The position challenges comparisons that might daunt the boldest, and which cannot but handicap the occupant heavily; but you yourself have supplied the best answer to those who persist in forcing you into a kind of rivalry with some of the greatest names in our literature, in the quotation from your hero Alfred, that occurs in the preface to "England's Darling." "Do not blame me, for every man must say what he says, and do what he does, according to his ability."

Though there are, of course, exceptions, the official utterances of the Poet Laureate are generally less spontaneous, and consequently less pleasing, than work in which his choice of subject and treatment are left quite untrammelled. Most of us feel that it is your least official writings that have given us most pleasure. This is hardly to be wondered at, for he who would meet you in your most congenial surroundings, must seek "not wholly in the busy world," but in the seclusion of your own garden, hemmed in on every side by the flowers that respond so generously and luxuriantly to the loving care lavished on them. Mr. William Watson describes you as "the Laureate of the English seasons," and you deserve the title, for the keen, delicate appreciation that you show for the peculiar charm of each season of the year; but most of us regard you rather as the laureate of the English garden, who celebrates with a fervour born of genuine affection the beauties and fascinations of a garden in which the owner reigns supreme, and watches over each tree, each plant—may we not say each bloom?—with a devotion that would satisfy even Dean Hole. If now and then the lists of flowers show a tendency to run to such length as almost to suggest a gardening catalogue, who can help sympathising with your reluctance to overlook the name of one friend who has contributed that breath of fragrance or touch of colour that she alone could provide, to add to the sweetness and beauty of your borders?

Shall I be guilty of an unpardonable offence if I confess that, to me, the garden lover tyrannised over by Veronica and teased by Lamia is far more attractive than Alfred, whose impeccability is such that even the burnt cakes fail to awaken a sense of fellowship? while Veronica and Lamia both possess a charm that, to my mind (but again I speak with diffidence and under correction), is wanting in Urania, Elgiva, or Eve.

Your insight into the nature of the inhabitants of your garden is delightful—and by "inhabitants" I mean, as you would, the birds, trees, and flowers. You recognise their individualities; your flowers are coaxed and consulted till they cannot refuse to yield the best they can bear; you detect idiosyncrasies in your birds, over whose names you linger, as only those who are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the country love to do. In "England's Darling" we meet with pleasing passages such as that which brings before our eye the kingfisher that "jewelled the air a moment and is gone," or the lines which tell how the treble throated lark

Shook his wet wings, and soon, an unseen sound—
Carolled his matin at the gate of heaven;

in "Fortunatus, the Pessismist," you give us a charming description of Urania's garden; in "Prince Lucifer" several lyrics are devoted to the magnificence of the Weisshorn and Matterhorn; but in all these your treatment of nature is incidental, whereas in your prose works, "The Garden that I Love," "In Veronica's Garden," and, in a less degree, in "Lamia's Winter Quarters," nature and the delights of open-air life form your theme, and in dealing with that theme you are, I think, in your happiest mood. To my mind the lyrics which intersperse the prose are among your best work, and the quiet humour that permeates the whole is delightful; is it hypercritical, however, to wish that that same "saving grace of humour" had intervened to prevent your writing of Spring as a nymph

With violet eyes and primrose face!

Your easy style, moreover, constitutes one of the principal charms of your prose writings. You are never slipshod; your English is such as ought to satisfy the most exacting—no small achievement in this age of imported or badly coined words. From first page to last there is nothing to mar the refinement and grace which we expect, but do not always get, from writers of your culture and scholarship.

I have dwelt on this branch of your work because it is represented by the three of your books from which I have derived most pleasure. It would, however, be unjust to you to conclude without touching briefly on another aspect of your office. While many of your lyrics are confined to celebrating the beauty of nature, and urging us to see for ourselves the charm of

> —every wilding bud and leaf
> That gladdens English lanes,

you do not stop at singing the praise of beauty, however perfect, but accept the responsibility laid on the poet to teach his generation. The lessons that you enforce are healthy, sound, and loyally proclaimed. Nor are they superfluous. In this age of artificiality and luxury we need Franklin's admonition to

> Mid progressive splendour still maintain
> The lordly rule of simple appetite.

We should do well not to neglect his reminder (in a passage too long for quotation here) of the wealth stored up for us, "the heirs of all the ages," in the realms of nature, art, science, and literature; we need Alfred's warning that

> 'Tis not for length of days
> No, but for breadth of days that man should crave
> Life is God's gift for god-like purposes,
> 'Tis the mere die we play with, that which counts,
> Is the high stake of honour that we play for—

In an age of increasing materialism we are glad of such a lyric as "If Love could Last," with its closing lines:

> If with the gravely shortening days
> Faith trims the lamp, Faith feeds the blaze,
> And Reverence robed in wintry white
> Sheds fragrance like a summer night—
> Then, Love can last—

For enforcing these and other fundamental truths, in showing yourself ever on the side of truth, simplicity, and nobility, we owe you our thanks; but our warmest thanks are reserved for you in the capacity which is most peculiarly yours, and in which, I think, you will best be remembered, as laureate of the garden that you love, and have taught us to love too.

Yours faithfully,
ALICE J. ROMILLY.

5 Hope Park,
Bromley, Kent.

The following essay, although not written in the style of the two foregoing papers, is by reason of its brightness and humour, awarded the third place among the prize essays this month.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

DEAR SIR,

I hesitate whether to address you as a fellow *littérateur*, for my own lucubrations, though less successful than I could wish, have not invariably been rejected by editors of discrimination; or whether it would be better to adopt a *rôle* which my colossal ignorance makes perhaps more suitable, and write simply as "the man in the street."

Whichever character I finally decide to assume, you may depend on my rendering you the homage due, if not to distinguished merit, at any rate to conspicuous success.

You accepted, sir, with the simplicity of a great mind—I trust I should have acted similarly myself—the high estimate of your deserts which has exalted you to the position you now hold. You will remember that the great Cham of Literature himself, when complimented by George III. on the excellence of his writings, declined with an equally dignified sense of true politeness to "bandy civilities with his Majesty. When the King had said it, it was to be so."

But while we have nothing but admiration for the single-heartedness with which you accepted the post of Poet Laureate when offered you by Lord Salisbury, it is permissible to wonder why that amiable nobleman conferred the office upon you.

Three reasons, at least, could be given;

any one of which, taken by itself, would have been sufficient to justify the Premier's somewhat startling bolt from the blue. Probably, like most important resolutions, it originated not from one motive but from several.

First—Your name is Alfred, a name also worthily borne by your revered predecessor. It is difficult in these days for a Conservative Government always to avoid change, and continuity even in trifles is grateful to the vexed souls of a powerful but harassed party.

Secondly—You had been a valued contributor to the columns of, I believe, the *Standard* newspaper, and though personally I find that exalted journal a little dull, I should be the first to recognise the correctness of its principles, and the assistance it has rendered to the cause that we all have at heart.

Thirdly—You had written poetry. I remember an attractive-looking book of yours called "Proverbs in Porcelain"—or was that the other man's? I feel sure the name of Austin occurred on the title-page; and there are other works, the names of which have slipped my memory for the moment, but they could be identified at once by reference to a library catalogue.

Anyhow, whatever were your qualifications at the time, you have shown yourself since fully equal to the traditions of your high office. It is true that, in your first effusion, you put your money, as Lord Salisbury would say, upon the wrong horse, and it would have been better to have left the "gold-reefed city" severely alone. But we are all liable to make mistakes at starting, and I have seen more recently in the daily press poems over your signature which do not compare unfavourably with "Hands all Round," or the "Welcome to Marie Alexandrovna." Could you not, however, arrange with your compositor to let the full-stops come more frequently at the end of the stanzas? It is inconvenient for those whose children learn by heart their daily tale of verse to wait so often twenty-four hours for the completion of a sentence.

But if I sound an uncertain note with regard to your poetry, I can speak with much higher admiration of your prose. It is true that I do not quite share your partiality for Veronica herself; she is too superior a young woman to entirely suit an ordinary man; but I admit that she must wrap herself up in something thicker than self-respect if she is to pass the remainder of her days with that insufferable ass her husband. But Lamia is charming, and you have portrayed yourself as a "slow patterin' kind of an old foozle, but on the hull a putty decent citizen." As a lover of gardens myself I freely acknowledge your supremacy in that department. I do not know whether your official duties bring you into contact with "George Ranger," but I know no one more capable of celebrating the floral beauties of the parks. (Did you notice the effective combination of Narcissus Jonquils, with red Bachelor's Buttons, opposite Park Lane last spring?) I am particularly pleased with your notion of growing hardy annuals among the cabbages, and if you could walk down my kitchen garden path and see *Latyrus odoratus* growing side by side by its edible neighbour, you would ransack the *Corpus Poetarum* to find a suitable eulogium for the manner in which I have followed your instructions.

Again, let me congratulate you heartily on the soundness of your views on irrigation and the pestilent heresy that regards the hoe as a substitute for the hose. All honour to the courage with which, like Mr. Burdett-Coutts, in defiance of the modern school of social economists, you set groom and stable-boy to work overtime at tasks alien to their legitimate employment. Yet had the local trades-union ventured to interfere, I feel satisfied Veronica would have given them "what for," as boldly as any baroness. It is pleasant, however, to think that this season your water-barrel is at peace, and that you can ensconce yourself in some rain-proof nook and warble "How do the waters come down at"—whatever is the name of the quiet hamlet where you "live nestled near your kind deep in a garden garth." (What on earth is a garden garth?)

I sometimes think, by the way, that these delightful volumes would be improved by the omission of the verse! It is the sort of

stuff that Lamia must have written in the schoolroom, and we are rather overdone with that kind of poetry nowadays. However, as you will justly say, nobody need read it who does not like, and for those that do there are little autobiographical touches that will well repay their pains. Who would have expected, for instance, to find these revolutionary sentiments in your usually placid muse?

> I would not sing of sceptred kings,
> The tyrant and his thrall.

Won't that be a little inconvenient when you sit down to pen your coronation ode? Are you, too, to be numbered among our "Lost Leaders"

> Just for a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a riband to stick in his coat.
> Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
> Burns, Shelley were with us; they watch from their graves.
> He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
> He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

But we will not be downhearted utterly. You have told us yourself that "ambition is not the last, but the first infirmity of noble minds, of which they purge themselves when they grow more mature." We may once more "live in your mild and magnificent eye," once more

> fondly claim
> The rightful share of kith and kin
> In Alfred's glory, Shakespeare's fame.

Were it only for that last line and its prophetic reference, you deserve the proud pre-eminence which Providence and a prosaic Premier have allotted to you.

Ah, I wish I were a poet. It must be so nice to spend one's life sauntering in gardens, strolling about parks, or leaning over brawling brooks, and suddenly to find you have written something about which people exclaim: "How charming! how beautiful!" and so to become a much flattered and possibly an immortal person, at the smallest expenditure of labour I have ever heard of.

"Possibly immortal" do I say? We have your own word for it:

> While one lives and works at a lofty height
> One may change, but one does not die.

In the sure hope then (for you) of at least a temporary immortality, allow me, my dear Mr. Alfred Austin, to subscribe myself,

Your obedient well-wisher,

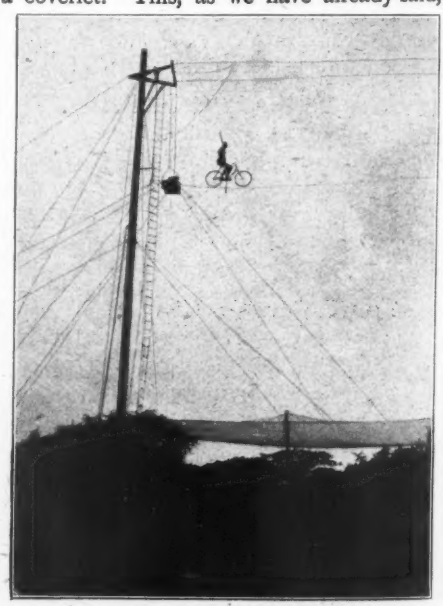
"THE MAN IN THE STREET."

H. R. HEATLEY,
Milveston House,
Leamington.

Bedroom Furniture

THE most casual glimpse at inventories of effects and lists of household apparel even in what was a very wealthy period at the end of the Wars of the Roses, would convince the housewife of to-day that if our forefathers had adequate bedroom furniture they had a scanty allowance of bedding. They had "bedsteads of joined work," "trundel beds," "standing beds," and "plain bedsteads" (that is, without any sort of canopy), and cupboards, wooden chests, leather chests and ships' coffers to keep their clothes in; stools, chairs, settles and forms; jug and basin—often mentioned together by careful testators in the fourteenth century. Nay they had a "lether hatte boxe"! but this was late in the sixteenth century; and in one inventory we read "the image of a 'fole,' to hold a towel, painted." For if in many fair-sized houses there was only one living room, the bedrooms were fitted for the accommodation of visitors. We know from the description of the somewhat peculiar manners of the Middle Ages that people of all ranks received in their bedrooms, even in bed. But the bedding seems often to lack one indispensable requisite, the flannel blanket. Some people had flannel blankets, a few woollen blankets. A well-provided house in 1579, that of a gentleman farmer in the Eastern Counties (him of the "lether hatte boxe"), had only one pair of flannel blankets, though he had hangings of tapestry, painted cloths, window curtains, expensive bed curtains of red and green silk, and a "vallans of greene and redd cruell fringe," coverlets of tapestry, good sheets (10s. a pair), fine and coarse pillow covers and fine and coarse towels, and of course feather and flock beds to each bedstead. A sergeant-at-arms with 12*d.* a day—he was Norrey Herald as well—could run to that (1517), and a monk had

blankets (1519). All had blankets. But the sergeant's blankets were only worth 21*d.* the pair, and his sheets 12*d.* This and an old coverlet (1*s.*) agrees with the valuation (3*s.*) of a coverlet and two blankets, part of the goods of a Scotchman seized in Kent, and seven sheets valued at 4*s.* I expect the coverlet gave more warmth, being sometimes a piece of tapestry, or at least some thickish material—say fustian. Flannel blankets were not uncommon, but they must have been woefully thin. It is remarkable that a fourteenth-century householder appears to be as well provided with blankets as a sixteenth-century one. Why is this? Now a Yorkshire vicar's idea of a bed (1360) was a canvas (presumably stretched on a frame), two blankets, two sheets, a coverlet and a curtain. The price of wool had just been doubled by order, and it rose to 8*s.* a tod in the next century, fell again to 5*s.*, and in the sixteenth century (Henry VIII.) it trebled and reached finally 20*s.* a tod! No wonder then that blankets did not become commoner. We happen to know, too, that linen and bedding were often stolen. Two yards of flannel are priced at 14*d.* in 1535. Princess Mary had woollen blankets which measured 2 yards by 3½ yards and were worth 3*s.* 4*d.* the yard. This was obviously the real thing when a tod (28 lbs.) of wool was worth 5*s.* Her sheets were 3 breadths and 4½ yards long, and she had "fustians" of five breadths and the same length. This fustian stuff lined the "counterpoint" too. Her pillows were an ell long (45 inches) and 1½ breadths. As pillows in old drawings appear as square, a breadth was perhaps 30 inches, so this would correspond fairly well with the size of the sheets. Her "pillow-beres" (pillow-covers) were not very expensive. The East Anglian gentleman had covers costing three times as much. Covers with black seams were fashionable in the sixteenth century. A very general colour for the counterpoint was green, whatever material it was made of. A good feather bed was worth at least 10*s.* and a flock bed 2*s.* in 1520. A mattress or a pallet stuffed with straw was not worth much. The basis of most peoples' beds for hundreds of years was straw. From the terms of a "corrody" in the twelfth century, we learn that a bundle of straw was allowed quarterly for the mattress, and in Henry VIII.'s reign the item "straw for my lord's bed" occurs in a nobleman's accounts. We are not now concerned with the ornamental trappings of a bedstead—the curtains, the canopy "celure" perhaps studded with stars, the vallance, the fringe, the bells which some people hung to the curtains. Let us see what a bed could be hired for. In Elizabeth's reign she makes a contract for some workmen to lodge two in a bed, a feather bed at 2*d.* a week, a penny less than men doing the same work, paid fifty years earlier. She had to provide the sheets and pay for the washing. A bolster went with a bed as a matter of course. A decent outfit for a gentleman in the early half of the sixteenth century was a feather bed, a bolster, a pair of blankets, two pillows and a coverlet. This, as we have already said,



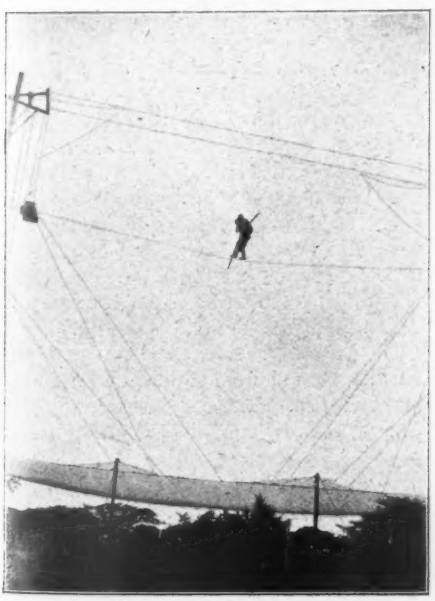
A bicycle-ride in mid-air—the start

was none too much, for he went to bed then, as in the Middle Ages, as naked as the day he was born. Stop! He wore a night-cap, a custom which still obtains. Only in the modern period did he take to wearing a shirt in bed.

M. C.

Travelling in Mid-Air

IT is rarely that the camera can be arranged in a position to get such a view of an aerial rope-walker as that shown in each of the accompanying photographs, and rarely that the plate when printed off gives such a clear impression. So instantaneously were the snap-shots taken that the swaying of the rope would seem to be absent for there is not the slightest indication of a blur in either view. The photographs were taken recently at Eastham in Cheshire. In the case of the bicycle ride the machine was hauled up to the small platform by a pulley, the rider ascending by the rope ladder. He then mounted and was started by a friend, another receiving him on a similar platform at the other end of the rope. The wheels of the bicycle were grooved to fit the rope, and the handle bars were, of course, fixed, to prevent the machine turning and twisting about when upon so narrow a track. Quite as risky was the walk of the performer with a man upon his back and one fancies that the daring of the rider must have been quite as great as that of the carrier.



A novel photograph of a tight-rope walker carrying a man upon his back

August Bread-feast Day

THIS is what we call Lammas Day, for the word comes from the old Anglo-Saxon word for "loaf" (and has nothing to do with lambs) which it was the custom at one time for the people, after the corn harvest was over, to give as thank-offerings out of the first-fruits of the wheat crop. It is true that at York some of the priests got the people to bring them lambs as first-fruits of the harvest! But, of course, this had no sense in it, for lambs in August are really sheep and have nothing to do with the harvesting of grain-crops.

Every one has heard the phrase "at latter Lammas." It means "never," and if, as Queen Elizabeth did to Philip II., King of Spain, you wish to say very politely that you will *never* do a thing, you can say you will do it "at latter Lammas." The Romans used in the same way to say "at the Greek Kalends" because the Greeks had no Kalends. The Danes say "on the 30th of February" because there is no such day. The Spaniards say "to-morrow" because "to-morrow never comes." We ourselves say "when two Sundays come together"—which they never do.

Lammas Day, August 1, is the day when the Roman Catholics give their "Peter's Pence" to the Pope, because on that day they celebrate the miraculous deliverance of Peter from the prison into which Herod had cast him.

Oyster Day

THERE is an old song that begins:

Greengrocers rise at dawn of sun—
August the fifth—come haste away!
To Billingsgate the thousands run—
'Tis Oyster Day! 'tis Oyster Day!

August 5 is still "Oyster Day," though, nowadays, greengrocers do not sell oysters, nor do people run to Billingsgate to eat them.

St. James' Day, *in the old style*, was August 5, and on that day oysters were supposed to come into season, and be fit for eating in England. Now there is nothing at all extraordinary about this, but, as it happens, both scallop shell and oyster shell

were special badges of St. James, and were worn in their hats by all the pilgrims to his shrine at Compostella, in Spain, and left there as mementoes of the pilgrimage, and the monks of the shrine used to pile up the shells into mounds, and during the Saint's festival they decorated them with candles.

Now, in England, on the very same day, little London street boys, and poor children in other towns, used to do the very same thing! They got together all the oyster-shells they could, built them up into little mounds, like hollow bee-hives, and lit candles inside. They called them "grot-toes," and if any well-to-do persons passed they trooped after them, with their caps in their hands, begging them to "Remember the Grotto." This used to happen only a few years ago and, very possibly, "grottoes" may still be built by children in our slums on St. James' Day. Could anything be more curious than this survival among street children in London of an old-time worship of Spain?

Of course, oysters were very expensive the first day they came in, and so there is a saying, "Whoever eats oysters on St. James' Day will never want money." Which means that if you can afford to pay for them on the first day of the season you are not likely to be poor. But, as a matter of fact, oysters are not really considered to be wholesome in this country until September 1st.

St. James the Greater

Now, July 25 is the Saint's Day of James the Greater, who is revered by all Christians as one of the Apostles. Every Bible-reader, of course, knows how highly favoured St. James the Greater was, and the reasons why, and it is very interesting to read how this simple Galilean fisherman, beloved and reverenced by us all, has become in Spain a great fighting warrior saint, the patron saint of the country, and worshipped in a thousand Spanish churches as the champion of Spanish power! Wherever the Spaniards went in the olden days of their glory, the very first thing they did was to name a city or a church "Santiago," which means, of course, St. James, and to this day this good and holy Apostle is to Spain what St. George, St. Andrew, St. David, and St. Patrick are to England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

He was put to death by Herod for preaching Christ, and was the first of the martyrs in the cause of the Gospel. At his execution, one of the most extraordinary things that ever occurred took place. St. James was being taken away to be put to death when the man who had accused him to Herod, and was the cause of his martyrdom, came up to him to beg his forgiveness. The Saint forgave him cheerfully, bidding him go in peace as his sin was pardoned. Then the accuser, smitten to the heart, fell on his knees and declared himself a Christian too! Then rising he walked behind the Saint to the place of execution, and was beheaded with him.

King of Pavement Artists

THOUGH James Grant has not undergone, nor is likely to undergo, any coronation ceremony, he is without doubt *de jure*, if not *de facto*, a king amongst those artists who choose the pavement as a medium for the exhibition of their work. That this is no mere assertion on my part the accompanying illustrations bear eloquent testimony—even though the black-and-white reproductions give but a faint idea of the gorgeous sunset colouring in which he excels.

During the month of October I was often attracted to the porch of St. Philip's Church, Earls Court, by the surpassing beauty—I can use no milder terms—of the sketches on the flags in front. At last, thinking it a pity that his colouring should only come on in the morning to go off at night, I went up to him, and asked him if he would do me a sketch on paper. He assented, and the terms he quoted were so low, that I agreed to take several. These sketches were much admired, both by connoisseurs and artists of repute. The result was that for a while he was inundated with orders, and many of his works, handsomely framed, and flanked by old masters, illumine the walls of several well-appointed private houses. This, however, was not enough. To make him famous he must be introduced to the great British public; and the only way to do this success-

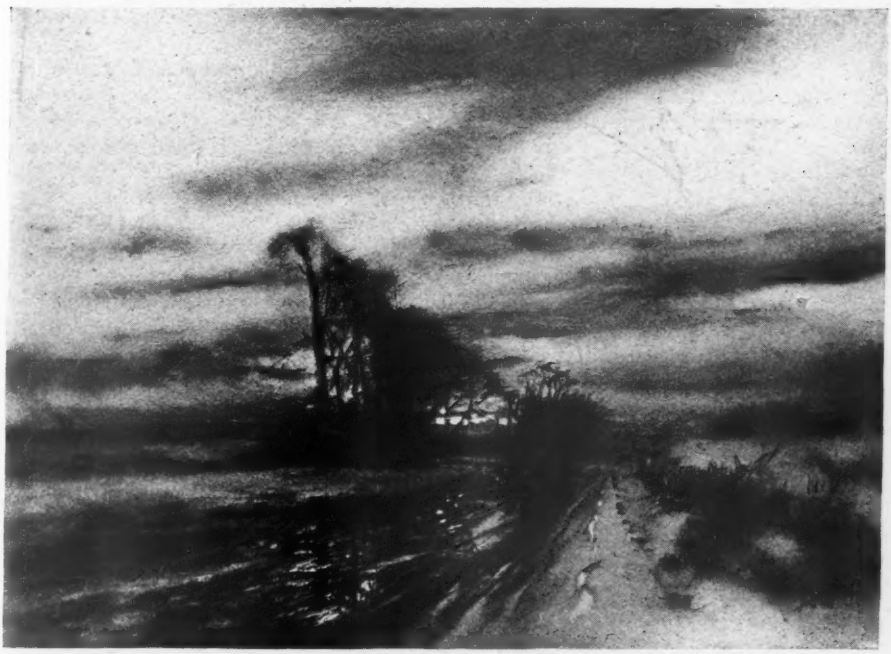
fully would be through the medium of the Press. I sounded James Grant on the subject and, to my surprise, he flatly refused; and, when I pressed him for a reason, replied that he had already been introduced, much to his detriment, and without his consent, by an individual whom he did not even know.

"But I don't see how it could have hurt you to have been written about," I remarked, "I know several artists who do not at all mind seeing themselves in print."

"They said I was making five pounds a day," he answered, with an injured air.

For a minute I was puzzled—then the truth flashed upon me. In view of his supposed affluence, the benevolent had discontinued their *largesse*, and—horrid thought—perhaps he had been assailed with begging letters!

However, after considerable difficulty, and after a solemn promise not to draw on my imagination in any particular whatsoever, I induced him to accord me an interview. He also said that I might reproduce some of his sketches. I hinted that his counterfeit presentment would be an adornment to the article in question; but on this point he was adamant.



Winter, by James Grant

"Well," said I, when, a few nights ago, we were seated before the fire in my room, "I need hardly ask you if you are Scotch?"

"I was born in Glasgow," he answered.

"Were your parents Glasgow folk?"

"No. My family comes from Banffshire."

"Are or were any of your family artistic besides yourself?"

"No."

I felt that the conversation was getting to be too much of a "question and answer" kind of business; and begged him to give me some particulars of his past life; but he declined.

"I don't mean everything, of course," I said, re-assuringly, "only a few little interesting incidents."

"I don't know any interesting incidents."

"Oh that is nonsense," I expostulated; "into every man's life at one time or another comes some more or less interesting incident."

"Ah that is the one that I always want to forget."

Mysterious and alluring as this sounded I could get no more out of him, and I was reluctantly compelled to again take up my *rôle* of questioner.

"When did you come to London?"

"About four or five years ago. You can put in that I walked here all the way—not in one burst, you know, but in stages."

I asked him next whom amongst well-known artists he admired the most.

"Oh I couldn't say that; but Turner, Colin Hunter, and David Murray are a few of those I like."

I noticed that from the list he had omitted two, who, though dissimilar in style and of unequal merit, have both a marked influence on his work, namely, Corot and Leader.

"How is it," I asked, "that, considering the kind of work you turn out, some other pavement artists manage to make a living—you know the kind I mean?"

"I do," he answered grimly. "But if you imagine that they make less than me, you are much mistaken—they make more. You see they give to them out of charity."

"And art connoisseurs don't as a rule go to the pavement for it?"

"Just so."

"Which are your most generous supporters—men or women?"

"Men, especially business men. My best pitches were at the top of Shaftesbury Avenue and near Waterloo Bridge."

And now a few details as to the man himself. Though I am not at liberty to reproduce his photograph, I see no reason why I should not briefly describe his personal appearance. About five feet five inches in height, broad shouldered and thick set, he gives you more the idea of a seafaring man than an artist. His face in repose has a thoughtful, almost stern expression, which, however, in conversation is at rare intervals dispelled by a very bright smile.

Evening, by James Grant

A Silent Singer

By Clara Morris

IT had been a hot day, and the minister had brought us, my mother and myself, from the city to his country home, in a mysterious, antediluvian species of buggy. Of all the race of men it is the country minister alone who can discover this particular breed of buggy. They are always gifted with strange powers of endurance; never being purchased until they have seemingly reached the point of dissolution, they will thereafter, for years and years, shake and totter, and rattle and rock, carrying all the time not only people but almost every conceivable kind of merchandise, from a few pounds of groceries to a pumpkin or a very youthful calf, without coming one step nearer their final wreck.

This special buggy could hold one person in comfort, two in discomfort and three in torture. I had been the party of the third part in that day's ride, and worn out and crumpled and dusty, we passed from darkness into a room full of lamp-light and faces. I was trying to support myself steadily upon a pair of legs so recently aroused from dumb sleep that they had barely reached the ticklish stage, and the ten thousand needle-prickling power was in full blast when the Rev. Hyler introduced me to his seven sons. My dazzled eyes and tired mind made them seem full seventeen to me, and they were so big, and rough, and noisy, I hung my head, confused, disappointed, frightened even, and then I felt the gentle pressure of her hot little hand on mine.

I raised my childish eyes and saw the sweetness of the smile upon her pallid face, saw it dawn upon her lips, pass swiftly to the dimple in her cheek, hide a moment there, only to re-appear the next dancing in the sapphire blueness of her eyes—saw and mentally bowed down and worshipped her from that moment. Physically, I clung close to her burning hand and gave her back a smile of such astounding breadth and frankness as must have revealed to her my entire dental economy; and when, a few minutes later, I learned that she whispered because her voice was gone, lost for ever, I felt such a passion of love and pity for her, such a longing to spare her suffering, that, but for its absurdity, I could have wounded my own flesh that I might bear the pain in her name. Grown-ups do not always understand the strength of feeling young things are capable of.

Next day we two round pegs began fitting ourselves into the new holes prepared for us, and though they were not absolutely square, they were still far enough from roundness to be very uncomfortable holes indeed. My mother began her never-ending duties of housekeeper. Mrs. Hyler had broken down from overwork and sick-nursing, and I having, as my mother once declared, "as many eyes as had a peacock's tail," began my almost unconscious observations of a new form of poverty. I already had a really exhaustive knowledge of the subject both from observation and from personal experience, and I had come to the conclusion that the bitterness of poverty was greatly influenced by the manner in which it was accepted. I had known abject, ragged poverty to enjoy streaks of real merriment on comparatively comfortable occasions, while higher up in life those who openly acknowledged their poverty seemed only to suffer its inconvenience and to know nothing of the shame and humiliation of those who tried to hide theirs by agonising makeshifts. Here I found it was accepted in sullen silence, but, nevertheless, bitter resentment lowered on every face save my dear Miss Linda's.

She always turned to those eighteen watchful, loving eyes a sweetly smiling, pallid face with serene brows; but I saw her sometimes when smile and serenity were both gone and her face was anguished.

The Rev. Hyler, minister, farmer, father of seven sons, was himself a seventh son, and had he been examined at his birth with that closeness of scrutiny given to first-born babies, I'm positive the word "failure" could

have been found plainly stamped upon his small person. He was a tall, grey, narrow man, and seemed always to have a bitter taste in his mouth. Black-coated, white-tied and pale, he seemed to have been pressed between the leaves of some old volume of sermons and left there till all the colour and sap had dried out of him as it might dry out of a pressed violet or pansy. Perpetual ill-humour had stamped to the very bone the three-lined frown he wore between his eyebrows. He was an educated man and full of information—that was of no use to him. He could give statistics as to the number of the inhabitants of Palestine, but he could not tell whether an unsatisfactory field required top-dressing or under-draining. He had been an instructor, a teacher; had, in fact, been at the head of one of the State colleges, but failed and came back, much embittered, to the small church he had left with such high hopes; but finding he had provided himself with more mouths than his salary could well fill he had taken to farming, at which he seemed to be the greatest failure of all.

Narrow and cold by nature, soured by disappointment, he loved but one person on earth, and that person was his first-born child, his only daughter, Linda. He admired her, he was proud of her, he loved her, truly and tenderly, beyond a doubt; but, alas, as surely beyond a doubt, his was a jealous and a selfish love, and she, with eyes whose power and penetration fully equalled their rare beauty of colouring, read him through and through, as she might have read a book! Saw the dry, grey man's weakness of resolve, his bitter temper, his small tyrannies, and worse—far worse, because that was a most repellent sin—his hypocrisy; saw all these things and with no touch of sympathy for any one of them, but, with what seemed almost divine compassion, she gave him reverent service and such tender, loyal love as many a better father fails all his life to win.

And this sweet Linda, woman-grown—this young lady who had "come out," and had had a season of social gaiety in the city—who—oh, wondrous being! had had real "for true" lovers—she stooped from her high estate to honour me with her attention, her conversation—even, to a certain point, her confidence—while I had only reached that humiliating stage in life where old ladies could refer to me as a "growing girl." And this condescension filled me with such joy—such stupendous pride—I marvel it did not precede a mighty fall. But, looking back upon it all, I think I see a pathetic reason for that unequal companionship. My mother, knowing me to be painfully sensitive to suffering or sorrow, kept from me the knowledge that the girl I so loved was slowly dying, a victim of that fell disease, consumption! Her days were so surely numbered that no one had the faintest hope that she would see the yellowing of the leaves that now danced greenly on the trees. I saw her pale and very, very fragile, and only loved her more. I saw her faint sometimes, but I had seen other women faint when I knew they were not ill, and, to my childish ideas, any one who rose from her bed and dressed each day must surely be quite well. So it came about that in my eyes alone she belonged still to the world of the living—in my face alone could she read love without anxiety, and when she laughed, as she often did, it was only in my eye she found a hearty, gay response, for every other glance was full of anguished pity.

If my ignorance was not bliss, it was, at least, I truly think, a comfort to her, since by its help she could forget for a time, at least, that she was doomed and set aside as having nothing more to do with life. And my profound interest and *naïf* admiration egged her on to tell me of the gay, sweet past—such an innocent, pitifully short past it was—of her small triumphs and her pretty frocks. Sometimes she would even show me her few girlish trinkets, but I was quick to observe that if I ever asked about her future use of them a sort of shudder passed over her white face and her eyes would close quickly for a moment; then she would answer evasively, gently; yet there was a flatness in the tones of her voice, and she would surely remark, "that she would try now to doze a little."

It was not long before my observation brought me closer to her tender heart, while

slowly I learned, little by little, something of the weight of the cross this fragile girl was bearing on her trembling shoulders.

Mrs. Hyler was, I think, the most disconcerting person in this uncomfortable family. Her manner toward them was that of a moderately devoted housekeeper—head nurse, who presumed slightly by reason of her long service. The last scant drop of kindness—the last ray of warmth of affection—I dare not use a stronger word—was for her Linda! But we must remember that for four and twenty years she had listened to what the Rev. Hyler "was going to do," and had suffered from what the Rev. Hyler "did not do," and there was no hope left in her.

I shall not introduce her sons individually, but will simply state that between the Spanish-looking eldest one—brave, loyal, honest, and kind—and the impish youngest, with the face of a blond seraph and a heart like a nether mill-stone, there were five others, each one striving to be—or so it seemed—as unlike his brothers as possible. In all their lives they had found but two subjects they could agree upon; on these, however, they were as one boy. Their honest, hearty love for "Sister Linda" was one subject, and a fixed determination to "get even" with their father was the other.

Linda Hyler loved music profoundly, and she had not only natural talent, but powers of concentration and a capacity for hard work that might have made an artist of her. And the poor child had had her opportunity—for one with means and power and the inclination to use them, attracted by the purity and volume of her voice and by her earnest ambition, had offered to assist her to that stern training, so difficult in those days to obtain, even when one had the money to pay for it. But if she had talent, she also had a father, and he with the bitter-taste seemingly strong in his mouth, refused the kindly offer, giving no nobler reason for his act than that "she was his only daughter and he would miss her far too much." She pleaded with him in vain, and had the pain of seeing her one opportunity float away from her, taking on, as it went, all the airy grace, all the glancing beauty of a bubble floating in the sunshine.

Had her father not provided so much material for its building, the cross she bore might not have been so heavy. Up to the time of our arrival, Linda had managed to sit a little while each day before the battered old organ that stood in an otherwise empty room. To any other family it would have been the parlour—to this family it was a thing without a name. But even as you have seen a timid, lonely woman appear at her window, whistling loudly and wearing a man's hat—by means of which she convinces would-be burglars of the presence there of a large and very destructive man—so these parlour windows were well curtained, that the occasional humped-over, slow-driving passer-by might be convinced that this parlour held as much ingrain-horse hair-worsted-crocheting, and high art plaster cats, with round black spots and heavy coats of varnish as any—and I suppose that one trick was quite as convincing as the other. Any way, there sat Linda in that dreary room, before the organ, drawing from its sulky and unwilling interior sounds of such solemn sweetness as made one pray involuntarily; and sometimes she played simply an accompaniment—sitting with lifted face and closed eyes, the veins swelling in her throat, but no sound coming from her moving lips. Already I had become her second shadow, and so I'd creep into the empty room after her, and listen to her playing, and once when I was greatly moved, she turned to me and said: "Little Sister"—the pet name she had graciously bestowed on me—"what does that make you think of?"

And without a pause I answered eagerly: "A church—not," I hurriedly explained, "not our church, but a great one with pictures, and lots of people, and lights, and sweet-smoke!"

Ah, how she laughed, and though it was but a husky whispering affair, it was still a very merry laugh, because of the light that danced so gaily to it in her eyes. She then informed me that the music had been a mere scrap from a famous oratorio, and that my "sweet-smoke was called incense, and though she set me right, it was her harmless jest to

use the word "sweet-smoke" herself ever after.

We had been there but a little while, when one day I noticed something wrong with the music; the tones were weak and wavering, there seemed to be no certainty in her touch. Her little hand could not hold a simple chord with firmness, and then the next moment there was a soft crash of the yellow, old keys, as Linda sank forward helpless and panting. I sprang to help her, and between two struggling, unwilling breaths, I heard her whisper: "Must this go too? Dear God! must this go too?"

By chance the little brother had been present. He called his mother, and presently Linda was on the sofa in the other room, and the inevitable farm-house remedy for all mortal ills, the camphor-bottle—or to use the rural term, the "camfire"—had been produced, and soon Linda raised her eyes and called up the old, sweet smile; while little Arthur stood with sturdy legs far apart—his hands in his small pockets, and his father's own special brand of frown upon his brow—watching his sister's restoration; then he remarked: "Linda, it was blowin' wind into that d— blamed old organ, that busted yer all up just now!—so it was!—and after this yer just pull yer feet back out of the way, and I'll crawl under there, and work them 'pedal treadle things,' and blow yer all the wind yer want—and if I blow so hard it busts the thing, papa darsent lick me, 'cause I'll be doin' it for you!" and he danced with malicious glee!

Next day he kept his word, and though Miss Linda played a little while, somehow the spirit seemed to have gone out of her music. But when Arthur came out on all-fours from under the instrument's front, hot, red, and tousled, his sister shook his little hand and thanked him and kissed him tenderly—and he, swelling with gratified pride and love, went out behind the smoke-house, where he swore a little for practice, and tried to kill the cat.

Next morning early, as I left our room, I glanced into Miss Linda's, and saw it had not been put in order yet. Being ever eager to do something in her service, I thought I might slip in and beat up her pillows and place them in the sun as I had seen the "grown-ups" do. So in I went and, snatching up the nearest pillow, I gave a startled "Oh!" and stood staring, for beneath it lay the miniature of a man, whose questioning brown eyes looked up at me from a face young yet stern to the point of sombreness. My first impulse was to restore the pillow and run away, but next moment I noticed, lying close to the picture, all crumpled up into a little wad, Miss Linda's handkerchief. I leaned over and touched it, and it was still damp with tears. A great lump rose in my throat and, though I was but a "growing girl," it was the heart of a woman that was giving those quick, hard blows in my breast and making me understand. I sprang across the room and softly closed the door. I said to myself: "Miss Linda loves him, and she is unhappy and grieves, and she does not wish them to know!"

I went to her bureau and took a fresh handkerchief from the drawer, then I took the miniature—it was on ivory, and, from its small, gold frame, I fancied it had been intended for an ornament—and slipped it into the velvet case I found near by; then I carefully rolled the case inside of the handkerchief and started down stairs, trying hard to look unconcerned as I entered the dining-room.

Breakfast had just been placed upon the table, and every one save Linda was moving toward it. A little, drooping figure still seated, she seemed very ill that morning, and the great, dark circles about her eyes looked like purple stains on her white face. I crossed directly to her, thus turning my back upon every one else, and leaning over her and thrusting my small package into her hand with a warning pressure of the fingers, I said: "I have brought a fresh handkerchief for you, Miss Linda—do you want it?"

The moment she touched the parcel she understood. Her eyes sent one startled glance toward her father—then she looked at me. The white weariness faded all away, and warmly, rosily I saw her love blossom sweetly in her face, while she answered: "Thank you, little sister—yes I want it," and slipped the handkerchief into the pocket

of her gown, just as her father pushed me impatiently aside that he might assist her to her place at table.

He instantly noted the colour in her face and sharply exclaimed: "What's this—what's this! is this a feverish manifestation at this hour of the day?"

And Linda smiled and charged him with "cultivating his imagination, instead of his corn," and by the time she was in her place the colour had faded, the waxen pallor was back upon her face, and the small incident had been safely passed.

Late that afternoon Linda was lying on, or perhaps I should say clinging to, the hard and slippery thing they called a sofa—Heaven save the mark! It was long and hard, and smoothly covered with shiny leather. It arched up in its middle over very powerful springs, and the springs and the slipperiness did the trick for every one. You could not snuggle on it to save your life, and if you attempted to be friendly with it and tried to rest your book or fan or smelling-bottle beside you—hoop la! with an intensity of malice known only to the inanimate enemy it would hitch up its back and fire everything off on to the floor well out of your reach; and if you showed any marked annoyance it would fire you after them. There was not a day that it did not shoot Miss Linda's pillow from under her head, and twice I saw it slide her bodily to the floor.

I had found just one thing that could hold on to this slippery fiend, and that was a blanket—but who on earth wanted to lie on a blanket in the summer time? So there Miss Linda lay on the glassy-surfaced "sofa," with a chair pushed close up to it to prevent her sliding off, and I on the floor slowly fanning her and hoping she might be asleep, she was so very quiet. But no, she was not sleeping, for presently, without opening her eyes or making the least movement, she whispered: "Little sister, you saved three of us much grief and pain by your caution and your thoughtfulness to-day, and now, dear, I will explain about the picture."

I turned hot and shame-faced, and rubbing my head upon her hands like an affectionate young puppy, I muttered confusedly, "that, if she pleased, I'd rather not!" But she smiled; not her family smile, but a sad, slow smile, and stroked my hair and went on gently: "It is right that you should know. He, the man of the miniature, was to have been my—" She stopped; she swallowed hard at something. She moistened her lips and started again: "He—at least, I was to have been his wife! I wore his ring—I—I—" Suddenly her eyes opened wide on mine, and she said with a sort of rush: "Child, child! Heaven will have to be a very glorious place to make me forget the happiness I knew with him! and I loved him so! oh, I loved him so!"

In a very transport of sympathy I broke in: "But he was good, I am sure he was! and he don't look as if he were dead."

She smiled kindly at me, and fully understood my blundering, hurried words: "Yes dear," she said, "you are right; he is not dead, and he is good! A little hard, perhaps—" Her eyes closed again. "Yes, perhaps, a little hard, but—well, men must be hard or they cannot succeed! We were very happy, dear! Papa—" Her brows drew together quickly for a moment;—"papa gave his consent. He—Roger—had a noble voice; we sang together at the church, we rode, we planned—we planned—" A pause, a long, long, shivering sigh, and then: "Papa changed his mind. I was not of age—even had I been, I had been bred up to such strict obedience—I—oh, I don't know!—but Roger, he could not bear dependence on another man's whims for two long years! He was one of the college professors; he needed quiet, regularity, positively settled plans, or the quality of his work might suffer! Papa broke his promise—he gave no reason. Roger said 'he was jealous of us.' I only know he broke his promise! Roger would not wait! Father commanded—he demanded! They were two angry men—I stood between them, dear—and I am crushed!"

"Oh," I cried, "he did not love you hard enough, dear Miss Linda! What was enduring two years of Mr. Hyler compared to enduring a whole life without you?" It was not exactly a polite way to speak of the

reverend gentleman or of her lover, and she laid her finger on my lips, as she resumed: "Papa does not understand—time has passed—but, oh, child, child!—each day of my life—I lose my love—each day the pain of it—is fresh and new! Had papa known of the picture to-day—he might have understood—he might have—suffered remorse—and he is old and—and—'As we forgive those who trespass against us!'"

Her whisper died away on the last word; she lay quite still. I fanned her gently, slowly, and kissed her little, paper-dry hands now and then, and by-and-by the smile faded quite away, the sweet lips took a downward droop, the heavy waves of her brown hair made her face look piteously small and wasted, and, with hot tears dropping down into my lap, I took my first look at the real Linda. The little songster, with the song stopped in her throat! The loving little woman, with her heart crushed in her breast!—and as it was my first so it was my last look at that Linda, for it was the only time I ever saw her asleep, and when awake she was always on dress-parade, and wore her smile as an officer would his sword.

Shortly after this I began to worry, for though I was still in ignorance, even I could see that as these hot days went panting by each one of them took with it some small portion of dear Miss Linda's strength. The dandelion in seed, lifting in air its phantom, downy globe, was scarcely whiter, lighter, or more frail than she. Then I was worried about myself. The family were taking suddenly too deep an interest in me, my tastes and my desires. I was even asked what I would do under such and such circumstances, or how I would decide between this claim and that, and when I entered a room the "grown-ups" were almost sure, of late, to stop speaking, or they would clear their throats and speak of the weather with an elephantine lightness that could not deceive a goggle-eyed infant negotiating teeth with a rubber ring.

Once my very own mother, speaking excitedly, too, stopped short when I came in, and though I looked and looked at her with forty-horse questioning power in my eyes, she answered nothing, and my most penetrating and gimlet-like glance finally brought out a very brief, not to say sharp, suggestion that I sit down and stare at my spelling-book awhile—which, like most good advice, was neither kindly given nor willingly followed. So I was worrying, when one morning I stood listening to Miss Linda's unspeakably sad music. She was playing with fervour and more strength than usual, and suddenly she was seized with a paroxysm of coughing. Instead of going to her at once, I ran into the next room for some troches that were on a table, and before I could return with them she had fallen and was lying motionless on the floor. My cry and the shouts of little Arthur gave the alarm. Mrs. Hyler entered first. She went very white, but she stooped and lifted Linda like a child, and I thought it strange that, as she carried her, she held a handkerchief to her face. Mr. Hyler appearing suddenly, exclaimed in excited tones: "Ice—ice! Salt—linen!" and, taking these exclamations as orders, I ran forward, intending to carry the message to my mother. At that moment Mrs. Hyler stretched out her hand to push the door more widely open, and on the breast of her light dress, just where Miss Linda's head was resting, a great, red stain was slowly, evilly spreading. I glanced from it to the handkerchief in her hand, and it was red! red!! red!!! With stiffening lips, I whispered: "Miss Linda—oh, Miss Linda!" and suddenly there came a mighty roaring in my ears—a cold air on my face, and as I sank into the windy darkness, afar off I heard a voice cry: "There she goes! Catch the child—ah! she saw it all."

Yes, in very truth I had seen all! And when, with a general sense of discomfort, I opened my eyes upon the sunlight again, I found myself attended by two of the seven sons, who cast water on me with lavish hand and pounded me with an affectionate brutality that left marks by which my fainting might be remembered for days after. I looked stupidly at them at first and wondered, and then I saw that great, red, growing stain beneath the wasted, white face, and I broke into such sobs as fairly frightened them. I was crouching on the top step of the porch, with my feet drawn up and my arms and

head resting on my knees, and as I glanced downward I saw four bare, brown, boyish feet, and noted how restless they were. With my heart almost bursting with pain, some portion of my brain made a note of the fact that one of the four great toes before me had received a recent cut that must have been given by a hoe. Then the elder one thumped me kindly on the back and said: "Don't, Carrie, don't!"—and the other one said, in a husky voice: "Why, didn't yo' never know at all that sister Linda was agoin' to die?"

I gave an agonised cry at the words, and the elder boy exclaimed: "What did yer want to say that for? For two cents I'd give yer a good lickin'!"—while he, of the toe, said: "No, yer won't give me a lickin' for two cents, nor for one cent, neither!"

"Why won't I?"

"Why didn't Jack eat his supper, eh?"

And then they grabbed at each other over my head, but a grave voice said: "Boys, I never was so shamed by you before!"

It was Alfred, the eldest of the seven, and a "grown-up" himself. He paid no attention to their explanations—their recriminations; he simply stooped, and, lifting my shaking body in his arms, carried me into the house. As he was going up the narrow stairs a splash came on my cheek that was no tear of mine. A thrill went through me from head to foot—I lifted my swollen lids to look at him. His face wore that grey tint paleness brings to dark people, and in his always sad eyes I saw slow tears gathering. I buried my own face in his bosom, and laying my shaking, little hand across his eyes, I sobbed: "Don't, oh, please don't! She couldn't bear it if she knew!"

He took me to my mother's room and, placing me high against the pillows, deftly tied a wet handkerchief about my hot brows, and then he stood looking down at me for a moment before he said, with a quivering voice: "You know now, don't you, Carrie?"

I nodded my head and wrung my hands silently. "Yes," he went on, "she is going soon, dear—and—and—it's rough! Good God! Carrie! if you could have seen her three years ago—if you could have heard her sing! I think sometimes my father is a devil! There—there—I didn't mean to say that!—but see, dear, little girl!" He knelt down quickly by the bed and took my hands in his. He spoke rapidly—pressing my fingers tightly, to hold my attention: "They are going to ask you to do something—to-morrow, perhaps—this awful attack of Linda's will hurry things—I can't tell you what they will ask; I have not the time, but, Carrie, refuse! Don't be badgered—don't be coaxed—not even by darling Linda! One martyr is enough! Refuse, refuse! for, oh, we will be a hard lot when sister has left us!"

His body shook with sobs; for a moment he let his head rest on the edge of the bed. Then he rose and left the room to go to his own, where I heard him lock himself in. And that day ended my ignorance about Miss Linda's fate, and it also ended Miss Linda's music—she had played her last note.

That I had received a shock was evident to the whole family, and I heard the sick girl say to her father: "Wait, papa, dear, don't speak to Carrie yet—give her a little time."

But my grief was greater than my curiosity, and I never asked myself what he could have to speak to me about, or what he could possibly ask of me. I only thought of her—to fan her, hand her a drink, bring her a flower, carry a message, or, above all, during that afternoon hour, to crouch at her side and watch her "silent singing," as I called it. She never seemed to do it before her mother or any one but me. But while she was supposed to be taking a nap, and I fanned her quietly, she would lie, with closed eyes, and softly beat time with her shadowy hand, and her throat would swell and her lips move, but no sound came; and through much watching of her, with my heart in my eyes, I came to know what she sang. Often it was "Lead, Kindly Light," but more often, to my torture now, it was that expression of absolute submission, "Just as I Am, Without One Plea." And when her pale lips found the words, "O, Lamb of God, I Come," I would bite my lips and hold my breath, that I might not break into the wild sobs that would have sore distressed her.

I had not liked the Rev. Hyler at any time, but when I learned that, minister as he was, the sole religious observance for the family was a hasty, almost angry, snatch at a blessing on the food, while for visitors there were family prayers both night and morning, my dislike became marked. Linda saw it as she saw everything, and unable to defend him, she suffered and was ashamed, but kept silent until that hot afternoon, when she said: "Little sister, you are not fond of papa, but try, dear—to put out of your mind—that matter of the prayers, and only think how old and tired and tried he is—and" (I heard his step approaching, and his dry, little cough)—"and listen to him kindly—and try to do what he asks of you—try, dear, for all our sakes."

And then, to my bewilderment, the Rev. Hyler and his worn and helpless wife made solemn entry and seated themselves, and I, having risen respectfully, stood there and received the blood-curdling proposal that I should become the sister of the seven—the adopted daughter of the Rev. Hyler! Amazement kept me silent, and they went on to explain, with their eyes turned away from Linda's face, "how bad it would be for the boys to be without a sister's influence—and how they had been greatly gratified, though much surprised, to see that the younger boys had taken a strong liking to me," and, glancing at their two grim faces, I wondered what they would say or do if they knew that their boys' liking was founded upon a generous but downright falsehood, told by me to save the second youngest from a most unjust and cruel thrashing; after which I had gone at once to my mother, confessed the lie and accepted my punishment with a cheerful acquiescence that filled the seven with admiration and made them declare, with enthusiastic vulgarity, that I was "the biggest thing on ice!"

At last it dawned upon them that, for mere form's sake, they should ask an answer from me, and it came in a swift and emphatic "NO!" They were surprised and angry, but to all their half-sneering questions—as to why and wherefore—wide-eyed and amazed, I had but one word for answer: "Mother!" The Rev. Hyler answered: "My wife will be your mother!"—and I almost laughed; then with large conclusiveness I replied: "But my mother loves me, sir!"

Miss Linda caught my hand and said: "Think, Carrie—a home—brothers—father and mother to love you."

I looked at him a walking bitterness, I looked at her a withering disappointment and said: "No! no, dear Miss Linda, they love you, but they would not love me—and," I triumphantly added, "they will not tell you so!"

She turned questioningly to them, but the challenge was not accepted. Angrily her father bade me go, saying, "I might know what hunger was some day."

But I answered cheerfully: "Oh, I have been hungry sometimes, and so has mother, but we were together, so it was all right. You know when you're orphans and widows, you always come all right"—a speech that was as perfect in faith as it was imperfect in grammar.

The Rev. Hyler, with a vindictive gleam in his eye, "hoped I might be hungry again, that I might appreciate what I was rejecting"—and Miss Linda kissed me with a disappointed face, and whispered for me to go, now.

After that life became intolerable there, and soon there came a morning when, ready for an early start, I crept into Miss Linda's room and knelt down by her bed, and with hands tight-clasped we looked—and looked—and looked, and spoke not one word between us. Then there came a call for me and I rose to go. As I bent over to kiss her, she lifted a thin, little, warning hand and tried to turn my face away, but with a smothered cry of indignation, I caught her hand and held it while I slipped my other arm beneath her incredibly frail shoulders, and lifting her, I kissed her shadowy hair, her brow, her cheeks, and her pale, dry lips. Then with a long, long look into her dark, sapphire-blue eyes, I laid her down and went out, and saw her no more for ever. As I closed the door gently behind me, I heard for the last time, the husky whisper that had grown so dear to me, and all it said was, "Little sister!"

I stumbled down the stairs, and slipping my hand into my mother's, we faced the world once more, I having faith to believe that somewhere in its mighty length and breadth there was a home for us, and that together we should somehow find it.

For two years the gentle, little silent-singer had been lying in her lonely and neglected grave, when I paid my only visit to the Hyler family. Circumstances had brought me into the neighbourhood, and I felt in duty bound to "pay my respects," as they called it. Poor Alfred's fear seemed to have been justified, for the neighbours declared that since Linda's death the boys had become a "hard lot," and seemed actually to be growing more boldly bad week by week.

The Rev. Hyler and his wife at first seemed to derive a sort of sour satisfaction from my visit to them. The boys received me with noisy greetings and many poundings on the shoulders, and young savages that they were, they expressed their hospitality by the making of gifts, such as horse-hair rings, matched jack-stones, and several chunks of not too clean flag-root, both the smell and taste of which were particularly offensive to me.

Before tea was over all the kindness had gone out of Mrs. Hyler's face, and it began to wear the look I had known well in former days, of dull, sullen dissatisfaction. Suddenly, apropos of nothing, she said: "I suppose, Carrie, you have heard all about Linda?"

With some hesitation I answered: "Yes, I think so. I heard that she—she went away in her sleep, and that you held her hand—but never knew when——"

"Oh yes," she broke in, angrily, "and they told you, too, that I had sat there asleep, or I would have known—I know their tales."

"Oh dear, Mrs. Hyler," I cried, "indeed no one ever implied such a cruel thing! They only said she passed so gently that no one could have known the actual moment."

She seemed somewhat mollified by this assurance, and went on more rapidly, and as she spoke she slowly turned her cup round and round in its saucer: "Linda had been so much better that last day that it seemed almost foolish when she expressed her wish to see each one of the boys alone for a few minutes. I told her so, but she only smiled and said, 'so much the better for the boys.' The memory of her last words to them should not be associated with suffering and pain, and so she had her way, and held each brother in her arms and whispered some last words—but smiling, smiling all the time."

I clasped my hands tight beneath the table, and my heart seemed to beat out those cruel words, "smiling, smiling all the time," and I whispered, "Miss Linda, oh, dear Miss Linda!"

"Yes, and she had a little gift for each—and—well, later in the afternoon she was lying on the sofa, her eyes were closed, and beneath the cover her hand seemed to be moving all the time. Perhaps she was nervous, but she was saying, or repeating-to-herself-like, the words——"

I could not help it—from my lips sprang the line: "Just as I Am, Without One Plea!"

There followed a sort of general exclamation, and Mr. Hyler leaned forward, saying sharply: "How's this? Who gave you your information—not the boys, I'm sure?"

Hot and confused, I said: "Nobody told me, I had only guessed" (his disbelief was palpable) "because dear Miss Linda was so very fond of that hymn, and sang it nearly every day to herself."

And Mr. Hyler sneeringly assured me that, as Linda "had lost her voice more than a year before her death, my statement had at least the element of surprise about it!" I sat mute—I could not explain to them about the silent singing.

Then Mrs. Hyler took up the hateful ball and sent it rolling toward me with the suggestion, "that as I was a good guesser, perhaps I had guessed all that she had been going to say?"

I steadied my voice and answered, respectfully, "that I had not guessed anything else," and with mock surprise she said: "Indeed?" and then went on: "After a silence Linda spoke of you, Carrie."

I looked up joyfully—my mortification all forgotten: "She said you were a remarkable girl" (even at that moment I was proud

that she had not called me child, but "girl"). "I told her you were well enough, but in no way remarkable. She insisted, however, and then added, that if I ever saw you again I was to give you a remembrance. I thought the gift she chose very odd and unattractive, but she said" (how slowly she was speaking now) "she said you would understand it."

She paused so long that I looked up. Her eyes were like a ferret's, and Mr. Hyler, with his head in his hand, was watching me from between his fingers.

"Yes, 'ma'am," I whispered, faintly, vaguely. Then she spoke loudly, roughly: "She told me to give you a handkerchief, and say to you, the longer you lived the better you would understand her 'gratitude for your golden silence."

I felt the blood fairly pushing through my veins—my downcast eyes noted that the very backs of my hands were turning red. Then Mrs. Hyler struck the table sharply and said: "Well, was she right—do you understand?"

I had no time to answer, for Mr. Hyler sprang up and, violently thrusting his chair against the wall, cried: "What folly to ask the question—of course she understands! Is not her knowledge burning red in her face?"

He stepped across the room and flung wide the door leading to his study, as he termed it—the boys called it "The Place of Horrors," because they were always thrashed there with peculiar malevolence and ingenuity, and generally unjustly—they seldom got punished when they deserved it. There he waved me in. But grave and stern, Alfred's voice came: "Father — father! Carrie is but a child—she is here alone, and she is a visitor!"

"Visitor or no visitor!" was the answer, "I will not permit this stranger, this mere nobody, to have knowledge of my daughter that is unknown to me!"

With wistful voice I meekly asked Mrs. Hyler: "Please ma'am, may I have the handkerchief?" and she sharply answered: "No—no! you shall have no handkerchief" (Alfred quickly left the room a moment) "until you have confessed every word that ever passed between you and Linda!"

Here Alfred came in again and, leaning over, placed in my hand the little gift, and kissing me, gently said: "There, Carrie, it was Linda's own!" Then as he passed his mother, he laid his hand on her shoulder and said: "Dear mother, it was not yours to withhold—we must all honour sister's wishes."

Mr. Hyler fairly shouted: "Take your seat and be silent, sir! As for you" (turning to me) "into that room! I will know what conduct my daughter was guilty of that she should be grateful for the shelter of your 'golden silence'!"

The four eldest boys sprang furiously to their feet, but the cry that rang the wildest in that room, that might have been the cry of a woman grown, came from my lips. I stood gasping a moment, and all I thought was: "Miss Linda, oh my Miss Linda—he insulted you—he—he, whom you always spared!" And then I began to grow cold—bodily, mentally! My shame-facedness, my fear, all fell away from me. I must have gone very white, for No. 5, a rather timid, gentle boy, said lowly: "Oh, mother, will Carrie faint? She won't die too, will she?"

I lifted my eyes to the Rev. Hyler, and I felt a great contempt for him; while down deep in my heart there was growing a bitter anger that merged, at last, into a vindictive longing to see him suffer. I threw up my head and marched into "The Place of Horrors," and turning, waited for him to follow me. He paused and looked at me with the same gleam in his eyes that shone there the day he wished "I might know hunger again." Then, with petty triumph, he exclaimed: "When you leave this room I shall understand this thing!"

But he was only partially right, for when I left that room he understood several things. He banged the door shut, and then seated himself at his writing-table, leaving me to stand at his opposite side, as a culprit stands before a judge. I looked at him and saw all the narrow, grey man's meanness, his eager curiosity that was like that of a scandal-monger's. Yet, I gave him one chance, for

when he demanded: "Well, now, Miss?" I said: "Mr. Hyler, you must know, there is nothing wrong about dear Miss Linda's kind message to me—she simply—" "Stop, where you are!" he cried. "I'll have no prevarication! Where there is secrecy there is shame! No one ever conceals what is right! I'll have the truth, now, and the meaning of this message!"

And I answered: "Yes, sir, you shall have the truth!" and I told him briefly of Miss Linda's silent singing, and of her undying sorrow for her lost lover. As I spoke, utter amazement grew upon his face—he stammered out: "Why—why—what are you saying? She never spoke of him! Why—nearly three years had passed—since—since—the—r—the break—and 'er—you don't know what you are talking about—she did not grieve!"

"Oh, yes, she did!" I tranquilly replied. "That was why she would never have a light in her room at night for fear the picture might be seen. She slept with it beneath her cheek, and washed it with her tears, and dried it with her kisses. Oh, yes, she grieved!"

His eyes began to look sunken and his face was working convulsively. Then I told him how I had found the picture and wrapped it in a handkerchief, and had given it silently to her in his presence, and she had been grateful, not because she was ashamed of her love or her sorrow, but because she wished to spare him suffering. And with his clenched fist he struck the table, blow after blow, crying furiously: "You lie—you baggage—you lie!" Then suddenly turning his trembling hands palms upward, he pleaded: "Carrie—tell me that you lie!" But coldly I answered: "I do not lie at all, sir—and you know I do not—besides, here are dear Miss Linda's very own words: 'Every day of my life I lose my love—and every day the pain is fresh and new!'"

His eyes roamed from side to side—little bubbles formed in the corners of his lips, his hand went up to his throat and tried to loosen his collar, and I could just hear the whispered words that left his lips: "Linda—Linda—Linda!" and then, I struck my last blow at him. (Oh, Miss Linda, to-day, I ask your pardon, but then I was hard and pitiless, as only the very young can be.) And I went coldly on: "She said to me, she did not wish you to know of her sorrow, because, perhaps"—I leaned on the table and brought myself nearer to him—"perhaps you might feel remorse!"

He threw one hand above his head and gave a cry: "Perhaps? perhaps? only perhaps?" and suddenly fell forward on the table, with outspread arms, and I heard him call upon the God he had never truly served and ask the mercy he had denied his own child! And, as I left the room by a second door opening into the entry where hung my hat and cloak, the vindictive devil that possessed me made me say quite clearly: "As a father pitieth his own children!"

I was trying on my hat when I distinctly heard the boys quarrelling as to whether or no there would be prayers held in my honour—some saying, "yes, because I was company," and the younger ones arguing that, as I was not a "grown-up," "there'd be no family prayers," then suddenly there was a howl, and I knew they were coming to blows.

I slipped from the house, without good-bye to any one, and as I passed the study window, I glanced in and saw the "grey head" bowed upon the table and two hands beating feebly, aimlessly, and suddenly I seemed to hear Miss Linda's husky whisper saying: "And only remember how old and tired and tried he is, dear!"

And I cried aloud: "Forgive me, forgive me, dear Miss Linda—I did it because I loved you so!" and looking across the years—I say now—I love you so, dear LITTLE SILENT SINGER.

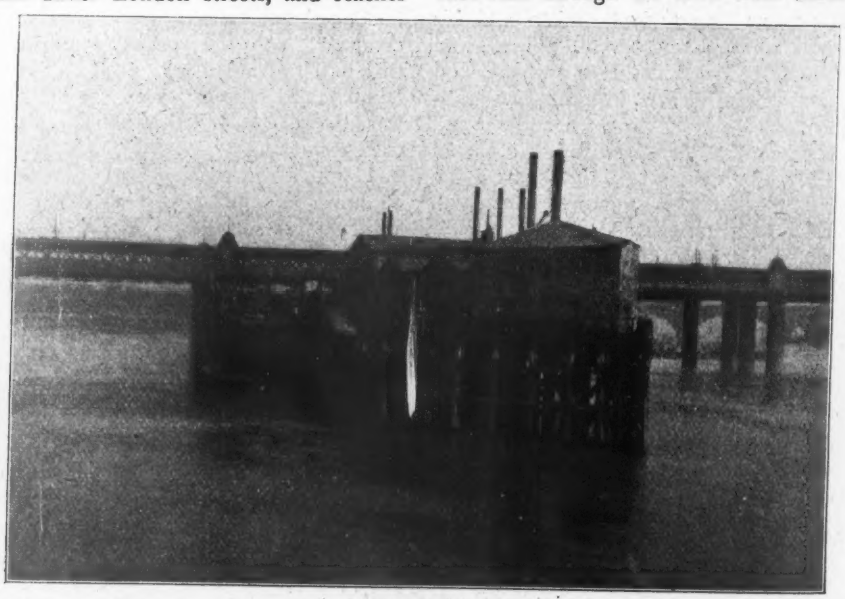
The Making of a London "Tube"

By Gertrude Bacon

THERE comes a time in the history of the mighty and ever increasing cities of the modern world when the question of how to deal with the overwhelming torrent of life rushing ceaselessly along their chief thoroughfares, becomes of the most pressing importance. It is, naturally enough, in the two great capitals of New York and London that this all-momentous problem assumes greatest proportions, and in each instance the difficulty is dealt with in a different way. The Americans seek to relieve the congested arteries of the huge heart of the West by the use of railways raised above the streets; while Londoners, on the contrary, attempt to effect the same end by burrowing underground.

That each system has its special advantages none will deny. The traveller by the New York elevated railroad breathes a purer air, no doubt, than his transatlantic cousin under London streets, and reaches his destination in pleasanter fashion. At the same time London may well refuse to disfigure her principal thoroughfares with the unsightly supports of the overhead rails; whilst sunk deep down in the earth the electric trains can safely and punctually convey their passengers, no matter what conditions of fog and storm may prevail above. Certain it is that with the opening of the Central London Railway, the famous and justly popular "Twopenny Tube," a revolution has been effected in underground travelling, and dwellers in the metropolis apparently see clearly before them the solution, in great part, of the street traffic problem which has vexed them so long.

The great success of London's "tubes" has naturally led to the promotion of other similar ventures, and the time is now not far distant when another underground electric rail will be open to the public. This new tube runs through the town from north to



(G. Bacon, photo)

Temporary river stage of the Waterloo and Baker Street Railway as seen from Thames Embankment. This stage adjoins the Charing Cross Railway Bridge

(G. Bacon, photo)

The stage from the bridge—with ballast barge alongside. The mouths of the two shafts can be distinguished

south, extending from Baker Street to Waterloo Station; and its construction has been an engineering triumph of the highest order. It recently fell to the lot of the present writer, thanks to the unrivalled kindness and courtesy of the engineers, to inspect the actual formation of what will shortly be an accomplished fact; and with her readers' permission she would now propose, in their company, to repeat this voyage of discovery, in order that they may realise for themselves how great an achievement has been quietly and successfully carried out beneath the London streets, and may witness the actual and wonderful processes by which a "Twopenny Tube" is evolved.

For many months past passengers along the Embankment have been aware of a large and substantial wooden stage, erected on lofty piles, and crowded with sheds and building materials, standing out in the tideway of the Thames immediately west of the Charing Cross Railway Bridge. A large notice board on the face of this bears the legend, "Baker Street and Waterloo Railway"; but the connection between the stage and railway is not immediately apparent, and probably but few of the many thousands who pass the structure daily have more than the vaguest notions concerning its origin and functions.

Access to the stage is afforded by several steep ladders and a wooden gangway affixed to the framework of the Charing Cross Bridge, and once past these we find ourselves on the temporary island itself, standing in the midst of a litter of barrows, buckets, heaps of gravel, and huge stacks of the curved iron sections which sheath the underground tunnels. Sundry wooden sheds containing offices and engines are erected at the further end of the pier; but what chiefly attracts our attention are two circular enclosures in the centre of the stage, of considerable size, and surrounded by breast-high stout wooden fencing. Leaning over this to catch a glimpse of what is within, we find ourselves peering down the open mouth of a wide deep shaft, its sides bristling with timber, and leading some eighty feet directly downwards to black depths where the outline of a truck or rails may perhaps be faintly descried.

These two gaping pits are distant but a few feet from each other, and at present they form the main entrances to the twin tunnels of the new railway burrowed under the heart of London. Presently they will disappear,

together with the entire wooden stage and its belongings; and the river will flow on unhampered as before; but by that time the new venture will be complete, and the electric trains will be speeding their crowded coaches beneath the bed where Father Thames rolls his flood. The reason for the existence and present position of these two shafts is briefly unfolded to us by our genial guide before we undertake the descent to the subterranean regions with which they communicate.

It needs but a slight acquaintance with the map of London to see that a line stretching from Baker Street to Waterloo Station, after passing through Oxford Circus, Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross, crosses the river in a slanting direction just above old Hungerford bridge. This is the course of the new railway, and in studying it, before commencing operations, the engineers must needs consider at what spots they would first break ground and begin their tunnelling. In making their choice they were influenced by several considerations, chief among which was the question of space. In the densely crowded area traversed by the new tube the obtaining of suitable open ground on which to work would be a matter of great difficulty and expense; moreover, the removal of the earth from the excavations to great distances through busy thoroughfares was also a serious task to be reckoned with. Also it was of importance, as will be seen later, to sink shafts in proximity to where the most difficult work of the tunnelling—that beneath the river—would be carried on; and hence it was finally decided to make the centre of operations actually in the Thames itself, where space was of little importance, and where, by means of barges, the ballast could be easily and expeditiously removed.

The first task therefore was the erection of the stage out in the stream, and the sinking in the midst of it of huge jointed iron cylinders, going down deep into the bed of the river. The water being effectually excluded by these the further sinking of the shafts, lined with brickwork, was continued beneath them till the desired depth was obtained, when the tunnelling proper could begin.

How this latter process is accomplished we can see for ourselves by descending into the workings. A crane overhangs the shafts, and shortly to its long arm is attached a rude iron cage in which we take our places. The door of the cage is fastened, and with a clank and a rattle the crane picks us off the ground gently, and swings us over the edge of the pit, and then, spinning round merrily the while, slowly lowers us to the bottom and softly deposits us there. A workman unbars the door, and we step out to find ourselves in the midst of a novel and somewhat weirdly impressive scene. A wide circular tunnel, dimly lighted by occasional electric lights from the roof, stretches in shadowy perspective on either side of us, its distance veiled in obscurity. The sides are formed of the jointed iron sections we have seen above, accurately fitted together to form a complete tube, and down the middle, on sleepers, is laid a tiny temporary rail, of perhaps two feet gauge, with a miniature electric engine and a string of trucks standing upon it. The atmosphere is warm and pleasant, and a curious stillness is in the air. It is hard to realise that above us on one side is the roaring street; on the other the rushing river. No sound or sign of either penetrates to our quiet retreat.

Which way would we like to go first; north or south? South, we say, for it will lead us directly under the river. So the word is given, and all in no time we find the trucks have been unharnessed from the little train and their place supplied by a couple of trolleys with a wooden bench on each on which we take our seats and in a moment are rushing down the dim echoing gallery, the metal walls reverberating to the clang of the train; blue electric flames flashing and sparking from the wheels. Swiftly we fly, noticing only that the iron sides glow damp in the bright light of the engine lamp, and that an occasional drop of water splashes on us from a tiny stalactite on the ceiling. And yet but fifteen feet above the top section of the tube lies the muddy bed of the great river, with the tide ceaselessly sweeping up and down its channel, and the barges floating on its bosom. Only fifteen feet of soil, and much of it mere gravel, between us and the thousands of tons of water above.

How has this modern miracle been accomplished?

We shall understand somewhat better when we have reached the termination of our run and step out of our train to examine a curious machine lying at the end of the burrow it has eaten out, much as the wood worm lies at the end of the hole he has scooped for himself. This is nothing more or less than a large circular iron shield of the exact size of the tunnel—twelve feet in diameter in fact—fitted with appliances for urging it bodily forward into the earth, and with platforms on which the workmen take their stand. When engaged in making its way through firm ground this shield—pressed forward by hydraulic power worked from the engines above ground—slowly worms itself, a few inches at a time, into the wall of soil ahead, easing its advance by means of its sharp projecting edge on the further side. Meanwhile the workmen, removing one by one the movable panels of which the disc in front of the shield is built up, scoop out the soil as far as they can before the next advance is made; and thus, inch by inch, slowly but surely, the shield is pushed onwards, leaving behind it a clean cut hole of the exact size and shape desired, and to which, section by section, is added the iron lining which, jointed together, forms the completed tube.

(G. Bacon, photo)

On the stage—showing piles of the iron sections with which the "tube" is lined, and the "cage" in which the workmen are lowered

There is thus no danger of the sides of the tunnel collapsing, for even as the shield moves onward the massive sheathing is bolted into place, and as long as the boring is in firm ground the work goes forward steadily and, comparatively speaking, easily, at the rate of some ten or twelve feet every twenty-four hours. It was otherwise beneath the Thames. True for about half the distance under the river the soil is hard and firm, and, save for extra precautions, the boring could continue much as usual. But half way across the character of the soil alters completely, and the stiff London clay

gives place to loose and porous gravel, through which the water permeates freely, and than which no worse substance can be conceived in which to bore.

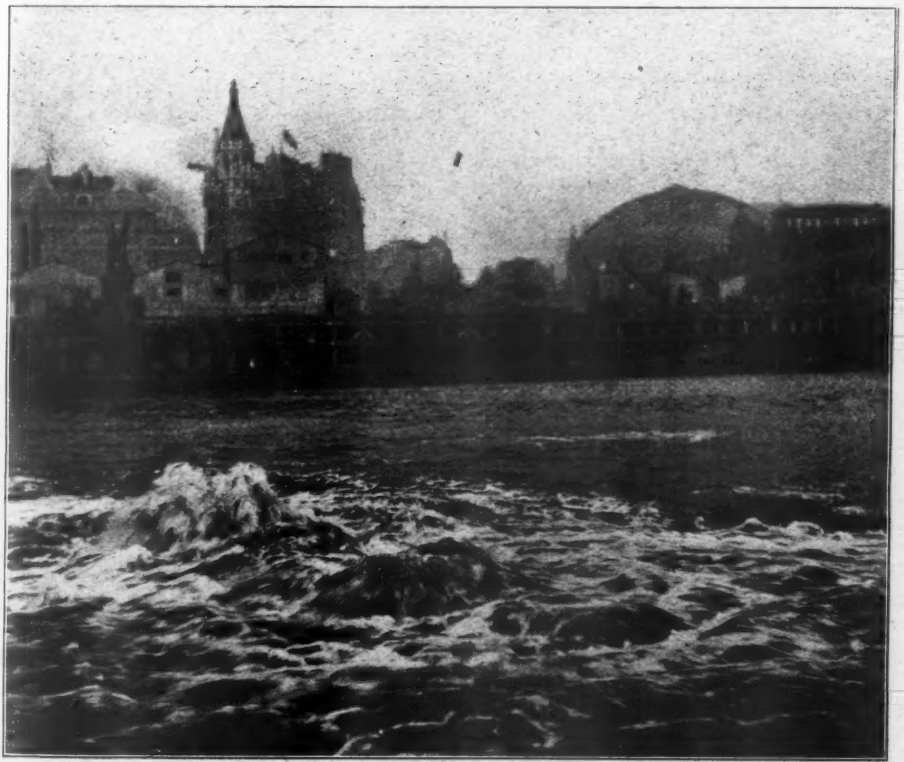
It might well be judged a hopeless task to drive a tunnel through such a crumbling, disintegrating substance, with all the terrific weight of the water above; and the way in which the difficulty was overcome is a veritable triumph of modern engineering. Briefly stated, the water was kept out of the tunnel while the boring was in progress by the use of compressed air. By means of the powerful machinery upon the stage above, air was forced into the tunnel below the water where the excavations were going on to such an extent that the pressure within was raised to "three atmospheres," that is to say, the air in the tube was made three times as dense as ordinary air, and therefore was pressing on all within the tube with a weight three times as great as that with which our atmosphere presses on all things—or in other words forty-five pounds, roughly, to the square inch. This pressure was constantly maintained by pumping in fresh supplies of air incessantly, and the compressed air of the tube, struggling with tremendous force to escape through every chink and cranny of the porous soil, most effectually prevented the ingress of the smallest drop of water by the same course.

With such violence, indeed, did the imprisoned air burst its way upwards into the river, that all the while the boring was in progress the surface of the water above was heaving and boiling as with some underground fountain. Quite a curious disturbance was thus created in certain places across the stream, sufficient to interfere with the course

(S. B. Beles & Co., photo, 68 Oxford Street, W.)

Eighty feet below Cockspur-street—Workmen excavating the tunnel by means of the "shield"

of a small boat, though powerless to affect a craft of any considerable size. Matters so turned out, it chanced, last summer, that while this troubling of the waters was continuing the famous annual race of the Thames watermen for "Doggett's coat and badge" was rowed, the course including that portion of the river where the disturbance was taking place. One of the competitors, though previously warned of the danger, got his boat involved in the broken water and capsized and so failed to secure the prize. He has since sued the company for damages!



(E. Milner, photo, Wandsworth)

Disturbance in the Thames due to the escape of compressed air from the tunnel, sufficient to capsize a small boat

The workmen engaged, then, in burrowing beneath the Thames had to labour in an atmosphere three times denser than ordinary air, and because work under such conditions necessarily implies a considerable and unnatural strain upon the system, a doctor was always upon the spot, ready to render medical assistance if need be, while the men, of course, received increased wages. The actual sensation of working in compressed air is somewhat difficult to define. The most noticeable effect is experienced when the change from ordinary conditions to those of increased pressure is taking place. At the entrance to that part of the workings where compressed air was employed is an "air lock," a small chamber between double air-tight doors, where those passing to or from the excavations were detained while the atmosphere was "adjusted," in precisely the same way as a boat is held in the lock of a river while the water is rising or sinking to

the desired level. While the pressure in the lock is being quickly augmented or diminished curious sensations in the ears are felt, similar to those which the aeronaut, rapidly carried upwards or downwards into rarer or denser strata, experiences, and which can be relieved by the simple act of swallowing. One of the most curious results of compressed air is the strange change it causes in the tone of the human voice. The "timbre" is completely altered, so that the sound appears weirdly unfamiliar both to the speaker himself as well as to his hearers.

It is scarcely necessary to say that tunnelling beneath the river, what with the increased difficulties met with, and the elaborate precautions needed in case of accident, did not proceed by any means as fast as under the town. Indeed the daily progress averaged some five feet a day only, a day moreover signifying the whole twenty-four hours, for in these subterranean regions, lit by electricity, the alternation of light and darkness makes no difference to the carrying forward of the work. The boring completed, the iron sections once fitted in place and most carefully jointed together, the nozzle of a hose is passed through the sheathing at different places, and, by means of a powerful blast of compressed air, a stream of lime and water, technically known as a "grout," is forced behind the sections, between them and the soil, filling up each interstice and drying in a firm, hard cement. In this and other ways water from the river above is excluded from the hermetically sealed tube in which the trains will shortly be running to and fro.

Having completed our investigations beneath the water, and returned to our starting-point, we mount into our queer little train afresh, and are rattled off on a new tour of inspection, northward, under the busiest thoroughfares of London. Through interminable dim vistas of echoing iron corridors we speed, the iron tubing occasionally widening out into considerably broader spaces where presently will be the stations of the new line. Occasionally, through openings in the walls, we catch glimpses of the twin tunnels running alongside. For the greater part of their distance the two tunnels lie side by side, at the same level. South of the river, however, one burrows deeper and deeper into the ground, until finally it runs directly under the other. The reason of this manœuvre is apparent when we learn that to avoid all cause of complaint and possible claims for damage for vibration and the like, the new railway is made to run as far as possible beneath the streets and not beneath the houses, and certain of the streets in the Borough being very narrow the twin lines have had to be arranged one above the other in order to fit into the straitened space.

At one spot, Regent Circus, the new line crosses the track of the Central London Railway, passing above it so closely that only six inches of soil separate the sheathings of the two tubes. Further south in Trafalgar Square excavations run near Nelson's column just out of reach of his lions. Very shortly, therefore, a portion of the ever-increasing traffic that the great sailor has watched from his lofty pinnacle, surging every year more densely down the roaring thoroughfares he overlooks, will be speeding swiftly and safely seventy feet below the base of his pedestal. Nor will this fact, as some alarmists love to foretell, affect Lord Nelson in any way. Too much has been said concerning the damage inflicted by the vibrations of the underground railways. Many of the cracks and settlements in buildings, hastily attributed to the action of the "tubes," are more properly due to the altered conditions of drainage and other kindred causes. There is little indeed to fear from the certain multiplication of the quick, safe, and easy method of transit but now only just beginning to make its influence felt in our midst; and everything to hope from the salutary effect it will have upon the congested arteries of the great heart of our Empire.

Laying the Boundary Line from the Orange to Vaal Rivers

By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G.

THIRD PAPER

MONDAY, December 11.—I returned to Kimberley by coach. Just before starting Major Lanyon (who had arrived last night) came up and introduced me to a fellow passenger, Bishop Jolivet, Vicar Apostolic for Natal, who was right good company, full of anecdotes, and most amusing. He likened the springbuck to cheesemites, owing to the manner in which they suddenly bring their legs close together and then bound up in the air. He was open-mouthed on the subject of the iniquities of the Church of England in the Bloemfontein diocese. One of his complaints is that our clergy dress in cassocks so that you cannot tell them from Roman priests, and that sisters have been introduced who look like nuns, so that no one could tell the difference, and that they have drawn off the Dutch girls from the Roman schools and have ruined the Roman efforts in Bloemfontein. The whole indictment appears to show that the Church of England has been very active and has been just in time to gain the day at Bloemfontein.

Our coachman was a Malay. I did not recognise this at first, but on one occasion when he got excited he abused the horses in choice Arabic swear words, which were very familiar to me. I started a conversation with him, but his Arabic vocabulary was weak, and principally limited to language he had acquired during a pilgrimage to Mecca, where evidently the animals that carried him required a good deal of coaxing and conjuring.

A concourse of the Roman church flocked out from Kimberley, as we approached, in all sorts of conveyances, and brought a carriage to meet the bishop. He insisted on my getting in with him and we drove into town in triumph.

In the evening I was asked to go to a theatrical performance given by the Roman catholic boys of the town in aid of some charity. They drilled, executed various manœuvres and sword exercise; all most capital exercises for boys, many of them not more than seven years old; then they acted in a play entitled *King Alfred and the Cakes*, really grotesque, and then a screaming farce which did not seem very suitable for children; they acted a dying man and used strange oaths. It is very difficult to select plays for children to act.

Next day, *Tuesday, December* 12, I called on the surveyor-general, Mr. Francis Orpen, and agreed to visit the vicinity of the boundary line with him as far south as Ramah, as my colleague Jos. de Villiers is engaged as a member of the Volksraad for several days. With these two it is a case of Box and Cox, they cannot meet together. They have come to such cross-purposes that if they met there would be an explosion.

Jos. de Villiers is a very able man and a good surveyor; he is thoroughly Afrikander Dutch in all his views, and has insisted on the boundary line being brought in much further to the west than Orpen considers just. Francis Orpen is also a very able man, a good surveyor, and good mathematician, and seems never so happy, they say, as when he is in the midst of some abstruse problem, blowing clouds of tobacco smoke around him. I am to be well inoculated with the pure English view as an antidote to all the poison of the Dutch view which I shall inbibe when meeting and working with de Villiers. But so far as I can see it all lies in a nutshell, and presents few real difficulties, except those imported into it by prejudice.

The work before us is to determine the precise position of Ramah, David's Graf, Tarantaal Kop, and Platberg, and to lay down beacons from point to point. To do this we have to make a complete triangulation of

a strip of country 120 miles from north to south between the Orange and Vaal Rivers, to fix the latitude and longitude of some one point in the triangulation, and to connect it with the surveyor's farm triangulation in Griqualand West and the Orange Free State.

Thursday, December 14.—We started early in a Cape-cart and four horses, driven by Mr. Orpen, towards the Modder River and, strange to relate, we promptly lost our way on the veldt. Mr. Orpen had got so interested in his subject that he had taken a wrong turning, and there we were, with the level veldt all round us; and the surveyor-general of the colony quite in a fix; it was most amusing. We had to cross the Modder somewhere; so he chose the first drift, a very difficult one, where we were nearly capsized, and we out-spanned at a Boer's house on the southern side of the river. He asked us to stay for coffee and talked Dutch. Several Boers were assembled there, and as it was my first entry into real Boer society (otherwise than at an inn) I watched the whole proceeding with intense interest. First I was taken aback by the appearance of some of them; it rather took my breath away. They mostly had on corduroy suits, of the very oldest and dirtiest description, and veldt hats; but one old patriarch had a battered black silk top hat and a rusty black suit, which became him down to the ground; he certainly was uniform in his appearance; and yet this man was described as very wealthy. The men spit about in all directions, and the house had a disagreeable odour about it of sour milk, but we sat on the stoep. The whole place was horribly uninviting, and yet some of the things were very clean. The milk pails were polished up, and the brass fittings of various objects were clean and bright. I am inclined to think that many of their dirty ways are due to peculiarities of climate, and the difficulties in getting water and soap. I wonder if I shall ever like them! We went on to a wayside inn near Honing Nest, kept by Mimzc, an old English soldier (45th Regiment), such a contrast to the last place. Mimac has done wonders; dug a well, made a shower bath, planted a garden, and married a Dutch wife, who is not only an excellent cook, but who also keeps the whole place exceedingly clean. She is an enormous woman, too heavy to move about, and sits all day long regulating affairs from the kitchen. They say that when Mimac takes her out for an airing, he has to haul her up into the cart by means of a derrick. This house is forty-two miles from Kimberley, on the road to Hopetown, and is a favourite place for travellers to stop at, as the food is known to be always well cooked, and the accommodation so comfortable; it is only built of galvanised iron, and thus very hot in the daytime, but then it is also very cool at night.

Friday, December 15.—After breakfast we started over the veldt again, a very monotonous journey. The only object of interest to be seen was a steep, rocky hill in the distance, apparently of trap formation, with a white streak flowing down one rocky side. This I was told was a home of the vulture, and that the white streak is from the droppings of these birds, the accumulation of many years; it is called Asvogel Kop, and is near Honing Nest Kloof. I had wondered when coming up in the coach, where these big birds get away to at night. Their habits are an interesting problem; how do they gather together so quickly when some animal dies on the veldt? In a few minutes you will see twenty, thirty, forty or more birds, all congregating together. They tell me that these vultures, on going out of a morning, mount high up and divide the heavens between them; and that when one of them sees, from his vantage-point, an animal fall down exhausted on the earth, he makes his way there, and the others, seeing the movement, close in and follow in the same direction; and that this is carried on for hundreds of miles. This does not quite explain the matter, unless some birds are left aloft, on guard, to watch for the fall of other animals.

To-day we only drove fifteen miles, and arrived at a large farm-house called Belmont, the property of Mr. Wayland. It is the show-house in these parts. Mr. Wayland has made the desert blossom as the rose. He has constructed a large dam, which,

though at a very low ebb at present for want of rain, irrigates his large garden and field. The house is of brick and masonry, and there are a few creepers on the stoep, but no garden close to the house. They are particular in this country to select a dry *erf* for the house to stand on, somewhat high up; while the wet *erf*, for the garden, must be at some distance below the dam. They think that irrigation near a house gives malarial fever, and this certainly was our experience in the Mediterranean; and in the Lebanon you will recollect that fever was always attributed to damp ground near the house.

The result of this system here, however, is to give rather a dusty, dreary appearance to the homesteads, while the gardens may be beautiful and bright with flowers. The garden here is large and well-watered. Mr. Wayland received us as his guests in the most hospitable manner; he took us over his garden and with manifest pride showed us hollyhocks, petunias, periwinkle, tamarisk; all kinds of stone fruit (apricot, peach, plum), orange-trees, pomegranate; all these he has planted himself. All this out of the sweat of the brow; all the result of elbow grease. Mr. Wayland's father lives with him, and he has three grown-up sons and two daughters, all in the house, and also some guests besides ourselves. We spent a very pleasant evening.

Saturday, December 16.—We went this morning to Ramah on the Orange River about twenty miles from Belmont at the southern end of the boundary line, but we first stopped at the house of Mr. John Cron Wright, who gave us a good early dinner and rode on with us. All about here think a great deal about Cron Wright and say he is the type of man they want to farm in South Africa, a born leader of men. He seemed to me just a sturdy Englishman who would hold his own against any odds. I believe that he was raised on a Mission Station, his father having been a missionary in South Africa, and he seems to be a most creditable product of the country. Ramah is an old Mission Station for Griquas who have now left the neighbourhood. I hear that there are only 500 Griquas left, and that they live in huts and tents, very much impoverished. I am not quite sure that I yet know the difference between a Griqua and a Koranna, but I fancy that the latter are the aborigines and that the Griquas are bastards, half Dutch, half Koranna. I find that in spite of the bitter feeling between the Boers and English, the latter are disinclined to talk about the early intermarriages between the Dutch and natives, for at the present time the Dutch look with great horror at such unions and no half-caste children are ever seen about the Dutch habitations. Still it seems notorious that there are coloured de Villiers and white de Villiers, and so on through the various family names, and that the white branches of the family look down upon the branch that shows mixed blood. As far as I can gather from my father's notes made in 1825, the leading Griquas are mostly Dutch half-castes.

Fancy! there are nomadic Boers here, people who live their whole lives in tents, and trek about from place to place, as the spirit moves them, looking for pasture for their flocks and herds. I thought at first that they only went into tents for a season, but I find that some of them have never lived in houses; nor their fathers before them. What a terrible life it seems for civilised people. We paid a visit to the Boer who now occupies the farm at Ramah, he has a wife and grown-up sons and daughters all living in two tents and a waggon. Everything about the (living room) tent was nice and clean, there were chairs, and the floor matted with skins of springbuck, I cannot make out what the girls do all day long, they seem to me to be sitting in chairs doing nothing. The wife seems also generally sitting down shouting out directions to the servants and making coffee. I have seen a good many Dutch interiors now.

Returning to Belmont we came upon several droves of springbuck; they always tried to head us on whatever side they were; and as they came up to the road they each bounded clean across it as though it were uncanny. One of the Waylands lent me a Westley Richards rifle and instructed me

how to creep alongside the Cape-cart so as to get a good shot, but I was not fortunate as they were beyond 500 yards. The Waylands said that if the buck see the cart stop they get alarmed, but as long as it moves on they think themselves safe, and do not imagine that there is any one with a gun awaiting behind it. The principle of getting near to the springbuck when pursuing them, out hunting, whether in a cart or on horseback, is based on the habit they have of always trying to head you. When you come on them (say to your right front) they will, as soon as they see you, endeavour to cross over to the left, but moving away from you; then you begin to trend slightly to the left, and they will describe a very large circle while you are describing a small one; and eventually you will, if you are an adept and the ground is favourable, tire them out and get shots at them under 500 yards, when you may make sure of killing. Why do so many animals seem to have the same desire to cross over in front of you when there is no occasion to do so?—to wit, when you meet a fowl on the roadside.

Sunday, December 17.—We had prayers at 11 A.M. and in the afternoon started for Mimac's where we arrived at sunset, and put up there for the night, arriving at Kimberley next day.

I had an amusing adventure at Belmont. The tame male ostriches are at certain times horribly vicious, and when they see a stranger they run at him, strike out with the toe and tear him up; safety lies in lying down, then they cannot strike with the toe and can only trample on the body with their feet until help comes.

I was going out on Sunday morning with a dog when I saw a cock ostrich come running at me; luckily there was a little hill of iron-stone near, for which I made, and, reaching it in time, climbed on to it just as the ostrich reached me. He could not come up and I could not come down, and there I sat with the dog, unable to move, with the ostrich stalking round and round. Eventually one of the Waylands happened to come out and saw me a prisoner, but even he could not venture to help me, and he had to call the driver of the bird, a little Hottentot child, who looked about four years old. This little mannikin, with a little whip, came up and drove the bird back into his pen, from which he had escaped. These birds are most obedient to their little master, I suppose because they have obeyed him since they were hatched. Of course, if you threw a stone at the bird you could easily cripple him by breaking his leg, but then bang goes £40.

The ostriches are kept on the farms for the sake of their feathers; the cocks are nearly black, the hens are grey. They are ugly animals, and when you see dozens of necks and no bodies over the top of a wall, they remind you of a lot of hissing snakes. One of the men told me that a short time ago a cock ostrich had followed him and he had to get up into a tree where he remained till darkness came on.

In some parts they cut the feathers of the birds, but about here they say they pluck them out when they get loose. One of these birds is worth £40 to £50, and each year his feathers can be sold for £40 so that they ought to be very profitable investments; but accidents will happen to them; some stray away and some will break their legs in rising up and must be shot. If an ostrich gets excited he will jump over a wall eight feet high, but usually he cannot get over two feet of wall. He is kept in his yard by straining a couple of wires round the boundary and then fastening reeds on to the wire; the ostrich sees the obstacle and as a rule will not attempt to pass it.

Mr. Wayland has a great number of these birds on his farms and they all look in good condition; they are not animals to make pets of.

I also saw at Belmont a dog that had been bitten by a snake and was dying. His head was very much swollen up, and he seemed to appreciate our pity and sympathy, and knew that we were caring for him. They say that dogs seldom get bitten by snakes, and that it is quite exceptional for a human being to be bitten, though the whole country abounds with venomous snakes, particularly the cobra.

There are about this country, paauw (large bustards), koorhaans (a smaller bustard),

snake birds, cranes, and wild duck; plenty of turtle-doves in the gardens.

Early in the morning before we left Belmont the mule-waggon from Capetown outspanned, and I was delighted to meet again my two assistants, Serjeant Kennedy and Corporal Randall, safe and sound; and was enabled to arrange for their accommodation on arrival at Kimberley.

From December 17, 1876, to January 17, 1877, I camped outside Kimberley on the veldt, measured a base line there, got our waggon, oxen, and horses together, and organised our party ready to take the field; during this time Jos. de Villiers came over to help now and then, but was principally employed in piling, *i.e.*, in erecting huge stone piles on prominent spots where we agreed to fix our trigonometrical points. During all this time, being both experienced surveyors, we never had a word of difference about our work, and carried it on in entire agreement.

Monday, December 25, 1876.—What weather for Christmas, 101° F. in my tent when I entered it this afternoon, but at the same time a dry wind blowing, which kept me pretty cool so long as I perspired. Yesterday my coolie servant found a snake in his bed, but I fancy a harmless one. I cannot believe in Christmas in the middle of summer; and what can the unfortunate people do in mid-winter with no Christmas interests to enliven the time. They say it is cold here then and no means of keeping warm at night.

The houses at Kimberley are nearly all of canvas, corrugated iron or mud. The iron houses shine in the sun like silver and, at a distance, the town has a glittering, dazzling, appearance. When a thief wants to rob a canvas house he just takes a knife and makes a long slit—presto! he is in the room. It is very simple, but punishment is very simple also. The diggers don't stand on ceremony with the thief and do not wait for a trial; the thief, when caught, just gets as much as he can bear—consequently there is not much thieving in the houses of this country. In respect to security of goods in transit from one town to another, I think it is the most orderly country in the world. You may see boxes full of valuable property; wine, spirits, eatables, all lying on the ground while the Kafir drivers of the waggons are away or asleep or drunk, and yet nothing is lost.

I was amazed to see the absolute security on the way up to Kimberley. Again, more than a million pounds sterling value of diamonds go home every year in the letter-bags by the post carts, without any guard, and yet there is no robbery. There have been thefts of diamonds *en route* from Kimberley, but all of an exceptional character. Even cattle-stealing seems only to go on while there is war with the natives. There is, however, a good deal of diamond stealing in the mines and illicit buying and selling; and hard things are said about several known persons.

Tuesday, December 26.—I am encamped about a mile from Kimberley, close to our base line, which has been used before by Mr. Orpen for his triangulations, so that we can connect up easily our several works. I am hoping to see Mr. de Villiers this evening, and then we shall begin to work together. I wish we could be a little further from grog-shops as our servants continually get drunk. The task of getting suitable servants is very difficult. They do not seem to know what it is to work in an ordinary way, and our survey work is hard and monotonous, and involves keeping very irregular hours. We have to be up usually long before daybreak, and we often cannot be back to dinner till long after dark. Unless we can get the servants interested in the work I fear that we shall be constantly changing them, however good the wages are we give. The Kafirs available are no good as house servants or cooks, so I have got an Indian coolie (from Cashmir), brought up at Calcutta as cook, he says; all he could do, however, was to blow up a fire. I have taught him to bake bread (in our way), make an omelette, poach eggs, and other little accomplishments, and now I suppose he will want to go; his name is Nerada.

Food is wonderfully expensive, except meat, which is sixpence a pound. Cabbages are usually 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* each, and I have heard of a cauliflower going for 25*s.*, but that, no doubt, was a fancy price. A bundle of green oats, two of which a mule

can eat at a meal, 1s. 6d. each. On the average I should say that things are six times as dear as they are in England; and yet some things are cheap, such as weigh little and are not bulky. It is the enormous cost of transport (30s. to 40s. a cwt.) that raises prices, and the deleterious effect of heat on so many classes of goods during the slow journey up in waggons.

I don't think that we hear nearly so much about the unquiet state of the country as you do in England. We get very little reliable news here; but as to the news you get in England we do not know where it is made up—*on dit* in Capetown!

Major Lanyon went to the northern border last week and brought back seventeen Bechuana prisoners; there were the most wonderful stories afloat while he was away. First, that he had been shot; then that he was surrounded by 100 natives, then by 1000, then it rose to 10,000, and suddenly it changed to news that he had surrounded them all. It is a funny little State to have to govern; the people are fond of grumbling, but they are quite loyal. There is talk about risings of the natives around, but it only requires a little firm handling of them and all will go well. They are treated by us too much as though they were civilised, and are quite spoilt; on the other hand, I hear that on some farms—Boers and English—they are flogged unmercifully. It is difficult to arrive at the truth by hearsay only.

The Kafirs make a lot of money at the mines, and, as many of them come to work from places several hundreds of miles up country north of the Transvaal, they will soon know all about civilised life—but the worst side of it. The white people generally, in South Africa, have a strong feeling about the inferiority of black people. The blacks are not allowed to come into the white man's church; I suppose because of their odour.

A Model Women's College

By Charles Ray

THE visitor to Egham on passing through the town and turning to the left, will come upon a high, red-brick wall extending along one side of the road as far as the eye can reach. After following this wall for about half a mile he will see, suddenly rising before him in the distance, a massive and ornate clock-tower; and a further walk will reveal, through an open gateway, a huge building, one of the finest monuments of architecture in the Thames valley. This building is the Royal Holloway College, an institution which, owing its existence to the munificence of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway, is doing a remarkable work in the higher education of women. Some idea of the size and magnificence of the college may be gathered from the facts that its cost was £800,000, and that the ground in which the college stands covers ninety-six acres of the prettiest and healthiest part of the county of Surrey. It is by far the largest educational establishment for women in Great Britain, and probably in the whole world, and as no less a period than nine years was occupied in the erection, it will be easily understood that Egham possesses a pile of buildings of which not only Surrey but the whole country may be proud.

The college is built in the style of the French Renaissance, and is perhaps the best specimen of that school that we have in Great Britain. Before designing the building, the architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, spent a long time in France, examining the most famous chateaux of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, especially that of Chambord, and the result of his studies and carefully thought out plans, though not brilliant perhaps in the sense that Wren's work is brilliant, certainly makes a valuable addition to the architectural treasures of the country. The college is arranged to form a double quad-

rangle. Two lofty buildings, 550 feet long, run parallel to each other, and are connected in the middle and at the ends by lower cross buildings, each divided into two parts by a central tower. The material used is red-brick with stone facings, and being far removed from the smoke of London and other manufacturing districts, the walls

(Rischgitz, photo, London)

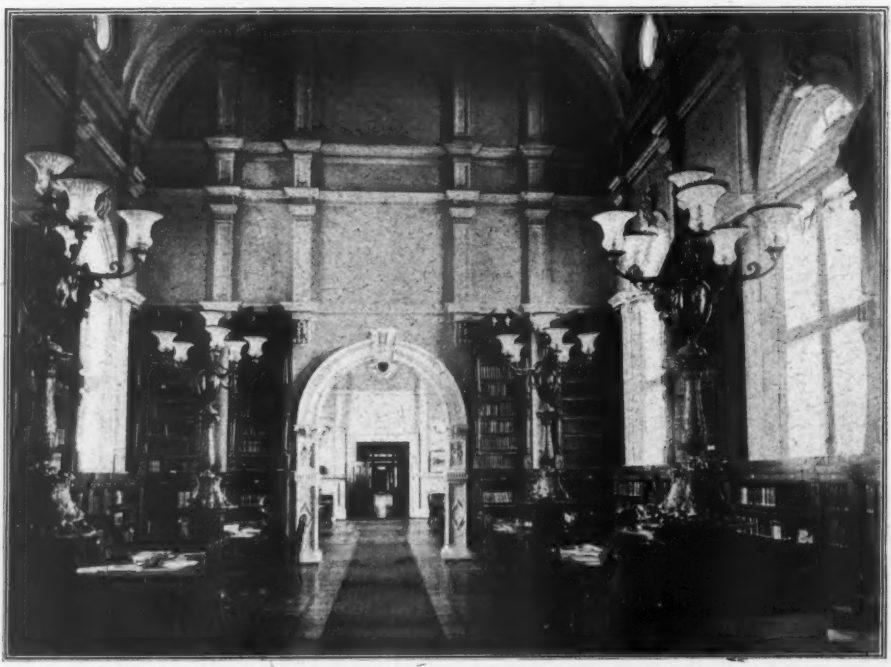
The chapel

look as bright and fresh as when they were first put up.

It has always been a matter for regret to those interested in the college and its work that the founder passed away before the completion of the building, and was thus unable to see the result of his munificence. The Royal Holloway College is the most important educational institution for women that has been established in the last quarter of a century, and it is interesting to know that it owes its origin to a woman, for although Mr. Thomas Holloway was the founder, he formally stated that it was on the advice and counsel of his "dear wife, now deceased," that he founded the college "to afford the best education suitable for women of the middle and upper middle classes." The opening of the Royal Holloway College marked an epoch in the education of women, and no better way of indicating the high-water mark which civilisation has reached in this country could be devised than by directing attention to the college at Egham.

The institution is open to all girls over seventeen years of age, irrespective of nationality or religion, who can furnish certificates of good character and sound health, and who can pass an entrance examination. Those desirous of going through the college course need not study for university examinations, although in the case of girls who win scholarships it *is*

expected that they will work for an honours' degree for the sake of the college whose benefits they are receiving. The authorities are, at the present time, desirous of increasing the number of young women in the college not studying for any particular examination, provided, of course, that they are *bonâ fide* students with some specific course of reading in view. One thing the founder was very emphatic in expressing his views upon was, that the establishment should never develop into a mere training college for teachers and governesses, but that it should be open to all women anxious to pursue a higher course of education than is provided in the schools. Although no religious test is imposed upon those entering the college, the founder's wish was that the tone of the institution should be religious to the extent of impressing most forcibly upon the minds of the students their individual responsibility and their duty to God, and he expressed the desire that the domestic life of the college should be "that of an orderly Christian household." Every morning during the college session the students gather in the chapel, and Miss Penrose, the Principal, conducts a simple religious service, consisting of a psalm, a hymn, the reading of a portion of Scripture, and prayer. Should any student have a conscientious objection to such a service she may be exempted from attendance.



(Rischgitz, photo, London)

The library

On Sundays a Church of England service is conducted at 11.30 A.M. by clergymen invited by the Dean of Windsor. These are often prominent ecclesiastics, and among those who have recently officiated are the Bishop of Southampton, the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Worcester, and the Principal of King's College, London. Of course, the majority of the students belong to the Anglican communion, but there are a considerable number of Nonconformists, and

for the benefit of these a service is conducted in the chapel on every alternate Sunday, at 10 A.M., by some prominent Free Church minister. Dr. Fairbairn attends from time to time for this purpose, and other famous Nonconformist preachers who have visited Egham are Dr. Dallinger and Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"). No difficulty is experienced in thus using the chapel for different kinds of services, as it has not been consecrated, it being the express wish of the founder that the college should never be associated with any particular denomination. Holy Communion is celebrated on certain Sundays at 8 A.M., and a service is conducted by the Principal every Sunday at 7 P.M. Arrangements are also made for students to attend the churches of their various denominations in the neighbourhood, and this is always done in the case of Roman Catholics, of whom several have studied at Holloway College.

The chapel, situated on the left of the main entrance immediately under the shadow of the clock-tower, is a fine chamber very generously decorated. The ceiling is painted and the walls illuminated, whilst the stalls, arranged longitudinally on either side, are of richly carved oak. An interesting feature of the chapel is the stained-glass window presented by Miss Bishop, the first principal. In one of the lights of this is a portrait of the late Archbishop Benson attired as a mediæval prelate. The psalter has been arranged for use in the chapel with music to suit girls' voices by the Rev. Walter Marshall, formerly of Windsor, and Miss Emily Daymond, a former lecturer of the college, who recently received the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, the first woman to receive such an honour at that university.

Royal Holloway College was opened by Queen Victoria in 1886, and in the following year commenced work with twenty-eight students. Gradually the number has increased until in the present year the course

(Rischgitz, photo, London)

The picture-gallery

began with 133. The college can accommodate about two hundred students, but the full number has never yet been enrolled in any one year, although if the progress continues at its present rate, it will not be long before the institution is taxed to its limits. The resident staff of lady lecturers, including the Principal and Vice-Principal, now numbers fourteen, and there are three male professors, who live in the town and give all their time to the college, whilst in addition to these a large number of eminent professors go over from Oxford and Cambridge at certain times, so that from the point of view of efficient teaching no college could be better equipped.

The institution at Egham is unique among women's colleges in that it works for two universities, those of London and Oxford. Students are prepared for the degrees in Arts and Science at London, and for the Classical Moderations, Mathematical Moderations, and Mathematical Greats at Oxford. The successes have been phenomenal. Very large numbers have graduated, and one of the former students of Holloway College has just become a Doctor of Science of London University, whilst another has taken the Ph.D. at the German University of Göttingen, and a third has taken first class honours in Mathematical Moderations and Greats and B.A. Honours at London University.

So far as the scientific laboratories are concerned, Royal Holloway College is equipped as well as the best educational institution in the country. The chemical, physical, and botanical laboratories each consists of a suite of rooms with all the very latest appliances, and fitted up in such a way that nothing can be wanting to the students. These rooms, as indeed the whole college, are lighted by electricity made at the depôt in the grounds, and they are so commodious as to provide ample accommodation for a full number of students. The chemical laboratory is situated in the grounds, some distance from the main building. For the botanical laboratory some of the specimens dealt with are reared in the grounds, and there is a special botanical garden in which plants are grown according to their classes.

The college has a well selected library of books, housed in a sumptuous apartment, and £150 a year is spent in adding to the stock of volumes. No fiction is purchased, although several series of standard novels have been presented to the college from time to time. A great feature of this library is the carefully selected and representative collection of German and French books, no great author of these nationalities being unrepresented. The regulations of the library are very broad and quite free from the petty restrictions which mar to a great extent the usefulness of such adjuncts to schools and colleges. Miss Guinness, the vice-principal, acts as librarian, and under her care this department of the college has proved an increased boon to the students.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Royal Holloway College, though not the most valuable from an educational point of view, is the picture-gallery. The paintings were purchased for the college by direction of Mr. Holloway, and form as representative a collection of the English school as could possibly be got together. Turner. Constable, Morland, Long, Millais, are all represented, and some of the pictures are widely known. For instance, hanging on the walls of the gallery are Frith's popular painting "The Railway Station," Millais' "Princes in the Tower," and "Princess Elizabeth," and Landseer's "L'Homme propose."

The room in which these pictures are housed is a fine apartment over a hundred feet in length, with a lofty ceiling, and with a perfect system of lighting both natural and artificial. The gallery is opened to the public on Thursday afternoons throughout the year. This room is also used occasionally for concerts and entertainments. No new pictures are being bought at the present time, but the collection as it stands now is of immense value from an artistic as well as from a monetary point of view. The pictures are greatly appreciated by the students who are allowed to visit the gallery at all hours, and the curator's lectures on the paintings given from time to time are always well attended.

Only those who have been over Holloway College can have any idea of the comfort

(Rischgitz, photo, London)

The south-west front, Royal Holloway College

and advantages which the students enjoy. Certainly in no other girls' college can a course of study be pursued in such favourable circumstances, and at so small an outlay. The fees are only £90 a year, which includes the cost of living as well as the advantages of teaching. Each girl has a comfortable, bright, and well-furnished study to herself, with an equally attractive bedroom immediately facing the study, on the opposite side of the corridor. On each floor, too, there are common rooms, in which the girls can gather for recreation and discussion. Meals, with the exception of tea, are taken in the spacious dining-hall between the quadrangles, the kitchen being conveniently situated on the opposite side of the central vestibule. This dining-hall, which will comfortably seat over 200 people, is fitted and furnished in light oak. The students' tables are placed across the room from side to side, whilst the principals and staff sit at an elevated table in the middle of the hall. The meals consist of breakfast in the morning, lunch at mid-day, and dinner at seven o'clock in the evening. Tea is served on each corridor in the students' own rooms.

Every care is taken by the Principal and her assistants of the students' health, and a trained nurse is on the permanent staff of the college, the best medical assistance being available at a moment's notice. The college stands upon high ground in one of the healthiest parts of England, and it speaks well for the situation that no epidemic has ever been known at the college, not even that universal complaint—influenza. A small sanatorium stands in the grounds where infectious cases can be isolated, but nothing more serious has occurred at any time than one or two cases of measles and a couple of mild cases of scarlet fever.

To guard against fire every possible precaution is taken, and hand-pumping engines, with hose attached, are stationed all over the building, the students going through

(Rischgitz, photo, London)

The dining-hall

a course of fire-drill at frequent intervals. The college is in telephonic communication with the Egham fire brigade headquarters. On two occasions small fires have broken out and have been extinguished with the utmost promptitude by the well-drilled students, who set about their work in a most businesslike manner. All over the building printed directions are posted up telling students what to do in case of fire, and such a thing as a dangerous panic is practically an impossibility.

The college has never been troubled with burglars, and, indeed, there is little fear of any such annoyance for a watchman patrols the corridors all night, recording his rounds upon a tell-tale register.

The sports and recreations of the students include, hockey, tennis, cricket, and swimming, the college possessing a magnificent swimming-bath in which tuition is given regularly. No student is allowed to row upon the river until she has obtained from the college a certificate of proficiency in swimming. At least once in the year dramatic representations are given in the grounds by the students, and these have proved increasingly successful. Scenes have been rendered recently from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Pride and Prejudice." Royal Holloway College is particularly happy in possessing such magnificent grounds, which are kept in perfect order and with the best of taste. There is an old English rose garden, and on the extensive lawns the grass feels under the feet like a carpet of velvet. Some of the students take a keen interest in gardening, and for their benefit plots are set aside which they may cultivate in any way they

(Rischgitz, photo, London)

A typical student's room

think fit. Perhaps the most historic gathering in the grounds since the opening of the college was that which celebrated the advent of Peace recently. A huge bonfire was lighted and a torchlight procession marched round the college. This was just before the close of the term, and the students entered into the celebrations with a zest only possible at "breaking-up" time.

All the old students of Holloway College cherish a deep affection for their *alma mater*, and there is an "old girls" society known as the Royal Holloway College Association which now numbers 300 members. Two gatherings of these former students are held annually, one at the college on the Saturday before Whit Sunday and the other in London during the winter. In addition to this there is a host of societies and clubs connected with the college, such as the Tennis Club, the Hockey Club, the Chard Society (dramatic), the Chapel Choir, the Choral Society, the String Band, the Political Society, the Literary Society, the Classical Club, the German Reading Society, the Science Discussion Society, the Botanical Club, the Christian Union, the Lambeth Association which supports a club for the benefit of working girls in Lambeth, the Waif and Stray Needlework Society, and the Women's University Settlement at Southwark.

It must not be forgotten that Royal Holloway College owes its success in a very large measure to the ability, learning, and tact of its principals. The first principal was Miss M. E. Bishop, who, to the regret of the governors, retired in 1897. She was succeeded by Miss E. Penrose, Principal of Bedford College, who had a very distinguished career at Oxford and was for a short time a lecturer under one of the University Extension societies. Miss Penrose is a member of the Senate of London University, being one of the three women members of that distinguished body. The Vice-Principal, Miss E. M. Guinness, formerly a student of the college, in the second year, after finishing her course and distinguishing herself at Oxford, remained on at Egham as lecturer and librarian, and was recently appointed to her present post.

An Idler

All the day though the finches flash and hover,
And in farmlands not a seed discover
But sweet horns of growth are at the core;—

Though the king-gull call his clan to follow
Over snow honeycombed along the hollow,
Where rivals cloud the silver shore;—

Though the thrush, busy building, set a-tremble,
Every white thorn-bush or scarlet bramble;—
Remote in the wood, I hear a dove

(Through the haste of the year at rest and lonely),
Mid the young leaves make a music only:
"O Beloved, O Love, O my Love!"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

She started back in horror, for standing as if on guard over the boat was an awful looking creature

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA, p. 645

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

CHAPTER XIX

DARK DEEDS

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
BURNS.

UNA led her two men down the steps that led to the Tanners' landing-place. Half-way down she stopped. Dick looked up questioningly.

"What be us to find here?" he said.

"I hope you will find nothing," she said, with a quick-drawn breath; "but I know an hour or two ago you would have found some one. Search well; if Ned whistles to you, go to his aid. I shall be back shortly."

It was only a hundred yards away to the gorse bushes that covered the secret descent to the Witches' Hole. Una paused for one moment at the top, and listened. Not a sound was to be heard. Swiftly and quietly she descended, and paused when she reached the bottom before she dared light her lantern. Only the lashing waves and wind outside met her anxious ear. Very cautiously she struck a match, and heaved a sigh of relief when she saw the *Triumph* standing untouched; but the next moment she started back in horror, for standing as if in guard over the boat, was an awful-looking creature. Two eyes of blue fire stared steadily at her; she swung her lantern round until the full blaze of its light fell upon the object. And then with another long-drawn breath of relief she saw it was one of Tom's ingenious ruses for keeping away the superstitious fishers from the *Triumph*. It was a stuffed figure, nearly seven feet high, with a ghastly white face, and a broad-painted grin; phosphorus had been applied to its eyes and different parts of its body. One arm was raised in threatening attitude with a rusty pitchfork in its grip; the other was laid on the *Triumph's* rudder. As she looked she felt that it would need a very daring spirit to enter into the Witches' Hole with such an object as that in front of them. She made a hasty search through the cavern. The *Triumph* was untouched, but where were her crew? She retraced her steps up the rope ladder with a sinking heart.

When she had left the Towers two or three hours previously, she had run across the cliffs without a fear in her heart. She had nearly reached her goal, when suddenly some dark cloak was flung over her head from behind, and she was tripped up. She fell heavily against a sharp rock, and was for the time stunned by the fall. When she was recovering consciousness, she heard voices, but could see no one.

"Leave her be. Us doth not want her hurt. 'Tis only to keep her disabled."

"Her hands be fast tied; us had best put her out o' the path in among the bushes, for folks might pass; an' us have a good hour's work afore us."

"Them skulkin' varmints! A will tackle Tom, for the old 'un be easily done for. 'Tis the last time they do keep our rightfu' spoil from us!"

"Ay, but them do be in the league wi' the devil himself, the folks say."

"Us will see if so be that strange craft do go out to-night when us have got 'em in our hands; an' if her be not seen, us will know they have raised she by their wicked spells!"

"Ay, an' if 'tis so, us will burn 'em out of Perrancove!"

"Come on, man, Missy be safe enough. If us cannot catch 'em at their house, they'll be in Eagle Head Cove. A'll go there myself!"

Una was dragged along the turf, pushed amongst the gorse; and she heard her assailants move off, muttering threats of vengeance on the poor Tanners as they went. She struggled to release her hands in vain. Her own woollen scarf was tied across her mouth, and all she could do was to roll herself over and over on the ground towards the beaten path, in the hope of receiving help from some passer-by.

It was not long before Baldwin found her, and she had been prompt and quick in

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action, yet here, on the scene of the plotted outrage, there was no sight or sign of the Tanners or their persecutors. Had they been murdered? she wondered. Had they been dashed over the cliff-side? She felt convinced that Tom would not be secured without a desperate struggle. And then, where was Kathie? She reached the top of the cliff and went back to the cottage at Eagle's Head, fearing to hear what her men might have found. As she reached the door Ned rushed out excitedly.

"Oh, mistress, 'tis bewitched! This place be bewitched!"

"Do not be so foolish," Una said sharply. "Have you seen or heard anything?"

"Oh, there be frightful groans all round me, an' ne'er a living soul to be seen!"

Ned had only just awoke from his slumber, and his senses were not very bright. Una went in at once and heard the groans that had frightened him, but they seemed to come from under the floor. She remembered there was a trap door, and soon found the ring of it. Getting Ned to help her, they lifted it up. There was a small cellar underneath, and at the foot of the short ladder descending, was what appeared to Una to be a bundle of clothes. Ned's courage was returning; he volunteered to go down; but telling him to hold the lantern, Una descended herself.

It was poor old Eli. He had been served more roughly than had Una, and was now quite unconscious. With great difficulty Una and Ned carried him up and laid him on his bed. Una's blood boiled with indignation as she saw his bruises and wounds, and realised the cowardly attack made upon such a helpless old man.

She set to work at once, with the deftness and skill of a born nurse. She had always been accustomed to doctor wounded animals, and that experience now helped her. She had thoroughly provided herself with soft rag and ointment, for she knew if she found her friends alive, they would be sorely hurt. She bathed and bound up his cuts and bruises, got him to swallow some brandy, and soon had the pleasure of seeing him open his eyes and recognise her.

"Ah, Missy," he murmured, "I be most done for, I fears!"

"No, indeed, you are not, Eli. You are going to get quite well," she said brightly, trying to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes. "And you have no bones broken."

"I feel broken entirely."

"You mustn't talk. I am going to leave Ned with you till I fetch Kathie."

"Where be Tom?" the old man groaned. "They set on us, Missy, outside the door here. 'Twas inky black; I—I lost Tom. I remembereth no more!"

"We are going to find Tom. Don't talk, but try to sleep."

Una told Ned to watch by him, and moved towards the door; but as she did so it opened, and Dick and John came in carrying a sad burden.

"He be dead, mistress," said Dick, with a lugubrious shake of his head. "He must a' bin' flung down the face o' the cliff, for us found 'im at the bottom. Nobody could a'ive after that—no ways!"

Una's courage nearly failed her. She had to make a supreme effort to prevent the feminine weakness of tears from overcoming her.

But she conquered it, and desired her men to lay poor Tom on his little wooden bed. She bent over him, and though his heart seemed to have stopped beating, she did not fancy that his face bore the impress of death upon it.

"Dick," she said promptly, "run for the doctor—run for your life, and perhaps we shall save him yet!"

Dick disappeared, and Una tried her utmost to restore life to the inanimate form. She saw at a glance that one of his legs was broken, and that his head had received severe injury. She bathed that as well as she could, put hot bottles to his cold feet, and got a little drop of brandy down his throat. Then she sat and waited. It seemed hours before the doctor arrived, but he came at last.

He asked no questions, to Una's great relief, but set to work at once, and at last a low moan rewarded his efforts.

"I shall bring him round, but he'll want good nursing. Is there no woman belonging to him?"

"I will go and fetch her," said Una, "if you can do without me."

The doctor nodded. He was a brisk little man of middle age, and lived about four miles away. He was not very cognisant of all that went on at Perrancove, for he had a large practice over a very scattered population, and was always very busy.

"Your place seems in a tumult to-night," he remarked. "I fear a largish vessel has been wrecked on those Perran Rocks."

"Yes," said Una quietly, though her heart was full of bitterness; "I am afraid lives have suffered to-night. Will you look at the old man too, and do what you can for him?"

"Another—has it been a bit of a spree, or a fight, or what?"

Una could not reply. She left the house with a choking sob. The night air fanned her heated temples, and she lifted her face to the sky above. "O God," she cried, "have mercy on them, and save them from such a cruel death! And let me find Kathie alive and well. Oh, watch over and keep us!"

The storm was abating slightly. A faint streak of light on the horizon showed that the night was over and that dawn was already breaking. As Una went down the village street there were lights and voices in more than one house, and men were still hovering about the beach. Before she turned the corner to Kathie's cottage she came face to face with a little group. Two women crying pitifully walked by the side of a hurdle. It was the drowned body of Jonas Pengaff. His mother and wife had been on the beach when the body was washed ashore. Even Una's present trouble could not deaden her to the grief of others.

She stopped and addressed the wife:

"Oh, Mary, is there no hope! You poor dear creature! I was out when you came up. Oh, I am sorry for you!"

One of the lads bearing the sad burden looked up.

"Ay, Missy, it have bin a terrible night. Jonas b'ain't the only one. There be Tom McCake missin', an' Jake West's corpse have just bin washed up. They must a fallen in wi' this brig that be wrecked an' boarded her, for they come in alongside o' t'other corpses, an' pieces o' their smack be floatin' close to t'other. Ay, it have bin a dreadful storm."

Una continued her way. When she got to Kathie's cottage she saw a light in the window. A man leaning against the wall slouched off as she stepped up to the door. She found it locked, and knocked loudly.

"Are you there, Kathie?"

It was an intense relief when Kathie replied from within:

"Is it you, Missy? Thank God. Any one beside you? Whisper through the keyhole."

Una obeyed.

"I am alone," she whispered. "Why don't you unlock the door?"

"I can't. Some un have locked me in, an' I cannot break the lock."

"Cannot you get through the window?"

"Have tried, Missy. They're too small. Tell me, did the *Triumph* go out?"

"No. Who locked you in, Kathie?"

"I cannot tell. I was puttin' my things together when I heard a sound. A hand just opened my door an' snatched at the key like lightnin'! Afore I could get to it, I found myself a prisoner!"

"Then I shall rouse up every house in the village till they give me the key," said Una, her spirit rising in indignant protest at this treatment. "If they think they are going to have it all their own way, they're mistaken, the cowardly brutes!"

She was so angry that she raised her voice. Turning back, she was going to make good her words, when there was a rattle on the stones by her feet. Stooping down, she picked up the key; it had evidently been flung to her by some one within hearing. For an instant she meditated pursuing a moving shadow a short way off; then she thought better of it, and taking the key, she soon had the door opened, and in another moment she and Kathie were crying in each other's arms.

It only needed a few words of explanation, and Kathie was hastily packing a basket with requisite articles for nursing, bravely checking her sobs, and only too anxious to be up and doing after her long time of enforced idleness.

"I couldn't go to bed, Missy; I felt that evil were brewin'. I knew if they kep' me a prisoner they would serve feyther worse; an' I trembled for you crossin' the cliffs

alone! I've heard whispers of this plot. They dursn't go to Witches' Hole, but they have had suspicions of the *Triumph*'s crew, an' were determined to stop us."

They were walking up the village street now. Kathie had locked the cottage door and put the key in her pocket. Silently they made their way along, but when once on top of the cliffs, Una spoke.

"They have been successful, Kathie. Even now they are getting spoil from the wrecked vessel. Isn't it awful to think of all those souls drowned when we were ready to save them? Oh, it is inhuman! But some of them have been punished for it. We should have saved Jonas Pengaff, Tom McCabe, and Jake West. All three leave widows and families. They have brought it on their own heads. I shall tell them so!"

"Poor, poor things," said tender-hearted Kathie.

"I feel to-night," Una went on hotly, "as if I would like to make a clean sweep of the whole population of Perrancove! They are robbers and murderers, and they have tried to-night to murder two innocent men—the only ones who are noble and honest and true! I—I—want revenge, Kathie, and so will you when you see dear old Eli and poor, poor Tom!"

"Ay nc, Missy," said Kathie with a quick-caught breath. "Us be not haythens. What would our Master say?"

"I—I feel wicked to-night," said Una, with a little sob. "Why does God try us so? He has taken our husbands. He has almost taken Tom and Eli. What can we two lone women do?"

"He has left the lifeboat," said Kathie softly.

"Yes, the *Triumph* is safe, but we shall hardly be able to manage her."

"I did not mean the *Triumph*, Missy. Our own Lifeboat—thc dear Lord Himself."

Una was silent; then she laid her hand softly on Kathie's arm.

"Thank you for reminding, me. Yes we have Him, or rather, He has us. We cannot be wrecked, Kathie, nor more can any of our dear ones. Oh! do let us pray that they may be all given back to us."

When they reached Eagle's Head they found that the doctor had finished his work. Tom's broken leg was set, his head bandaged, and he was lying comfortably in his bed. The doctor came forward gravely as Una entered.

"He is not out of danger, for I fear it is concussion of the brain; but I hope he will pull through. It is a miracle he has survived. Who are the perpetrators of such an outrage? It ought to be put into the hands of the coastguards or police."

"We do not know who they are," said Una quietly. "This is his daughter-in-law; she will be able to stay and nurse him if you will give her your directions. How is the old man?"

"Very exhausted and shaken, but he is asleep, and that will do him more good than anything. I will look in to-morrow. I am hoping to save the leg, but I fear amputation."

Kathie looked up in horror.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried, "do, do save him from that. Feyther be so strong an' active that his heart will be broken if he be a cripple for life."

"Well, lass, we will hope for the best."

Una stayed till he went, and then, leaving Ned behind to help Kathie to nurse, she set off homewards in company with her two men.

Now that she had nothing more to do, her weariness made itself felt. The sun was slowly rising from behind the Towers; a fair sweet summer day was dawning; and the sea alone, with its long line of breakers, bore witness to the raging storms that had so lately ruffled its surface.

It was only her strong will that enabled Una to reach her home unaided. When she met Mrs. Craven, who had been up all night anxiously expecting her return, she tottered into her arms.

"Take me to bed. I feel done for!"

And all that bright summer day she lay in exhausted slumber in her bed. Towards evening she revived, and insisted upon walking out to Eagle's Head. Mrs. Craven begged her to let the groom accompany her. She was terrified, poor soul, for her mistress's safety, and was intensely relieved when Una agreed to do as she wished.

Tom was still unconscious and very ill. Eli was much better, but content to lie in

bed and rest. Una sat with them whilst Kathie went home for a little. Eli was able to give her a more coherent account of what had happened, and she listened with the greatest interest.

"'Twere like this, Missy. After you be gone, Tom an' I were talkin' serious as to what to do wi' Patty, an' for a minute us took our eyes off her. All of a sudden her sprang like a cat to our ladder, that her must have knowed about before, an' like a lightnin' streak her were up an' away. Tom he runneth after her, but not a sign did he see of her when he gotten up. Then he cometh back, an' us talketh over matters serious like. An' he riggeth up a terrible figure; for he saith 'tis only fear will keep the fishers away now. They do be terrible concarned to find out about we! An' if they once did see the *Triumph*, her would be hacked to pieces in no time! So as time were gettin' on, us left, an' went home to tea. Us had not satten long, afore Tom, who was in an' out, a-watchin' the coast, cried out, 'Feyther, there be a brig a-drivin' right on the Perran Rocks! A'll hoist the signal to Kathie, an' us must be off to wance!' He runneth out, an' were just a comin' in, when his lantern be dashed to ground, an' six or eight men be on him. Tom, he struck out right an' left bravely; but there were too many. I be an old man, Missy, but my blood were up; an' I asketh my Father to lend me strength, an' I seizeth my stick an' I rusheth out into the middle of 'un! 'Twere so uncommon dark, that I couldn't see the faces on 'em, but I gotted a crack on my head, an' I knoweth no more, till I found you an' your lad a bendin' over me!"

"I can guess the rest," said Una, and she would not let him talk any more, for he was becoming restless and excited.

CHAPTER XX

THE NEW RECTOR

Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene;
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face.

CRABBE.

IT was many days before Perrancove quieted down. The loss of three of their number sobered some, but others were drinking heavily. The wrecked vessel proved to be a merchant's, and, as far as they could judge, not a soul had been saved. Bales and casks continued to be washed ashore, amidst much secret rejoicing. The assault on the Tanners was hushed up. None of their assailants could be identified, and the bulk of Perrancove were in sympathy with them. As Una said, hopelessly, when talking it over with her housekeeper:

"Kathie and I are two helpless women, Mrs. Craven. Our husbands are supposed to be dead; and though we do not believe they are, others do; and we have no men to defend us. I know you say that I can rely upon my household; but I am not so sure that I can. Where do the maids get their bright silks from? I have been talking to one of them this morning. She held a most exquisite gold-wrought chain in her hands. With sobs she confessed that Dick had given it to her last night. Now where did Dick get it?"

Mrs. Craven looked uncomfortable.

"They be but lads, mistress; they see no harm in pickin' up what be cast at their feet—so to speak. They were out on the beach last night. Maybe the chain were tossin' in an' out with the seaweed."

Una shook her head. She doubted whether Mrs. Craven would resist a piece of rare lace for her caps, if offered to her. She went away and cried in the privacy of her room.

"Oh, Cuthbert, why did you leave me? I am too helpless, too inexperienced to guide our household. I want a man's head, a man's stern judgment. I cannot rule them as I ought!"

She was realising now, as she had never realised before, her own weakness and incompetence. It brought a softness into her tone, a wistfulness into her eyes, that added to her charms, had she only known it. But if she had, she would have cared little. Vanity was not her besetting sin, and her heart and thoughts were always with her absent husband. The summer passed quietly. Tom recovered, though it was a slow and tedious recovery, and he knew that he would never be so active on his feet as formerly. Eli was up and about long

before Tom left his bed. The doctor said their strong and vigorous constitutions were much in their favour. Tom wanted Kathie to let her cottage, and come and live with them; but though she spent most of her days at Eagle's Head, she steadfastly refused to move.

"My Jim may come back any day," she would say; and not all the pitying looks and doubtful head-shakings of those she talked with could dim the light of hope that shone in her large expressive eyes. One day a change came upon the little fishing village. The old rector, who had been for years past his work, died, and a tall young athletic fellow took his place.

Una was rowing round the coast in her boat when she first met him. She heard a call for help, and beheld, on some rocks in a small bay, a man brandishing a white handkerchief on a stick.

She rowed up to him, and found he had lost an oar and got into such a strong current that he had very nearly been dashed to pieces on the rocks.

"Come into my boat," she said, "and we will tow yours along."

He sprang lightly in, and Una looked at him wonderingly. He was like a Saxon giant, she thought; but a very handsome one. His curly head looked as if the sun were always touching it, so bright and sunshiny was it in hue; his blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes, sparkled with animation; every gesture in his long-limbed, broad-shouldered figure bespoke healthy energy and activity. He met Una's eyes, as she quietly took note of him, with a radiant smile—a smile that was infectious in its frank joyousness.

"I am a stranger to you," he said in a clear ringing voice; "but I hope I shall not remain so long. May I take an oar? Thank you. Are you not Mrs. Gregson? I have seen you in the distance."

"Yes, at church. You are our new clergyman. How do you like your parish?"

Una spoke demurely.

"I think I shall delight in it. The fishers are after my own heart; and the sea has a fascination that I cannot resist. You would not think it after my mishap this morning, but I am a born sailor. It was a terrible grief to me when my mother told me she wished me to go into the Church; for as a youngster I set my heart on being in the navy. When I rowed out this morning I felt life was almost intoxicating; and then in my rashness I came too near the rocks."

"It was well they were not the Perran Rocks."

"Where are they? I have heard dreadful tales of the havoc they cause to vessels out of their course."

"They run in a reef right across our bay; the current is very strong near Condy's Cave, and vessels are driven on to them continually."

"So I hear. I asked an old man to-day if there was no lighthouse to warn passing ships. He scowled at me terribly."

"Yes, he would."

Una's tone was absent. Then she roused herself.

"You will be making acquaintance with them all; but very few of them come to church. Some go over to a chapel at Pollycarthew, the rest go nowhere."

"But if they will not come to me, I shall go to them," said Donald McFarlane. "I shall hold a service on the beach, or in a boat—anywhere—so long as I am amongst them! I have not come here to be idle. I long for work; I long to tell them the good news I have for them. They seem dark with superstition and ignorance."

Una looked at his glowing face, and her pulses quickened.

"You—you believe in religion?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Believe in my vocation? I should think I do! I could not be a messenger if I did not believe in my Master or in His message that I am to bring."

"Ah," said Una impulsively, "you are the man we have been wanting. Kathie and I often say that if we were not women we should try and speak to them. We are a wicked lot, Mr. McFarlane; we don't like to be interfered with, and the less we know, the less we want to know. There have been one or two saints amongst us. Kathie and I have been taught all we know from them, and we struggle on together. We sadly want a messenger, a true real minister, one

Una heard a call for help and beheld, on some rocks in a small bay, a man brandishing a white handkerchief on a stick

who will move in and out amongst us, and be a friend to all."

Donald McFarlane looked up into the blue sky fervently; then straight into Una's wistful eyes.

"God helping me I will be that to you, and others," he said.

A little silence fell on them both. Then he began asking questions about the neighbourhood, and Una found herself telling him fully the history of Perrancove and of its inhabitants. She was silent regarding her own loss and the existence of the *Triumph*. As they rowed along in the sunshine her heart warmed towards this new-comer. He looked so good, so strong, so true. She felt as if some one had been sent to her in her hour of need—one in whom she could confide; who would stand by and help her; who would be a tower of strength to the weak and helpless.

His sunshiny brightness infected her. She threw off her cares, and her ringing laugh joined his hearty one as their oars flashed in and out and they chatted on together.

They parted the best of friends. Donald had heard about the young mistress of the Towers. He had felt a great pity for the young girl in such an isolated position, and now he had made her acquaintance, that pity turned into a deep interest. Her girlish vivacity, her keen sense of the ludicrous, her warmth of feeling—all found response in his own heart.

"A widow, without believing in her widowhood," he soliloquised as he walked back to the rectory that morning. "What a child she is! How apparently untouched by her bereavement! I wonder if she really cared for him? There is a sad little look in her eyes when she is grave, but how her face lights up as she talks! How impulsive, how pretty, how bewitching she is! And how earnest in the real deep things of life! Oh, I am glad, I am thankful, I came to this part of the world. I may be able to be a help and a comfort to her."

Poor Donald! Honest and open as the day itself, he little knew the strong current that was already lapping round his barque—the current that with such a sunshiny surface was going to carry him slowly and surely into dangerous waters that would well-nigh overwhelm his soul.

Una never forgot his first sermon, delivered the following Sunday. He had taken the service the week previously, but had not preached. Now his voice rang out through the building with no uncertain sound:

"The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

A good many fishers attended out of curiosity to hear the "new parson," but they did not expect to be so riveted and held by his words.

Donald had a very simple and clear mode of delivery. He went straight to his point and kept to it, hitting hard and truly, but with such love and yearning in his tone that it was impossible for his hearers to take offence. He divided his text into three parts, dealing with the three different classes mentioned. Very tender and deeply sympathetic was he in his words to the broken-hearted. Una and Kathie were in tears, as were many others with aching hearts and desolate lives. His picture of prison-bound captives—prisoners bound with cords of self-seeking, drink, and sin—was graphic in its power and intensity.

"Even in this sweet fishing village," he said, "with God's fatherly love showing itself in the golden sunshine and blue rippling waves, with His power in the huge Atlantic billows when the wind rises, and the storms come upon us—even here there are souls that are hugging their chains, that are shutting their eyes to what is right and pure and good. They are plotting evil, and clogging their brains with drink. They are bound by the devil himself, and can only think and act in his service. Slaves of sin! slaves of drink! slaves of greed! You who revel in your fellow man's destruction! you who, with the treacherous rocks across your bay, allure passing vessels to their destruction! are you happy in your bondage? Are you free? I bring you good tidings to-day of One who shall make you free!"

The fishers were spell-bound. Who was this fair-faced, yellow-haired boy who stood up in their midst and dared to speak to them so?

They came away dumbfounded.

"He knoweth too much o' these parts, that new chap do," muttered one to the other.

"But he be a powerfu' praycher."

And when he came amongst them with his outstretched hand and hearty laugh they could not resist the radiant young parson. He wound himself round their hearts, and gained their confidence in a most marvellous and inexplicable manner.

Even the surliest would touch their hats, and respond to his greeting as he passed by.

One afternoon he met Una outside her own gates

"I was coming to call upon you about a certain matter," he said; "but if you are walking anywhere, may I accompany you?"

"I was going over to Eagle's Head," Una said brightly. "Do come with me. Eli will be delighted to see you."

He strode along by her side, and a shadow seemed to cross his face as he said, gravely:

"Do you know all the superstitions of this part, Mrs. Gregson? I suppose you do. I was amused at first, but it pains one after a bit. I rescued an old woman who, I hear, lives in terror of her life. She is a poor crazed thing, and the lads who were bullying her informed me she was a witch. One went so far as to tell me that she would have been killed long ago if she had not had nine lives like a cat."

"That is poor old Patty. I often long to give her a cottage, and put some one in to look after her, but she would never stay in it. She loves roaming about at her own free will, and coming upon you when you least expect her. The boys are very cruel to her. I am always speaking to them about it."

"Then what is this about the Witches' Hole? I am told that a certain black boat comes out of it whenever a wreck is at hand, and that a certain family living on that headland over there are in league with the evil one. I have heard conflicting testimonies about it; some say that they save lives, others that they destroy them. My informants wax so hot over their iniquities that they become quite incoherent. The one clear fact I have gathered is that the Witches' Hole is haunted, and that no one dare venture in on peril of their lives. I mean to row myself over this afternoon and penetrate the mystery surrounding it."

"Oh!" said Una, looking startled; "I should not do that if I were you."

"Why not? Surely, Mrs. Gregson, you do not share in this superstition?"

"No, but—but it is dangerous round the Witches' Hole. Condy's Cave is close to it, and the currents are very strong there; you might get drawn into them."

"Do you ever go there yourself?"

"Sometimes."

Una's tone was hesitating. She added earnestly:

"It is not really haunted. There is no object in your going. You have been listening to idle tales."

"But I cannot convince the fishers that it is not haunted unless I visit it myself. Will you come with me, Mrs. Gregson, and show me the way? You have come to my rescue once, and as you know the currents so well, there would be no danger with you as a pilot."

"Oh, no; I cannot really do that. I beseech you to give it up. I—I ask you, as a personal favour, not to go."

The colour was coming and going in her cheeks as she spoke. Donald McFarlane noted her agitation, and was filled with wonder.

He met her appealing eyes with a grave, intent look; then he said gently:

"Will you not confide in me, Mrs. Gregson? I assure you that I am to be trusted; and if silence is necessary, that silence will not be broken by me, except by your permission. I will be quite frank with you. Your name has been mentioned in connection with this mystery, and in a way that I do not like to hear. Who are the Tanners, and why are they such friends of yours? What have they done to make themselves such objects of hate in the village?"

"I am going to their house now," said Una evasively. "Wait until you have seen them, and then form your own judgment about them."

Donald was silent. They soon reached the cottage, and found Eli mending a fishing-net in the wooden porch. He looked up brightly when he saw his visitors.

"Ay, Missy, 'tis good to see ye, and I be

Found Eli mending a fishing-net in the wooden porch

honoured by a call from our passon. Sit ye down, sir, 'tis a right proper marnin' to be out."

Donald took a seat as desired, after giving the old man one of his hearty hand-grips.

Una settled herself on the sloping grass bank in front of the cottage, and insisted upon helping Eli in his work.

"You know how I love netting, so let me do some, whilst you talk to Mr. McFarlane. Where is Tom?"

"He be out fishin' but I looketh for him soon!"

"I want to know all my parishioners," said Donald pleasantly. "Were you at church last Sunday?"

"Ay, us were that. Them were good words ye spake to us, sir; I cometh back an' put up a song of thanksgivin' that the dear Lord have sent a trumpet to us wi' no oncerting sound. Let Him blow through ye, sir! the toon will reach our hearts, an' break through many a deaf ear, if it be the Lord Hisself that bloweth!"

Donald's fair young face flushed and lightened with pleasure. He and Eli plunged into an animated conversation at once, which lasted till Tom returned. Una sat by, saying little. She was wondering if she could trust the young clergyman with their secret; she was convinced that no amount of persuasion or entreaty would deter him from his purpose if he saw it to be a right one; and she felt it might be wiser to tell him about the *Triumph* before he discovered its existence himself.

With Tom came Kathie, bearing a covered basket in her hand.

She dropped a curtsey to her rector, and seemed to him to be the personification of an ideal fisher's wife.

"'Tis just a pie, gran'feyther, that I have bin' bakin', and so I thought I'd bring it along. I meeteth wi' feyther on the way."

"I wish I could stay to help you eat it,

Kathie," said Una, rising from her seat with a little sigh; "but I must be going. I brought Eli some good strong soup in that jug. Make him drink it before you leave, Kathie; he doesn't half take care of himself. Don't let me hurry you, Mr. McFarlane; for you will be able to find your way back alone."

But Donald rose, and bade the Tanners farewell. He had been having a few words with Tom; and turned to Una radiantly as they walked together.

"You have given me much enjoyment, Mrs. Gregson. I do not wonder at your friendship with them. The old man reminds me of the old Bible saint from whom he gets his name."

"You would not wonder if you knew all the ties between us," said Una gravely. "Eli and Kathie have helped to make religion real to me. They are all as good as they can be."

"Then what, may I ask, causes their names to be linked with evil doing, and witchcraft, and such like?"

Una was silent.

He gave a quick glance at her troubled face.

"I will not vex you with my inquisitiveness. I dare say when I land at the Witches' Hole this afternoon, I may find a clue to what is puzzling me there."

"But," said Una, standing still and facing him, "I have asked you not to go there."

A little of her old haughtiness was in her tone.

A shadow came across his face. He was beginning already to fear causing her vexation or distress.

"I will postpone my visit if you like," he said very gently; "but before next Sunday comes and I occupy my pulpit again I mean to have this superstition and mystery thoroughly investigated, and put upon a right footing."

A flash of anger shot into Una's expressive eyes, then it died away.

"I suppose you will do what you think right," she said, a little stiffly. "I see it is of no use to ask you any favour. I have my reasons for not wishing you to go to the Witches' Hole to-day. If you will come up to the Towers to-morrow I will give you them."

"Thank you," Donald said quietly; "I will come, and postpone my visit till our interview is over. Good morning."

He lifted his hat, and was gone.

Una walked slowly home, with knitted brows and anxious face.

Dames and Knights of the Three-Century Order

By Isabel Maude Hamill

FIRST PAPER

LONG life is not always desirable, and the words of the Psalmist, when he speaks of the length of years allotted to man on this earth, "if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow," are profoundly true in the majority of those who live to extreme old age. Yet that there are splendid exceptions none can deny, of both men and women whose hoary heads are crowns of glory, whose bright alert intellects still quicken those with whom they come in contact and whose activity shames that of many of the younger generation.

Miss Alsop, aged 103

The number of centenarians in this country is undoubtedly on the increase, and, strange to say, the proportion of women to men has for many years been three to two.

When the much disputed twentieth century began (for no one will deny that the year 1901 is the twentieth century) the thought occurred to the present writer—are there more than three or four persons living who have seen three centuries? If so, what an interest it would be to the public to know something about their habits, surroundings, and mode of life. Inquiries, observations, and infinite pains and research (all undertaken single-handed) have elicited the following remarkable list of persons whose lives have touched three centuries. The task has been little short of gigantic; but the numerous quaint and kindly epistles received in answer to inquiries concerning relatives or friends will always remain as a pleasant memory to the writer; and to the clergymen, medical men, workhouse chaplains, masters, and others she owes a debt of gratitude for their unfailing courtesy and kindness in trying to verify statements.

Domestic service and large families appear to be conducive to long life in women, for Miss Alsop, who is now 103, lived in the family of the late Lady Audrey Ridsdale for seventy-four years, entering it as nurse when about 25 years of age. (Lady Audrey was a daughter of the Marquis of Townshend, and married the Reverend Robert Ridsdale, and her niece is the wife of General Buller.) Miss Alsop was born in Swallow Street, now Regent Street, London. She remembers distinctly seeing the late Queen come into

Regent's Park when a child, accompanied by two ladies, and a footman carrying a basket of biscuits, which her Royal Highness would throw into the water to feed the swans.

"Yes, I know what she wore very well, a white frock and a green—well, we called them pelisses in those days—and a yellow leghorn hat. I once met her driving in her carriage, and made my 'obedience' to her as she passed, and she bowed to me in return. I was proud." She frequently saw her at Brighton, picking up shells and pebbles on the beach. Her late mistress, Miss Ridsdale, left her a pound a week, and also made arrangements that the aged servant should not leave the house—on Gosden Common, Guildford, Surrey—as long as she lived. She gets up about four o'clock in the afternoon, and retires again at six; is most intelligent, and enjoys being read to. She has the distinction of having received the prize offered by the late Duchess of Teck some years ago to the female servant in England who had lived with one family the greatest number of years. Her photograph shows a remarkably placid and contented face.

The next dame, Mrs. Haines, died within the last few months at Cheltenham at the age of 104. She also was in domestic service until the time of her marriage to the Cheltenham and Gloucester carrier. She had fourteen children, her eldest son, who is still alive, and was a soldier in India for many years, is now a pensioner at the age of 80, at Woolwich Arsenal. This old lady's eyesight was phenomenal, she would even notice a pin lying on the floor and ask for it to be picked up. Her digestion and appetite were excellent, and on Sundays, if any delay occurred before the pudding was put on the table she would exclaim, "What! ain't Gran going to have any pudding?" Her night-cap was nothing stronger than a little peppermint cordial in hot water, which she greatly relished. Her love of flowers amounted to a passion, and whatever the family went without, "Gran" always had her "bunch of flowers" bought on Saturday. During the last few months of her life she spent many hours in cutting pieces of cloth for stuffing pillows, and her wrinkled but smiling old face would look at the various shapes and sizes of the cuttings with evident interest. Within a week of her death she could recall frequent visits to the town of George III., George IV., and the Duke of Wellington. One day, she fell suddenly asleep, and from this sleep she passed peacefully out into the great beyond. Her daughter-in-law begged the doctor to do something to restore her if possible, to which he replied, "What! are you not tired of waiting on her?" "No, sir," was the beautiful reply, "no one is ever tired of doing anything for Gran."

Mrs. Birks, aged 103

Following Mrs. Haines very closely, in fact, there is every probability that in length of life she will exceed her, is Mrs. Birks of Doncaster, who claims the honour of being born in John Wesley's native place, Epworth, in 1799. This fact is vouched for by an entry in a prayer-book printed in 1756. At the present time she is caretaker at the offices of Messrs. Parkin and Company, Solicitors, Priory Place. She is perhaps the most wonderful of the "order" in one respect, for her sight and hearing are scarcely impaired by time! Her faculties are remarkable, and the intelligent interest she takes in all around is little short of marvellous. Her family are long-lived, her mother died at 87, her brother at 86, and her sister at 93 years of age.

We are accustomed to associate good climate with longevity, and undoubtedly in most cases it is a great factor, but in Bilston, in the heart of the black country there is a

dame, Mrs. Martha Tupper by name, in her 103rd year who, in spite of the changeable climate and smoky atmosphere enjoys the best of health and frequently walks as far as Willenhall, a distance of nearly two miles. "Ah!" she once said, "nowadays folks are not what they used to be, they can't walk any distance, they must ride if it's only a mile or two. Buses and trams are spoiling 'em. Why in my young days folks had to walk. It cost a lot to go to Birmingham by coach, and as we were poor we just had to walk." She attributes her wonderful health in a great measure to her love of walking. When nearly 80 years of age, money was obtained for her to go and see her dying mother; this shows that she came

(Sutton, photo, Bilston)

Mrs. Tupper, aged 103

of a long lived family. It is the annual custom of the clerk of the guardians to entertain the old lady to a sumptuous tea on her birthday, and at the last gathering she greatly delighted the audience by singing in a marvellous manner "The Slave." Martha it must be added is an inveterate smoker.

Here follow six dames and one knight about whom little information can be obtained unless the fact that they have all lived in three centuries.

Mrs. Hannah Solley was a widow for nearly sixty years, and died at Ash (Kent) in her 101st year.

Mrs. Ellen Mountford of Stockton Brook in the 102nd year of her age helped in the work of her house, retained all her faculties, and died just recently.

Mrs. Murrough of Brixton is still alive, and attained her 105th year the other day; Her eldest daughter, who is also alive, being 85. The intellect of both is clear and vigorous, and it is difficult to realise they are mother and daughter. The age of 85 is the oldest at which any parent still living has also a child living.

Mrs. Priest died recently at Bath aged 104 years and ten months. She was exceedingly proud of the fact that out of her ten children, three sons served in the Crimean war. Her descendants, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren number about forty.

Charles Paish who died near Stroud in his 102nd year, save for slight deafness, retained full possession of his faculties to the last.

Mrs. Clara Hammington who died the other day at Streatham at the age of 104 leaves a husband, only four years younger than herself, to mourn her loss.

At Southend-on-Sea a Mrs. Leah Alberry passed away this year at the remarkable age of 108, in possession of all her faculties During her long life she had hardly ever required a medical man.

The borders of Cowper's country furnish the next Knight of the Order, John Rose, of Weston Underwood, near Olney, who died six months ago in his 103rd year. He was a farm labourer, and up to the end of 1899 was able to do light work such as gardening and chopping wood; when a hundred years of age, he planted and dug in his own garden. He was the son of a shoemaker, who ran away and enlisted, and was subsequently drafted off to the Peninsular wars. There appears to have been some dispute about John's baptism, the father objecting to him being baptized in the Catholic faith, and the mother as strongly objecting to the Protestant, but when the head of the household de-

John Rose, aged 108
(O. Ratcliffe, photo, Olney)

camped, the mother took the opportunity of having the ceremony performed, and the entry in the chapel register is as follows:

Die II Junii, 1802
Baptizatum Joannes
Ruess filius Guliet
et Ruess, Sponsor
Anna Goodman.

The Vicar of Ravenstone and Weston writes: "He never attended a place of worship, but latterly I read to him. He could neither read nor write himself, but he could hear, see, and remember wonderfully well, and never had need of glasses as an indispensable aid up to the very last, and never had any serious illness. He took a glass of porter with his dinner and supper, and retained all his faculties to the end." His daughter, Mrs. Bill Adams, a shepherd's wife, is living at Weston.

In answer to inquiries respecting James Rye of Folkestone, the following interesting details were given; they are especially valuable, as coming from the person with whom he lodged for fifteen years after his wife's death, and to whom his death at the age of 101, "was a great loss." He was born at Adesham, in Kent, in 1800, and was the eldest of ten children. At nine years of age "went out tenting rooks," and at fourteen was living with a farmer at Bebesbourne, and remembers well going with the farmer's waggon to convey some French prisoners from Dover to Canterbury after the battle of Waterloo. At thirty years of age he married, and became farm bailiff at Chereton, and by dint of perseverance and economy, he became his own master. At seventy years of age he married a second time, and was again a widower at eighty-six. The friend of his second wife, with whom he lived, writes: "He loved his Bible, was a regular church-goer, and always had family prayer; he was a real good man." How beautiful is such a testimony to one whose life had been so marvellously prolonged. After he was ninety years of age he walked several times to Adesham—a distance in and out, of ten miles—to see his brother (who is still alive, aged ninety-two). Up to the last he read without glasses the smallest type, and would sing in his quavering voice, "The Farmer's Boy" with great gusto. He passed away in August 1901, from what the medical man said was "only old age and exhaustion, no disease." Mr. Rye though not an avowed total abstainer was practically one, and was most moderate both in eating and drinking.

(Arthur Burgess, photo, Folkestone)
Mr. James Rye, aged 101

A Knight of the Order of "St. Crispin's" as well as "Three Centuries" most certainly cannot be passed over, and in Mr. Lewis Barton we have a knight of the two orders. Born at New Buckenham, Norfolk, in February 1800, he still lives at East Dereham, in the enjoyment of the best of health and spirits. As one realises his length of life, one's mind goes back to the days when people had time to be measured for their shoes, and one thinks of the many dainty misses, whose high insteps and small ankles he measured in the days gone by, of the tiny children holding up their little feet encased in white socks, showing their pretty bare legs with such evident pride, and of many others dead and gone. Mr. Barton retired from his business as boot and shoe manufacturer quite recently. He has the daily paper read to him every morning, but owing to failing sight and increasing deafness, he does not often walk beyond his garden, but there appears every probability that life for him has not yet come to its close.

A type of woman never met with now is Mrs. Sarah Wilde, who worked for years underground in a coal-pit in South Wales, accomplishing as much work in a day as one of the strongest miners. She was born at a farmhouse, situated midway between Rhymney and Tredegar in Monmouthshire, the exact date cannot be ascertained, but according to the opinion of the oldest inhabitant of Rhymney, she must have been over 107 when she died a few months ago at New Tredegar. Her constitution was remarkably strong, and her health was never impaired by her underground labour, which consisted of cutting coal, and maintaining fire in the ventilating furnace at the bottom of the shaft. In those days the surface veins only were worked, and they did not give off any explosive gases. Doubtless, smokers will take comfort in the knowledge that she was an inveterate smoker up to the last, and yet died in possession of all her faculties! It is pathetic to think that this old pit worker, though living within twenty or thirty miles of the sea, never heard the music of the waves, nor saw "the gathering together of the waters He called sea."

Could the dividing line in life be more acute, or life's contrasts be greater than between the late Lady Carew and Mrs. Wilde the pit-worker? Yet these two women had the connecting link of a marvellous vitality; and both, one surrounded by luxury and refinement, the other amidst the hardest and most uncongenial toil, lived to see three centuries, the hardworking toiler outliving her aristocratic sister by four years.

Lady Carew was born in the stirring times of the Irish Rebellion (1798). When only eighteen years of age, she married Robert Shapland Carew, who in 1834 was raised to the peerage. Her husband's father, the member for Waterford, openly insulted Lord Castlereagh for offering him a bribe to secure his vote for the Act of Union. Lady Carew danced at the historic ball given by the Duke of Richmond at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. She retained her beauty to the last, and was passionately fond of chess, in which game she indulged during the last two or three years of her life. She passed away only a few months ago at her lovely country house in Woodstown, County Down, in her 104th year.

In a comfortable-looking brick-built house on the west of the Square at Market Harborough lives an old lady, Miss Brown, who is in many respects a remarkable woman. Born in January 1799, and baptized in the following March as the records in the Parish Church duly testify, she still enjoys very good health, and frequently walks in her garden nearly a mile a day when weather permits. In local and imperial affairs she takes a keen interest, and knows as much about the war in South Africa as do most men. It is a strange coincidence, that in the house in which Miss Brown now resides, there lived another centenarian one Eleanor Sollers, who died in 1768.

Mrs. Eliza Howell Jones (widow of the Reverend Howell Jones a former Vicar of Egerton and Bradford-on-Avon), who died at the age of 105 last October, attributed her longevity to the fact that "she never took doctor's physic." Be this as it may, nature endowed her with marvellous vitality and an exceptionally strong constitution. For nearly half a century she lived at Bromley

College, Bromley, Kent, an Institution founded in the year 1666, by John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, "for the residence and support of twenty widows of loyal and orthodox clergymen" to each of whom he assigned £20 per annum, and £50 to a chaplain. This endowment has been augmented by many subsequent benefactions, for in 1767 the Reverend William Hetherington bequeathed £2000 Old South Sea Annuities to purchase coal and candles for the establishment, other bequests have also been left at different times, including £5000 by Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester in 1774 for the augmentation of the pensions. There are forty-two houses in the college, which form a handsome pile of buildings surrounding two quadrangular areas, and in one of these a link with the eighteenth century, Mrs. Howell Jones, resided in sweet seclusion. Widows came, and widows went to their last earthly resting-place, but she remained, and came to be looked upon as a permanent fixture. She was born nine years before the battle of Trafalgar, and was married on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo 1817. After her ninetieth birthday she did not leave her house, and the last nine or ten years of her life, she remained in her bedroom, not on account of infirmity but because she dreaded the stairs. Up to the last her remarkably strong will asserted itself, and though nearly blind and partially deaf, she issued her commands and insisted on being obeyed. When younger she must have been beautiful, for widows at Bromley say, when eighty years of age she had a round happy face scarcely wrinkled, and would when in the humour entertain friends merrily with stories of the "good old days when George III. was King."

A remarkable old lady Mrs. Sara Gilbert is still living in the 102nd year of her age. She was born within the parish of St. Chad and lived all her life in Lichfield of Johnsonian fame. She married in 1828 Mr. John Gilbert, maltster, and was left a widow in 1857, with one daughter and two sons, all of whom survive. Of these Lieutenant-Colonel John Gilbert is well known as the donor of the Johnson House, and as first honorary freeman of the town. Mrs. Gilbert is a highly educated and cultured person, and Lichfield is justly proud of both her and her son.*

* Since the above was written both mother and son have died.

(*To be continued*)

The Cranberry

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

HOW the presence of the little wild-fruits that gleam like jewels among the heather, brightens the gloomy appearance of our moorlands! The wanderer brings back from the waste desolate places, where the grey mists always linger, and the wind has a sad, wailing music round the lonely heights, the memory of these wild-fruits among its most delightful treasures. On bare peaty soil the wild rasp grows in great abundance, and is one of the easiest plants to diffuse. Its seeds are carried by birds to favourable localities, where it covers the black soil with its bright verdure. In such places it is too exposed to severe influences to attain its proper proportions, and speedily perishes. But on the green patches that are laid like soft carpets among the brown heather, and that are surrounded by the ruins of lowly cottages whose old inhabitants are far away in the colonies, it flourishes with vigour, and flowers and fruits in tangled thickets. Like the nettle it indicates the spot where human dwellings have been, and seems to keep itself closely associated with man's presence in the wilds of Nature. Its fruit, which has a special relish in waste places far from cultivation, is very grateful to

the hungry palate. Higher up the mountain side, where the ground is boggy and covered with springy moss, a near relative of the rasp grows in great profusion. The leaf of the cloudberry is like a large currant leaf, and it usually puts forth only two or three leaves which creep closely to the ground, and barely rise above the moorish vegetation. Common where it occurs, it is not often that it produces its fruit, which is very like a rasp or mulberry, of a rich orange colour when ripe. The flower, too, is large and white, and has a fine appearance on the barren shoulders of the mountain. It seldom descends to lower elevations than two thousand feet, being a true child of the mists. On Norwegian fjelds it is exceedingly abundant, and its fruit forms a delightful preserve which gives a tartish relish to all kinds of cooked meat. The peasants make large quantities of this jam, and you learn to appreciate it thoroughly in the hot northern summer. It is the badge of the Clan Macfarlane, growing as it does on the hill-sides of Loch Sloy, where the clan used to hold its meetings, summoned for foray or war.

The wild strawberry with its little white flowers and carmine berries loves to adorn the banks of upland woods, bordering the moorland, where the ground is precipitous and bare. It binds up with its trailing wreaths the loose soil and forms a beautiful sward. We know what a welcome feast it provides in the romantic places which it frequents, and how the beauties of the scenery are enhanced by the enjoyments of the palate. The crowberry is not much prized as a fruit. Its black berry has a hard seed in its interior, and its juice is watery without much flavour. It suits the taste of the grouse better than that of human beings, but the bush is very picturesque, growing in dense clusters of narrow leaves among boulders, and hanging in long wreaths on broken banks. Black is an extremely rare colour among blossoms, but it not seldom appears in fruits, and the berry of the crowberry is exceedingly black and glossy, and when crowded by its own abundance is apt to become irregular in size and shape. The higher up one ascends the mountain-side the more profuse and irregular is the fruit. Of course the blackberry everywhere forms the carpet of the open pine-woods, and the sheltered banks of streams. Its fruiting is very conspicuous. The bushes continue barren for years, and all at once it bears some summer a most luxuriant crop, almost every sprig being laden with berries. Hardy as it looks it is easily blighted by early frosts, embrowning its top and side-shoots, and giving it a very woe-begone appearance. The conditions favourable for its fertilisation seem to be seldom present on the lower grounds. But on the heights beyond the reach of damp hoar-frost, notwithstanding the increased coldness, it seems to yield flowers and fruit with great regularity and profusion. A great supply of berries may be gathered at a considerable elevation, while the bushes down in the valley are nipped and blighted. A finer form of the blackberry is the whortleberry, which not seldom grows side by side, and contrasts with it its hardy and paler green foliage and more straggling habit. It is an uncommon species, being mostly confined to subalpine regions, and covering large tracts where it occurs. It is extremely plentiful at the foot of the Cairngorm mountains. Its berries are so like those of the blackberry that they can hardly be distinguished apart, but their taste is sweeter, and they do not discolour the dress or the hands and lips by their juice, as does the common species. A very beautiful shrub is the bear-berry, with a grand Latin name, Arctostaphyllus uva-ursi. Its long glossy wreaths fall gracefully down the edges of heathy knolls and grassy banks, and trail often for long distances over the moorish soil. The fruit is not edible, being a dry and mealy berry without any taste. All these fruits of the moorland may often be found together in the same mountain region; and their varied beauties and uses make a ramble in the romantic places where they are found exceedingly enjoyable.

But the most charming, perhaps, of our moorland fruits is the cranberry. Occurring in the utmost profusion in some districts, it is very rare and local, or altogether unknown in others. The region in Scotland which it has made peculiarly its own are the fir-woods and the open moorlands at Aviemore, along the banks of the Spey, at the foot of

the great Cairngorm range. There it covers the ground everywhere to the exclusion of all other vegetation, and seems thoroughly adapted to the dryness of the climate, and the bleakness of the northern exposure. To this charming plant the natives give the name of cranberry. This, however, is a misnomer, for the true cranberry is a long trailing, delicate plant, found in boggy places among mosses, and producing transparent, red-currant-like berries. It is of comparatively rare occurrence in Scotland, and differs entirely in habit and appearance from the plant that has assumed its name in the Highlands of Inverness. This is a small, upright shrub, like a sprig of box-wood, with strong, wiry evergreen leaves. It is admirably adapted to its situation growing by long, creeping roots as well as by seeds, and is proof in its structure and substance against drought and storm. It takes as firm a hold of the soil as the heather itself, among which it grows. At the top of its stem among its glossy leaves, it puts forth an exquisite cluster of bell-shaped blossoms, tiny in size, of a waxy texture, and of a delicate white colour, tinged like a sea-shell with a faint crimson blush. It is a lovely little flower, which in course of time passes into a group of glossy scarlet berries, generally with three or four individuals in the cluster. This fruit goes through different stages of colour, and it ripens from a pure white to a rose hue, deepening to a most vivid scarlet. It is most prolific, almost every sprig being laden with fruit. You can gather a basketful in a very short time, within a small area. The children and the poor women of the district collect immense quantities of it, and send it to the larger towns, where it is sold for making tarts and preserves. It makes a delightful jam, with a keen, somewhat bitter flavour, and is a most excellent tonic.

Two peculiarities about this plant excite our curiosity. The first is that the largest and finest berries are always found on the smallest plants. The tall plants rush into stem and leaves, exhausting themselves in the production of these, and leaving no strength or substance for either bloom or fruit. They are thus selfish only for themselves, for the stem and foliage belong to the life of the plant itself, whereas the blossom and fruit are borne for the sake of the other life that is to spring from it. You invariably find the tall, luxuriant plants that attract your notice and grow in some conspicuous place barren. But the little plants that scarcely rise above the ground, are laden with fruit. They put forth an inch or two of stem and a few stiff leaves, and hasten to crown their lowly lives with bloom and fruit. And it is a most touching sight to see these little brave plants, hanging down their heads, under the heavy burden of their scarlet berries. They cover their coral treasures with their glossy leaves, with a modest shyness; and often you do not see the fruity gems, or only catch a glimpse of the scarlet through the green, as they hide themselves close to the mossy ground. Every one who gathers cranberries must have noticed this peculiarity. The richest prizes are always found on the smallest and lowliest bushes. And it is not difficult to account for this. For in such situations the tiny plant seems more in danger of extinction than when growing luxuriantly in some sheltered spot, and therefore it hastens to produce blossom and fruit which belong to the species rather than the individual. The tall barren plant runs no risk of losing its selfish life, and therefore it can go to develop stem and leaf indefinitely; but the storms of the waste bear hard upon the humble plants that creep close to the soil, and seek shelter from mother earth, and therefore they rush to bear an abundance of fruit which will link their own lowly lives with generations to come that may grow in happier circumstances. The moral lesson is not difficult to read. Even in the humblest lives that think more of others than themselves the richest fruits are found.

The other remarkable peculiarity about the cranberry is its after-bloom. Not only does it flower early in the summer and produce the berry that ripens in the autumn, but throughout August and September you will observe mixed with the fruit-laden tufts quantities of sprigs crowned with their snowy wax-like blossoms. It is a very pretty sight, and suggestive of an overflowing opulence of life. There are climes where there

is a perpetual onward growth; where the fruit, instead of terminating a twig, occurs in the middle, and the green growth springs out of it and goes beyond it. This is the manner of growth in Australia where there is always summer to carry on and mature the growths that are made, and to produce fresh growths at the same time, and there is no winter in the year to interpose its season of rest and decay. This perpetual onward growth appears conspicuously in several of the Australian kinds of myrtle—such as the Metrosideros or bottle-brush tree. From the apex of the cones of our own larch occasionally extends a leafy shoot. The appearance in hot autumns of the blossom of the cranberry side by side with the ripe berry is an indication of the same onward mode of growth, the same perpetual summer of development. Indeed it is a beautiful symbol of what takes place on a great scale throughout the whole world of life, of the end always reverting to the beginning. A pine-apple which produces from its yellow ripeness a fresh green crown of leaves is just nature in miniature, promising and beginning the whole history over again in its completed maturity—the true phœnix of creation. Youth does not come and age begin. They are contemporaneous and concurrent. Throughout life they occur side by side. Everywhere we see youth and senility intermingled, and if youth is a beginning, so too is senility. Life working under the ribs of death, life rising out of death is the great mystery of the universe, and rejuvenescence is the most glorious principle of nature.

But in the case of the cranberry we ask in vain what comes of this after-blossom that appears in the days of slanting sunlight and waning warmth, when there are no insects to fertilise and no conditions to help on the produce, and to set the blossom into fruit? Do these after-blossoms fade and come to nought? What purpose does this post-mortem hopefulness serve in the economy of the plant? Is it born only to die, another striking example of the seeming wastefulness and cruelty of nature, whereby if she wishes a single oak she drops acorns without number? Whatever the physical reason may be, the moral design is evidently to impress us with a sense of our indestructibleness. Even in the lowest plants there is a vague sense of immortality, some gropings after a resurrection, and much more in us the crown and consummation of all God's work. If the autumn-flower of the cranberry die, it may not live and rise again in the fruit; and though in the lowly shrub what seemed like the prophetic stirrings of a new life may be only the last flickerings of a lamp that is going out, man's life is like a tree, as Philo beautifully says, "which is continually putting forth new shoots after the old ones, so that it never ceases growing young again and being in the flower of its strength." And this tree of life when it dies shall live again and bring forth blossom and fruit at the same time throughout an unending summer. "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

In the pinewoods the leaves of the cranberry are often used by a species of gall-insect for its nest. On the underside there is a round convex protuberance of a brilliant crimson colour, the concave side of which is pure white. The substance of the leaf is here considerably thickened and roughened. This curious object, which has a very beautiful appearance, and shines like a jewel among the emerald foliage, is caused by the transformation of the sap of the plant by the bite of an insect. And the remarkable thing is that it closely resembles the normal parts of the plant. The white and crimson excrescence, which is a morbid product, is developed in full accordance with the type of the natural products. It has the colour and shape of the berry at various stages of its ripening, from the white to the crimson stage. The gall is in its own way as admirably constructed as the cranberry itself, although it is nothing more than a mass of extravasated sap, dried and consolidated by exposure to the atmosphere. The gall-insect does not carry on the whole operation from the beginning to the end; it simply punctures the leaf, and deposits in the wound its eggs, and leaves the plant to do the rest; so that there is no exercise of

animal instinct in the formation of this curious gall beyond the initial impulse. How then is the gall so regular, so beautiful in structure and appearance, and so admirably adapted for the purpose which it serves? The symmetry of all morbid products, of all disease, is a wide and yet unexplained subject. The phenomenon seems one of those blind, unconscious operations of nature, which irresistibly suggest the existence of a conscious Mind working through them.

The cranberry belongs to that large and increasing order of plants which are dependent for their growth upon the presence of a parasite at their roots. In this respect, it is like the heather, and most of the other heath vegetation, whose luxuriant development may be traced to this strange cause. If we carefully dig up one of the plants of the cranberry from the roots, we shall find the fine fibrils of these roots covered with a delicate web of flocculent, cotton-like substance, which is the mycelium or spawn of a fungus. Usually a fungus developing upon a growing plant hastens its decay, but in this instance the presence of the fungus is altogether beneficial. No doubt it feeds upon the organised material which the roots prepare from the soil, and so benefits itself, but not at the expense of the roots, for it helps these roots to digest their material, and form from it sap to feed their stem and foliage. The association is for mutual help, and so close and intimate and enduring is it, that neither host nor parasite could do without each other. Were either to be withdrawn, the remaining partner would soon perish in its loneliness and helplessness. And we see the wisdom of this association, this social partnership of plant life, for the soil of the moorlands where the cranberry, and such heath vegetation grows, is almost entirely peat, composed of the decayed remains of previous vegetation. It could not, therefore, in the form of crude peat be assimilated by the roots of the heath plants; it requires to be reduced from its highly organised state to a simpler condition. It needs to undergo such processes as are concerned in the digestion of our own food. The soil must be prepared by the fungus for absorption into the living tissues of the plant, as the food must be prepared by the gastric juice in our stomach, which is not a mechanical or chemical process, but a living process caused by living cells which are on the descending scale. Having its food prepared for its assimilation in this extraordinary way, the cranberry flourishes with the utmost luxuriance, and seems to be one of the strongest and hardiest plants of the moorland.

I have said that the cloudberry is the badge of the Macfarlanes, the common ling is the badge of the Macnabs and Macdonalds, and the purple bell-heather is the badge of the Menzieses. A very large number of the clan badges are moorland plants. The people inhabiting the wildest and bleakest part of the Highlands have for the most part chosen as their tokens or symbols, the plants which are native to these regions. They have thus by a mutual instinct become assimilated to the productions of the land in which they lived. The roots of all these moorland plants require the aid of an adventitious fungus to be always associated with them in order to change the peaty mould in which they grow into a suitable pabulum for their nourishment. They are not rooted in dead peat soil, the accumulation of the decay of past vegetation, but on the contrary in a living substance. The action of these roots is not mechanical or chemical, but organic and vital. Their functions are aided by the vital forms of another organism which helps them to change the dead inert materials of the soil in which they grow into organised food. And in this respect the remarkable peculiarity which the different plant badges of the clans have in common, may be applied to the clans themselves by a very striking analogy. What has enabled the people of the Highlands to maintain their existence upon their inhospitable moors? Is it not just this very principle of human symbiosis? Clanship has drawn the sparse and isolated inhabitants of the remote glens into closer partnership than would be possible in any other way. It has originated the proverbial saying, "Highlanders shoulder to shoulder." The individual members of a clan have always been united to each other, not only by ties

of consanguinity, as having sprung originally from the same stock, but also by ties of mutual service that have been stronger in many cases even than blood. We commonly call the union of the fungus which grows upon the root of the cranberry "parasitism;" and we say that the fungus is taking a mean advantage of its position for its own benefit. But the relationship has been proved beyond doubt to be mutually beneficial; the one could not live without the other. And so we call the dependence of one of the helpless and necessitous members of a clan upon the richer and stronger members "pauperism"; and we say that the poor clansman is sorning upon his prosperous kinsman. But the relationship between them is profitable to both. The rich are the beneficiaries of the poor as much as the poor are the beneficiaries of the rich. The poor give back much for what they receive. They take from us material help, but they give us in return sympathy, cheerfulness, faith, and love, and a patient power to bear our own troubles. We become nobler men and women through this divine helpfulness. It is this human symbiosis, stronger among the clans than among other communities by reason of their closer relationship, that makes the remarkable revival of the old customs of clan association among us in recent years, so important and so fruitful of good.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for September

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

General note on the whole passage—Ch. ii. 1–13.

IF character is more than circumstances—if the real significance of life is to be found in the development of the moral capacities of our nature, then the possession of more or less of this world's riches is in itself a matter of no moment. Riches or poverty, like all other circumstances, may be used as agents in man's moral discipline, but of themselves they have no real value, any more than a graving tool has artistic merit; their value, like that of the graving tool, lies in the use to which they can be put. The mere possession of riches does not give a man any right or title to esteem: the lack of them offers no ground for contempt. There are only three grounds of respect which are legitimate — manhood, moral worth, and responsible office. Faith recognises these, and recognises no other. Those who have this faith will, therefore, show no fawning or servile attitude towards riches, no contemptuous disregard of the poor. Such a respect of persons is at variance with the postulates of enlightened faith.

"My brethen, hold not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ [the Lord] of glory with respect of persons."

Another suggested rendering puts the sentence in the form of a question—"My brethren, do ye in accepting persons, hold the faith of our Lord Jesus [the Lord] of glory." This form gives incisiveness to the expression of the thought, but the thought is in any case quite clear. "You are those who have identified yourselves, in thought, spirit, and life, with the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. You are sharers of His perception of the true proportion of things. You recognise His glory, which was not a glory of this world's riches; for He had not where to lay His head. As those, therefore, who realise wherein true glory consists, be not foolish and attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable: ye cannot serve God and mammon: ye cannot hold the faith of Christ when you show by your actions that it is mammon that you really worship."

We must bear in mind that the picture which St. James gives is of a man who is simply a rich man. There are, as I have said, three grounds which justify our respect

to our fellow men. We should respect manhood in all—seeing that man is God's offspring, made in His image, capable of His likeness, and a sharer with ourselves in the drama of existence. In such respect all, whether rich or poor, should share our respect. We should respect moral worth in man, because wherever this exists man is helping forward his brother men. We should respect responsible office and position in man, because wherever such is held the man is clearly set apart of God's providence to be a helper and a servant of his fellows. If the rich man possessed moral worth, he might be honoured for his character but not for his wealth. If he held responsible position, he might be respected for his office. This is the true Christian law of respect. Manhood is to be respected. Honour all men. Moral worth is to be respected. "Hold such in honour," said St. Paul of Epaphroditus, whom he described as a fellow worker and fellow soldier, who "for the work of Christ was nigh unto death" (Phil. ii. 25–30). Similarly, he bade the Thessalonians to respect the loyal and whole-hearted labourers among them, and "to esteem them exceeding highly in love for their work's sake" (1 Thess. v. 12, 13). Responsible office is to be respected. The civil magistrate and the church officer are to be honoured as ministers of God's service (Rom. xiii. 1–7; 1 Thess. v. 12). But mere riches confer no title to respect.

Hence we can understand St. James' caution. He had noticed the scene. The rich man coming into the Christian assembly, sumptuous, pompous, expecting and exacting attention; his gold ring glittering on his finger; the evidence of his wealth ostentatiously striking the eye. He had seen the wordless adulation of the eager and hurrying church officials who rushed forward to conduct him to a conspicuous seat. The scene jarred upon his Christian sense of proportion; it seemed to him to betray a lack of appreciation of the true grounds of respect; and the more so from the contrast which the treatment of the poor man afforded. The man in vile raiment comes in. For him any place is good enough. He may stand, or if he sits at all, it can be at some official's footstool—"Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool."

We need only to contrast the spirit here displayed in this scene with the spirit which arises from the Christian recognition of the essential facts of life. What is it that constitutes the glory of life? What are the things which ought to provoke our homage? As a Christian man, St. James starts from the common ground of brotherhood—"My brethren," he says. In his address he appeals to what Christ had sanctioned and sanctified—"All ye are brethren." This bond in itself is so great and significant that minor distinctions go down before it. From this follows that great law of service, the fulfilment of which is, as Christ declared, the way of greatness. Christ, who was the Lord of glory, had not where to lay his head, but His glory remained undimmed; it rested not in circumstances but in Himself. Where He was the true Shekinah dwelt. Nay, He was in the fulness of loving service the true Shekinah,—we may compare the words of Simeon van Jochai who speaks of "the Lord of the Serving Angels, the Shekinah." The world indeed saw no beauty that it should desire Him; the reason being that they looked for glory of another sort—the vulgar glory which startles and dazzles, the glory of the gold ring and splendid apparel—not the glory of fellowship, service, and love. The men whose souls were fed with covetousness could only deride (Luke xvi. 14) the spiritual glory of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Some glimpse of the higher glory was given to the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration; then there diffused itself into revealing light the glory which at other times was veiled in that life of service. If such was His glory, how incongruous in a Christian assembly was the respect of persons described by St. James. "Have not," says St. James, "ye faith of our Lord with respect of persons." The faith here, though including Christian conceptions, is mainly the ethical spirit which has apprehended and appropriated the principles of Christ. It is a question of inconsistency; there is a line of conduct which is radically incompatible with Christian ideas.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE JUDGMENT INSPIRED BY WORLDLINESS

Verses 2–4. If there come into your synagogue (or assembly) a man with a gold ring, in fine clothing, and there come in also a poor man in vile clothing; and ye have regard to him that weareth the fine clothing, and say, Sit thou here in a good place; and ye say to the poor man, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool; are ye not divided in your own mind, and become judges with evi thoughts?

It has been questioned whether the synagogue or assembly is the Jewish synagogue, or a specially Christian assembly. The Christians, as we know, frequented the Jewish synagogue: there the first witness of Christ was given. In Antioch of Pisidia St. Paul preached in the synagogue on the invitation of the synagogue rulers (Acts xiii. 14, 15). But the probability is that the assembly here mentioned is the Christian assembly. At any rate, St. James gives directions as though the Christians to whom he wrote had power to alter the evil practice. In the Christian assembly such servile partiality to the rich should not be shown.

His objection moreover is based on a clear view of what human character ought to be. There are lines of conduct which show instability of character, lack of a central governing principle. In showing deference to the accidents of life rather than to its essentials men exhibit a divided mind: there is lack of that single-mindedness which makes integrity. Compare St. James' contempt for the double-minded (i. 18): instability of character is its accompaniment. Further, where this instability exists, the power of clear judgment is impaired. Such was our Lord's declaration: the singleness of purpose brought light. (Matt. vi. 22–24.) Such is St. James' view: the double-hearted man becomes a judge with evil thoughts, his power of discerning truth is weakened, his brain is confused through the divided allegiance of his heart.

It is worth noting how the effects of a wrongly centred spirit spread through the whole nature. Where the heart-principles are wrong all else is likely to go wrong also. This is the reason why Christ and His Apostles insist upon the importance of a truly centralised nature. All will come right if the heart be right. If this be not right, little else is likely to be. Little things, moreover, show much; and character shows itself in the smallest things. "All things exist in the man," says Emerson, "tinged with the manners of his soul. With what quality is in him, he infuses all nature that he can reach." Where the character is a God-centred one there character is, to use again Emerson's words, with a difference, "the moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE ROYAL LAW AS APPLIED TO ALL

Verses 5–10. Hearken my beloved brethren; did not God choose them that are poor as to the world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He promised to them that love him? But ye have dishonoured the poor man.

Do not the rich oppress you, and themselves drag you before the judgment seats?

Do not they blaspheme the honourable name by the which ye are called?

Howbeit if ye fulfil the royal law, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well; but if ye have respect of persons ye commit sin, being convicted of the law as transgressors."

The writer makes a strong appeal, based upon a very natural sympathy. He commences the appeal by again using the title brethren, for it is a natural brotherly sympathy which he seeks to arouse. He reminds them that there is a special message and unique tenderness for the poor in the Gospel. To neglect or to despise the poor is to miss the spirit of the Gospel. Whatever view we may take of the social teaching of Christ, there can be no doubt that His heart went out with special sympathy towards those who were placed at a disadvantage in life. He longed to convey to such the assurance of the Father's love, and to fill the hearts of the sad with hope. "To the poor is the Gospel preached." Further, He regarded the poor as possessing at least the advantage of greater spiritual responsiveness than the rich. "How hardly shall they that have riches

enter into the kingdom of God?" It is in this sense that "God chose the poor in this world to be rich in faith." Notice the hint of the reversal of the world's judgment. There are some whom the world calls poor whom yet God may deem rich. The Gospel brought into use the light of a judgment which is very different from the judgment of the world. Since such light came, life and the meaning of life is better understood.

Thus for us the aspect of things is altered. For example, the world looks upon things seen, deeming these the most enduring (2 Cor. iv. 18): Christ reverses this and is right. The world places wisdom in the intellect: Christ places it in the moral nature (1 Cor. i. 27; iii. 19; Matt. xi. 25; James iii. 17). The world places wealth in material possessions: Christ places it in spiritual capacity (2 Cor. viii. 9; 1 Cor. iii. 21; Eph. i. 18). So here the poor may be in a nobler sense rich, being rich in faith: such look forward to an ampler and more splendid inheritance than the world can give; they are "heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love Him." This heirship follows kinship or sonship. Where there is spiritual affinity there will there be a spiritual inheritance. To share the Spirit of Christ is to share His kingdom, His throne. The first feature of this sonship is a kind of poverty. It is the sense of one's having nothing and being nothing; as Christ made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, so does the Christ-like man cease from self, becomes poor as having nothing of his own. This perhaps suggests the reason why the poor in this world are spoken of as rich in faith. Their power of realising the sense of personal emptiness is perhaps readier than that of the rich man.

These poor to whom Christ opened so wide the gate of the Kingdom are those whom, according to St. James, Christian people have despised. Their richness in faith, their kinship of the Kingdom, is recognised in the Christian society; and yet, says the Apostle, "you have dishonoured the poor." The spiritual opportunities of the poor having been touched upon, St. James, as a contrast, describes the action of the rich.

"The rich drag you to the judgment seat, and blaspheme the honourable name by which the Christians were called."

He accuses the rich of oppression. To whom does he refer? Does he mean the rich and powerful who used their place and wealth to persecute the Christians who were for the most part poor? Or does he mean that Christian men possessed of wealth sometimes acted harshly and unjustly by the poor. The reference later on (ch. v. 1–6) to the injustices from which the poor suffered at the hands of the rich leads us to think that St. James has in mind, simply without thought of need, the oppressions practised by the rich. He is thinking of the legalised exactions and inconsiderate conduct of wealthy men. Probably, however, at the time issues were confused, and accusations against a man's faith might be used to gain some material and financial advantage over him. The flash of indignation which lights up the Apostle's utterance is due to what he had seen and heard. The world and the powers of the world, its wealth and its authority, must have appeared to Christian people as forces united against them. The struggle between the faith of Christ and the power of the world seemed unequal; it was not always fairly carried on: issues were confused at times: personal animosity and personal greed may frequently have combined with bigoted hatred of the new faith. Further, the rich having more to lose may have been the first to apostatise in times of persecution. Speaking generally, the Christian society had more to fear than to hope for from the rich. Many blasphemed the honourable name, *i.e.*, the name of Christ, either by persecution, or by apostasy, or by their inconsistent and oppressive conduct (*Cf.* Rom. ii. 24, 2 Pet. ii. 2, 1 Tim. vi. 1 and Titus i. 16).

"Howbeit if ye fulfil the royal law, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well; but if ye have respect of persons, ye commit sin, being convicted by the law as transgressors."

From the strain of indignation, St. James passes to that tone of quiet and temperate judgment which is his wont. It is illustrative of the true balance of his mind that he recovers himself so easily, and adopts a calm impartiality of tone. He has expressed a

hot wrath against the men who misused their position and riches; but though he can be indignant against the rich, a man is not to be hated or treated with disrespect merely because he is rich. The very principle which declares the man to be more than his circumstances should lead us to ignore alike the riches and the poverty of men in our demeanour towards them, seeing that respect is due to all. The royal law says love is due to all. If this is the principle which leads men to show respect to rich as well as poor, it is well. If it be a servile admiration of riches, apart from manhood and apart from character, it is ill: it is worse than ill: it is sin; and those who are guilty of it are convicted by the law—the law of brotherly love which claims respect for all—as transgressors. This law, this royal law, stands ever at our side: it watches and judges our actions. It acts as accuser and judge. It convicts us of wrongdoing when, from a cringing and selfish spirit, we show respect of persons, thus lowering the love we ought to have for the needy. Its clear, level standard—love thy neighbour as thyself, at such times, marks us out as transgressors.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE LAW OF LIBERTY AS SELF-APPLIED

Verses 10–13. For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point, he is become guilty of all.

For He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou dost not commit adultery but killest, thou art become a transgressor of the law. So speak ye, and so do, as men that are to be judged by a law of liberty. For judgment is without mercy to him that hath showed no mercy; mercy glorieth against judgment.

To be guilty in one point is to be guilty of all. It sounds harsh and strained; but it becomes clear and inevitable when we realise the unity of law. Divine law is not a series of isolated enactments; it is the concrete expression of a certain spirit. Human law is built up of experiences and difficulties; one part may be without relation to another; yet even human law by degrees assumes a kind of organic unity. Divine law from the first possesses this unity; since it is not formed out of precedents, but it is the application of a great principle to life. If we remember that our Lord reduced all laws to one law, we shall realise how guilt in one point is guilt in all. To commit adultery is to violate not simply the seventh commandment, it is to break the principle which underlies the whole ten; it is a violation of the law of love; every breach of any commandment is such a violation. The man who pricks a balloon only damages one segment of silk, but he causes the fall of the whole balloon. So each disregard of a commandment evidences a spirit out of harmony with the spirit with which all law is filled.

This feeling that there is a great underlying principle of life, by which man should be animated, finds expression elsewhere. St. Paul calls the principle faith, and consequently tells us that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. xiv. 23). If a man does all, but omits one, said Rabbi Jochanan, he is guilty of all. The same thought has place in the Stoic idea that virtue was the art of life, all virtues being equal.

St. James, moreover, carries the thought beyond that of law considered as an organic whole, or the mere embodiment of some principle. He takes law back to the law-giver. The law is the expression of God's will. "He that said, do not commit adultery, said also, do not kill." The violation of law shows lack of harmony with the mind of the law-giver. The moral law is the expression of the divine nature. Its essential principle is love, for God is love. The commandments are like broken lights of the one central beam, which is love. To sin is therefore not merely to break one commandment; it is to act out of harmony with God. We bring ourselves by sin into variance with the original order of things, with God Himself. Life is the realisation of a great unity. To be outside the unity of nature is to be outside the true life. One wrong is therefore all wrong. The one wrong makes us transgressors; those who sin have crossed the sacred line which separates concord from discord, as one false note breaks all harmony.

Hence the Apostle appeals to Christ's

people to act as though they realised the great and prevalent law of life. "So speak ye and so judge as men that are to be judged by the law of liberty."

Law in one aspect appears as a restraint upon liberty; it restricts freedom of action. This is the aspect when men regard their life as outside all order; but if life's highest fulfilment be continuous activity in harmony with the order of our being, then the law which sets forth that harmony is the law of liberty, not of bondage. When law is regarded as a series of commandments, and so of negations of desire, law then seems to hamper, but when law is felt to be the very expression of what our nature requires and desires, then it is the very avenue of liberty. The realisation of the need of harmony between ourselves and the whole order of things, or rather between ourselves and the God of order, sets law in a different light; it then unfolds to us outlines of the ideal, because we see not the dry code but the spirit of which the commandments are but examples. Then we cannot bear to be out of harmony with that spirit; the principles enshrined in law are dear to us and sacred. We are free men desiring for ourselves what is noblest and best. Thus should we speak and act as those who know the judgment of this law of liberty, and who therefore feel every deviation from the law of love as a missing of the ideal, a failure in life's aim, a wrong against Him who gave us life and the capacity of love and service. The royal law is the law of love, and therefore also is it the law of liberty. Its code of honour is more exquisite than a mere legalist can understand; its demands are deeper and its judgments severer, because love which is the tenderest of passions is the sternest also, even as God who is love is a consuming fire also.

The thought of the severity thus rises in St. James' mind. "He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy." We think of the parable of the unforgiving servant (Matt. xviii. 21–35); we recall the condemnation of the last day which is ever against those who put love far from their hearts (Matt. xxv. 32–35). Those who so act have forgotten the source of their being, the Father of the spirits of all flesh. Sons act in the spirit of their Father. Mercy glorieth over judgment, because it is akin to the earlier law of love. Those who understand this are hard on themselves, and gentle in their judgments upon others. They realise the failures of their own spirit, its deviations from the loving temper: therefore they are hard on themselves, judging themselves by what love would do and require. For the same reason they are tender towards others—not judging by the letter, but hoping all things in the spirit of love.

The application of this to the question of respect of persons is clear. The Christian man judges himself by a severe test; he would hate to find himself governed by a lower spirit than that of love, and therefore would he hate to find himself acting under worldly or vulgarly servile motives. Love would take all men to its embrace, heedless of the ring or of the vile raiment. To find oneself the slave of the earthly shadows of wealth, or contemptuous of any whom God has made, would be to discover reasons of self-abhorrence. For in the loving soul a large pitifulness should ever dwell, and the weaker and more miserable a man is, the dearer should he be to the heart which knows the love of God.

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—VII. Mr. Thomas Hardy

THE majority of the letters addressed to Mr. Hardy, like those addressed to Mr. Meredith, show a considerable amount of thoughtful work and critical insight, and the task of selecting but three critiques for publication from the large number received has been one of difficulty. Whilst congratulating those who have gained prizes in so keen a competition, it is also a pleasure to thank the following competitors, and to assure them that their essays have missed publication by a very narrow margin. Mrs. H. Daniell, Thomas Jessop, Mrs. Lilian Harrison, John O'Connor, Will Edwardes-Sprange, H. R. Heatley, Constance Bellhouse, Alfred E. Wright, John W. Frost, E. W. Cameron, Arch. Gibbs, Margaret Barbour, Mrs. Frances Allinson, Mary L. Elder, T. Townend Wilson, Gertrude Bloomer, Miss Porter, J. Bernard Manrix, John E. Davies, H. Rowthorn, Robert Ainsworth, George W. Parker, Sarah A. Doody, M. Church, Rev. J. Scoular Thomson, M.A., C. M. Verschoyle, and W. Newman.

Mr. Hardy is, in several instances, bracketed with Mr. Meredith, as being the chief of living novelists. Other admirers, in seeking to parallel the excellences they find in his work, turn to the writings of George Eliot, Richard Jefferies, Victor Hugo, and John Ruskin. His humour, by those who admit that humour can be found in his writings, is termed Shakespearean.

Mr. Hardy's knowledge of the Wessex country, its rustic folk and their vernacular, is conceded to be well nigh perfect, whilst the manner in which he turns the most commonplace incidents of country life into the idyllic constitutes, together with his description of English scenery, perhaps the greatest charm of his books.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" stands apart from Mr. Hardy's other novels, and around its merits discussion rages strong. It has been read with a mixture of delight, bewilderment, and aversion; but it fascinates, and Mr. Hardy's ill-fated heroine will undoubtedly live as one of the most interesting creations of recent years, and has secured for herself a pity akin to affection. Of his other books "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Return of the Native," and "Life's Little Ironies," are most spoken of. "Jude the Obscure," like Mr. Kipling's "Stalkey and Co.," is condemned by nearly all.

The sincerity of Mr. Hardy's work is evident, but the wish is freely expressed that he could take a more hopeful view of human kind. One rises from reading his books with the impression that his characters are toys of circumstance—men and women working out an inevitable destiny.

This tendency to fatalism is deplored, and a wish is expressed that life had shown Mr. Hardy more of its joys, so that the brighter side of things might have dominated his writings. Mr. Hardy's poetical works appear to be but little known; the interest shown in his prose writings is so great as entirely to overshadow his by no means small achievements as a poet.

This month we invite open letters under the same conditions to

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The letters must not exceed 1500 words in length. They must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than September 25, being addressed "Open Letter Competition," GOOD WORDS, 15, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. They must be addressed to Sir A. Conan Doyle as an author—with him as a personality apart from his writings we have nothing to do. Prizes will be awarded to the three letters adjudged to be best as follows: First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £3; Third Prize, £2. The decision of the judges must be accepted by all competitors as final.

The winning letters addressed to Mr. Hardy follow.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

DEAR SIR,

IT is with diffidence that any student of contemporary literature discusses the merits and demerits of your books. For both are on a scale which demands expert criticism if the barest justice is to be done to "The Lord of the Wessex coast, and all the lands thereby"—as a well-known writer once delightfully called you. In your own Wessex you are autocrat by right divine, and it would be a bold man who would criticise the rustic folk who are the chorus to your Sophoclean drama as it moves to its inevitable close.

As they are, and could not otherwise be, so you have seen and fixed them on an imperishable page, and in one humble opinion it is as the recorder of these types which will soon have vanished for ever in the suction of great cities, that your name will be remembered in literature.

Others have matched and surpassed you in many ways. Your heroines have not the brilliancy and subtle charm of George Meredith's; your plots might owe their genesis to a far smaller brain; there is sometimes a curious suspension of interest in your books, as though you yawned somewhat visibly in the face of the reader, who is not unapt to return the compliment; but when you are in your own country, and the scene is the farmhouse, the inn, or the meadow, with the figures native to them, you are unmatched by any save Shakespeare; and it might be argued that even his rustics are not so life-like, since he draped them in his own purple, and set their feet in a fairy land where the workaday sun never shone.

I have often thought that at your literary christening only one gift was withheld, but that its absence marred the rest in the way which accounts for your failure to reach the seats of the mighty, where Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens are enthroned. You are not dowered with that good taste which is the finest of instincts; with which, indeed, the judgment of the artist is inseparably bound up. A great work of art grows steadily from root to blossom; each circumstance springs inevitably from its predecessor; there is nothing inharmonious in its transitions. But what shall we say of the pitiable ending of the story of Tess? Thus it never was; never could have been; and the leer of a satyr above the body of a Diana would startle us less than the flagrant impossibility of her return to Alec D'Urberville. This is a crime past forgiveness, for Tess is a figure instinct with pure tragedy, with the patient bewilderment and humility of a maltreated animal, incapable of protesting against a doom as little deserved as that of the mangled birds she pities as her fellow-sufferers.

There are pages also in "Jude the Obscure," and in "Two on a Tower" where the lapse of artistic discernment is painfully felt. It is a question of treatment and not of morals, for there can be no subject outside the range of perfect literary handling. The manner is all; and while the emotions of pity and terror may purify, there is a pang caused by the want of accurate judgment in the means used, which recalls the remarkable saying of Joubert: "With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions . . . authors may go on as long as they like making novels which shall harrow up our hearts; but the soul says all the while: 'You hurt me!'"

It is with intention that I have used the word "Sophoclean" in speaking of your work; for though the Greek serenity and tranquil harmony of thought are absent, yet the Greek irony, and conception of fate—that power behind the Gods—is the keynote of the whole, as certainly as it is that of the Theban tragedy. Your men and women move "foot-tangled in the snares of Destiny," the unconscious sport of circumstance, and the ironic interest consists in watching their struggle, and marvelling that they should find it worth while to battle against the inevitable. In some of your books there is a visible embodiment of this brooding Fate. In "The Return of the Native" it is Egdon Heath which dominates the story with an indescribable sense of doom. In "Far from the Madding Crowd" it is the pitiless round of Nature, heedless of the agony and ruin of Fanny Robin, of the brief iridescence of Sergeant Troy, of the long fidelity of Gabriel—and sweeping them on with the impassive calm which reckons

human affairs of less importance than the perpetuation of the blade of grass. In "Two on a Tower" the stately procession of the stars serves the same purpose of commentary on the littleness of the action which puts its brief hour beneath them, and such instances might be multiplied. Sadder books could scarcely be, for they reduce effort and apathy alike to the level of a circumstance of which temperament itself is but the creature.

The interest of character is diminished by this view of life, and accordingly in your best work atmosphere and environment are stronger points than the mental workings of the beings they surround. Egdon, Casterbridge, the strong air of the uplands, nay, the dim life of the sheep and cattle, leave the most abiding impression on the mind. Here a singular likeness is traceable between your novels and those of Victor Hugo, where, as in "L'Homme qui rit," the storm and sea are the protagonists, and Gwynplaine and Dea the faint reflection of their tremendous energies.

Nature is a jealous mistress, and the result of a divided allegiance is seen in the perfection of your rustics, who are the flower of her own super-abundant life; and the inferiority of such work as "The Laodicean," where you lose strength as did Antæus when his feet were no longer planted on his mother earth. For this reason, Tess in the book which bears her name, and Marty in "The Woodlanders," appear to me to be the best wrought of your women. How poor and slightly imagined beside these two are the heroines of "Two on a Tower," or "A Pair of Blue Eyes"! Even the charming Bathsheba pales by their intense reality, being a step further removed from the order of beings you understand with a perfect comprehension, and therefore depict with a perfect sympathy. The portrait of Tess is wrought by a mighty maker, and if that of Angel Clare had matched it, two new stars might have risen in the empyrean where Richard and Lucy Feverel shine together. But he is remembered with an effort, whilst Tess, standing lonely in the fields, has the ineffaceable grandeur and remoteness of the labouring figures in the *Angelus* or the *Gleaners* of Millet, with their background of unpitying Nature.

Is it possible in set terms to sum up the debt we owe to so Wordsworthian a faculty? With an England seemingly doomed to be absorbed into the sordid fringes of the towns; with the Board School patiently grinding all inequalities of character to one monotonous level of misinformed ignorance; with machinery ousting the handiwork of man from every field and furrow—what soon will be left but memory and tradition of the life of the uplands and meadows? But these are unreliable, and if they embalm one charm, a hundred slip through their meshes. Open the covers of your Wessex books and there the past abides. This is not fiction; it is life. The great gentle horses drag the loaded wains; the hay is sweet in the fields, and the talk of the country folk is what Shakespeare heard in the summer afternoons when the shadows were lengthening into evening. The poets and storytellers of the twenty-first century will not hear such talk, nor see such sights; but in your books they will live in the past for a brief hour, and know it as it was in very truth. For you, too, have been in Arcadia!

Faithfully yours,

L. HODGKINSON.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

SIR,

AT this late hour any appreciation or criticism of your work seems almost an impertinence. For many years your high place in the world of letters has been assured; your books are read in both hemispheres, and two of them have reached that degree of popularity which is represented by a sixpenny or "people's" edition. It is by one of these that your name is best known: the theme of it is one which has fascinated the reading world ever since Goethe created the character of Gretchen, and a certain audacity in your treatment of that theme gave your work a fame which is likely to endure.

But apart from these considerations, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is probably entitled to the highest place among your novels. Not only is it a story of intense

interest and pathos; it is also a great literary achievement. The tragedy is simply wrought, yet it grips the imagination with that pity and terror which only a master-hand can evoke: the description of Tess's dairy-maid life and of her intercourse with Angel Clare is an idyll of extreme beauty: but the ending . . .! The ending you have made is untrue to nature and artistically impossible. You see clearly how the great event of Tess's girlhood, the cruelty of which she is the guileless victim, develops her character; first stunning her to a degradation from which she quickly frees herself and ultimately leading her through knowledge of good and evil to a higher purity than that of ignorant innocence. But you cannot see the utter impossibility of the final actions you impute to her; you do not recognise the fact that a nature, which has grown so far towards heaven, cannot fall to such depths as you would have us believe.

In many ways, "Jude the Obscure" is a stronger and more original work than "Tess"; but it is marred by the dreariness of its subject and the unvarying ill-luck which attends the central character throughout his career. At one point, a ray of light seems to pierce the gloom of the narrative, and when Sue Bridehead crosses Jude's path the reader is led to expect that you are about to deal more kindly with your hero. But it is soon apparent that Fate is only preparing sharper arrows for his devoted head, and that the love of his manhood is to be even more disastrous than the coarse intrigue of his youth. Sue Bridehead is undoubtedly the most original character-study which you have given us. As you have described her, she is no unusual product of modern civilisation, but one who has many sisters in the world of to-day—women whose lack of passion makes tragedy for themselves and for the men who love them. But their suffering is deeper than hers, since conventional education and dread of public opinion keep it silent.

To bring morbid, impressionable Jude Fawley under the influence of such a woman spells ruin for both of them. For him, death comes as an angel of deliverance: for her, a fate that is worse than death. One is compelled to follow the unequal contest from start to finish, but the end comes as a welcome relief. Here, as in many of your books, the choice of subject involves the catastrophe. The uncontrolled passions of Michael Henchard, the "Mayor of Casterbridge," invited disaster, and death was the best ending to Lady Constantine's ill-fated love-story. But why did you slaughter the innocent heroine of "A Pair of Blue Eyes"? Why, above all, did you raise that pearl-pure woman, Tess, from the dunghill, only to plunge her deeper into its filth?

This pessimistic outlook on life is, to my mind, your most serious fault: lamentable, not only from an artistic, but also from an ethical standpoint; and far more harmful to impressionable readers than your much talked-of "realism." It cannot be denied that some passages in your books are revolting, and that certain manifestations of man's lower nature have received too much of your attention. Still, it is difficult to believe that the men and women, for whom you are ostensibly writing, can derive much harm from mere plain speaking about matters of common knowledge. But when you place helpless innocence in the clutches of vice and refuse any escape; when you allow misfortunes to crush the life from a man who has done nothing to deserve this cruel fate; when, moreover, you describe these horrors with such consummate skill that they pass as a picture of life: then, I say, you preach an utterly false philosophy and spread an influence which cannot be healthy.

But it must be acknowledged that with this defect is connected one of your greatest excellences. Your inquiring, disillusioned spirit demands something beyond the immature romance which forms a sufficient theme for most novelists: you refuse to credit the assumption that the man and maiden who love and marry live happy ever after. Young life loves and dances in your pages, but always the older folk are looking on, sadly, because they hear the voice of destiny above the youthful laughter. And sometimes a note of the festive music bewilders them with its beauty, or an unlooked-for star shines upon their hearts and

quickens the embers which seemed dead and cold. You have watched for such events as these; you have studied their development, and some of your strongest work has shown us the interest which can underlie the lives of middle-aged men and women.

Even at that early period when, apparently choosing Wilkie Collins for your model, you wrote "Desperate Remedies," the creation of Miss Aldclyffe foreshadowed this particular gift. The character of Viviette in "Two on a Tower" is only a more finished development of the early achievement: and again, in "The Return of the Native," all our sympathy is given to the elderly woman, the lonely, passionate mother who knocks in vain at the door of her child.

You have been much praised as a writer of short stories, but it seems to me that few of your efforts in that direction possess the impressionist quality, which distinguishes a short story proper from a novelette. You have little or none of that faculty for tearing a complete yet miniature picture from life, which is especially the endowment of many French and American authors. Such tales as "The Son's Veto," or "The Lonely Hussar" in "Life's Little Ironies" are full of pathos and tender charm, but they are not short stories according to the formal laws of literature. Nothing could be more highly finished than the little romances which make up "A Group of Noble Dames," but most of them might easily be expanded into long novels, and that they escape an appearance of haste and incompleteness is due to your power of conveying in a few words what the generality of authors would narrate in a series of descriptions and conversations.

As regards your poetry, little need be said. Certain of the "Wessex Poems" and of the "Poems of the Past and Present" are full of quiet beauty (I remember especially that impressive address, "To an Unborn Pauper Child," and the graceful lines entitled "The Ruined Maid"); but, considering its authorship, your verse must necessarily occupy a subordinate position.

There is, however, a certain beautiful characteristic which is common to your prose and your poetry: I mean your love for Nature in all her aspects, and, in particular, that corner of her realm which you and your admirers know as "Wessex." I cannot imagine that there are many of your readers whom you have not infected with something of this feeling. Surely you have shown them new beauties in every hour of the day, in every season of the year; and have led them to wander joyfully in that pleasant region which is so close to your heart. No author understands better how to combine the delineation of "manners" with striking incident. One reads a book like "Far from the Madding Crowd," first, with a desire to follow the fortunes of Bathsheba Everdene and to know the end of the story; and again with a delighted lingering in the country lanes and pasture-lands, where rustics sit and chat. Evil is only too familiar to the Wessex folk: the vice which is born of ignorance and poverty forms to your picture a terribly darkened side. But I can only hope that this is not so black as you have sometimes painted it.

Because you have certain defects, I am no less grateful for the splendid work you have given us, and I am,

Your sincere admirer,

15 Regents Park Terrace, N.W. J PITT.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

DEAR MR. HARDY,

Long ago I read that Mr. Barrie once declared he found these words written in a lady's hand on the margin of one of your novels: "Oh, how I hate Thomas Hardy!" He wisely refrained from naming the volume in question, and I have often wondered which it could be. I confess I have sometimes felt angry with you myself, for you apparently refuse belief in our sex's traditional virtues of faithfulness and constancy. It is too bad of you to make some of your most fascinating heroines as fickle as they are fair, and as changeable as they are charming. Granted there are exceptions, yet even in my favourite of all your stories, "Far from the Madding Crowd," I think Bathsheba—though human and delightful in other points—unnaturally capricious. Again in "The Trumpet Major," why do you spoil that picture of winsome woman-

hood, gay Anne Garland, by making her never certain of her own mind? You are not quite just to us there, dear Mr. Hardy, I assure you.

But I did not mean to begin by finding fault. I owe to you so many happy hours that it seems passing ingratitude. There are some books that one returns to again and again, never weary of their passionate creations, their rustic humour, their power and grace. First among them I put "The Return of the Native," "Tess," "The Woodlanders," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Mayor of Casterbridge." These are country classics. The large, free life of the heart of England is there woven into the very warp and woof of each volume. Most novelists only use the life of the farm or fields as a background for their characters. It is a thing outside the real story, and descriptive paragraphs of scenery or agricultural labour could be detached at will from hundreds of modern novels without spoiling the essential interest of the plot. But part of the unique charm of your books is that the best of them stand rooted in the country soil. The sheep-tending in "Far from the Madding Crowd," the dairy work in "Tess" are—to vary the analogy—separate stones in the wonderful mosaic of those provincial studies. You do not hesitate to introduce them at the supreme moments; what original yet gravely beautiful love scenes are those between Tess and Angel over the milking of the cows! Who else would have had the courageous insight to seize the innate poetry of that homely soil, and thus faithfully portray it, not with sentimental idealisation, but with simple force and truth? The picture of that ethereal milk-maid moving through the violet dawn of midsummer, her hair wet with dew, her face gleaming with the first ray of daylight haunts me still.

Whether people will ever agree with you in your choice of the sub-title to this same "Tess" remains an unsolved problem. Personally I think you have amply justified yourself in your preface to the fifth edition. One sentence lingers with me now, and is, I venture to think, the key-note to your philosophy of the art of fiction.

"A novel," you state, "is an impression, not an argument." Indeed it is as an impressionist in word-painting that you chiefly excel. Scenes from your works stand out in one's memory like events in a personal experience. Who can forget that vivid description of Fanny Robin dragging herself along Casterbridge Highway on her way to die in the union. Years have flown since I read it first, but that sad journey, solitary save for the faithful dog, thrills me now. Not many pages later it is succeeded by another scene, equally relentless and even more tragic, the incident of Tray's meeting with the two women he has wronged, the living and the dead.

Emphatically yours are not what schoolgirls call "nice" books. But indeed they are not for girls at all. They are only fit food for men and women who wish to read of life as it is, not as it is supposed to be. Real life is inevitably serious, even sad, though it has its lighter side. That side you by no means neglect. Where else can we find such rustics? If the Dorsetshire labourer is as amusing as you depict him, I wish we could import a few into the Midlands!

Who would not like to meet Joseph Poorgrass whose "shyness, painful as a defect, filled him with a mild complacency when it was regarded as an interesting study," or the frank and unflattering Henry Tray, or Laban Tall, described by his wife as "a poor gawk nammer mortal?" One would even enjoy seeing Worm, the author of that mournful confession, "I be a poor wambling man, and life's a mere bubble."

But it is not only in rustic humour that you win our laughter. "The Hand of Ethelberta" is pure comedy throughout, a sparkling satire on the follies of fashion and society. It is the lightest and brightest of all your works, and the adventures of the lively heroine who secretly instals her little brother as page-boy, and her sisters as housemaid and cook in her own home sustain the interest from first to last.

Some novels seem meant to be read indoors by the fire while others lose half their flavour within four walls. I like to read Dickens to an accompaniment of

crackling logs, and I enjoy George Eliot full as well when the curtains are drawn and the lamp lighted. But I read my Hardy, by choice, in the garden, or by the river, on the moor—anywhere, in fact, but under a roof. All my favourites are so full of the worship of Nature, and it is such catholic adoration. Most writers can admire and paint a fine landscape, with trees and flowers at the height of their summer glory. But in your books we learn to see the beauty and grandeur of Nature in her more wayward and sombre moods. Take that inimitable description of Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native." Its gloomy desolation dominates the whole volume, so that in recalling the story one thinks of that solemn tract of land almost before one remembers the characters, even Eustacia of the Pagan eyes.

Another gem is that pearl-tinted picture of the twilight preceding dawn in "Tess," the luminous gloom that made imaginative Clare think of the Resurrection hour.

"The Woodlanders" has a double charm in that it is full of the sights and sounds of country-life, and, at the same time, contains some of your most pleasing characters. Gentle Grace Melbury, Marty South with her sturdy independence, brave Giles Winterborne, literally faithful unto death, all attract us.

To my mind you have never surpassed in tender pathos that closing scene where Marty visits Giles' grave, and, laying her flowers there, whispers to him with a kind of passionate triumph:

"Now my own, own love, you are mine, and only mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last although for her you died! . . . But I never can forget 'ee, for you was a good man, and did good things!"

Will you forgive me, Mr. Hardy, if I venture to ask you to return to these earlier traditions?

Is it too much to ask for another book with the sweet smell of the woods and fields? To be frank, your later books have sadly disappointed me. I never thought to regret reading anything from your pen, but I am sorry I opened "Jude the Obscure." Yet even that has passages of sweetness and light amongst much which is coarse and unclean.

I like the scene where the boy looks wistfully from a great height at the gleaming lights of distant Oxford, and dreams of a grand future. But one prefers not to follow Jude further. "The Well Beloved" with its fantastic plot and artificial hero was a renewed disappointment. I am anxiously waiting for yet another work that will live, as I believe those first books of yours are destined to live, for the delight of generations yet unborn.

Yours hopefully,

Sunnyside,
Ashby de la Zouche,
Leicestershire.

LETITIA E. ISON.

The Battle of Life

To fight the battle to the end; to strive
Untired, undaunted, though the strife be vain;
To conquer fear, to bid faint hope revive;
To live, when life is one perpetual pain,
And in defeat to nurse the victor's dream,
And ever seek what yet we ever miss,
Fronting the gale, rowing against the stream,
Ah, who has strength that may suffice for this?
Yet must that strength be thine, young warrior soul!
Fail not, though faint; fight on, though sorely pressed,
Light the long race with visions of the goal;
Keep to the weary way whose end is rest.
Who still contests may know the prize is sure;
Behold, we count them happy which endure.

Japanese Poetry

THE practice of writing verse has always been, and still is, more general in Japan than in other countries, and among its classical authors we find not only literary men but Mikados, Buddhist priests, princes, Government officials, and Court ladies. Some of the most celebrated verses are by high-born women whose education was not considered complete without this accomplishment.

In studying Japanese poetry we are struck by its extreme antiquity compared with our English literature. We find poems by a lady who flourished in the eighth century, stanzas by a Buddhist priest of the seventh century, and a Mikado who reigned from 629 to 641 wrote poems which are still preserved. But human nature seems to have been much the same in Japan in the seventh and eighth centuries as it is in England in the nineteenth. Love, death, and partings form the subjects for those early poets—the maiden of Anahi sighs: "An' I may not marry the man I love what profits me my life!" a theme which, in spite of the difference of a thousand years, is not yet obsolete!

It has frequently been said that in order thoroughly to understand the character of a nation, it is necessary to study the national poetry, and it is very possible that one of the great barriers between us and the Eastern nations is that we are rarely able to reach their thoughts as expressed by their poets. A debt of thanks, therefore, is due to the great authority on Japanese literature who has given us a glimpse into this region, by publishing a volume of translations of Japanese poems.* The common form of modern Japanese poetry, and that which is in the greatest favour with the present Emperor and his Court, is the *tanka*, or thirty-one syllable poem. To an English mind the limitation of a poet to the number of syllables he may use, would seem cruel and likely to put an end to his inspiration. But the Japanese muse appears to flourish under this clipping process, and numbers of *tanka* come out in the magazines. One is inclined to doubt whether any thought can be expressed in thirty-one syllables, but the *tanka* proves that it is not impossible. There is even pathos in these few words, thus:

Ah Youth!
Whither art thou gone?
Leaving in thy place
An unknown old man!

The death of young children has afforded a theme for the poets of nearly every country: in the following graceful little couplet the mourner pleads:

So young, so young! He cannot know the way.
On Hades' porter I'll a bribe bestow
That on his shoulders, the dear infant may
Be safely carried to the realms below.

A Japanese father mourns the loss of his little son; after telling how the child lay by his side at night, he goes on to say:

Then with his pretty prattle in my ears,
I'd lie awake and scan
The good and evil of the coming years,
And see the child a man.
And, as the seaman trusts his bark, I'd trust
That naught could harm the boy.
Alas! I wist not that the whirling gust
Would shipwreck all my joy!
Then with despairing helpless hands I grasped
The sacred mirror's sphere
And round my shoulders I my garments clasped
And prayed with many a tear
'Tis yours great Gods that dwell on high,
Great Gods of earth, 'tis yours,
To heed or heed not a poor father's cry
Who worships and implores!
Alas! Vain prayers that can no more avail,
He languished day by day
Till e'en his infant speech began to fail
And life soon ebbed away.

The Japanese are almost unanimous in their verdict that the most poetical things in nature are the moon, birds, blossoms (meaning cherry and plum), and snow; so the allusions to those are much more frequent than in English poetry. Among birds, the nightingale and the cuckoo seem to be the favourites, and it appears that, even in Japan, the cuckoo keeps up the bad habit of using its neighbour's nest for its eggs:

Nightingales built the nest
Where as a lonely guest
First thy young head did rest
Cuckoo so dear!

Strange to the father bird,
Strange to the mother bird
Sounded the note they heard
Tender and clear!

* "The Classical Poetry of the Japanese," by Professor Hall Chamberlain.

Though, through the livelong day
Soundeth thy roundelay,
Never its accents may
Pall on mine ear!

Come, take a bribe of me,
Ne'er to far regions flee,
Dwell on mine orange-tree
Cuckoo so dear!

Another address to the cuckoo was written so far back as May 750:

Near to the valley stands my humble cot,
The village nestles 'neath the cooling shade
Of lofty timber, but the silent glade
Not yet re-echoes with the cuckoo's note.

The morning hour e'er finds me, sweetest bird
Before my gate, and when the day doth pale
I cast the wistful glance adown the vale,
But e'en one note alas! not yet is heard.

Flowers, the seasons, patriotism, absence, partings, and the mutability of earthly things, these all form themes, many of which are treated in what might be called a modern manner, but some of the poems have a distinctly Japanese line of thought. Such, for instance, is the following, which alludes to the belief that Japan is the dwelling-place of the gods, and the people, being their descendants, have no need of prayer:

Japan is not a land where men need pray
For 'tis itself divine:
Yet do I lift my voice in prayer and say
May every joy be thine

And may I too, if thou those joys attain,
Live on to see thee blest!
Such the fond prayer that like the restless main
Will rise within my breast.

These lines were written by a celebrated poet who died in 737.

A writer on Japanese literature has said that "Japanese poetry is chiefly remarkable for its limitations—for what it has not, rather than for what it has. Didactic, philosophical, political satirical poems are conspicuously absent." And we may add, that beyond an appeal in times of trouble to the gods, there is an extraordinary absence of religious thought.

The Japanese language is the language of an irreligious people. Many of the foundation thoughts of religion, such as "awe" and "purity," cannot be adequately expressed in the Japanese tongue. In the "flowery land" no Milton has bewailed a Paradise lost, or foretold "in harmonious numbers" a Paradise regained. No Dante has sought to lift the veil of the unseen, and no Tennyson has taught them to ponder on the awful mysteries of Life and Death.

S. B.

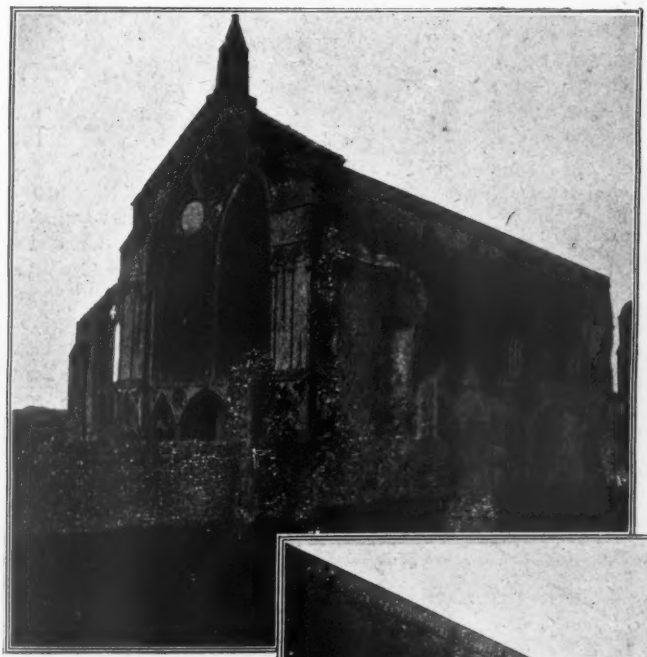
An Heirloom in Decay

BINHAM ABBEY is one of those picturesque and priceless relics of the past that form a worthy goal for short wanderings from the more trodden routes of travel in England. It stands in a far corner of North Norfolk, near a high road to nowhere more particular than Wells-next-Sea at one end and Holt at the other, some miles from railway stations. But it accords so well with the genius of British history, that speaks from the surrounding landscape, that none who voyage thither regret the time or trouble.

Near by is Walsingham, the story of whose famous shrine of Our Lady is almost the whole story of England's religion, dating from before the Conquest, and growing ever in sanctity till it reached its zenith when King Henry VIII. walked barefoot thither from the village of Barsham. Still nearer stands, at Wighton, the wonderfully-preserved camp of the Danes who harried this part of East Anglia; on another side, the Old Hall at Stiffkey still bears the arms of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Privy Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and on its inner walls still hang the muskets served out at the time when East Anglia stood ready, day by day, to rally against the French invader. So strong is the tradition of those times that when last year a "meteorite" fell within a mile or two of Binham, some villagers gravely affirmed that it was a shell fired from a French warship off the coast.

On a third side of Binham stands East Barsham, with a relic of one of the most picturesque buildings in the kingdom, dating from the time when Henry VII. was king; and on the fourth side still rolls the sea, as it did when the Vikings swooped upon the coast and fought for their foothold against the sturdy Angles; as it did when the Norman Con-

queror stamped his civilising heel firm upon recalcitrant East Anglia; as it did when the watchers scanned the sea day and night for signal of the French.



Binham Abbey

Standing thus in the heart of a district whose records summarise the story of England's wars, Binham Abbey itself is an epitome of the history of the Church. The building, as it stands now, in spite of its size and beauty, is only the nave of the Church of the Priory, whose clustered towers and gables crusted the green slope that faces the blasts from the northern sea, above a meandering trout stream, where the old monks had rare sport in catching their dinner for Friday. But of these towers and gabled buildings there remain only humped hillocks in the greensward and a jumble of craggy pillars suggesting an ivy-clad Stonehenge, where jackdaws chatter through the sunny afternoons and the kestrel rears its brood. With a printed ground plan of the ancient buildings, however, the whole arrangement becomes clear and simple, and intensely interesting. Every detail, from the "jail gate" in the wall with its "squint" on a line with the centre of the great west door, to the Norman wall of partition between the church of the monks and that of the parish, and the fierce, mutilating work of the Reformation when the rood-screen was painted

with white and covered with texts from Tyndale's versions, from under which some of the illuminated saints show here a hand and there a head—every detail is eloquent of the history of England, scarred deep in religion and wreckage, in enduring beauty and ruthless demolition. But worst of all is the age of apathy on which we seem to have entered; when such a building, through its aged vicar, appeals in vain for the small sum—scarce twice as much as has been given for a first-prize collie dog at a dog show—required to make the building worthy of the purpose, which it has served for seven centuries, as a Parish Church, and somewhat worthy of its old traditions. One need not be an architectural enthusiast or antiquarian fanatic to feel the disgrace which attaches to us as a nation when such memorials as Binham Abbey are permitted to totter to decay.

For Binham Abbey is one of those things which the citizens of the United States of America would give millions of dollars to possess; but which, although its authentic history stretches in an unbroken line from the Domesday survey, may apparently go begging in vain until another Doomsday without obtaining from the British nation the £2000 required to rescue from its present state of ruinous decay what is left of the famous Priory founded by Peter de Valoines, nephew of William the Conqueror, and his wife, Albreda, as a "cell" to the Abbey of St. Albans, subordinate only to the Monastery of S. Peter de Clugny in France. But if we go into these details we shall be lost in the mists of mediævalism, when the Priory used to pay one mark of silver annually to the Abbot of St. Albans and put up—as we should now say—the Abbot for eight days in the year, "he to have only thirteen horses in his train." Equally useless would it be to plunge into architectural details, of bays and clerestory and triforium, transepts and sedilia and nebule corbel-tables. Let it suffice that there now remains the nave of what was once a magnificent pile of buildings and fragmentary portions of other parts representing Norman, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular architecture.

But one needs no knowledge of these to realise the beauty of the west front of the Abbey—as custom calls the Priory—in spite of the fact that the splendid window is almost entirely blocked up. Inside the building there is, too, one type of moulding believed to be unique in the ancient architecture of the world. Yet now the whole aspect of the interior is spoiled by the dwarfed arches that give a hint of squatness to the whole; but this is one of the defects which the £2000, above referred to, would remove. For when the old Priory buildings were destroyed, the drainage was neglected, and a succeeding age of dull utilitarianism conceived the crude device to dry the floor for divine service by raising it three feet, so that it now runs level with the ancient sedilia and hides a great part of the door way though which the monks came to serve the altar.

To lower the floor again to its ancient level and give back to the building its pristine grace and majesty, to mend the roof so that the rain may not drip within, and to restore the loveliness of the west window are the three objects of a struggling fund, whose raising so far reads like a story of village rummage sales and sixpenny subscriptions. And this to secure to England a memorial which was reared before she was called England; a beautiful record of her successive styles of ancient architecture; and a building which as Parish Church has its unbroken list of vicars from Alan Alam, appointed in 1310, to the Rev. Robert Corry Cavell, the present vicar, who will be mightily pleased if some are moved to help him in the task of saving the grand old Priory.

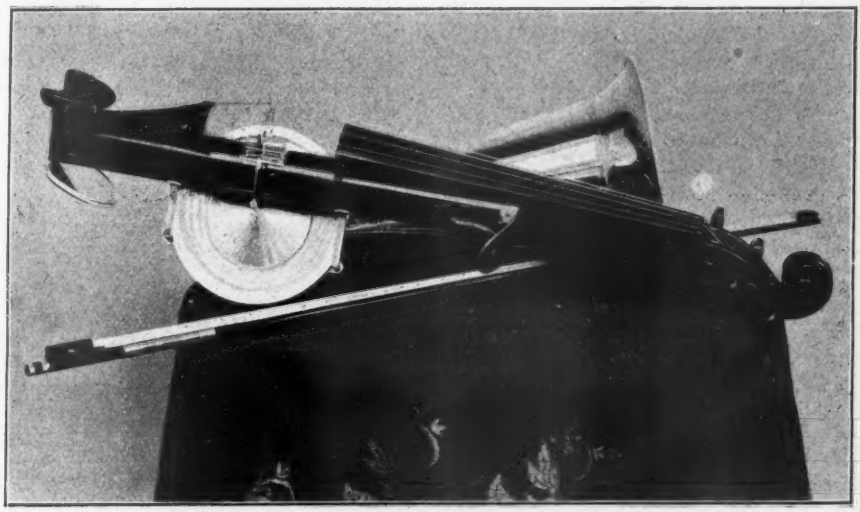
A Norfolk Naturalist.

The Newest Things in Violins

It has often been remarked that whereas the pianoforte has in the course of its existence undergone many changes which have tended to improve it and render it an instrument of greater beauty and quality than it was before, the violin has changed but little from the day of its birth. Since the middle of the seventeenth century the violin has been considered a perfect instrument. To-day the fiddle-player hankers after a Stradi-

varius or an Amati and, generally speaking, he regards all attempts to modify its shape and structure as acts of vandalism.

Quite recently, however, there has appeared an entirely novel kind of violin which has been invented by Mr. A. Stroh, a well-known London man of science. It is attracting a great deal of notice, and has aroused the interest of all classes of musicians. Naturally the more conservative fiddlers are still viewing the new instrument with distrust, if not with aversion, but Mr. Stroh is confident that in time his violin will win their confidence and esteem, and will take its place as a musical instrument of great beauty and value.



The Stroh Violin, showing disc or diaphragm

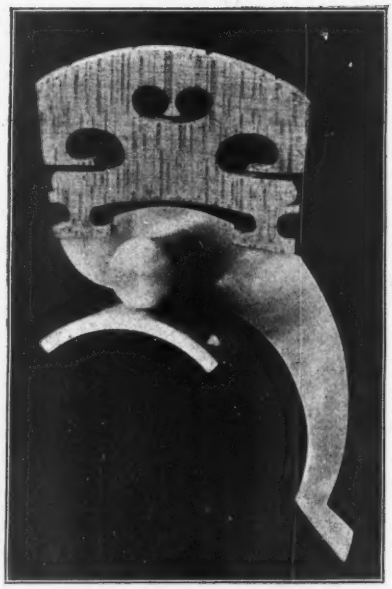
Mr. A. Stroh, we have said also, is a scientist, and the lover of science is never happy unless he is endeavouring to improve upon some existing type of instrument or piece of apparatus. The ordinary common form of violin consists, as everybody knows, of the strings, the bridge, and the sounding-box or body. It was thought that all string instruments must have a sounding-box, which would be set in sympathetic vibrations with the strings in resonance if any considerable effect was to be attained, and the maker of violins showed his skill by the manner in which he made his sounding-box. The body required special wood, special varnish, &c., and in the construction of violins the great Cremona makers have for long held first place.

The violinist had to pay a high price for one of these instruments, but he knew that it could not be equalled by any other by a modern maker. Mr. Stroh having given much attention to musical instruments decided to abolish the "body" or sounding-box of the violin and to substitute for it a trumpet or resonator made of aluminium. The following description together with the photograph here reproduced will give a good idea of the construction of the Stroh violin. The vibrations of the strings are conducted by means of an ordinary violin bridge, which rests upon a rocking lever to the diaphragm and resonator. The lever supporting the bridge oscillates laterally upon the body of the instrument, the end being attached to a diaphragm of aluminium by a small connecting link. The diaphragm is held in position between the india-rubber cushion by means of a specially designed holder fixed upon the body of the violin by two brackets. Attached to this holder is the trumpet or resonator. The body or

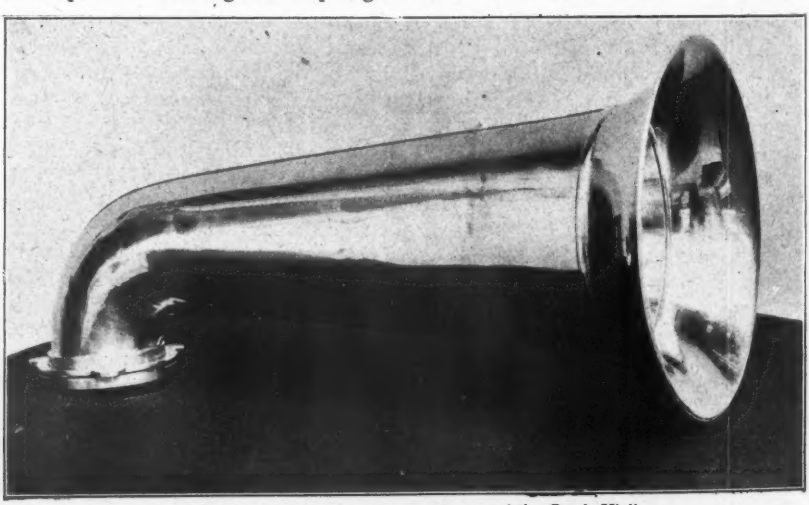
main support of the instrument is in no way employed for sound purposes, it simply holds the various parts of the violin together and sustains the enormous pressure of the strings when tuned. The disc or diaphragm which represents the bell of an ordinary violin is perfectly free to vibrate, the result being that when the strings are set in motion by the bow, the bridge and rocking lever vibrate accordingly, and thus every vibration is transmitted to the diaphragm.

The diaphragm sets in motion the air contained in the resonator, the resonator augmenting and distributing the sound to the surrounding atmosphere. A remarkable point and one worthy of note is that every instrument made on the "Stroh" principle can be guaranteed perfect and almost any quality of tone can be obtained from one instrument by a simple change of diaphragm. The mechanism of the "Stroh" violin is very simple and cannot easily get out of order, each part can be seen at a glance. There are no devices to wear out, and putting aside the results of accident or carelessness the instrument is practically indestructible. In the manufacture of these violins, standard gauge will be strictly adhered to, so that in the event of accident the damaged part will be easily replaced. It need not be feared that any future developments will render obsolete the present pattern. Although the diaphragm is made of aluminium, no metallic sound is audible, and if the hearer shuts his eyes he is unable to tell whether he is hearing a "Stroh" or a wooden violin, save that unless the latter is of superlative excellence, the former will probably have the finer quality of tone of the two.

H. C. F.



The bridge of the Stroh Violin



The aluminium trumpet, or resonator, of the Stroh Violin

(*Miss Hargreaves, photo, Coniston*)

JOHN RUSKIN IN THE SEVENTIES

From a Bust by Professor B. CRESWICK

Ruskin's Music

By W. G. Collingwood

"IT is well known," says a recent newspaper-writer, "that Ruskin's ear was as deaf to musical sound as his eye was sensitive to natural beauty." On the other hand, Miss Wakefield, the celebrated singer and the originator of country Musical Competitions, has put together a volume of 158 pages—most of them, certainly, in rather big type—under the title of "Ruskin on Music." The inference, of course, to an unbelieving world is that he wrote about what he did not understand. But Miss Wakefield understands; and she says, "what is to be admired in what he has said of the art, is the beautiful way in which its spiritual meaning and teaching have been expressed by him, in the short passages which he has devoted to it, and in which no one has ever excelled him."

For his thoughts on music there is this book to read; but for Ruskin's quest of music, for his lifelong attempts to qualify as a musician, there is nothing to show. The story has not yet been told, because it has little bearing on his life's main work, and—to put it roughly—it is the story of a failure. Perhaps there are admirers who would rather not know about the failure; but silence would consent to fallacy.

There are still in existence the bound volumes of piano pieces and operatic songs which he learnt when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. One of these volumes is open on the piano, in our photograph of the Brantwood drawing-room, arranged as it used to be when he strummed a little before dinner and read at the four candles after dinner. Each piece is inscribed by the Oxford music-master with the usual vague respect of Town to Gown in the formula, "— Ruskin, Esq., Ch.Ch." The master does not seem to have known his Christian name, but he evidently dragged him through a great deal of Bellini, and Donizetti, and Mozart; and "forty years on—shorter in wind, though in memory long" Ruskin had a keen recollection of these pieces, and liked to go over them with any young friend, showing how they used to sing "Non più andrai" or "Prendero quel brunettino," with all the flourishes. There are his fingering exercises, as elaborately annotated as all his old books are; he must have spent much time and taken great pains, in those early days, over his music. It was not for want of opportunity, nor for lack of intention, that he did not become a musician.

When he left Oxford he still continued his lessons, especially the singing. I have never heard of his singing in company, but I can hardly doubt that the lessons did much for his voice. Any one who has heard him lecture, or read, or even talk, knows how resonant and flexible it was, and how thoroughly under his command. He had naturally a weak chest, and caught cold easily, and his throat was often affected; but he always, I think, was able to lecture, and his voice was the first thing that attracted an audience. The singing lessons were not without result.

In later years his music-master was George Frederick West, who taught him—or tried to teach him—harmony and composition. I can remember Mr. West coming to give him a lesson, but I don't think I was ever present at the ordeal. You can imagine that "Dr. Ruskin," as Mr. West always called him, was a most difficult pupil, wanting at every turn to know why; incredulous of the best authority; impatient of the compromises and conventions, the "wohltemperirtes Klavier"; and eager to upset everything and start afresh. It is Mrs. Severn who can describe these droll interviews and Mr. West's despairing appeal, "But you wouldn't be ungrammatical, Doctor Ruskin?"

I am not so sure about that; but Mr. Ruskin learnt what he wanted. One thing he could do to perfection. He could easily and readily transpose and copy a song that was too high or too low, and he liked doing so. It does not imply great scholarship, but it is wonderful, as Dr. Johnson said of the performing dog, that he should do it at all. He might have been spending his time to better purpose, you think?

Music lessons went on, at all available intervals, down to the close of his active life. At Sandgate in 1887–88 he was learning from Mr. Roberts. In his lodgings, beside the cottage piano already there, he got a grand piano and a harmonium (the last was afterwards given to a chapel in Coniston), and because he had few chances of hearing music in that retirement, he engaged a young lady professional to play of evenings to himself and the friends who were staying with him.

In his books there are several hard hits at concerts and concert-goers; but just as he wrote against railways and yet, he said, "used them himself, few people more," so he was an energetic concert-goer. On arriving at Paris or any great foreign town his first question was "What about the opera?" With classical Italian opera he was familiar from his youth up. He loved it, indignant when pestilent modernism hurried the tempo or took liberties with the well-known score. In London he usually had a season ticket for the Crystal Palace concerts—you remember how he abused the Crystal Palace!—and when he was driven away by the "autumn cleaning," a great business in old Mrs. Ruskin's scrupulous housekeeping at Denmark Hill, he would stay at the Queen's Hotel in Norwood "to be near the Manns concerts."

(Photo by A. E. Brickhill)

Brantwood Drawing-room

He has just mentioned Charles Hallé in "Ethics of the Dust," but in private letters comes out his real admiration of the great pianist. John Hullah was one of his friends; his copy of Hullah's "Manual" is scribbled with devices for simplifying the teaching of the keyboard. Indeed, being as he was a born teacher, and counting as he did music an essential to education, he even taught—or tried to teach—what he knew of it whenever there was a chance. That class of little country girls at Brantwood had to learn music too; it was in his time of failing strength,

and the story is tragi-comic; but in such times the real heart reveals itself through all weaknesses, and it was a very kindly and earnest nature that made him write out neat cards of music-lore reduced to its lowest terms for the cottage lasses whose lives he tried to raise and brighten.

It was only on evenings of actual illness or serious trouble that he passed the time without music, and he generally managed to have somebody in the house who could play and sing. One of his admirations was "Claribel," whom he met at Jean Ingelow's; she sang her own songs to his great delight. Later, among many, there were the Misses Bateman and Miss Wakefield; in "Joanna's Care" he has told his readers about the charm of Mrs. Severn's singing. And it was not only comic songs and nigger ballads that he would listen to; he liked fun, as his readers ought to know by now, and a good funny song, if the tune was sound, made him clap his hands in a quaint gesture and laugh all over—the more that there was much sadness in his thoughts. I remember Sir Edward Burne-Jones's account of a visit to the Christy Minstrels; how the Professor dragged him there, to a front seat, and those burnt-corked people anticked and shouted, and Burne-Jones wanted to go, and Ruskin wouldn't, but sat laughing through the whole performance as if he loved it. An afternoon, to him, of oblivion to the cares of life; an odd experience; but he would not call it music. "Now let us have something different," he used to say when he had laughed enough.

The old songs were his delight, old English and French and Scotch. German songs, German music, and everything German, except Dürer and Holbein, he could not abide; German love-songs especially, "songs of seduction" he called them. He would just endure a bit of Swiss carolling, with its breezy reminder of the Alps; but the unlucky individual who tried him with Fesca has cause to remember the event. Haydn and Mozart he classed with the Italians, and Handel with the good old standards; but Mendelssohn was not to be named. Worst of all he misliked execution without feeling: the brilliant young lady pianist had no welcome from Ruskin. Gaiety, or else tenderness, appealed; even among the old songs there were those he cast out of the programme. Of "Charmante Gabrielle," he said once, "It might do when a king sang it."

Corelli was one of his favourite composers; that was another link with "Redgauntlet" and Wandering Willie; and though he was never a collector of rarities as such, he bought all the Corelli he could meet with, as well as various old editions of early music at Chappell's sales.

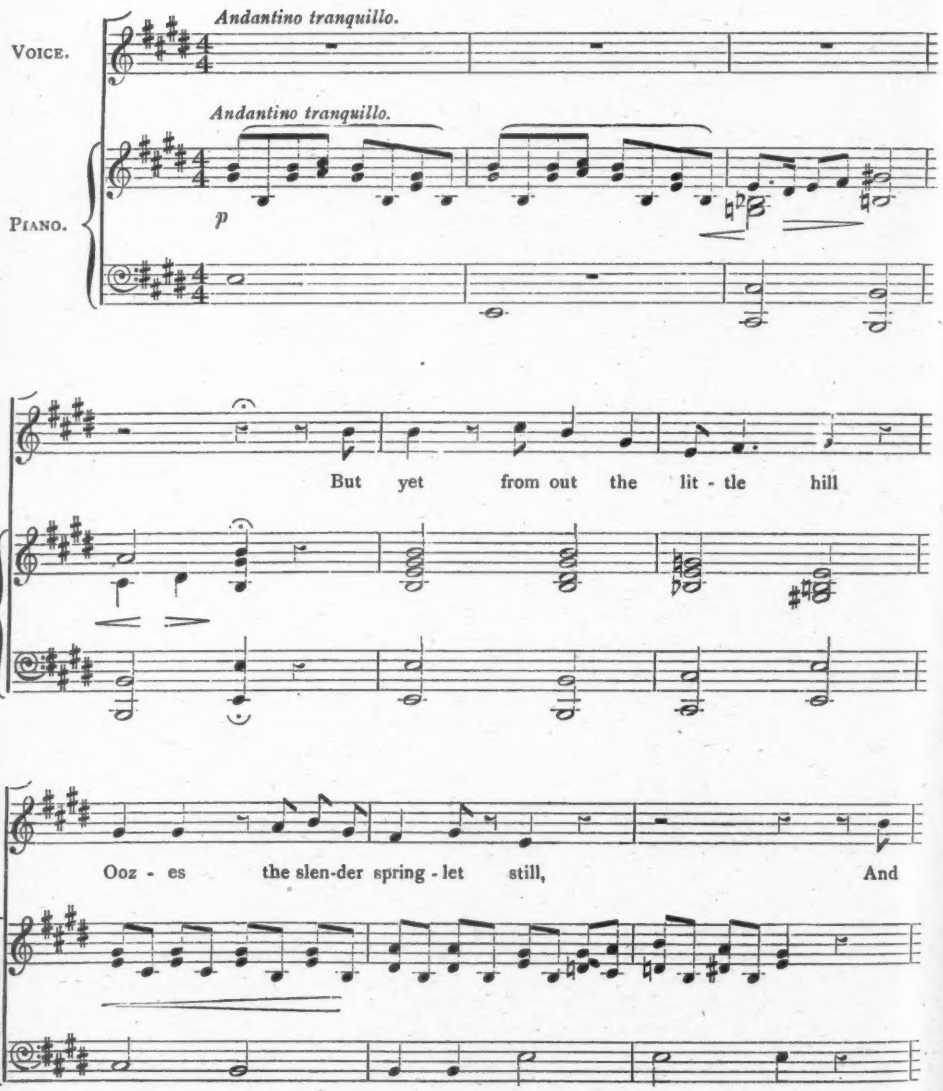
From about 1880 for some ten years he took to making little compositions of his own; curious experiments. It need hardly be said, and it need never be regretted, that these were not workmanlike performances. The mere fact of his trying to compose is curious; and though it is not part of his life's work, it explains some passages and turns of his thought. It would be really more wonderful if he had succeeded in learning to be a musician, along with all the other things he attempted. But look at his face, in the truthful if not sentimental portrait by Mr. Creswick, which, I think, has not been photographed until now. I do not much believe in physiognomy, and yet in the faces of those who have the gift of execution —quite a separate power from intellectual or emotional appreciation, or even from composition—I think you notice that the groove which marks off the wing of the nose, *ala nasi*, at the top is strongly developed; sometimes it is so sharp as to be almost a deformity. There is none in Ruskin's face. That trait may mean nothing; but the fact remains that so able a man spent time and labour in vain over an art which many learn easily, without a hundredth part of his general power. In a word he had a great love for music, and within certain limits a true taste, but no talent.

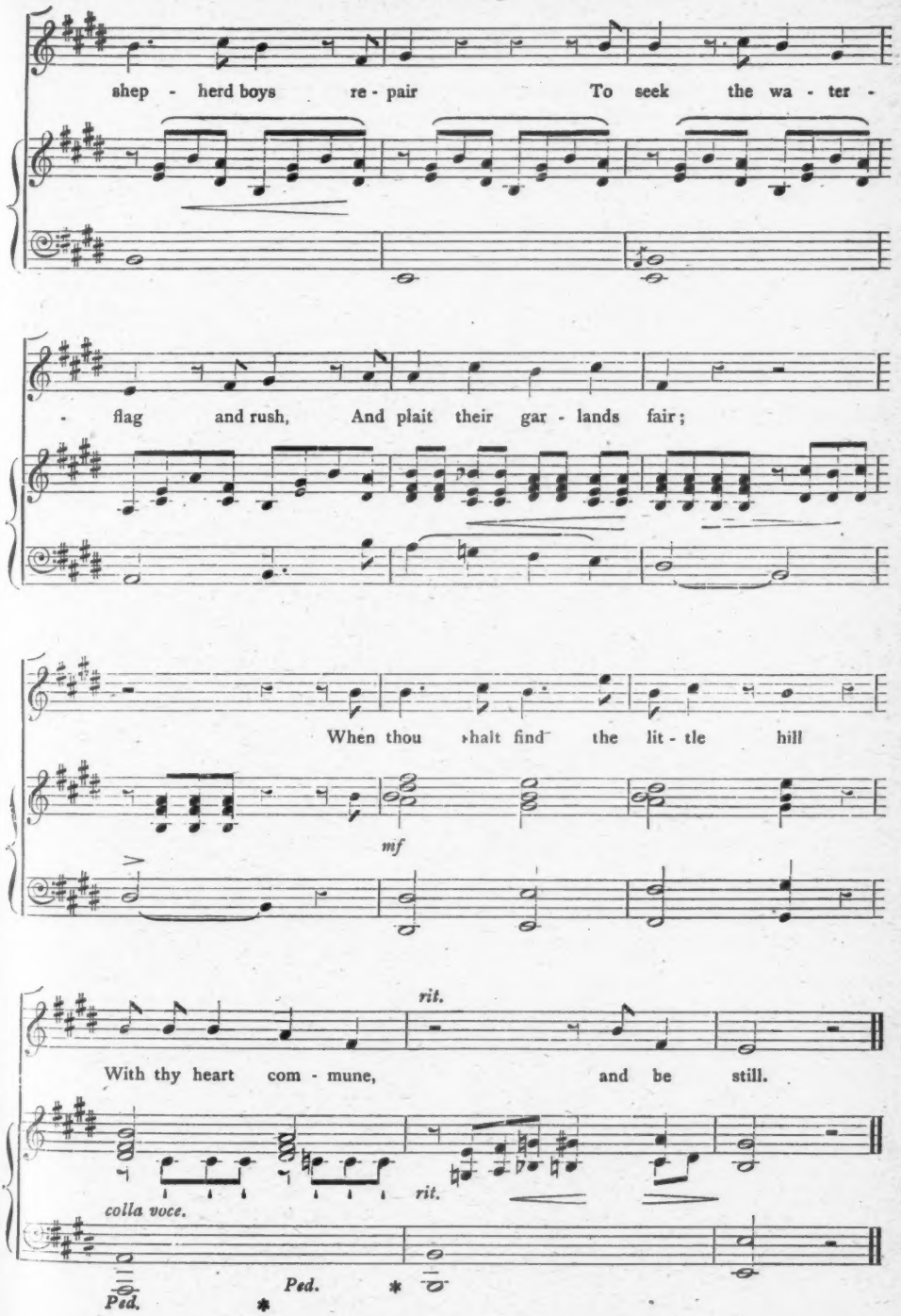
In "Elements of English Prosody," written 1880, there is a good deal about his views on music, made sadly unreadable, not by the error of his ideas, but by his perverse neglect of recognised technicalities. Among the rest is an attempt at a setting of "Ye Mariners of England," with bars inserted as if to mark the feet of the prosody instead of the beat of the melody, which was part of

At Marmion's Grave

Words by Sir Walter Scott

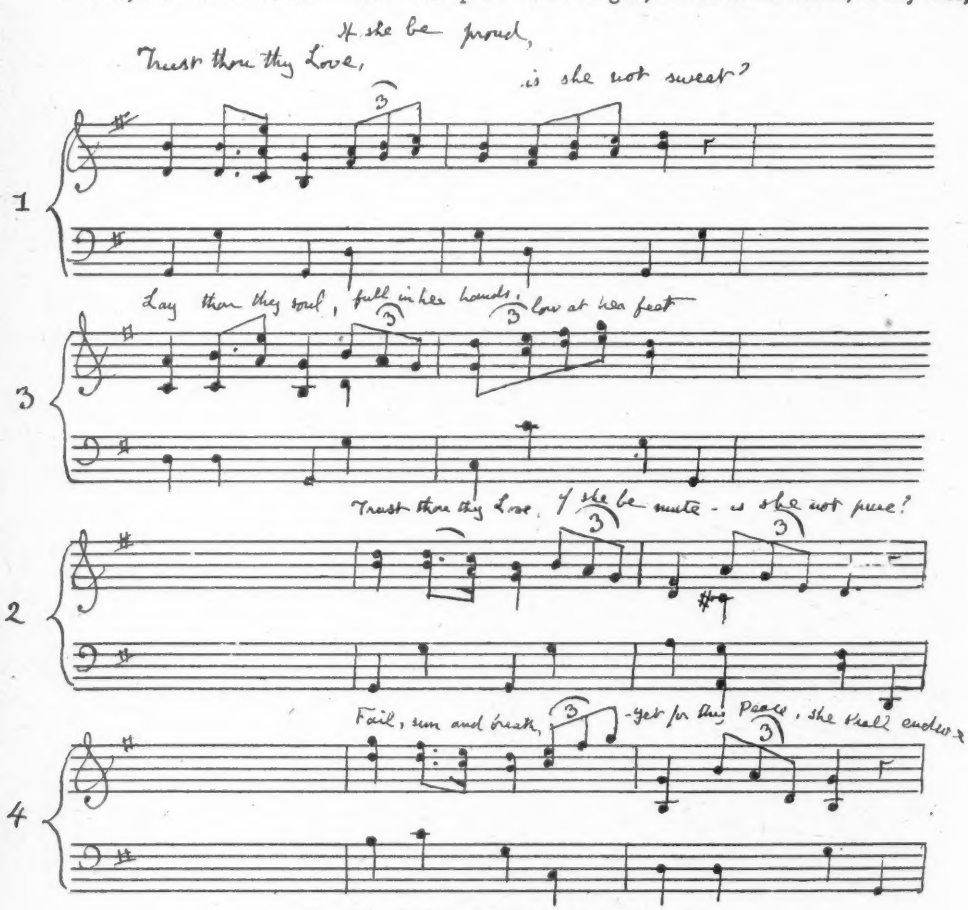
Air by Mr. Ruskin, 1881




shep - herd boys re - pair To seek the wa - ter -
- flag and rush, And plait their gar - lands fair;
When thou shalt find the lit - tle hill
mf
rit.
With thy heart com - mune, and be still.
rit.
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.

his scheme, though it naturally offends a musician.

His little output of musical composition need never see the light. Once he had "Blow, blow thou winter's wind" set up in "Tu ne quæsieris." Here, as specimens, it is enough to give a little scrap from "Marmion," to which he set the air and sketched the accompaniment; and his own rough draft of a songlet, of which the words, at any rate,



Facsimile of Mr. Ruskin's rough draft of a songlet

type, but it was discreetly blotted. The manuscript page of "On Old Ægina's Rocks" is in the Coniston Museum, for the curious to behold. Others were little rhymes for children—the words printed in his "Poems," or fragments from Scott and Shakespeare, "How should I thy true love know," "From Wigton to the foot of Ayr," "Come unto these yellow sands," "From the east to western Ind," and so forth, with a couple of odes of Horace, "Faune, Nympharum" and are lovely, and intimately Ruskin. They might be the motto to the Queen's Gardens of "Sesame":

Trust thou thy Love; if she be proud, is she not sweet?
Trust thou thy Love; if she be mute, is she not pure?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;
Fail, Sun and Breath;—yet, for thy peace, she shall endure!

The Two Pessimists

By H. Barton Baker

Illustrated by Frances Ewan

"'REASON thus with life, if I do lose thee I do lose a thing that only fools would keep.' So wrote the divine Shakespeare and he never wrote truer lines."

Thus soliloquised Richard Mallock as he leaned against the parapet of the Thames Embankment and looked down upon the black gulf of waters here and there wrinkled with light from the reflection of the lamps on the roadway and on the bridges. It was chill, damp, misty December and close upon midnight.

His thoughts were wandering over the past of a brief, wasted life; fortune squandered, opportunities lost, and at eight-and-twenty, ruin, beggary, hopeless indebtedness, from which there was seemingly no escape except by a plunge into the river. He thought he would wait and hear Big Ben sound midnight, and then—for the leap in the dark. Now and again a cab flashed and rattled by, but pedestrians were few and far between, the embankment was almost deserted.

Presently out of the deep silence there rose a low sob, quite close to him; Mallock turned his eyes in the direction of the sound and saw a shadowy form move through the darkness and then climb up on to the parapet a little below the place where he was standing. Divining its purpose and forgetting all his pessimistic philosophy he ran forward and clutched it just in time and drew it down upon the roadway.

It was a young girl, little more than a child, thinly, raggedly clad, with a white, worn hunger-pinched face begrimed by tears and dirt, and half-hidden by a mass of tangled dark hair.

"Child, child," he said in a shocked voice, as he placed her on a seat beside him, "what were you going to do?"

"Drown meself," was the sobbed answer.

"Drown yourself, why do you want to drown yourself—at your age?"

He added the last words as an apology to himself.

"Because I don't want to live—I'm so mis'ble—I want to die, and then I shan't be 'ungry no more, and shan't have to beg and be beat."

"Poor little wretch," muttered Mallock. "And who is it ill-uses you?"

"Bill Hughes and mother, both on 'em; Bill told me if I didn't bring 'ome two bob to-night, he'd skin me alive, and wouldn't give me a bit to eat for a week. I 'ate beggin,' I'm sick of it all."

Then turning spitefully upon her deliverer she cried: "Why couldn't you 'a let me alone; only for you I should be dead now at the bottom of the river and never want vittals no more."

The words struck home to Mallock, bringing with them a flavour of mortification. Had he been interrupted in his intentions a few minutes ago he might have uttered a similar complaint, the language would have been more grammatical but the matter would have been identical—no more earthly wants.

"But my poor child," he said soothingly, "you are not obliged to put up with ill usage the magistrates will protect you from that."

"I s'pose you mean the beaks—yes, they'd send me to prison, t'ain't good enough," said the girl with monkey-like cynicism.

"No, they would send you to some institution where you would be fed and clothed and properly treated."

"Never heard o' them places, and they sort o' beaks ain't our way," she broke in again in the same tone, and raising her heels upon the seat and clasping her legs with her hands she rested her chin upon her knees, sullen and discontented. "Oh, I'm sick of it all, what's the good o' livin'?"

It would have been curiously interesting to a psychologist to have studied these two pessimists, seated side by side, the ragged

waif of the gutters and the beggared gentleman of the Temple chorusing together—Life is not worth living. The one had exhausted all its pleasures, the other had never known aught but misery, yet each was equally weary of the sun. Mallock was uneasily conscious of the irony of the situation.

"Don't your mother send you to school?" he asked.

"Not much, they're always havin' her up about it, but Bill won't let me go—he won't work, he only drinks and wallops mother and me, and when she's mops and brooms she's as bad as him. I tell you I'm bloomin' sick of it all."

Then looking up at him with a queer look upon her weazened face she said: "Do you like sittin' out here in the cold? I don't. But I s'pose it 'ud be a blessed sight colder under the water. But when you're dead you don't feel nothin'. Wish I was dead. I s'pose you've got a bed, and as much toke as you can tuck in and plenty o' clothes? I wish I was you, I wouldn't want to drown meself then, not me."

And she chuckled at the thought.

"Perhaps in my way I've as much cause to be tired of living as you have," he said smiling.

She stared at him for a moment then uttered a contemptuous "g' orn, I ain't such a green 'un as you thinks me. Why, if you was hungry," she went on passing her hand over his coat, "you could put your clothes up the spout for enough to keep you in meat and puddin' for ever so long. My, don't I wish I was you; but some people ain't never satisfied with what they've got."

How old and elfish and envious the weazened face looked as it eyed him out of the corners of its eyes.

A few moments before he thought himself to be the most wretched creature on earth, yet what a gulf separated his misery from that of this poor neglected child! His poverty would be wealth to her, his troubles not worth thinking about.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked after a pause.

"I dunno, stop here till the crusher moves me on I s'pose. I dursn't go home."

"How much have you got towards your 'two bob?'"

"Oh, I got a bob in bronzes."

"You have got all that money and yet you thought of drowning yourself. Why it would have been better to have spent it upon 'toke,'" said Mallock.

"Blessed if I ever thought o' that," said the girl, "and all the shops is shut now."

Mallock bethought him that he had a few stray coins about him, and turning out his pockets found two sixpences and some halfpence.

"Here," he said, "open your hand, perhaps that will make up your two bob and enable you to appease the amiable Bill Hughes."

The small fingers greedily closed upon the coins, then opened again to gloat over them.

"Is all this for me?" she gasped.

"Yes, and if you've got anything over the two bob, keep it for yourself to get something to eat with."

The child looked again at the coins, then took some out of her rags and put them all together.

"Well, you are a bloomin' good sort," she said, "you are. There ain't many o' you about our way."

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"White Horse Court, Drury Lane."

"What is your name?"

"Peggy."

"What else?"

"Nothin' else as I knows on."

"Well then, Peggy, I shall try and do something for you to get you out of your wretchedness, put you somewhere where you will be properly looked after. But you mustn't say anything about this to your people at home."

"I'm fly," she said with a grin, and laying a tiny finger against her nose.

During this conversation the strange companions, linked for a few moments by such a strange bond of sympathy, had walked from the embankment up Arundel Street. Mallock stopped beneath a gas-lamp and looking down kindly upon the little waif held out his hand and said, "Good night, Peggy, I shall not forget you."

The child gazed at the white ungloved hand and then rubbed her own dirty palm against her frock before she put it in his.

"You are a good sort and no error," she said, with a little shake in her voice.

"Poor little wretch," muttered Mallock to himself, as he watched her shuffle up Wych Street, "I'll set the Children's Protection Society on to Mr. Bill Hughes and get you out of his clutches."

Do you like sittin' out here in the cold? I don't

St. Clement Danes chimed the quarter past twelve.

"By jove, I thought that by this time I

should be lying quietly in Father Thames' bed."

He burst into a cynical laugh. "What poor, irresolute fools we all are," he muttered; "mere straws blown hither and thither by the wind of circumstance. What have I saved that wretched child for? If she had died to-night she would at least have died innocent. What vices and degradation and misery may yet be in store for her. Some day she'll curse me for my officiousness. And for myself? I must take the Queen's shilling or go to the workhouse."

Nevertheless Richard Mallock went home to his chambers in the Temple and slept soundly. And next morning the postman brought him a letter from a lawyer, announcing that he had inherited a considerable sum of money from an aunt, who had died intestate.

Mallock sat for some time holding the letter in his hand. For a while it was a shock to him rather than a joy. How narrowly he had escaped being the victim of one of Fate's little ironies. It was a terrible thought and he breathed an inward thanksgiving for his rescue from a great sin.

And a poor little, ragged street-waif had been the instrument, under a higher power, of his salvation!

You need scarcely be told that he was not ungrateful to Peggy for the strange part she had played in his destiny. He had her taken away from her vile surroundings, respectably educated and trained, and she is now the wife of a well-to-do tradesman. While Mallock himself, having renounced his old mode of life, is a barrister of repute and large practice.

Letters and Reminiscences from Last Century

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FIRST PAPER

IN the good old days before aggressive civilisation cast its blighting restrictions upon us, people in quest of the pleasures of society, were trammelled by no stereotyped rules, but each one entertained his own particular friends after his own characteristic fashion. This brought private eccentricities well before the public for, until the year 1710, there was no recognised Assembly in Edinburgh, and the amusements, held in such horror by the Presbyterian party, were indeed of a character most rightly described as promiscuous. Many a good story has mercifully been preserved of these days. We find them in Chambers' Traditions, and Wilson's Memorials, as well as in the odd pages throughout the various biographies which make the history of the eighteenth century a living reality to us. But between these days of reckless gaiety and our own of solemn sobriety there was a delightful period of genial hospitality when friends united frequently and informally to differ on politics or discuss the war, and if a man was needed to sing a song or support an argument Peter the caddy was despatched post haste to bring not only the coveted friend, but also the guests from his house, and, as often as not, the food from his table, lest there should be even the dread of too little at supper. People in the country were also keen to be refreshed by the gossip of the town. Here is a note from Archie Campbell* to Robert Sym, "Clerk to the Signet," the "Timothy Tickler" of Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

* The Right Hon. John Archibald Campbell, Lord Advocate in 1807. He married a sister of Lord Kineddar, Mary Anne Erskine, Sir Walter Scott's early friend. Campbell assumed the name of Colquhoun on succeeding to the estate of Killermont, and died in 1820. It was on the death of his infant daughter that Lady Nairn, then Miss Oliphant, wrote her beautiful poem, "The Land o' the Leal."

KILLERMONT,
April 13, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,—Living here the life of a hermit I know only by report what is passing in this strange world—would you write me often just now as to what is done or said by any or some, unless you have taken counsel's opinion and are bid to hold your tongue? But then I do not see how you can criminate yourself or what delicate correspondence or transaction of government you are acquainted with. Therefore write often all the gossip of Edinburgh. I cannot cry when I address you, but truly I am in a sad humour. My resentment is buried in the grave and I feel for the many who now suffer in their feelings. All well here except of ten twin lambs of five mothers one has died. If you could come out you would have a piece of good Stott, turnip-fed beef or potatoe-fed pork—these animals dead or alive are inferior as companions to Mark Sprott * or Wilson † or Jellicoe.

Yours truly,
A. C. COLQUHOUN.

Mr. Sym was from home when this touching appeal reached him, but he was fortunately well qualified to respond heartily to the request for gossip. He reports the news from time to time that "everybody who is anybody is going to London. Horner has gone and left Jeffrey his wig—which does not fit him at all. Mrs. Jeffrey is ill but not seriously so." (She died a few months after this, on August 8, 1805.) That "Hamilton‡ should lay aside his laced hat till he either get the knees of his breeches mended or a new pair." That, "Brewster climbed the stair a few nights ago and only to say that the last star but one in the tail of the great bear has something queer about it; he thinks it must be two stars, but he is going to get a stronger glass at Murrayfield." § How "the friday club is in full swing and Andrew Coventry (Professor of Agriculture) is admitted a member." That his nephew "John Wilson is at Oxford, and has written as to expenses that he spent in the last five months about £170, which means that £400 in the year is the least possible he can do with"—

Sir David Brewster

and so on. It is interesting to note that in this year 1805 Scott came prominently before the public as the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Here is another invitation to "Timothy Tickler," dated the same year:

ST. JAMES' SQUARE,
Monday 5, 1805.

DEAR SIR,—If you are disengaged on Saturday next may I request the favour of

* Sprott of Garnkirk.

† Wilson afterwards known as "Christopher North" a nephew of Robert Sym.

‡ Probably "Cockie Hamilton," the last man in Edinburgh to wear a cocked hat.

§ Mr. Brewster, afterwards Sir David, inventor of the kaleidoscope, &c., was at this time tutor in the family of General Dirom of Mount Annan and spent with them part of each year in Murrayfield, probably in the old house of that name, now standing amid a sea of villas.

your dining with Mrs. Dundas and me at Belmont where you will meet your friend, Mr. Rolland, and a small as well as a dissipated party. We dine at four o'clock.

I am,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT DUNDAS.

The Mr. Rolland here alluded to, was Adam Rolland of Gask, Scott's prototype in external circumstance, for Councillor Pleydell.

Letters, however, at the beginning of last century were not always of a friendly nature as will be seen from the account of an absurd quarrel which took place between Mr. Blackwood, the well-known publisher, and a Mr. Douglas who imagined that his name had been used with disrespect in "Maga."

Mr. Blackwood writes:

17 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH,
May 13, 1818.

SIR,—In the *Glasgow Chronicle* of yesterday I observe the following paragraph: "Yesterday forenoon, a gentleman from Glasgow (Mr. Douglas) whose name had been impertinently introduced into *Blackwood's Magazine*, horsewhipped Mr. Blackwood opposite to his own shop in Princes Street. As this gentleman was stepping into the Glasgow coach, at four o'clock, Mr. Blackwood, armed with a bludgeon, and apparently somewhat intoxicated, and accompanied by a man having the appearance of a shop porter, attempted a violent assault but without injury, the attack being repelled and retaliated by the free use of the horse-whip. A crowd attracted by the occurrence speedily separated the parties."

The transaction to which the above refers having occurred in the presence of about one hundred people of all sorts, there can be no difficulty in arriving at the truth.

On Monday between one and two o'clock Mr. Douglas entered my shop assuming his most terrific frown said, "My name is Douglas," and laying his whip slightly across my shoulders instantly strode off. I determined to do what I could to chastise the ruffian, so provided myself with a hazel sapling and took up my place at the door of Mackay's hotel with my much respected friend, Mr. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd). Mr. Douglas, having I suppose reconnoitered me from his position at the window, did not betray much alacrity in coming forth. On the third blowing of the horn he appeared to start for Glasgow by the four o'clock coach. I sprang up and cudgelled him until weary, when I was led away reluctantly by my friend, Mr. Hogg, and an opportunity was afforded Mr. Douglas of "stepping into the coach" the guard having obligingly delayed starting for ten minutes, on account of the unavoidable engagement which had prevented one of the passengers from taking his seat. On his arrival at Glasgow he plucked up courage to pen the lying paragraph I have quoted. As to his brutal insinuation that I was intoxicated, I shall only mention that immediately after my chastisement of him, my shop was crowded with the first literary men in Edinburgh. They will confute such a monstrous piece of audacious falsehood. To those, indeed, who know anything of me and of my habits this malicious insinuation can need no denial.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

The Ettrick Shepherd now writes in great wrath because he has been likened to a shop porter:

6 CHARLES STREET, EDINBURGH,
May 13, 1818.

SIR,—A copy of the *Glasgow Chronicle* has just been handed to me in which I observe a paragraph concerning Mr. Blackwood and a "gentleman from Glasgow." He says that Mr. Blackwood was accompanied by "a man having the appearance of a shop porter." Now there was no person accompanying Mr. Blackwood but myself, and I do not take this extremely well, and should like to know what it is that makes him a gentleman and me so far below him. Plain man as I am it cannot be my appearance; I will show myself on the steps at the door of Mackay's hotel with him whenever he pleases, or anywhere else. It cannot be on account of my parents and relations for in that likewise I am willing to abide the test.

If it is, as is commonly believed, that a man is known by his company, I can tell this same "gentleman" that I am a frequent and a welcome guest in companies where he would not be admitted as a waiter. As to the circumstances of the drubbing which Mr. Blackwood gave this same "gentleman from Glasgow," so many witnessed it there can be no mistake about the truth.

JAMES HOGG.

The Ettrick Shepherd again writes:

6 CHARLES STREET,
May 23, 1818.

SIR,—Yesterday morning I was disturbed by two gentlemen who made their way into my bedroom at about six o'clock in the morning. On recovering from my first surprise I understood that the object of this intrusion was to challenge me to meet Mr. John Douglas in the field of honour. But I had no hesitation with regard to the way I behaved having previously resolved to fight with no man. I therefore sent the two gentlemen to the police office as being in my opinion the fittest place for persons who had condescended to bring the message of one in Mr. Douglas' situation.

JAMES HOGG.

The Ettrick Shepherd seems to have been uneasy about the last step he had taken for he and Mr. Lockhart paid Christopher North an early visit at this time, in order to ascertain what he, Wilson, would do in the circumstances. "Thrash the fellow, or blow his brains out," said the future professor of Moral Philosophy, turning round in bed and at once going to sleep again. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Hogg so he went on to Sir Walter Scott, in the hope of receiving more congenial advice. Scott writes of the incident in a letter to the then Duke of Buccleugh:

"Our poor friend Hogg has had an affair of honour . . . two mornings ago about seven in the morning, my servant announced, while I was shaving in my dressing-room that Mr. Hogg wished earnestly to speak with me. He was ushered in and I cannot describe the half-startled, half-humorous air with which he said, scratching his head most vehemently, 'Odd Scott, here's twa folk frae Glasgow to provoke mey to fecht a duel.' 'A duel,' I answered in great astonishment, 'and what do you intend to do?' 'Odd I just locket them up in my room and sent the lassie for twae o' the police and just gi'ed the men ower to their chairge and I thocht I wad come and ask you what I should do. . . .' He had already settled for himself the question whether he was to fight or not. . . . The Glaswegians were greatly too many for him. . . . They returned in all triumph and glory and Hogg took the wings of the morning and fled to his cottage at Altrive, not deeming himself altogether safe in the streets of Edinburgh. . . . I heartily wish he could have prevailed on himself to swagger a little." And so ended the Ettrick Shepherd's affair of honour.

About this time the society in Edinburgh was exceptionally brilliant and full of notable characters. The town was alive with witty writers and budding poets, while a sprinkling still remained of old legal dignitaries belonging to the "three bottle wags" of the previous century. Mr. Robert Craig* of Riccarton the last male heir of Sir Thomas Craig, the great feudal lawyer of Scotland, did not die until the year 1823, and continued to within a short period of that date to give parties at his house in Princes Street, No. 91 now an hotel. Here on a summer afternoon he would be found seated on the front door step to receive his guests and enjoy the east wind, wearing old-fashioned clothes, knee breeches, and cut-away coat, with enormous brass buckles on his shoes. He hated innovations of every kind, and used a whistle to summon his servants disdaining the modern bell. Sir James Hall, father of Captain Basil Hall, was his friend, also two inseparable cronies, Lord Newton, and George Ferguson, known on the bench as Lord Hermond. These

* Pursuant to a deed of entail Mr. James Gibson, W.S. (of the firm Gibson, Christie, and Wardlaw), succeeded to the estate and assumed the name and arms of Craig, afterwards becoming Sir James Gibson Craig, Bart. But the house, No. 91 Princes Street, went to Colonel Gibson.

three, with perhaps Mr. Sym to balance the table, would make up many a party, and it is recorded that "Timothy Tickler" took these gatherings so seriously that he was never known to speak during the meal (having something better to do with his tongue) unless to ejaculate to the passing maid-servant without raising his eyes from his plate, "Breed, lassie," or when the toasted cheese was placed before him, "Have ye got any mustard about ye?" In spite of Mr. Craig's intimacy with the Lords Newton and Hermond his dinners were solemn and decorous. Ladies attended them. George Combe,* the phrenologist, would bring his aunt Mrs. Margaret Sinclair

George Combe, the phrenologist

from St. Leonards Hill to the festivities, or old James Ferrier would come accompanied by a chair conveying his eldest daughter (afterwards the wife of General Graham, of Stirling Castle). The Ferriers too entertained largely, giving whist parties every night to which all congenial souls were welcome. Lady Augusta Clavering was their intimate friend and an inveterate player. Andrew Combe* would often make up the rubber, with Sir Henry Raeburn or one of his daughters, while the three Misses Edmonstone of Duntreath were to be found there every night, and paid the penalty of living next door to the gifted Susan Ferrier by having their eccentricities embalmed for the benefit of generations yet unborn, in the inestimable characters of "Jackie, Grizzie, and Nickie." Another great friend of the Ferriers, Raeburns, &c., was Lawrence Macdonald, who afterwards settled in Rome. This celebrated sculptor and George Combe had once an amusing discussion about Fanny Kemble's head and the bumps thereon. It seems that George Combe had felt Fanny Kemble's cranial developments (she was at this time hardly grown up), and said privately to Mr. Macdonald that the organ of alimentiveness was a marked feature, meaning in plain English that she had the bump of greediness. The artist, seeing only a lovely face and radiant expression, denied the base insinuation. A few days afterwards Fanny went to Mr. Macdonald's studio to have her bust modelled and George Combe joined her, in the kindly hope that his presence might relieve the tedium of the sitting. Whilst they were there the curtain was drawn aside and Mrs. Harry Siddons† appeared in the door way with a bag of raspberry tarts in her hand. Instantly Fanny jumped up, leaving the position that the artist had been at some pains to place her in, and running to Mrs. Siddons, hugged her with one hand while with the other she seized a tart. "There now Macdonald, I told you so," quoth the phrenologist to the sculptor, and appealed to Mrs. Siddons, stating the

* George Combe married a daughter of Mrs. Siddons. He died 1858.

* Dr. Andrew Combe first introduced those rules on health which have now passed into universal practice, such as open windows at night, egular exercise, cold baths, &c. This new system of preserving health went by the general name of Combeing among girls undergoing it at school, in honour of its originator Dr. Combe.

† Mrs. Harry Siddons was a sister of William Murray the celebrated actor, she married the great Mrs. Siddons' youngest son, and Fanny Kemble spent a whole year with her in Edinburgh.

case. "The proof of the pudding is certainly in the eating," she replied, pointing to Fanny who had retired behind the sculptor in fits of laughter with her mouth very full.

Among the many people who gave parties at this time none were more deservedly popular than the Murrays,* and to sit in their drawing-room and see the various guests enter one after the other was a sight not easily forgotten. Mr. Lockhart, as the door was thrown open to admit him, would pause an appreciable moment on the threshold with the palms of his long hands pressed together as if he were about to take a header; this had an affected look, but it may have been the result of shyness. The Ettrick Shepherd on the other hand can be accused of no false modesty either at his entrance or at any other time, for he would plunge into a room and throw himself, dirty boots and all on to the sofa occupied by his hostess or her most distinguished guest. Christopher North would make his appearance talking very fast about some new and impossible theory, or how he had ceased to wish for anything in life except to be a dandy and wear patent pumps. (He was notorious for his slovenly dress.) Then there was Lord Jeffrey with natty bows on his feet and precise elegant manners, Lady Outram (mother of Sir James) always ready to tell a good story, Lord Peter† in request everywhere as the wag of the town, Miss Goldie who supplied Sir Walter with the sad tale of Jeanie Deans, James and Robert Sym Wilson, brothers of Christopher North, Sir John McNeill, one of the handsomest men in Edinburgh, and his wife, Professor Wilson's sister, one of the wittiest women, and her father-in-law whose appearance a friend graphically described, "Ay that's Colonsay—him wi' the neck like a bul' and the tail like a coo," this last being a delicate allusion to the way his hair, done in a queue, stuck straight out behind him. There were also Mrs. Murray Keith, who told Scott the tale of the Highland widow; Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician, and his brother Thomas, James Wolf Murray, Lord Cringletie, who succeeded Lord Meadowbank on the bench, Lords Colonsay and Cockburn, Sir Alexander and Lady Keith of Ravelstone, the gifted Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and his wife, the Andersons of St. Germains and their cousins of Moredun, and the witty Mrs. Johnstone,* author of "Meg Dodd's Cookery book."

But the most celebrated of all was the inscrutable Miss Sterling Grahame, of Duntrune, whose power of disguising her-

* John A. Murray, Lord Advocate 1834 and 1835, and judge under title of Lord Murray from 1839; he died 1859. His wife was Miss Rigby, from Lancashire.

† Patrick Robertson afterwards judge in the Court of Session from 1843 He died 1855.

* Mrs. Johnstone once paid a visit to the Ettrick Shepherd at Altrive, and in the course of a walk round his grounds he took her to the fairy well and drawing a glass of sparkling water handed it to her saying, "Hae Mistress Johnstone ony merrit wumman wha drinks a tumbler of this, wull hae twuns in a twalmont." "In that case Mr. Hogg," replied the lady, "I shall take only half a tumbler." Mrs. Johnstone died 1851, in Edinburgh.

Sir John MacNeill

self—voice and manner—were so great as to take in Lords Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherfurd, and Murray, and who, at a dinner party at Lord Gillies', concealed her identity from Sir Henry and Lady Jardine, the Lord Chief Commissioner and Miss Adam, Dr. Coventry (Professor of Agriculture), the Chief Baron Sir Samuel Shepherd, and others. Sir Walter and Miss Scott were also at this dinner-party, but they had been let into the secret of the hoax.

To return to Lady Murray—the people above mentioned had, most of them, a standing invitation to attend her musical parties given once a week, at which entertainments Lady Murray herself always performed on the piano in the most gifted style. Her husband also was fond of playing, but he was more fond, naturally, of eating, and when especially anxious to gratify this taste, he would invite a limited number, perhaps only two or three, to dine with him in his kitchen, where he and his guests sat round a well-scrubbed wooden table pulled as near the fire as safety permitted, so that the beef steak or roast of mutton could be eaten absolutely red hot. After the company could hold no more they climbed heavy limbed to the upper regions, and reposed on arm-chairs while Lady Murray played to them on the piano. Mr. Lockhart attended many of these parties, here is a letter from him to Robert Sym Wilson, the cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland:

Lady McNeill, Professor Wilson's sister

DOUGLAS HOTEL,
Monday Night.

DEAR ROBERT,—I have met with a bad turn of luck arriving here all wet, &c., and behold, no bag. Everything I had with me has been sent with, or after, some wrong man, and I am now going to bed with the hope and faith that your charity will send me a clean shirt by eight o'clock in the morning, in case my things should not have arrived during the night.

Yours ever,
J. G. LOCKHART.

At the date of this letter, 1830, there was not a single railway in Scotland, although a line had just been opened between Liverpool and Manchester, by which the old stage coach may be said to have received its death blow.

By the time that another generation has grown up there will not be a single person left who has sat behind the rattling team, and listened to the winding of the merry horn, and the exit of this means of conveyance closes, not only a chapter in the history of last century, but it marks an epoch in the history of the world itself.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

CHAPTER XXI

MARTIN'S CONFESSION

Forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called Forgiveness.

LONGFELLOW.

AT three o'clock the next afternoon Donald made his appearance at the Towers. Una had that morning held a long consultation with the Tanners; they were loth to entrust their secret to any one; but they knew that it would be quite impossible to keep a man of Donald's calibre and disposition in ignorance of it very long. He would not be frightened by Tom's simple ruses for keeping the superstitious fishers at a distance. So with much misgiving, and some little annoyance, Una sat down in the drawing-room in the corner of her favourite window, and signed to him to take a seat opposite her.

"I am going to entrust you with a secret, Mr. McFarlane. You may, from your want of knowledge of these parts, see no need for the mystery we have made; but the experience and knowledge of others, who know better than I do the fatal result of making such a secret public, will perhaps have some weight with you."

"It will," assented Donald.

She looked such a child as she sat there that the dignified tone and words almost made him smile. What was this secret, he wondered, that seemed of such great importance in her eyes. His glance took in every detail of her little figure—her sunny brown hair; her small, determined, oval face, with its clear, rich colouring; her glowing, flashing eyes, now downcast, with the long, curling lashes sweeping her cheeks. There was youth and beauty in every outline; there was resolute independence and wistful sadness there too.

"What a young creature," he thought, "to be in such an isolated position as she is, and the mistress of this place! How much she must need a husband's love and care!"

But Una was speaking. She lost her little touch of hauteur when she was once in the midst of her story; and as he listened, the young clergyman's feeling changed from amusement and pity to one of intense interest and admiration.

Una told him all—the months of secret toil at their beloved boat; the dreadful scenes on the beach when wrecks were washed ashore; the lives they had saved; the strife between the neighbouring coast-guardsmen and the fishers when her husband had intervened; and the threats of vengeance which ensued. She told of the departure of the *Flying Gull* with quivering lip; the fear they had of treachery; and lastly of the murderous attack on the Tanners and the assault upon herself.

Donald's young blood almost boiled as he listened.

"How can such things be allowed?" he exclaimed. "I thought I had come into a parish of peace and beauty; it is only a slumbering volcano! I marvel that you go about amongst them with such kind good-will and cheeriness. To hear you chatting with them all, one would never think they had been such villains!"

"No," said Una with a smile; "and I try to forget it, until they rouse my ire, and then I speak out! You see I have been brought up in the midst of them. I count myself one of them. I have fished and boated with them all. I have climbed the cliffs to get the seagulls' eggs in company with the lads; I have taken a hand in dragging their nets ashore; I have noted the weather signs with the oldest of them. I love the sea, and they love it. I know every trick of the tide, every bend in the coast; and the only matter on which we differ is this dreadful plundering of wrecks. But

* Copyright, 1901, by Amy Le Feuvre in the United States of America.

lately I acknowledge, since—since Kathie and I have lost our husbands, and since we nearly lost Eli and Tom as well, it has been hard work to be friendly with those who have been the cause of it. I have prayed hard, and so has Kathie, that we might have forgiving spirits. We do not actually know who were the culprits, but we can guess. And now you have heard all about it, Mr. McFarlane, and what are you going to do?"

"What do you wish me to do?" Donald asked. He did not feel so sure of his judgment after this recital as he did before it.

"We should like you to keep our secret still, and take the place of Jim in our boat. I know sooner or later her existence must be made known, but I am always hoping that time may soften their hearts. At present I know the *Triumph* would be hacked to pieces, however carefully we guarded her, if they were told the truth. The autumn is setting in; and our stormy season will soon commence. Let us try and save more lives before we put our boat at the mercy of the Perrancove fishers."

"It will be difficult for me to do what you wish without arousing suspicion," said Donald thoughtfully. "How am I to get away on a stormy night without my absence being noted?"

"Oh, they won't expect you to make your appearance amongst them. Our former rector did not. You may be sure they will not look for you. All their energies and thoughts are with possible vessels bearing round the coast being possible wrecks and plunder."

"It is terrible," said Donald sternly. "I will not rest until we have a proper coast-guard station here, and an organised crew and lifeboat."

"That is what took my husband to Plymouth," said Una sadly; "and they knew it! I want you to promise me you will not do anything rashly. I expect it will be a temptation to you to do something; but will you wait until you see for yourself how matters are?"

Donald gave his promise; and Una drew a sigh of relief when she saw him walk away, and knew for the present that her secret would be kept.

Her next meeting with him was not a pleasant one. She was at present having great trouble with her father. After a period of comparative harmlessness and quiet, he had broken out into drunken frenzies. Una had steadfastly refused to welcome any more of his friends to the house; and when he saw he could not move her from this determination, he flung himself into paroxysms of rage, and took to drinking fast and furiously.

One evening he went down to the "Blue Lobster," and, after waiting some hours for him, Una became anxious. She dreaded his associating with the fishers. Not only did her pride resent it, but she knew that he was too prone to treat those he was with; and the fishers were fond enough of their beer without any extra inducement to partake of it.

She was ashamed to send out any of her men after him, so she determined to go herself.

Slipping on a thick cloak and hood, she made her way quietly towards the village. It was past ten o'clock, and was a still clear starlight night. Only the rippling and swish of the waves on the beach made themselves heard. But as she stepped softly past the fishers' cottages, voices and laughter were wafted upwards to her from the "Blue Lobster."

And presently, a stumbling, muttering figure approached her.

"Father," she said gently, going forward, "lean on me. I have come to meet you."

He clutched at her arm desperately; then began talking in thick and maudling tones. She found it needed all her strength and care to guide his steps; and as they left the outskirts of the village he stumbled against a bit of fencing and fell heavily to the ground. His fall instead of stupefying him, seemed to have the contrary effect, and when she stooped to help him up, he struck her a heavy blow in the face, pouring upon her such torrents of abuse for having knocked him down, as he expressed it, that for a moment Una felt quite dazed. She dare not leave him there; she dare not touch him. She could only look up and pray that help would be sent them.

The answer soon came; but Una shivered when she heard Donald McFarlane's cheery whistle.

He almost passed them, for they were in a dark corner, before she had the courage to speak.

"Mrs. Gregson!" he exclaimed in astonishment; "you out at this time of night? Who have you here? One of those drunken fellows from the 'Blue Lobster,' I fear. The noise and din has been dreadful there to-night. You are indeed their ministering angel. Leave him to me; I will take him home."

Una's cheeks burnt with shame in the darkness as she said:

"It is my father, Mr. McFarlane."

Donald's feeling cannot be described.

For a moment he was dumbfounded. Mr. Carteret's existence had never been mentioned to him, but he wisely held his tongue. In the most matter-of-fact tone he said:

"If you will kindly take my lantern and lead the way, Mrs. Gregson, we will follow. It is a dark night, though we have the stars. I wish the moon were up."

Una obeyed him in silence.

Mr. Carteret, after a feeble resistance, resigned himself into the hands of this young giant, and they reached the Towers with no further difficulty.

At the doorway Una paused, and handed Donald his lantern.

By the light of it he saw her white and weary face with the marks of a cruel blow across it; but her little head was held proudly as if she resented and defied his pity.

"Good-night, Mr. McFarlane. I will not ask you to come in. I am very grateful for your help."

He waited till he saw the door open and Baldwin come to their aid; then he strode home, saying between his teeth:

"Oh, may God help her and me! How I love her!"

That was Donald's first acquaintance with Mr. Carteret. It was not his last. He met him pacing the avenue one day when sober; and Mr. Carteret took a strange liking to the bright face and winning tones of the young rector. He was entirely oblivious of that first encounter with him, and begged him to come up and talk over the news of the day with him.

Donald, hoping to influence him for good, accepted his invitation. He surprised the old man by refusing to drink with him, but would pull out his pipe and beguile the time by many an anecdote and sometimes by a song.

Mr. Carteret, in his turn, would fretfully confide in him.

"This is such an out-of-the-way hole for a man of the world to find himself in. I want my daughter to sell the whole concern and come abroad with me. She has some crazy notion that her husband is still alive, and will insist upon waiting on here. She is an obstinate little cat, and tells me she will consider herself no widow till five years have elapsed. Five years of this isolation will carry me to my grave. Can't you talk her into reason?"

"Is there any chance of Mr. Gregson returning, I wonder?" said Donald.

"None whatever. Their boat was found smashed to pieces. It is just a woman's hysterical fancy."

Una did not often come in and sit with them. She was thankful that her father should like Donald's society, but felt ashamed that the young man should hear and see him when under the influence of drink. Mr. Carteret was rarely sober for long; but Donald had a restraining power over him, and his paroxysms of rage and drunkenness were less frequent than they had been.

Outside her home, and especially on the sea, Una seemed able to throw aside her cares and anxieties. Her animated interest in nature itself, her sparkling vivacity, and light-heartedness made her a fascinating companion, and Donald loved to meet her so.

At the Towers her voice was in a lower key; a shadow seemed to rest on her brow, and she was restless and *distrait* in conversation, starting at every footfall that passed by, and apparently always fearing an unwelcome interruption from her unfortunate father Donald never stayed with her very long.

He was making great progress in his friendship with the fishers. They admired his strength, and when they discovered that he was as good at sailing as he was in taking an oar, that he was well versed in all kinds of baits and nets, and loved nothing better than being out a whole night fishing, their hearts warmed to him, and they responded to his hearty hand-grips and cheery greeting with smiling nods of approval. They were rather taken aback when one Sunday evening he joined the idle assembly lounging on the low stone wall, and, springing upon it, gave them a short, stirring gospel address.

"Ay, men," he said in conclusion, "you may think I'm forcing religion down your throats, but it is putting water to the lips of those who are dying for the want of it; it is bringing a sure cure to those stricken by the plague; it is pressing gold into the hands of the penniless; and bringing light and sunshine to the blind eyes. I cannot help being earnest over it. I would not if I could, for it is good news I bring, not bad, and I long that you should share in the best gift of all."

"He do make a praper praycher!" said one old man to another; "he have the way o' curdlin' yer blood, and then smilin' like an angel on ye, as he patches up what he have torn to bits!"

"Ay, us be forced to listen to 'un, for he have such a foine face! He do seem an uncommon gay parson!"

But though little apparent result was following Donald's earnest preaching, hard bits of uncultivated ground were being broken up and prepared to receive the seed of life.

One day Una was walking down the village street, when she met Kathie running along breathlessly.

"Oh, Missy, I be off to the doctor's. All the men be out on a mackerel haul, an' old Martin have met wi' an accident. His wife be near off her head wi' fright. He got catched in betwixt his boat an' the wharf, an' he be terrible crushed."

"I will go to him at once," said Una. She knew how helpless his wife would be in an emergency; and when she reached his house she found Martin lying on the stone floor of his kitchen, whilst five or six women were making lamentation over him, and his wife, with her apron over her head, was sobbing hysterically.

"Ay," said one, "do 'ee see the death-lines a-creppin' roun' his mouth an' nose? Him be turnin' black a'ready. Eh, dearie me! Who'd a thought us would have another widder in this 'ere village so soon agen!"

"A seed him a goin' down town this very morn, an' I sez to my man, 'Why, Martin have a downcast look to-day, have he not?' Them were my very words, an', in course, he were a-seein' death in the air!"

"Eh, well a day! an' whose turn will it be nex'? In course Martin were well on in life, but t'were so sudden to be struck off. My Tom were a-sayin'——"

"Now, look here," struck in Una's quick decisive tones, "you are all doing Mrs. Tregarth more harm than good. Go home, every one of you, and when we want you, we shall send for you. Why have you not put him to bed? You have done nothing! Go, every one of you!"

They slunk off, awed by her tones. She kept one of them back to help her raise poor Martin from the floor. As they moved him he groaned aloud, but the sound was music to his poor wife's ear; and she dropped her apron and came trembling forward. Very gently they lifted him on to his low bed. Una did all she could to make him comfortable, but was relieved when the doctor arrived, for she was convinced he had received internal injuries.

"Ribs badly fractured," was the verdict; "but he may pull through!"

Una stayed with him all night; and for the next ten days she was unremittent in her care and watchfulness. The helplessness of the old couple touched her heart. When Martin recovered consciousness, he seemed ill at ease. One morning, after a restless night, he called Una to his side.

"Be I goin' to die?" he asked in quavering tones.

"We hope you are going to recover," said Una; "you are in God's hands, Martin!"

The old man groaned.

"If I be goin' to die, I'd like to tell 'ee summat!"

"Would you like to see Mr. McFarlane? He was here a short time ago, but you were asleep."

"No, I feeleth a bit more spry; I will say nought, if I be not near death!"

"If it is anything on your conscience, Martin, you can tell it to God. He will listen and forgive, if you confess it."

Martin looked at her with terrified eyes.

"I dursn't speak to th' Almighty. He hath not had a peaceable moment since I done it! I hath done many sins, an' Martha there will show 'ee a box full o' satins, an' rings, an' gold, an' I hath stifled many a cry in my day, so eager were I to get the garment from they; but I staketh my soul——"

"Hush Martin, no oaths!"

"I tell 'ee," he went on excitedly, "I never did a day's work I were more ashamed o' than when two on us put our hands to the *Flyin' Gull!* 'Twas revenge, Missy; the master were a goin' to spoil our gains, an' us

Be I goin' to die? he asked in quavering tones

have struck me terrible hard, an' His wrath be on me!"

Una tried to soothe him, but he turned wearily from her, and would say no more. Late that same day he sent an urgent message to her to come to him.

She came, and found his wife vainly trying to pacify him. He sat up in bed with feverish cheeks, and beckoned excitedly to her directly he caught sight of her.

"The devil keppeth a clutchin' of me, Missy, an' he meaneth to drag me down! Oh, take hold, an' keep me from 'im! for I swore to prevent 'im a bringin' coastguards an' sichlike varmints here! Us meant to keep 'im from ever getting to Plymouth. How the boat did it was a miracle! Her were riddled wi' holes, though us plugged 'em up a bit. An' now I'm a dyin' man. Oh, Missy, perchance if 'ee tells me ye'll pass it by, perchance th' Almighty will likewise, an' land me out o' the devil's clutches He hath gotten me hard and fast!"

For a moment Una gazed at him with horror; her heart was too full to speak to him. What she had feared was now told to

her as an actual fact! It seemed to place the chance of her husband's safety farther off than ever. In the agony of the moment she impulsively dashed out of the room with a bitter cry. She met Donald coming up the garden path. He looked at her anxiously.

"Is he gone?" he said.

"Gone!" she cried. "No, he will live on. He is my husband's murderer! Don't ask me to go near him again. He will never get my forgiveness!"

She passed him with flashing eyes and a face that was quivering with emotion.

Donald gazed after her sadly. For one moment he looked as if he must follow her, then he remembered his duty, and went in to the sick man. He had a trying time with him, for he became almost delirious with fear and weakness.

"Missy have left me to the devil. Her be gone to get me hung! Her be turned agen me! Her an' th' Almighty will have nought to do wi' I! They be terrible hard in judgment. Oh, passon, pray, pray for a lost soul! I cannot be tooken for death, wi' the devil at my elbow!"

Donald's prayers and words seemed unavailing.

The next morning Una received a note:

"I beseech you to forgive, and come to ease a dying soul.

"DONALD MCFARLANE."

She had passed a sleepless night. The past had been with her vividly. She pictured her husband and Jim drifting helpless in the midst of the ocean, whilst their boat slowly sank with them into a watery grave. There seemed no hope now of their escape from it. "Riddled with holes" was what Martin said. Was there ever such a fiendish, cold-blooded, treacherous piece of work?

She could not pray; she thought of Martin with a shudder. She had been nursing and soothing her husband's murderer! He had planned it and carried it out with signal success, and no one had suspected him of such a crime. He had brought darkness and despair into her life; he had taken away from her the last vestige of hope that had sustained her through so many dark hours.

Forgive him! Go to him and nurse him back to health and strength, whilst her own husband had perished almost within sight of land without a hand outstretched to help or save him! Never! Never!

Such were her musings through the long, dark night, and then the note arrived.

She took it up wearily, but when she saw its contents she dashed it to the ground.

"I won't go near him! O God, have pity on me! I am heart-broken!"

It was a despairing cry, but it reached Heaven; and then ensued a struggle which continued for a good hour or more.

God above did pity, and He stopped to help; but it was not in the way she would have chosen.

She was brought to her knees at last by words that seemed to ring through her heart and brain: "If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses."

And then worn and weary with the inward conflict, she made her way to Martin's cottage.

She found him in very much the same state as that in which she had left him. His wife was sobbing by his bedside.

"He have bin terrible bad, Missy, all night. The passon, he have held 'im down by force to keep 'im in his bed. The passon he have bin wi' I all the time, but he be off now to his breakfast. Martin be gripped wi' fever, an' he doth not know what he saith!"

But Martin did know Una. He put out his hands beseechingly.

"Ye have not come to curse me, Missy! Ay, be merciful, for the devil, he hath got me tight."

Then Una knelt by his bedside, and bowing her head till it touched his feverish old hands, she began to sob.

"Oh, Martin, I forgive you, and God will forgive you if we ask Him. I am only a sinner like yourself. I am not fit to be a follower of our dear Master. My heart is full of rage and rebellion. Let us ask to be forgiven."

Her tears seemed to touch Martin at once.

He sank back amongst his pillows with a weary sigh.

"I be forgiven! Wife, let me sleep."

He hardly seemed to hear Una's prayer. When the doctor came in an hour later, he found him sleeping quietly, and from that time his recovery was rapid.

CHAPTER XXII

THE RETURN

She is coming, where we parted, where she wanders every day;
There's a gay surprise before her who thinks me far away!

She felt his footsteps nigh,
One sudden lifted glance—but one.
A tremor and a start,
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Extracts from Irish Ballads.

"AND now, Kathie, I have no hope left! He is dead, and Jim is dead, and I cannot keep up any more. How could they be saved, when their boat was 'riddled with holes'?"

Una was sitting opposite Kathie, with a white, despairing face. She had been giving her an account of Martin's confession, and Kathie had listened breathlessly. She covered her face with her hands after Una's last despairing words.

Una thought she was, like herself, overcome with despair. She gazed at her in silent pity.

Presently Kathie raised her head, and her eyes travelled at once to that piece of paper above the mantelshelf—

"With God all things are possible."

She pointed to it in silence, but with a gathering light in her tearful eyes.

"'Tis possible still, Missy. God hath not taken my hope from me."

Una looked at her in wonder, then shook her head.

"God has taken my hope from me, Kathie. I am a widow, and I shall never see him again alive."

Still Kathie pointed resolutely to her verse.

"'All things are possible.' I be not goin' to mistrust our Father's power, Missy. He be keepin' us waitin'; but I be goin' to wait on. He hath not telled me to give up hope; an' I feel, oh, Missy, I cannot rightly tell the feelin', but Jim be not passed to the other side yet. I be positive certain o' that! What do it matter to th' Almighty if the boat be 'riddled wi' holes'? Did not the dear Master keep Peter up safe and sound, wi'out a boat at all! Hope on, Missy, as I be goin' to, an' thank the Lord that us haven't had to see their dear dead bodies laid out stiff before us to quench the hope and light from our hearts."

It was impossible to resist Kathie's hopeful persuasion.

The colour crept back into Una's cheeks, the light into her eyes.

"Oh, I will hope still. God helping me I will!"

She was making her way home when she met Donald McFarlane for the second time that morning. She had passed him on her way to Kathie's cottage, and he had grieved to see her lagging steps and her sad, despairing face. He had wished her good morning brightly, and she had responded mournfully:

"I feel there will be no more good mornings for me, Mr. McFarlane; for life will be only time to be dragged through. I can hope no longer. Everything seems taken from me."

He had taken himself to task after leaving her, for the secret joy that crept into his heart, as he thought that if once convinced of the reality of her loss, she might at some distant date be induced to turn to him for comfort.

Now, as he met her, and noted her swift, eager footsteps, the colour and brightness in her face, and the happy sparkle in her eye, he wondered with a sharp pang at his heart whether she might actually have heard tidings of her husband.

She nodded to him with a smile.

"I have been getting comfort and hope from Kathie," she said, "and—and I think from God."

"I am so glad," he said heartily; and he honestly tried to believe that he was.

Yet when she had passed on, the young man wrestled in his soul with conflicting

passions; and at last he sped away to a place on the top of the cliffs where he got down on his knees and spread it all out before his God.

He felt that a love that could rejoice in a loved one's sadness was wrong and worthless in itself.

"If I really love her as she deserves to be loved," he cried to himself, "I should long to hear that she had obtained the desire of her heart; that her husband had been brought back to her from the grave. May I be kept from showing her by word or look that I have other thoughts in my heart. If she be happy, cannot I be happy in her happiness? What evil spirit has taken me, to wish to see her in despair; to long for a proof of her husband's death, when hope is making life still bright to her?"

Long he knelt there, but when he returned to his rectory, his face was calm and serene —a picture of his soul within. His conflict had robbed him of his light-hearted gaiety; it could not rob him of his peace.

And Una went her way utterly unconscious of the part she was playing in her rector's life. Even her father discovered Donald's secret soon, and would sometimes make the young man wince by sly allusions to it.

"She will have to acknowledge herself a widow before she welcomes any suitor," he said one day; "and that she will not do for a good four years yet, and then there will be a term of widowhood. Any man who seeks to woo her, must have the patience of Job!"

Sometimes Donald wondered if twenty years would efface the memory of that lost husband sufficiently to allow her to listen to any words of love from another.

One day he was invited over to dine at Thiselthwaite Manor, for Duncan and his bride had returned from their honeymoon and were beginning to entertain the county.

Marjorie took a liking at once to the bright young rector, and made many inquiries about Perrancove and its inhabitants.

"I never was in such a dull place in all my life," she said, shaking her pretty head in remembrance of it. "If Duncan had not come over to relieve my monotony, I think I should have gone mad. Do you know my young sister-in-law, Mrs. Gregson?"

Donald signified that he did, adding:

"She seems to feel her husband's loss very deeply!"

"Fiddesticks!" exclaimed Marjorie; "she may think she does; but though he was my brother, I tell you that a more dull, matter-of-fact couple I never wish to see! They were utterly unsuited to each other. My sister-in-law was just a healthy, happy child, devoted to outdoor pursuits, and wrapped up in her boating, fishing, and such like; my brother was a clever bookworm, wholly engrossed in his writing and books. They married, why and how I never could understand; I believe chiefly because my brother's friend and Una's guardian wished it, and they lived together because custom made them. They had no affection for each other, no sympathies in common; and the worst of it was, they were perfectly content with their lot, and I could not make them see they ought to be different. Una's heart was as cold and hard as stone. She did not know the meaning of love. I fancied my brother was waking up a little a short time before his death, but I don't know. Since his death Una has worked herself into a remorseful frame of mind, and talks a good deal of her love for him, but it is not genuine. If you think that she is dying of grief at his loss, you are vastly mistaken. She cannot deceive herself if she deceives others. The marriage was a failure, and that is a fact."

Donald came away from his visit to Thiselthwaite Manor feeling strangely light at heart. He would not recognise to himself that it was Marjorie's words that had made him so; but the future seemed bright with hope; and he schooled himself to wait with patience till time had wrought in his favour, and he could venture to plead his cause.

It was very pleasant to meet Una as often as he did, and to feel that she liked his society, and confided so frankly and fully in him. She was much about the village, and was nursing old Martin back to health and strength with a patience and assiduity that astonished him. He was very much softened by his accident, and Donald had many a heart-searching talk with him.

One autumn afternoon, when the sunshine lay on the water in golden ripples, Una and Kathie went out for a row. Their talk was chiefly of their absent husbands; it was the one topic which never tired them; and then, looking at the beauty of sea and sky before them, their thoughts rose upwards to the Golden City.

"You have one certain comfort, Kathie, that I have not," said Una sadly. "If anything really has happened to Jim, you know where he has gone. He knows the way in at those gates, but Cuthbert—my husband—I pray night and morning that he may have found it—but I am doubtful—I am not sure."

"Afore my Jim left me," said Kathie gravely, "he saith to me—'Sweetheart, maybe the Lord wants me to give a message to the master on board the *Flyin' Gull*. Any ways,' says he, 'I'll have a try that way.' And, Missy, be assured he did, an' if so be that he could bring an ignorant lass like meself to know the way, mightn't our Father use him to show the master?"

"Yes, yes, Kathie; for haven't you taught me? Oh, I love to think of them together! Jim so strong, and brave, and true. I will pray and believe that Cuthbert listened to him, and was led to see the right way. He used to talk about it, and he told me to find it that I might lead him. I wish I had before he left me! oh, I wish I had!"

They returned when the sun had set, and as they made for their landing-place, they saw considerable excitement on the beach.

"An extra good shoal of fish," suggested Una. "Now, Kathie, pull!"

Having their backs to the shore, they did not see one tall, upright figure standing on the shingle, with his eyes watching intently their approach. The fishers were thronging round him, but he seemed oblivious of their presence. As Kathie with a long and vigorous pull landed the boat high up the shingle, and sprang lightly out, she felt two arms round her waist, and with a cry of alarm she turned to face—her husband!

Yes, it was Jim, looking brown and well, though very thin. Kathie's heart almost stopped beating as she felt herself in his tight embrace. The two did not heed the onlookers. The women were pressing forward with their aprons to their eyes, ready and eager for a scene. They were disappointed that Kathie neither screamed nor went into hysterics; the men, pipes in their mouths, looked the picture of stolid indifference, but in reality were enjoying it as much as their women.

"Ay, lassie!" came in a deep sob from Jim, as he laid his cheek against the flushed, tear-stained one of his wife's, "they telled me thee hath not given over expecting me!"

"No, lad," whispered Kathie breathlessly; "God hath bid me hope on, He hath bin' my stay!"

When Una saw the meeting, her heart sank. Where was her husband? Jim had returned alone. She stood with white face and quivering lip, unable to frame the question that she longed to ask.

It seemed to her hours before Kathie raised her head and encountered her anxious gaze. But Jim left her no longer in suspense.

"The master is at the Towers safe and well, Missy," he said; and then without a word, Una turned and ran swiftly up the village street.

"Safe and well! Safe and well!" she kept repeating, and as she ran, she raised her face upwards.

"Thank God! Thank God! Oh, how good of Him!"

Her heart was well-nigh bursting with gratitude and joy.

She met Baldwin running down the drive bare-headed and breathless.

"Oh, mistress," he gasped; "us have been seekin' for you everywhere. The master——"

"I know, Baldwin. Where is he?"

"Seekin' for you, mistress. He be just goin' down to shore."

Una gave a little cry, as she caught sight of her husband's figure descending the stone steps leading from her own turret tower.

And at her cry Cuthbert turned. In another moment Una's head was pillowed on his shoulder and her arms round his neck.

"My little wife!"

"Oh, Cuthbert, I have wanted you!"

Oh Cuthbert, I have wanted you

The words were not much, but the hearts of both were too full for utterance. Presently Una began to sob, and Cuthbert, clasping her to him, and soothing and comforting her, found this moment fully compensated for all the sufferings of absence. He was doubtful whether he would receive a warm welcome; and he felt a thrill run through him when her arms were clasped round his neck; when her soft lips were pressed against his, and she resigned herself with a little happy sigh into his arms.

When she grew calmer, she drew herself away with blushing cheeks, then began to think of his comfort.

"When and how did you come? Are you hungry or tired? Oh, I want to know so much. I must pinch myself to see that I am alive! Come back to the house. Oh, why was I not here to welcome you!"

Cuthbert drew her arm into his.

"We did not return by sea; we came by coach to Kingsawton and have driven over. I found every one staring at me as if I were a ghost. It had such a depressing effect, that when I reached the Towers and met the frightened faces of Baldwin and Mrs. Craven, I felt inclined to turn tail and run. I began to think that my wife would not want me! Tell me once more that you do."

But Una could not answer; she only pressed his arm.

Her husband continued:

"I shall be glad of something to eat, and then I will tell you all. We have come straight from London."

"Why did you not write?"

"We travelled as fast as any letter. May I ask whom you have staying in the house? A poor old broken-down man put his head out of my study, and when he saw me bolted in again, as if he were scared out of his senses!"

"He is my father."

Una's tone was a little stiff. Her husband quite started.

"My dear, forgive me! I beg your pardon, but I did not know he was in England. You must tell me all about it later. Tell me, did you think I was dead?"

"Oh, I tried not to, but it was so hard! Cuthbert, could you not have written? You do not know what I have gone through!"

"I did write about a month ago—my first opportunity. Have you not received it?"

"No."

"It may come to you yet. Here we are! I will tell you our story soon, and you will see how impossible it was for me to break the silence."

They entered the Towers together, and Una at once set to work to supply her husband's needs.

He was weary and worn with travel; yet as she flitted to and fro with a light in her eyes and a flush on her cheek, his gaze never left her. How was it, he asked himself, that he had never appreciated her beauty and grace when first they were married?

"It was that wretched book," he said to himself; "it sapped the very life out of me, and absorbed all my thoughts and time."

Una stole a shy glance at him now and then.

How strong and manly and handsome he was! What a tower of strength he would be to her in all her difficulties.

"And he belongs to me!" she thought exultantly; "and I belong to him! Why did I not care about being with him before? What a wonderful thing love is, and how strong and deep and true it is! I am beginning to understand Marjorie and Kathie, only I could not talk about it as they do."

While Kathie and Una were filled with thanksgiving at their loved ones' return, there was one in Perrancove who was going through a very dark hour of his life.

Sitting that afternoon in his study which overlooked the blue ocean in front of him, Donald McFarlane was rapt in rosy day-dreams.

His Bible lay close to him and his notes for next Sunday's sermon. He had taken for his subject, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."

He had been dwelling on the happiness of a Christian's life, of the freedom of

service, and of the glorious hope in the future.

From such thoughts he had come down from heaven to earth, and with his elbows on his window sill had been thinking of his own life at the present time.

He raised his head with delight as the salt spray of the ocean was wafted in at his window. The same golden sunshine that had so pleased Una and Kathie on the very window in close proximity to himself. He shut his eyes and gave himself up to his imaginations. He went over his last interview with her; the tones of her clear ringing voice; the quick turn of her little head; the soft, expressive eyes—eyes which sparkled with hidden laughter at one moment, and were filled with soft wistfulness the next; he saw her bending over old Martin in his bed, soothing him when he was refractory; scold

His head dropped till it fell on his arms

water was lying before him now. White screaming gulls skimmed the waves; a reddish-brown sail came gliding into the bay; and beyond on the horizon were misty outlines of large vessels sailing slowly by.

It was a delicious world to be in, he thought; and a quiet dreamy happiness took possession of his soul.

One face and figure was stealing into his thoughts; a face that perhaps by the goodness of God might one day be seated by this ing his wife in her pretty childish way for not nursing him better. He pictured her presiding over his table when he came in from a long afternoon's visiting; nursing him if he were ill, comforting him in sorrow; a true helpmate in shade and sunshine.

And then suddenly a voice broke in upon his musings.

"If you please, sir, have ye heard the news?"

It was Sarah, of course, his gossiping cook

and housekeeper. Some quarrel in the village perhaps; a birth, a marriage, or even a death.

He turned a little impatiently in his chair.

"Well, what is it, Sarah?"

"Mr. Gregson an' Jim Tanner have come back alive after all!"

He started up as if he had been shot.

"What?" he almost shouted.

Sarah repeated her news with increased importance of manner, adding:

"Tommy Fielding what brings the fish have seed 'em both; he saith they do be wunnerful glad to be home agen. 'Tis a resurrection complete, for none on us had a thought o' they comin' back to their wives. 'Tis not for nothin' the young leddy at the Towers have refused to wear her widder's weeds!"

Donald ordered her sharply out of the room.

The blow had fallen, and it was a heavy one. At first he seemed almost stunned.

He looked away over the sea that was still covered with dancing sunbeams, but a black pall seemed to have fallen over everything. His bright hopes for the future were crushed; his dreams had vanished; life that had assumed such a roseate hue a few moments before now was a weary, monotonous round.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, "help me, strengthen me, show me I have still something to live for!"

His head drooped till it lay on his folded arms. The setting sun sent one of its soft golden rays across to comfort him. It kissed his hair, but never reached his heart, and it faded away convinced of its failure. Twilight crept in; the sea and horizon grew misty and indistinct; the gulls flew off to their nests; and the fishers' voices on the shore were stilled. Lights twinkled out of the cottage windows; the sky became studded with stars; and the night air grew keen and frosty.

Still that bowed figure by the window. The soul of a sorrowful man beaten about in a tempest; but it found its anchorage at length, and as the last stroke of midnight died away, Donald rose and straightened his tall figure.

"I have nothing to regret. It was no sin to love her under the circumstances. I have put it from me now. My Master's messages will occupy my time and thoughts! God helping me, I will not let this trouble spoil my life!"

Laying the Boundary Line from the Orange to Vaal Rivers

By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G.

FOURTH PAPER

Sunday, Dec. 31, 1876.—We are now busy measuring our base line 3½ miles long, and de Villiers has arrived to assist. This line has already been measured previously by Mr. Orpen, and it is interesting to find that the straight line he cut in the veldt twelve months ago has already become zigzag and wavy, probably from sheep using it as a path. I will describe the situation of our camp, placed near the upper end of our base line. We are on the brow of a swelling hill, overlooking Kimberley and Old de Beers, right in the veldt, and around is excellent pasture for our oxen; it is principally Karoo bush with a few blades of grass here and there. It is blazing hot—yesterday while we were computing in the waggon, which I use as an office, the thermometer ranged from 106° to 108° F., and the tilt of the waggon is double lined. By placing over it a reed matting and another canvas cover we have reduced the temperature to 92° F. at 1 P.M. I am now writing in my tent, which is double lined, with temperature 94° F., the wet bulb

being at 64° F. I should say that the actual heat in the shade is 92°. The air is wonderfully dry, and all nature and art is cracking with the drought, even my despatch box, which withstood a summer at Malta, is so warped that I can lock it with difficulty. There is at the same time a nice breeze, which, though hot, makes one feel cool as long as perspiration goes on, so that the more exercise one takes the cooler one feels. On the right of the waggon is my tent, on the right of that is the N.C.O.'s tent, and again on the right is the Scotch cart where the natives congregate, and in rear is the cooking-place. The N.C.O.s have a bell tent; I have a small rectangular tent of South African make, and a piece of canvas is stretched over it from the waggon tilt. It is about eight feet square, three feet six inches high at the sides, and seven feet in the centre. The ground within our tents is levelled and rubbed over every morning with fresh cow-dung; this is done by a Kafir; he brings in the dung fresh from the oxen, mixes it with water, and with his hand rubs it over the floor; it dries quickly, and in a short time there is a nice hard floor smelling sweetly of cattle; a smell obnoxious to fleas and other vermin. The Kafir's remark when putting on the cow-dung was amusing, "English people don't know how to do this; English people like to lie in the dust"; he evidently thinks that in England we live in tents and have not yet learnt to put fresh cow-dung on our dusty floors.

As I am writing, a fresh breeze has sprung up which threatens to carry tent and all away, and before I have completed this line it has subsided; there are a few clouds in the sky, in fact we are expecting rain, as this is the rainy season. It is quite a novelty to me to be expecting rain in the heat of summer. I am sitting in flannel shirt and trousers, at a deal table, and on it is my writing-desk, a plate of fly paper, a Letts' Diary, ink bottle, thermometer, box of dried figs, and a prayer-book; behind me at the inner end of the tent is my folding bedstead; a portable iron washstand and bath are near the door, with clothes bag and bag for brushes, &c., and along the sides are ranged three portmanteaus. The flies and winged monsters were here in swarms until I introduced fly-paper. The water is so hard that I cannot keep my hands comfortable; the skin gets so dry and ragged, and broken, but my face has not suffered in any degree as yet, though I see many flaming noses about, from sunburn.

Monday, Jan. 1, 1877.—I have had to put more canvas on the waggon to reduce the heat. I do not feel it myself, but I find that in computing our calculations we get muddled when the temperature is over 100° F., and we have had several instances, when the temperature is near to 106°, that numbers have been given out or written down twice over from the log-book; so I have been obliged to make a rule that if the thermometer registers over 100° F., we have to give over computing for the time, and we have to knock off indoor-work altogether during the middle of the day while this great heat lasts, on this account.

For myself I thoroughly enjoy this heat; it is the cold that I do not like. Just as I was writing this a sudden gust of wind (in a calm) blew the waggon tilt nearly inside out, and your letter went careering over the plain, so I must shut up the tent on one side, and now the temperature rises to 99°.

My Indian Coolie cook has just heard of the death of his children in Natal, and goes off to-day, introducing another Indian in his place. His name is Balagaroo, and he says he was a high caste Hindoo, but that he can never return to India because travelling over the water has taken away his caste. I hope I shall be better off with him as he talks both English and Kafir; in fact he has quite a gift for speaking, and uses the most recondite English words in the most unexpected places.

My former cook had to talk to Kafirs in English, so broken, that I could not tell what he said, and I doubt if the Kafirs ever understood him; no wonder that most grotesque mistakes were made. I have now a very composite party. Indians from Cashmere and the Deccan, Griquas and Zulus, all talking in different tongues, and misunderstanding one another. They managed, however, to get all most gloriously drunk

together last night in order to usher in the new year, and keep the camp lively.

The result is that our oxen have got lost, and the drivers have gone off with sore heads to look after them in different directions; losing cattle is quite epidemic just now. Yesterday three parties, who were searching the country around for them, came to our tents to make inquiries.

My drivers have now returned, without the cattle, and both very drunk and noisy, so I threatened them with the "sjambok" (whip); this was a word they could understand, and when they heard it they became quiet at once; the law, however, will not allow me to touch them.

At night we tie up our oxen to the waggon and there they lie quiet, and do not make a noise, as did the mules in Syria; but I long to have some of our Syrian muleteers here; and even one of the most inefficient dragomans of that country, for there is no one who can act as a foreman to be got hold of. I suppose that any man worth his salt is engaged in the diamond mines at high wages.

What a nuisance! I find that my new cook, Balagaroo, has never cooked anything but rice, so I have made the dinner myself to-day, and the N.C.O.s have pronounced it excellent. Minced beef with milk, salt, pepper, onions, and Yorkshire Relish added, and boiled twenty minutes. I find that little book on cottage cooking most useful.

So that you can better understand what we are about just now I will give you a little tale of the early occupation of this country.

At the beginning of this century this country north of the Orange River was known to be inhabited by bushmen, but it was not supposed that they had been here very long. Bushmen, however, were supposed to have been the first inhabitants of these parts; they led a wandering life with no fixed homes, no form of government, no tribal system even. They were at enmity family against family.

The first immigrants into this country after the bushmen were a tribe of Hottentots called Korannas who came gradually up through the country, driven in front of the white men, from Capetown way, and eventually settled at Griquatown (then Klaarwater), this was roughly speaking about 1770. Subsequently they gave up Klaarwater to the Griquas, and settled on the banks of the Vaal River about Klipdrift (Barkly) and Mamusa (the Blomhof district); here they met Bechuanas (Barolongs) journeying from the north-east. These two races had a good tussle, and the Korannas stuck to the river while the Barolongs kept north of the Vaal. There seems to have been some amalgamation, however, as the Batlepins (Bechuanas) are supposed to be a mixed race of the two.

Whether the Griquas are a tribe of Hottentots, or only bastards, half Dutch and half Korannas, is uncertain, but it seems certain that their leaders had white blood. At the beginning of this century the Griquas were living all over the western portion of what is now the Orange Free State and Griqualand West, the Korannas were at Mamusa, and the Bechuanas at Taungs, and all over what is now Bechuanaland.

In the year 1800, Dr. Anderson commenced missionary work among the Griquas, introduced agriculture, and established towns on the Colonial system at Griquatown and Philippolis; and after a few years these people advanced so quickly in civilisation that they are said to have appeared to be little inferior to the up-country Boers. Some of them, however, would not give in to civilised ways, and fought against the town Griquas constantly; these malcontents lived in the hills near the rivers, and were called Bergenaars. A few years after this, about 1824, Boers began to trek across the Orange river, and took up land there, gradually dispossessing the Griquas from the Philippolis side, but they could make no impression on those Griquas who were living in what is now Griqualand West.

In 1835 there was a further influx of Boers across the Orange River (while another party of them crossed over into the English settlement of Natal). So much disorder now arose on the Orange River, owing to the Griquas spiritedly holding

their own against the Boers, that in 1848 the Orange River Sovereignty was proclaimed under the Queen of England. This comprised what is now the Orange Free State; but Griqualand West continued to be native territory. Some of the Boers resisted and were defeated at Boomplaats, and many of them fled across the Vaal River, and there established the Transvaal, or South African Republic; which under the Sand River Convention of 1852, was recognised as an independent state.

Those who remained in the Sovereignty were, for the most part, loyal Boers, and they bitterly resented our abandonment of the Orange River Sovereignty in 1853. In 1854 the British Government notified that it had no alliance with native chiefs, north of the Orange river, except with the Griqua chief, Adam Kok, of Griqualand East. Thus the Boers of the Transvaal, and of the Orange Free State (the O. R. Sovereignty) became at enmity with us from two very different reasons.

In 1870 diamonds were found on the Vaal River, in ground belonging to the Griquas, but then in dispute between three parties, *e.g.*, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the Chief Waterboer of the Griquas. The Orange Free State assumed jurisdiction over the diggers, of whom about 30,000 were Europeans, and was quite unable to control them. Immediate steps were required in order to keep order at these diggings; and consequently on November 7, 1871, the whole of Waterboer's territory was annexed to the British Crown, under the name of Griqualand West; to this the Orange Free State objected.

On October 27, 1871, the High Commissioner issued a proclamation defining the boundary between the Orange Free State and Griqualand West as running from the fountain at Ramah to David's Graf, thence to Platberg on the Vaal River.

A difficulty arose on the subject, because the surveyors of the Orange Free State and Griqualand West took different views as to the positions of all these named points, and consequently a considerable strip of ground was in dispute, and some of it very valuable, being diamoniferous.

After considerable negotiations extending over five years an agreement was arrived at, and a line settled on which included all the diamond fields about Kimberley in Griqualand West, and as a set-off it was arranged that a sum of £90,000 was to be paid to the Orange Free State as soon as the new line was beaconed off.

The points at issue were narrowed down considerably: as David's Graf was accepted as close above the junction of the Modder and Riet rivers, and about the fountain of Ramah there could be no doubt. The farms of Gideon Joubert and Adolf Erasmus cut by the line were to remain entirely in the Orange Free State.

On August 5, 1876, the Cape Colony Ministers were informed that the Cape Colony could co-operate in three ways: (1) The incorporation of Griqualand West as an integral portion of the Cape Colony; (2) The association of the Province in a federation with the Cape Colony; (3) The payment to the Province of the custom duties levied in ports of the Cape Colony upon goods consumed in the Province; at the same time it was stated that there had been representations from Griqualand West against incorporation with the Cape Colony.

On August 12, 1876, Lord Carnarvon proposed to President Brand that the Orange Free State, whilst retaining its own flag, should come into the British Empire, and should as a consequence receive a reasonable share of the federal expenditure defrayed from the customs duties levied in the ports of the confederation.

That is how the matter stands at present: and here am I ready to lay down the boundary-line, willy nilly, for many of the Boers on the line decline to have their farms cut up into two countries: it certainly is rather awkward for them, but it also has its advantages; to be able, in your own garden, to skip across from one country to another.

Jan. 1877.—I may here insert an extract from the journal of my father when on a shooting expedition in these parts in 1825.

"1825. *July* 9.—Left Vande Walts and crossed the Swart river (Orange river) or Groote river, passed by Huermans, where

the school of Philippolis has been removed to. We were assisted, as far as where Pretorius lived, by a Hottentot lad.

"Pretorius cultivated a good farm for the Missionary Society, thirty morgen of corn-land. He let his son, who could talk Korana and Bechuana, go with us. Proceeded to Rama, where we stopped a day to shoot sea-cows in the Swart river, which we had been travelling down, though at so great a distance from it as not to see it till we arrived at Rama.

"We next went to the banks of the Mud river (Cradock), where we came among what are called the Burgonars, and passed a salt-pan. The Burgonars are Griquas, and say that they came from Swartland originally, from thence to Little Namaqualand, and thence to Griquatown, and then scattered themselves over the country. At present the old captains of the Griquas or Bastards have let them join them, in consequence of quarrels between them and Waterboer, and of the Government agent wishing to make them prevent the Burgonars going on commandoes against the Bojismen and other tribes to steal their cattle. They have waggons, horses, sheep, and imitate the Boers. Their captains have very little power. They have, some of them, as Adam Kok, good houses built in the same manner as the Boers, but wander about, and live in huts made of mats, which pack up upon a bullock and serve as a tent. Cornelius Kok, the first captain, received his staff from—[obliterated].

"The Griquas were (at the time of Lord Caledon, who exercised authority over them) put under two captains, Kok and Bearn (Barends?), who have considerable tracts of country under them. Dam Kok said, in telling his account 'We are the Northern (?) men.' Their followers go to any vacant part and there cultivate a little piece of land and feed the cattle till the grass is gone, and then remove. We went from the Mud River by the Val (Yellow) River, another branch of the Orange River, through Campbell, some farms and corn at Campbell by Cornelius and Adam Kok, Griquatown (Klaarwater). We arrived on August 26.

"Before we came to the Mud River we found an ostrich's nest and took twenty-three eggs."

Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1877.—Such a beautiful sunrise, temperature 68° F. We are still busy measuring the base-line; we commence as soon as it is light, and leave off when it gets dark, but we have to knock off work for two or three hours during the heat of the day. I have arranged that our natives shall have a cup of coffee each if they are up in time for it, at 4.30 A.M., and I have to be up myself to see after them. We get *our* coffee at 5.15 A.M., and the sides of the tents are rolled up at 5.30 A.M. I have put the butter into a tub of water sunk in the ground, as it gets spoilt by melting each day and solidifying again each night.

De Villiers has gone away for a week, and has left his light waggon in my charge. I thought that our natives were the scum of Kimberley, owing to my being a new hand here, but I find that de Villiers' servants are no better. They are idle, insolent, and drunken, and are not kept in any systematic order. I have been practising driving a team of four and now of six horses in de Villiers' cart through the veldt, over ant-heaps and through ant-bear holes.

Sometimes we nearly overturn, but straight away we go, jolted in a most wonderful manner. I am really getting on as a driver. I have also been observing in very early morning, and late in evening at some of our near stations; it can only be done just now for about ten minutes just at sunrise and at sunset on account of the mirage. The taking down and putting up the piles each time we observe is quite a heavy piece of work and requires several men. The pile is about eight or ten feet high, of large iron-stone boulders, which have all to be taken down before the instrument can be placed, and then put up again after the observation.

Jan. 9.—I am longing to get away from the vicinity of Kimberley, our servants are so drunken, and my cook spends 30*s.* to 40*s.* a day on market-produce for our party, and the result when cooked is small.

The country is (as far as we know) *quite* quiet; the news that you see in the papers is made up to suit the several business

people, diamonds, wool, &c.; you need not be in any alarm, I don't think that there is any chance of a disturbance in South Africa this year. [The risings commenced at the end of 1877.] There ought not to be any disturbances about here for the natives seem the mildest I have ever come across: I cannot understand how they can be so quiet and orderly. There are hundreds of farm-houses perfectly isolated, and yet the occupants can live with their doors always wide open, just as we used to do in the Lebanon. I do not care about the natives here, they are half-castes, and they are savages. It is so ridiculous to make them wear trousers instead of some loose robe or kilt; directly they get out of sight of the whites they off with their trousers and throw them over their arms.

I have bought two saddle horses for £40.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—Just a chapter of mishaps again, so I have time to write: horses, oxen, all lost, drivers disappeared, and Balagaroo down with fever. I dosed him well, and he fell asleep and woke cured, went into Kimberley to get clothes, and has come back with a broken head which I have had to plaster up. I have had to raise my wages to the drivers, and am now paying £6 a month each, finding them food, and expect to pay £10 before I can get decent servants; these are, of course, quite exceptional wages, but it is a necessity as we are so near Kimberley. The worst of it is the higher wages we pay the more money they have to spend in drink. This has been the hottest day we have yet had in the waggon, 106° to 108° F. with double awning and matting overhead.

Wednesday, Jan. 17.—At last our work here is completed, I am thankful to say, and we leave to-morrow for the Modder River. Sergt. K. got a bone in his throat and went to see a doctor who gave him an emetic, but he is so strong and healthy that he digested instead of disgorging it; I think that he had digested the bone also for he now seems quite well. Corporal R. is still very unwell.

Thursday, Jan. 18.—Our waggon went on to Scholtz Nek, about twelve miles south of Kimberley, and I remained behind to receive a native out of gaol to act as cook's assistant. He is an educated Kafir. I do not know what his crime was, but the custom at present here is to go to the gaol for servants, as they cannot be got elsewhere. I suppose that some of the crimes may be serious. The Kafir's name is Jim; he walked along side of me, and as we passed through Du Toit's Pan, he said he was hungry, and I let him go to a shop for food, but I expect he also got drink, for he became very much excited as I rode along, and at last said he would bolt. I could only prevent his doing so by telling him about the good food to be got in camp; with much trouble I got him to our camp and put him with the rest of the servants.

I have now got an Indian cook called Sam, who really does know something about cooking, and Balagaroo does the housekeeping for myself and the N.C.O.s.

De Villiers joined me here this evening, and we had a right good supper off a paauw he had shot, it was a large bird, bigger than a goose.

Monday, Jan. 22.—Camp near David's Graf. We were busy two days at Scholtz Nek selecting points and observing, and to-day we crossed the Riet and Modder at the junction (Berry's), and are encamped on the south side of the Reit river over against David's Graf, close on to our boundary line. We shall be out all day taking observations and piling, but as the drought gets more and more intense it is more and more difficult to observe: just about ten minutes each morning and each evening, so that we are in a complete difficulty. We want a morning and evening observation at each place, and many of these are miles from our camp; thus we shall often have to sleep the night out in the veldt at the foot of the hill where we observe.

Friday, Jan. 26.—I have had great anxiety about Corporal R., who has been in a state of collapse from taking no nourishment. For two days he would take no food cooked by the natives, and I have had to prepare everything for him myself, and feed him myself with a spoon. Dr. Dunlop has come over from Jacobsdaal to see him, and has

prescribed, and I hope he will soon mend; I cannot do sick nurse and get out to my work as well. Joos, the driver, has also been very ill, but castor oil and mustard leaves have put him all right.

The rains do not come, and the drought is now so severe that our waggon wheels broke down coming here, and we were much delayed on the road. In very dry weather, waggon and cart wheels have to be soaked periodically, otherwise the spokes get loose and the iron tyres come off. It is quite an ordinary matter to have to shorten the iron tyre. This is done expeditiously by heating the tyre in burning cow-dung as though it were a blacksmith's fire.

There are Boers' tents all along the river just now, as the water has given out at nearly all the dams and the cattle and sheep must have water to drink: but the Karoo near the river is getting eaten up and the cattle are wasting away. To-day several Boers paid me a visit, and they all agreed as to the position of the David's Graf of de Kok (the surveyor) and Adam Kok the Griqua, and this happens to suit exactly the general position indicated in the agreement between Lord Carnarvon and President Brand, and as it just comes in between the two claims put forward by the surveyors of either side, I think there will be general agreement on this point. So one matter will be settled satisfactorily.

I have never felt better than I do here, the great heat is most enjoyable, and it is pleasant being so close to the river. Every morning I go down at sunrise and find fowl to shoot of some kind. Snipe, teal, and now and then a duck; and there are bustards out in the veldt; but without a good retriever many birds get lost. We get enough, however, to supply the camp.

Saturday, Jan. 27.—I think that the monotony of living in a Boer house must be terrible. Nowhere is the proverb so applicable of "eating to live" and not "living to eat." The Boer about here lives in the most miserable manner so far as food is concerned; his daily bread is fat mutton washed down with milk. Some of them make bread, but they seldom have any vegetables. The mutton is generally boiled or roast in an iron pot with fat; it is salted and often high. The Boer sits down with his guests, the plates turned bottom upwards; his wife and daughters serve; he puts his hand to his forehead and says grace before and after meals. There is generally on the table a soup tureen of fresh milk, a plate of mutton and often some bread; sometimes pumpkins, which with milk are very good. There is usually a chief seat in the room covered with a choice skin on which the most honoured guest is placed. At the early meal the lady of the house or tent comes into the room and sits at the coffee table and serves. There is a coffee pot of metal, slop bowl, dish for washing up, cups and saucers of crockery. The coffee is very fair. They never seem to have wine or spirits in the house, and the Boer at home is a teetotaler, but he never seems to refuse a glass when offered it at any time of the day away from home.

Late at night.—I must add a note. All nature sings. We have had our first rain this evening after months of drought; a real downpour with loud thunder; it has cooled the ground I can feel. There is said to be no water between here and Ramah, this year, so that we all are very anxious about the rain coming, for otherwise we cannot lay down the boundary line throughout.

Dames and Knights of the Three-Century Order

By Isabel Maude Hamill

CONCLUDING PAPER

MRS. MARGARET ANN NEVE, is still living at her beautiful home "Rouge Huis" in the Island of Guernsey at the marvellous age of 110. The register of the Parish Church of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, informs us that "Marguerite Anne, fille du Sieur Jean Harvey et de Elizabeth Guille, sa femme née le 18 de Mai 1792," was there baptized on May 29, 1792, thus the date of her birth is placed beyond dispute. She recollects distinctly the troublous times of Napoleon Buonaparte, and how the Channel Islands were held in daily readiness to repel invasions. Her father sent her to Bristol that her education might be completed at the school of the then well-known Misses Cottle, sisters of Amos and Joseph, who were somewhat of poets, and friends of Coleridge, Hannah Moore, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, &c. She married Mr. John Neve of Tenterden in Kent. After his death in 1849, she returned to her old home and lived with her sister and mother: the former died in 1884 aged 90, and the latter lived into her 99th year. Mrs. Neve and her sister visited every country in Europe except Portugal, and in her 91st year Mrs. Neve paid a second visit to Cracow in Poland. She speaks five or six languages, and reads her Greek Testament with pleasure; for large print she requires no glasses. She frequently entertains the children from the hospital to tea, being very fond of the little ones. Her wonderfully vigorous intellect, her descriptions of scenes and things abroad, and her vivacity astonish all with whom she comes in contact.

(Greet, photographer, Guernsey)

Mrs. Neve, aged 110

Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, widow of Cornelius Hanbury, has had an even more interesting life-story than Mrs. Neve. Born in the parish of All Hallows, London Wall, June 9, 1793, of Quaker parents, her birth is duly recorded in the admirable register kept by the Friends at that time. When young she was a frequent visitor with Mrs. Fry to Newgate Prison, and for many years visited the convict ships for women before their departure from the Thames. At that time women convicts were sent to the Antipodes under the sole charge of the men of the ship, and the drink and demoralisation were condemnation enough in themselves of the dreadful system. Mrs. Hanbury, from preference and for example's sake, was a total abstainer long before pledges on the subject were thought of. She also worked energetically in the anti-slave movement. She passed away a few months ago.

Again we have a contrast, long life being no respecter of persons, the luxurious home, the poor cottage, the gipsy's tent and the showman's van alike furnish us with dames and knights of the order, for Mrs. Ann

Smith was born at Pershore, Worcestershire, in a travelling showman's van, and practically lived in one all her life. Last summer she was seen with some roundabouts, and up to a few weeks before her death retained her faculties and showed a wonderful amount of

(Gunn & Stuart, photographers, Richmond)

Mrs. Hanbury

activity considering her age, which was 109. She passed away a short time ago.

Quite recently an old gipsy, Frederick Draper, who was born at Bix, Oxfordshire, died at the age of 104 in a cottage close to Whitley Woods, near Reading. His son, who is 84, tells the writer that "they are thoroughbred gipsies, and his father never lived in a house until within the last few years; they get their living by attending fairs, and selling baskets, skewers, clothes-pegs, &c. His father remembered very well the battle of Waterloo, and young men were wanted so badly that his friends fearing he would be taken for a soldier, dressed him in women's clothes, and for some time he passed as a woman. He remembers bread being 3s. a gallon!" He comes of a long-lived race, and his mother who died at 108, was styled the "queen of the gipsies."

The next dame of the order is also a gipsy, by name Prudence Smith, who died this year at 107 years of age. One of the most out-of-the-way places in the Forest of Dean, Wigpool Green, had been her home for many years, and for the last two years she had lived in a cottage with her son Faith Smith at the place named. Like Mrs. Wilde of New Tredegar, she was an inveterate smoker, and retained full possession of her faculties to the last.

Two more gipsies complete the record as far as the writer can ascertain of these nomad "knights and dames." The "gipsy king," Sammy Lee, died in West Ham Workhouse a few weeks ago aged 102; he had only been there for five months, gipsies seldom becoming inmates of our unions. He has a sister still living, who is now 103.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the West Ham Workhouse contained two old women, who had lived into their third century, a Mrs. Perry and a Mrs. Stocks, the former died lately and was buried in the West Ham Cemetery, with every mark of respect, being, the chaplain says, greatly beloved and esteemed. Mrs. Stocks is still alive. When asked her age her invariable answer is: "I was sixteen years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought."

A pathetic interest attaches to Joseph Ellery Parr's likeness, for the very day on which the Reverend J. Vincer-Minter, Master of Newmarket Workhouse received the writer's letter asking for information about him, was the day on which he went "home." "His end was most peaceful, he was quite conscious, always looking up to his Maker and longing for Home. He had been a very strong man in his young days, and worked most of his time in the fens, was in his 103rd year, and was born at Fordham," wrote Mr. Minter. Inquiries respecting Joseph E. Parr elicited a unique and interesting fact, viz., that the workhouse master at Newmarket is also a clergyman of the Church of England, a dual position, to which no other workhouse master in the country can lay claim. When he was appointed master, the services were held in

the dining-room, and immediately he set about collecting money to build a church. He met with great success, a pretty church was built in the workhouse grounds, dedicated by the Bishop of Ely, and received the name of St. Etheldreda. In order to be

Mrs. Mary Smith

of more use, Mr. Minter studied for Holy Orders, and was ordained in 1897, and though not the chaplain of the workhouse, he holds the position of honorary assistant curate, and as such preaches in the church every Sunday evening.

The "ould countree" furnishes us with some wonderful instances of longevity, and as far as these investigations go the most ancient of the "dames" is a Mrs. Ellen O'Mullane, who died recently at the extraordinary age of 118 years at Gneeves, county Cork; she was born in 1783, and was alive when the last census was taken. She had three daughters, all of whom are living, the eldest being 82 years of age. Her grandchildren and great-grandchildren number over forty. She recollected well the stirring times of the Irish rebellion of 1798.

Pat Lyons was born in 1799 at Templemoloya, four miles from Mitchelstown, county Cork, and died last November. He belonged to the farming class, and was a prominent tenant-righter in the third decade of the last century, and led a large party to O'Connell's memorable meeting at Kelly's Rea, county Limerick in 1832. At the time of Father Mathew's Mission, he became practically an abstainer. Michael Moher's life teemed with interest from the cradle to the grave. He was born in Kilworth, county Cork, and joined one of the East India Companies eighty years ago. He spent some time in the table-land of Thibet, Western China, and was for a time servant to a trusted lieutenant of Warren Hastings. He went through many campaigns in the Crimea, Egypt, and Hindostan, and was present at the solemn and affecting burial service of Lord Raglan. He never indulged in drink and was exceedingly temperate, and died from sheer old age at 105 in March 1902, at Mitchelstown workhouse, county Cork.

Thomas Fitzgerald, still living in the hospital of Mitchelstown workhouse at the remarkable age of 106, has had adventures others than war. As a youth he took provisions to "Willie Brennan on the moor," as the outlaw of the Kilworth Mountains was called, in the early part of last century, and still tells graphically the thrilling tales of his life, how landlords and yeomen were knocked down, what bloodshed there was, and how "Willie" was equal to all, save one pedlar. This same pedlar having been robbed and otherwise maltreated by the aforesaid "Willie," went into Fermoy, bought a blunderbuss and found a friend whose help he enlisted, and set off for the mountains, encountered the outlaw, and made him give up his stolen treasures at the point of the blunderbuss! This event is celebrated in some of the Irish street ballads. At length Brennan, who became a terror to the neighbourhood was captured, but Fitzgerald still retains a corner in his heart for the man whom when a youth he regarded as somewhat of a hero. The fourth of this remarkable group of men, Jeremiah Luddy, died last year aged 108. He was a respectable farmer, worked with his men and family in the fields and scarcely ever touched alcoholic liquor. He remembered the burning of Kilfinane, and the execution of Staker Wallace in 1798. Mrs. Mary Dea, aged 103, is living in Mitchelstown, this neighbourhood being famous for long life amongst its inhabitants. One of her relatives was the late wife of G. E. Redmond, M.P. Another old "dame" about

The Study of Browning *

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE'S work on Tennyson has now for many years been known to the public as the best appreciation extant of the late Poet Laureate, besides being one of the most masterly pieces of literary and analytical criticism in the English language; and what he has there done for Tennyson, and in the same thoughtful and scholarly style, he has now further done for Tennyson's great contemporary and fellow poet Robert Browning.

The plan of the present volume is almost precisely similar to that to which it forms a companion. After a general introduction, in which the position of the poet as an artist and in his relation to his surroundings, religious, social, and moral, is discussed with admirable clearness, each poem or group of poems is commented on, criticised, and explained; a better scheme than which for dealing with so intricate a subject could hardly be devised, resulting as it has done in the production of an exhaustive and helpful analytical and critical guide to the study of Browning, his works, and his method of thought. Of Mr. Stopford Brooke's work in the past it is sufficient to say that few critics have done greater service as exponents of the beauties and riches of English literature. He is an admirable scholar, a finished and beautiful writer, and above all a man whose sympathies are with all that is pure and lovely and of good report; and fortunate, it may almost be said, is the poet to whose lot it falls to have an interpreter so eminently qualified to reflect the charms of his theme with such a wealth of true poetic feeling and expression.

There is a refreshing lack of prejudice, an unvarying impression of calm broadmindedness and of gentle dignity apparent in Mr. Stopford Brooke's writing, which, while unassertively and unobtrusively offering the reader luminous suggestions on the subject with which the critic deals, reveals too the sympathetic charm of the critic himself, and the book stands as the most comprehensive and appreciative volume on Browning that has yet been published. While to those who are beginning the study of the poet this book will be invaluable as an aid to preparation for so doing, the many to whom his poetry is already familiar, however intimately they may know his immortal verse, will both find in Mr. Stopford Brooke's pages many a gem and passage of rare beauty and wisdom which they have overlooked, and further have pleasure in comparing their own recollections with the views of an expert whose opinions claim a respect so infinitely above the ordinary.

The general scheme of the work may be gathered from the following synopsis of its contents: Browning and Tennyson; Browning's Treatment of Nature; Browning's Theory of Human Life—Pauline and Paracelsus; Browning as the Poet of Art; Sordello; Browning and Sordello; The Dramas; Poems of the Passion of Love; The Passions other than Love; Imaginative Representations—the Renaissance; Womanhood in Browning—the Dramatic Lyrics—Pompilia—Balaustion; The Ring and the Book; Later Poems; The Last Poems.

As a piece of literature the work is not excelled for charm of style by any of the author's writings, and as a convincing estimate of Robert Browning and his work it forms a valuable addition to our treasures of expository criticism.

* THE POETRY OF BROWNING, by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. A Companion Study to the same Author's Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. ISBISTER & Co., LTD. Price 10s. 6d.

John Wesley and His Journal *

IT is a curious thing that such a book as WESLEY'S JOURNAL has been suffered for so many years to remain practically locked up from the great mass of readers by the fact that it was obtainable only in a four-volume edition, the cost of which has put it beyond the reach of the multitude. Edward Fitzgerald once wrote that "if he had any interest with publishers" he would get them to publish "parts" of the Journal, or an abridged edition. That the Journal is one of the eternal books there can now hardly be room for doubt. It deserves to be eternal if only for what Fitzgerald called its "pure, unaffected, undying English"; but that, great though it be, is one of the least of its merits. The pre-eminent value and charm of the work lie in its qualities as a "human document"—being the simple story of the almost unbelievable lifework of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. Macaulay pronounced John Wesley to have possessed "a genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu." And this fact—the mere intellectual greatness and power of the man—is not always recognised even by Wesley's most earnest admirers. As Macaulay says, "he devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered as the highest good of his species"; and (what Macaulay does not point out) it is because he sank in this greater greatness the lesser greatness of a Richelieu that we are in danger of overlooking the fact that he possessed the latter at all. John Wesley not only had mighty gifts, but he used them mightily: content that they should even be obscured by the glorious end to which he employed them.

The story of such a life of such a man, wonderfully written by himself, could not be other than one of the enduring books of all the ages. But WESLEY'S JOURNAL has yet other claims to be regarded as an almost necessary book for every man and woman to read. It is in itself, as a narrative, stirring, full of incident and colour and dramatic light and shade. And almost beyond all these it stands unrivalled as a picture of the country and the times in which he lived. Mr. Augustine Birrell says:

"If you want to get into the eighteenth century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger, be content sometimes to leave the letters of Horace Walpole unturned . . . even deny yourself your annual reading of Boswell or your biennial retreat with Sterne, and ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England. No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley. Neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England."

The ordinary edition of the JOURNAL is in four volumes, including some 2000 pages. What has been needed is a book of such compass that the ordinary man or woman could both afford to buy it and carry it about with him or her when bought. This need it is which is met by the new edition, abridged by Mr. Livingstone Parker into one handy volume, well printed, well bound and well indexed, of a little more than 500 pages. In an introduction to the volume Mr. Hugh Price Hughes says:

"The fact that this edition of the work has been condensed is no drawback. The JOURNAL as originally published was itself condensed by Wesley. The Wesleyan Book-Room has in its possession large unpublished portions of the manuscript, much of which will be included in the Standard Edition which the Wesleyan Methodist editor has now in hand; but for popular purposes Mr. Parker's edition will answer all important ends, and will give Englishmen for the first time an opportunity of reading in a handy form one of the most important, instructive and entertaining books ever published in the English language."

* WESLEY'S JOURNAL, an Abridged Edition, by Percy Livingstone Parker, with Introduction by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and an Appreciation of the Journal by Augustine Birrell, K.C. 544 pages, 1 Vol. Cloth, 3s. 6d. ISBISTER & CO., LTD.

William Penn's Chief Work *

APART from its intrinsic merits, a special interest attaches to "No Cross, No Crown," as having, like the "Pilgrim's Progress," and other thoughtful, earnest books which the world could ill do without, been written while the author was suffering imprisonment for conscience' sake. William Penn was one of the pioneers of Quakerism. Born of a good family, well educated, and with high interest at Court, he preferred to lay aside all chances of worldly success, and join himself to a despised and persecuted sect. In the year 1668, as the result of a heated theological controversy with an eminent divine into which he plunged, to support his arguments in which he had published a book which gave great offence to the bishops, he was committed to the Tower. But he was not to be silenced, and in the gloom and seclusion of his prison, cut off from all friendly intercourse, his thoughts were turned inwards and upwards. He wrote as one inspired: wrote words destined to go down the ages. "No Cross, No Crown," was the outcome of his inspiration, a work which, had Penn done nothing else, would have brought him immortality.

For a correct understanding of the book it is necessary to bear in mind the state of English society in the middle of the seventeenth century, in the earnest reproof of which, and its attempted improvement, the Quakers were willing to undergo to its utmost limits the persecution of the powers that were. The age was one of excess and extravagance: of the grossest licentiousness. Men, and women too, had fallen away from the simple faith of the early Christians, and had become persecutors and hypocrites, living in open rebellion against the spiritual teaching of the Scriptures. Religion itself was in danger of sinking into a perfunctory habit. Incidentally, "No Cross, No Crown," contains an able vindication of Quaker beliefs and practices, and the reasons for the revolt of that sect against elaborate ceremony and sensuous surroundings both in public worship and in their private relations with the outward world. But the book is more than a mere defence of Quakerism: more than an example of theological controversy in the seventeenth century. As an earnest call to a pure, self-forgetful life of Christian piety it is worthy to rank with Keble's "Christian Year" and A Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." Penn was no narrow sectarian: he belonged to the church universal. Those who differ never so widely on points of doctrine will find common ground in "No Cross, No Crown;" for is not a close imitation of Christ's example the ideal of all the churches?

The purpose of the discourse cannot be better explained than in the memorable words with which the author opens and closes his preface, which in itself sets forth the essentials of Christian life and conduct. One is struck with the simple, impressive beauty of the opening words: "Reader.—The great business of man's life is to answer the end for which he lives, and that is to glorify God and save his own soul: this is the decree of Heaven, as old as the world." But the marrow of the book is in the title, "No Cross, No Crown." Unless men are prepared to forsake all worldly pleasures and rewards, and to live out this life bravely, bearing the Cross with humility and meekness, they cannot win the Crown. Nearly two hundred and fifty years have passed since Penn's awakening discourse was written, and time has wrought momentous changes in every department of life; but modern England is not so perfect that it can afford to regard "No Cross, No Crown," as obsolete. The present age is free from the grosser vices and the intolerance of the seventeenth century, yet the perfect life is yet afar off. The day is not in sight when men can say of William Penn's book: We have no need of it; we have learnt its lessons.

* No Cross, No Crown, by William Penn, a New Edition with an Introduction by J. Deane Hilton, One Volume, limp lambskin binding, extra gilt lettered, gilt top, fcap. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net. Isbister & Co., Ltd.

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GOD SAVE THE KING

whom but slight information can be obtained is a Mrs. Quinn, who, until a month or two ago resided in the townland of Ballymiedoherty, county Down. Up to within a day or two of her death, at the age of 103, she was able to superintend her household affairs, and retained all her faculties. She was also the mother of a large family, all of whom survive her.

There appears to be something either in the Irish air, soil, or climate that is conducive to longevity, for only the other day a French Canadian, named John Lynch, found his way to the ould countree and died at the age of 102 in Rathdrum workhouse hospital.

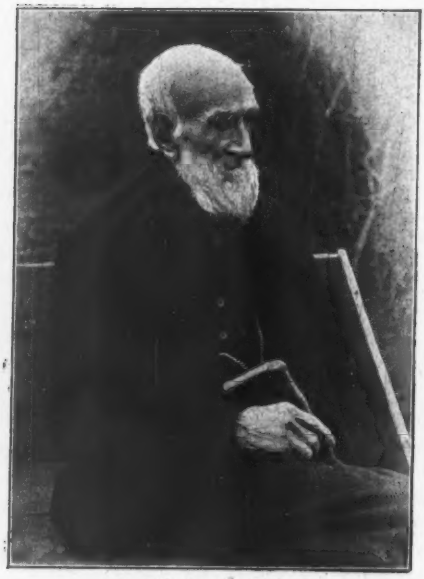
Scotland, too, furnishes some remarkable instances of long life, but Mrs. John Rae who died March 8 in her 105th year, has, perhaps, more descendants living than any other of these dames and knights. She has one son and two daughters surviving her (one of the latter, a Mrs. Douglas in New York, is 84), forty-two grandchildren, one hundred great-grandchildren, and six great-great-grandchildren, making in all 151 descendants! She was born in 1797, in the parish of Urr, her maiden name being Jean Sharpe. At an early age she went to service, and when only eighteen married Alexander Rae, by whom she had eight children. After her marriage she lived at Kirkpatrick, Durham, close to where she was born, and practically all her long life was spent in the district. On the Sunday preceding her 100th birthday, this "dame" held an "at home" which was attended by a large number of relatives, and in spite of the fatigue that such a gathering entailed, she rose as usual the next day, had tea with her family, and enjoyed a walk in the garden; on this occasion she received numbers of centenary gifts, some from titled people. She was a firm adherent of the Church of Scotland, and joined in public worship when in her 100th year, and was the oldest communicant whose name was on the roll. Another Scotch dame, whose relatives claimed for her the distinction of being the oldest of the King's subjects in Scotland, died this year, aged 109, at Gobshealach. Her name was Miss Stewart.

Aberdeenshire gives us a wonderful case of longevity in the person of the late Mrs. Strachan, of Scatterty. The baptismal records of Edinburgh certify that she was born in August 1796, at Sauchentree, Methlink, her maiden name being Martha Calder.

Joseph Ellery Parr, aged 102 years

She married Mr. Alexander Strachan, who died sixty years ago. She spent seventy-two years of her life at South Haddo, and the last six with her grandchildren. She died recently at the age of 105.

People who have seen and conversed with Sir Walter Scott are seldom met with now, but the exhaustive inquiries made when writing this article have resulted in the discovery of



(Black, photographer, Melrose)

William Millar, 103 years old

an old "knight" who has frequently seen and conversed with him, and whose memory at the present time is marvellous. Born in June 1800, at Broadloan Toll Bar, William Millar is still hale and hearty, and will tell of events that he remembers in 1804. For twenty-six years he was grave-digger and church officer at Melrose Abbey Church, and also held the post of Baron Bailies, Officer and Collector of Customs, opening all fairs in the district, such as St. James', St. Boswell's, &c., and gathered in the money imposed on those who had sheep- and horse-folds. His chief hobby is cutting sticks, and last year (his 102nd) he chopped a cartload of trees ready for the fire, and asked for more. He will talk with keen interest of Waterloo and the French prisoners at Melrose. All his life he has been accustomed to outside labour, and has never used either tobacco or snuff, but latterly has taken a little spirits. William Millar brings up the "dames and knights of the three-century" order who have been discovered by the writer in the United Kingdom, to the extraordinary number of forty-one. In all probability there are others, but she has been unable to find them.

In looking over this long interesting list of "Three-Century Lives" the questions naturally arise: "What means have these persons taken to preserve their health? Is there any special reason that they should have outlived by so many years the span of life allotted to man? In answer to these and similar queries that will no doubt trouble the minds of some who read this article, the writer has arrived at the following conclusions, which may be right—or wrong. First, that an open-air occupation is a great factor in long life, strict moderation in eating and drinking, very little if any alcohol, regular habits, the inheritance of a sound constitution, and a disposition to take things easily, and descent from long-lived families, all tend towards length of days. As by far the largest number of the "knights and dames" come from what are termed the humbler classes, another fact forces itself on the mind, viz., that hard physical labour, a plain and not too generous diet are also aids in this direction, and that the strenuous, nervous, highly strung brain workers but rarely attain to the honour of a "three-century knighthood." In this article there are one or two exceptions, but they only prove the rule; it is the physical not the mental which dominates here.

As to climate and country it is a fact worthy of note that more people over a hundred years old are found in mild climates than in colder ones. Switzerland has none, Denmark only 2, Sweden 10, Norway 23, Germany 78, France 213, whilst Spain has 401, and Servia 575 people who have lived into and past their hundreth year. Ireland with its moist, mild atmosphere contains 578 centenarians, England 146, and Scotland, which is much colder, only 46, but a centenarian, it must be borne in mind, is much easier to find, than one whose life has touched "three centuries."

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for October

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

Ch. ii. 14. What doth it profit, my brethren, if a man say that he hath faith, but have not works? Can that faith save him?

WE have to recall the principles which St. James has developed in the course of his letter, if we would rightly grasp the meaning of the present passage. Superficially considered, St. James' teaching has been thought to contradict St. Paul's. St. Paul is the ardent advocate of faith; works, he says, are nothing: the disposition of the soul is everything. St. James advocates action and conduct: sentiment or otiose assent is nothing. But St. Paul and St. James are one in their view that the Christ-born soul should show to men the exemplar spirit. St. James regards such a soul as one called to exhibit the true type of humanity to men, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures. St. Paul does not speak differently: the Christian man is the man in whom the Spirit of God dwells: such seek to fulfil the life of the exemplar: they walk not after the flesh but after the spirit (Rom. viii. 4–9). Such spirits would feel that a violation of the law of love would be out of harmony with the Spirit of Christ; they would test themselves not by their actions merely but by the spirit which the action disclosed. The ultimate test is not the deed but the spirit of the deed. In this St. James agrees: it is the servile spirit shown to the rich man in the Christian Assembly which he rebukes. He acknowledges that love and kindness are due to all, be they rich or poor. But in his strong, free way he hates unreality; he hates the deference which is not the genuine self-respecting deference of man to man, but the self-interested deference of the snobbish nature which in its soul worships wealth; he hates lack of genuineness in such matters. He hates, equally, the unreality which is content with an indolently acquiescent creed—the faith which is not incorporated into the heart and the life, which is outside the man, and therefore inoperative in the life of the man. The true man of Christ grasps the heart of things: external circumstances are of no moment: the man and the character of the man are everything. All men should be treated according to the law of love (verse 15). Religion, if real, cannot dwindle into a mere sentiment or an opinion. It is a conviction of the true order of life, a belief in it, and a love of it. Hence religion can no more be divorced from life than the breath from breathing, the blood from its flowing, the heart from its beating. The heart beats because it is a heart. That is its function. So faith is a living power of the soul (verse 17). It is seen in the way a man acts: faith is such a heart-grasp upon the divine nature as implies sympathy with the divine nature. It will go out, as God's nature does, in beneficence and love (verses 15–17). It must do so, as light streams from the sun, and as the waves of the ocean beat upon the shore. It is thus a self-revealing power. Like love, it cannot be hid (verses 17–20). The history of faith exhibits this, as the stories of Abraham and Rahab show (verses 20–26).

SECOND SUNDAY

Ch. ii. 16, 17. If a brother or sister be naked, and in lack of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled; and yet ye give them not the things needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself.

THE apostle carries his argument into illustration. His principle is that faith is an active power. He had asked what was the use of a man talking about his faith, if it never came forth into action. Like Shakespeare, he would say,

> If our virtues go not out with us,
> 'Twere all as one as though we had them not.

This is the appeal to the practical judgment; thereupon he pressed the question farther. A faith which does not show itself in action is useless to mankind. It is useless also

to the possessor. A man may have such a barren faith, but can that faith save him? or, we may put it, can faith of that kind save him, a man of that sort?

From this the argument passes into illustration. He pictures the brother or sister naked or destitute: he pictures them met with good wishes but given no help. What good is there in good wishes? Like good intentions, they do not pave the road to heaven. The illustration recalls the vivid scenes described by our Lord in Matt. xxv. 31–46. Here are the needy unhelped and unministered to. This is one of those many passages in this short epistle which shows us how the teaching of Christ had sunk into the writer's spirit. After his manner, St. James gives a touch of irony to the picture. The good wishes are so sympathetically expressed. There is no passing by on the other side: the professed Christian on this occasion is one who completely realises the whole position: the indigent one needs food and clothing and shelter and warmth: there is no doubt about the fact. The position is realised, but the obligation, which, according to Christ's teaching, this knowledge creates, is passed on to another. He speaks in this wise: "I am sure, my dear friend, that you sadly need help: there are plenty of people who will be able to help you: I do sincerely trust that you will receive the food and clothing you need." What profit is there in those empty, hypocritical good wishes? This is a barbarousness worse than the barbarousness which does not perceive need; it augurs a harder heart to come and look upon the wounded man and then go on than to pass by on the other side. Is it not a harder heart still which can look at misery and loudly pity it, mocking it with good wishes? This is the hypocrisy of faith. It realises God's will that the needy should be cared for, but never realises that itself should be the instrument of that will. The true soul is ready to play, as Browning says, "not the helpless weakling," but "the helpful strength,

> That captures prey and saves the perishing,
> Sluggard arise: work, eat, then feed who lack.
> (*The Eagle*—BROWNING.)

What does it profit? asks St. James. What good lies in empty words? What profit to either him that hears or him that speaks? To the one the words are mockery; to the other, the fatal source of some fresh self-deception. Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself." It proves itself to be dead, because no living force is displayed; it proves itself dead as the fruitless tree reveals its own uselessness. Whatever outward show it may for awhile maintain it is dead in itself. It lacks the living inward force. The faith is dead in itself—not only is the body of religion dead in this case, but the faith, the very heart of religious life itself, is dead; it has ceased to beat.

THIRD SUNDAY

Ch. ii. 18–20. Yea, a man will say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith apart from thy works, and I by my works will shew thee my faith. Thou believest that God is one: thou doest well: the devils also believe and shudder. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith apart from works is barren?

IN his argument the writer now puts a practical aspect of the question before his hearers. The faith which does not reveal itself in action cannot prove its own existence. To say "I have faith" is cheap and easy, but not convincing. Christ said, "By their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. vii. 20), but how are they to be known without fruit? To boast of faith, but to show no practical result, is vain and valueless. Far better is the man who was going about doing good, but not boasting of his faith; such a man's actions proved his faith.

A step farther the argument is taken. Belief may be orthodox, while the character is evil. Merely to believe in one God, or that God is one, may be an empty intellectual assent—so entirely inoperative in the life that the spirit displayed in it may be positively malignant. As far as intellectual assent to an article of belief is concerned, this may be shared by demons, who perceive the truth, and accept the truth, but only as an uncomfortable fact. "The devils believe and shudder."

We may now review the aspects of valueless faith as set out by St. James. Faith which cannot rise to an act of Christian kindness (verses 15, 16) is dead in itself. But

if you claim that you still have faith, you are powerless to prove it, except by works. Call it faith if you please; it is a barren thing, and a barren tree is a tree which fails of the purpose of its existence. If you still claim that you have faith, perhaps you only mean belief in an intellectual assent to an article of faith; but this again is valueless in the sight of heaven; it is but a barren thing, working no moral good in the character. God has no place for barren things in His kingdom. (Compare John xv. 6; Luke xiii. 6–9.)

The teaching of St. James here is full of warning. It is so easy to deceive ourselves, and to confuse good wishes with goodness, sentiment with fact, and orthodoxy with living faith. The belief that "God is one" was the pride of the Jews. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," words drawn from Deut. vi. 4, was the announcement of that portion of the law which the Jew was expected to recite morning and evening. This fact gives emphasis to the teaching of St. James. Of what use was orthodoxy of belief, even if regularly recited day after day, unless life was influenced by it? Here, too, we recall the fact that our Lord cited this expression of belief, as a preface to His declaration of the first and great commandment. The first is, He said, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God, the Lord is one; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength" (Mark xii. 29). Our Lord thus supplied the corrective to barren orthodoxy. It was vain to hold the empty faith that the Lord was one, unless that faith carried with it such a deep, real, and intense attachment to God as must colour and govern the whole life. In its ultimate analysis true faith involves love. Bede is right in the distinction he draws—between believing a person, *i.e.*, what he says —believing a person, for what he is; and believing in a person. We may believe certain things to be true; we may believe a person because he is an authority; but to believe in a person implies some sympathy and affection, some partnership, as it were, in his nature. In this last alone is true faith. This is the faith which St. Paul extols; it is confidence in the character of God; it is a spiritual grasp upon what He is; it is a trust which can rejoice in tribulation; it is a faith which works by love. None other is the faith which St. James insists on, only he approaches the question from the other side. St. Paul insists that we should first secure the seed, the good seed; all else will follow, growth, flower, fruit. St. James starts at the other end, and says, "No fruit, therefore no growth; no growth, therefore no life; no life, therefore no source of life; no seed." The one Apostle is the sower selecting his seed; the other is the farmer visiting and inspecting his plants.

St. Augustine puts the difference between the genuine and the surface belief thus. "What so great a thing is it, if thou sayest, Christ is the Son of God? Peter said it and was answered, 'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona.' The devils said it and heard, 'Hold your peace.' The word is one and the same; but the Lord tests not the flower, but the root." On which we may note that Simon Peter's faith was deeper than a faith of earth, of flesh and blood; it was a faith of spiritual attachment.

That orthodoxy may co-exist with malignity of character we know too well.

> We all have known
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Good kings who disembowelled for a tax,
> Good popes who brought all good to jeopardy,
> Good Christians who sate still in easy chairs
> And damned the general world for standing up.

We need not wonder that St. James should break out into expostulation. "Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith apart from works is barren?" The man thus addressed is, of course, imaginary or typical. He is a vain man, *i.e.*, empty (the word is the equivalent of Raca) (Matt. v. 22). The man is empty as his religion is profitless. His character is empty; his faith is idle, or barren. The word used here is the same used in 2 Peter i. 8, where after the powers of Christian life—faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly love, love—have been enumerated the writer says, Where these abound, "they make you to be not idle, nor unfruitful." It is against a strengthless, worthless, lifeless form of faith that St. James enters his protest.

FOURTH SUNDAY

Ch. ii. 21–26. Was not Abraham our father justified by works, in that he offered up Isaac his son upon the altar? Thou seest that faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect; and the Scripture was fulfilled which saith, And Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned unto him for righteousness; and he was called the Friend of God. Ye see that by works a man is justified, and not only by faith. And in like manner was not also Rahab the harlot justified by works, in that she relieved the messengers and sent them out another way? For as the body apart from the spirit is dead, even so faith apart from works is dead.

St. James now turns to the past, and from the story of Israel selects two examples as test cases of his position. One is a case drawn from the chosen people; the other example is from the circle of the world outside. Abraham is the Hebrew type he selects; Rahab is not of Israel.

The case of Abraham. He gives Abraham the title, Our father, common among the Jews (compare Luke xvi. 24, and Rom. iv. 1). The case is a conclusive one to the Jew. The life and conduct of Abraham, the father of the race, this constituted a sort of final appeal. We realise the weight of his name in Jewish thought as we read the New Testament. St. Paul makes him a turning-point in his argument (Rom. iv. 1 and Gal. iii. 7). The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews devotes no fewer than fourteen verses in his great historic picture of the power of faith to the case of Abraham (Heb. xi. 8–21). The power of the very name of Abraham made it natural, I had almost said indispensable, that St. James should be able to show that faith in Abraham's case was no inert sentiment or dead orthodoxy, but a living and active force.

He takes the incident of the sacrifice of Isaac. It could have been no dead or otiose thing which led to such an act of self-surrender as this. Abraham showed faith in going forth from his country (Heb. xi. 8–17); in his confidence that Isaac would be born (Rom. iv. 17–21); but the sacrifice of Isaac is felt both by St. James and the author of the Hebrews to be the climax test. It was the giving up of what he loved and cherished and in which he saw the earnest of a great future. Such an action, St. James says, shows faith co-operating with works, and works establishing faith. St. James touches an important truth. Doing perfects theory; action completes faith:

> What to thought a doubt may prove,
> That an action may remove.
> Thus by doing you shall know
> What it is you have to do.

Compare John vii. 17. Translate "thought" into "action" and you get "conviction." In action, disposition and will are united. Action alone is not enough. Sentiment or disposition alone is not enough. Both must combine. Right disposition must express itself in right conduct. Then the whole nature is brought into play. A man so animated and so acting for right is in sympathy with the divine purpose: he may be called, as Abraham was, the Friend of God. The reference is to Isaiah xli. 8, and perhaps 2 Chron. xx. 7. The name Khalil Allah, the friend of God, or more shortly El Khalil, has among the Arabs practically superseded the name Abraham.

The case of Rahab. It is as if St. James, wishing to establish the general truth of his argument, passed from the crucial Jewish case of Abraham to the familiar case of an outsider like Rahab. Her faith, too, showed itself in action. She was convinced that the righteous God was with Israel, and her conviction displayed itself in active service; she hid and protected the lives of the spies. We should read the expression of her faith given in Joshua (ii. 9–13).

The conclusion drawn by St. James is: As the body apart from the spirit is dead, even so faith apart from work is dead. One would have thought that works, deeds were the embodiment of faith, faith being the animating principle of the action. But St. James reverses this. The image, however, becomes clear if we recall the dead orthodoxy of which we spoke. He called it dead, for it showed none of the signs of life; there was neither breath nor movement. In contrast to this he places faith, like a living and active thing—the trust and conviction which follows God, and works for God—a power which cannot be inactive because it is alive, and is known to be alive because it is active.

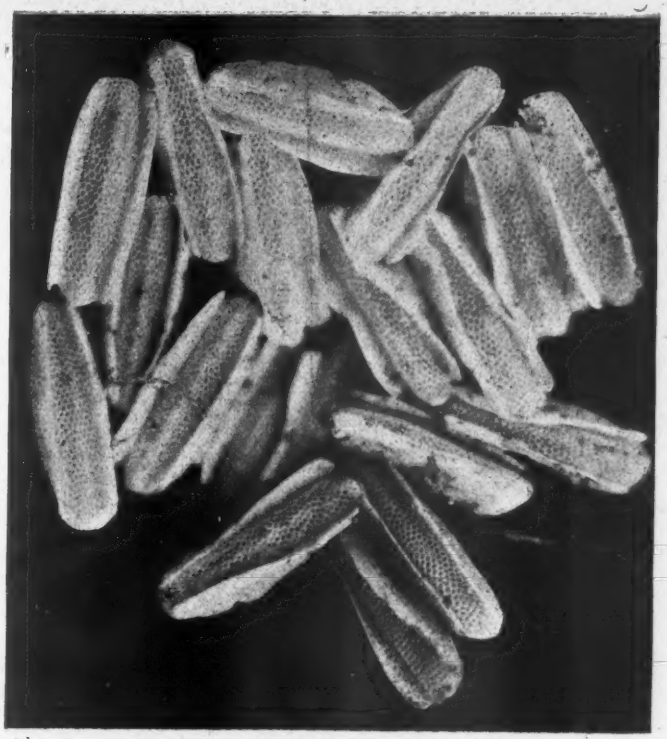


Fig. 1. The eggs of the common house-fly (× 25 diameters)

Minute Marvels of Nature

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

VI. Insects' Eggs

THE extraordinary variety of artistic forms, exquisitely sculptured surfaces, iridescent colours and colour markings, exhibited by the tiny eggs of almost all insects, offers to the observer with the microscope a fascinating field. Apart from the æsthetic pleasure derived from the study of these beautiful things, a great deal of general knowledge of the insects themselves is gained. It is even possible to classify butterflies correctly by their eggs.

And the endeavours of naturalists to identify the eggs of insects by observing where and how they are deposited, and by watching their subsequent development, have resulted in abundant knowledge concerning the lives of insects, in place of the fanciful and superstitious theories and hypothetic reasonings of less than a century ago.

No longer are maggots, flies, and swarms of bees supposed to be spontaneously generated from putrifying substances, nor could any man of modern science say: "That the atmosphere is freighted with myriads of insects' eggs that elude our senses, and that such eggs when they meet with a proper bed, are hatched in a few hours into a perfect form, is clear to any one who has attended to the rapid and wonderful

Fig. 2. An egg of a hover fly (× 25 diameters)

effects of what in common language is called a 'blight' upon plantations and gardens"; or assert that, the honey-dew which is produced by the aphides "is a peculiar haze or mist loaded with poisonous miasm." Yet both of these statements were gravely put forward by an eminent naturalist in 1829. Such errors are impossible now, and one needs not much science to be aware that the mother blue-bottle or "blow-fly," scents the carcase afar off, and with maternal instinct hastens to lay her eggs upon it that her young may thrive, the young grubs appearing in various periods of time according to the temperature.

The common house-fly in a like manner usually discovers material fit for the scavenger as the site where her young may undergo their metamorphoses; but sometimes she selects such substances as ripe fruit, sweet cakes, or even bread, as a suitable situation for her curious white or cream-coloured eggs, winged and honeycombed with minute hexagonal pits (Fig. 1). These are just visible to the eye as tiny white specks; but it is to be feared that the average man consumes more of these "interesting objects" than he observes.

Insects' eggs vary greatly in number. Some insects deposit, perhaps, only fifteen or twenty, while on the other hand some of the social insects—bees, ants, termites—lay many thousands. Taking the termites, or white ants, as an example, Smeathman says that owing to the number of eggs which she produces, the abdomen of the queen termite increases "to such an enormous size that an old queen will have it increase to fifteen hundred or two thousand times the bulk of the rest of her body." When the queen commences to lay, she deposits eggs at the rate of about sixty per minute, so that the queen termite at this rate lays probably about 43,200 eggs in a day and she continues at the work for many days. Insects usually deposit their eggs with rapidity and then die, a large number of familiar moths laying only about 100 eggs, although some produce considerably more. For example, the common large yellow underwing moth, which troubles the collector so much by its abundance when he is "sugaring," lays its small dingy grey eggs on almost every sort of plant, from grasses upwards, in batches of 600 to 800.

Several successive generations of some

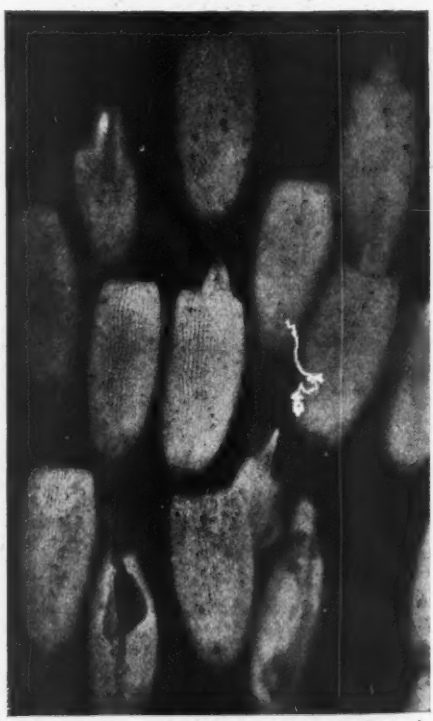


Fig. 3. Eggs of a bird parasite from the ground hornbill (× 20 diameters)

species of insects may make their appearance in the course of a single year. And some like the aphides or "green-flies" increase their kind by the production of living young, although they commence primarily at the beginning of the season from fertilised eggs laid at the end of the previous autumn between the winter scales of the leaf buds. When the warm sunshine of spring persuades the buds to open the young aphides or green-flies are there to feed and multiply upon the young leaves. No more eggs are laid until the autumn, for the offsprings of the spring-hatched eggs are not male and female insects, but all imperfect mothers which keep feeding and budding out young just like themselves, which again go on budding, and so on, until one aphide becomes the progenitor of billions of descendants in the course of its life.

Thus it might well have appeared to our forefathers, who had no accurate knowledge of the wonderful powers of increase of these tiny creatures, that the atmosphere was "freighted with insects' eggs that elude our senses" and that the honey-dew which these aphides exude, came as "a peculiar haze or mist loaded with poisonous miasm."

Seeing in what abundance the green-flies are produced it naturally follows that unless some check was placed upon their increase all vegetation would soon be destroyed. Luckily, however, there are numerous enemies that prey upon them. Fig. 2 shows the pearly iridescent egg of one of the hover flies—wasp-like flies that are often seen poised by the rapid vibrations of their wings over plants—these flies usually place eggs singly on stems and leaves amongst the aphides, and when the voracious young larva of the hover-fly emerges, woe unto those green-flies! One juicy fly after another is taken, sucked dry, and its skin cast aside. And this is only one of the enemies of the green-fly. The pretty lacewing-fly also places its dozen or so of curious stalked eggs—so familiar on lilac and other trees—along the leaves and branches from which the larvæ hatch and drop down to assist in devouring the aphides, protecting themselves by covering their bodies with their victims' skins, which they impale on hooks or spines on their backs. Thus to all appearance each becomes a portion of the stem itself covered with aphides as it moves about "seeking whom it may devour," and so it disguises itself from its own enemies.

Fig. 4. Flower-like eggs of the parasite of the Australian mallee-bird (× 30 diameters)

In a previous paper we glanced at some of the parasites that respectively trouble

Fig. 5. Other blossom-like forms from the parasite of the turkey of Japan (× 30 diameters)

Fig. 6. Eggs of a fowl parasite (× 25 diameters)

or benefit animal life. Bird parasites present some remarkable forms in their egg structures; and although a number of these are not included in the class *Insecta*, but more nearly related to the spider family, yet I have included them here. No. 3 shows the eggs of a parasite of the Ground Hornbill, these are deposited one above the other in almost parallel lines between the flattened barbs on the underside of the feathers.

Fig. 4 shows a peculiar blossom-like form from the parasite of the Australian mallee-bird. Another of these flower-like examples is shown in Fig. 5, this being taken from the Turkey of Japan.

What purpose these lavish and varied decorations serve in the economy of the parasite embryo is difficult to ascertain. But from experiments made it has been shown that the curved petaloid spines, when the egg is placed under water, rapidly uncurl, and after straightening, contract on the lid, and remain contracted until all moisture has again evaporated, when they gradually assume their previous graceful forms. Possibly they offer some kind of protection, perhaps associated with a suitable atmospheric condition which may ensure the safety of the immature parasite.

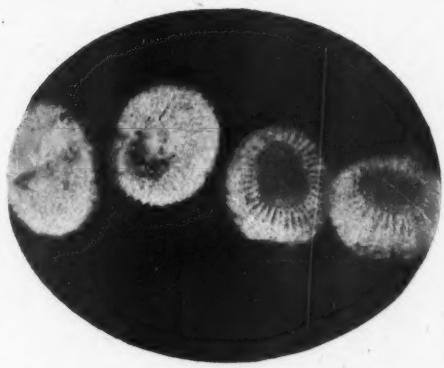


Fig. 8. Eggs of a peacock parasite (× 40 diameters)

One of the parasites of the fowl lays some curious eggs, which are illustrated in Fig. 6; while Fig. 7 depicts a number of eggs from the parasite of the pheasant, attached by their natural cement to the quill of the feather. And as a still further example from familiar birds, the prettily sculptured and porcelain-like eggs of the parasite of the peacock are shown in Fig. 8.

The living matter contained in the tiny eggs of insects is protected by three external coats. Beside the shell proper there is a delicate inner covering, and on the outside there is usually added a layer of material secreted from special glands at the time of depositing. This latter sometimes forms a coat for one egg, or a common capsule for a number, for all insects do not deposit eggs

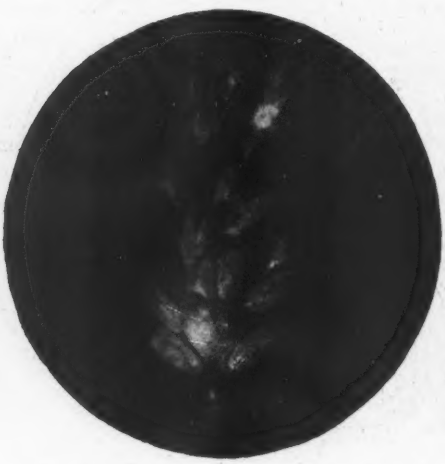


Fig. 7. The quill of a pheasant's feather with parasites' eggs attached

singly, but some, like the common cockroach or house black-beetle, produce a symmetrically marked horny capsule which contains the eggs, and is formed in the interior of the mother, and which can frequently be seen as she carries it about searching for a suitable situation to place it for the young cockroaches to emerge.

A paper on the subject of insects' eggs would be very incomplete without including some examples from the lepidoptera, or butterflies and moths. Both butterflies and moths are familiar insects to most people, but, common as many species are, comparatively few people have ever observed the wonderful eggs which they deposit upon almost every plant that grows in our gardens and fields.

If we carefully examine the leaves and stems of a few plants during the summer months, and some during the winter, we are almost sure to find some specimens; and we have only to place these under a good magnifying lens, or low-power microscope, to get revelations of some of the most interesting of Nature's minute marvels, and at the same time a prodigious field of study is opened to us.

Fig. 9. Eggs of a moth often found on cabbage leaves.

The eggs of most butterflies and moths are found upon or in the near neighbourhood of the food-plant of the young larvæ. And here is presented the marvellous instinct of the mother insect; for it by no means follows that the parent insect feeds on the same plant. Butterflies and moths in their perfect form have no mouth organs for masticating vegetable food, but instead a long, coiled, sucking tongue or proboscis, which they unroll to gather honey from the flowers. And if you watch any common white cabbage, or tortoiseshell butterfly that visits the garden, you will see how delicately the honey is sipped from the various flowers. And then the cabbage butterfly flickers away to some choice young cauliflower or cabbage and disappears beneath the leaf to deposit its eggs! In the same way the tortoiseshell—if you are fortunate enough to have no nettles in your flower-border—leaves you for a period while it seeks this plant so precious to young tortoiseshell caterpillars. The instinct which

Fig. 10. The silvery reticulated eggs of the currant or magpie moth (× 29 diameters)

Fig. 11. Eggs of the blue underwing moth (× 20 diameters)

guides these insects to these particular plants is one of the most interesting in the whole realm of Nature.

On the other hand, sometimes insects make unpardonable blunders in depositing their eggs in places which give no hope for the future larvæ. Many moths, including lappets and swallow-tails, in their giddy fascination of the electric arc and other street lights, become so enthusiastic as to sufficiently forget themselves to leave their eggs carefully placed over the wires and globes, while the other day my laundry woman, in a mystified manner, brought me a few inches of an apron string just taken from the clothes-line, which was "not like that when she hung it out." A silly moth that usually deposits its eggs on the cabbage had selected this apron string as a suitable place to leave, in a few separate batches, several hundred eggs. Fig. 9 shows some eggs of this cabbage moth, which is often most erratic in placing its eggs.

Another batch from the same species on another occasion was regularly placed on the outside of my window pane. In this instance, as in the case of the moths which lay their eggs on street lights, the insect was probably blinded by the light from the inside at night time and was obliged to lay her eggs where she could.

Fig. 10 shows the silvery reticulated eggs of the currant moth which are placed upon the leaves of gooseberry and currant bushes. Here the young caterpillar feeds for a time; but as autumn approaches, he makes a silken hammock with a leaf for a basis, so that when the leaf should fall, it remains where it is with the young caterpillar warmly wrapped inside. Here it remains for the winter; and in the spring it leaves its resort to complete its feeding as a caterpillar before becoming a chrysalis. Fig. 11 shows another form of moth's egg, those of the rare clifden nonpareil or blue underwing. The eggs of the gray chi moth, Fig. 12, present another type. These are flat and scale-like with a slight tendency to project in the middle. The dark portion that appears at the centre of each is the young caterpillar coiled up within the egg, showing through the transparent shell. These were photographed just before the larvæ emerged.

Other moths lay oval flat eggs, like the

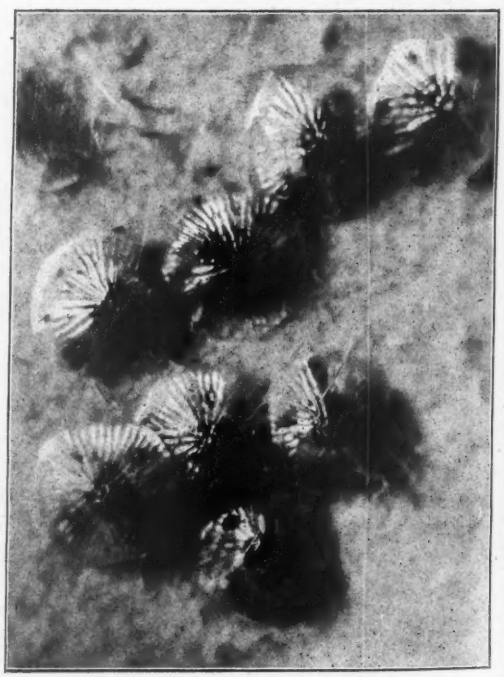


Fig. 12. Flat scale-like eggs of the gray chi moth

small emerald, Fig. 13, others square, or oblong brickshaped, which they glue in a line along the branches as many of the thorn moths. In fact, the varieties of form and sculpture in the eggs are almost as numerous as the moths themselves.

Butterflies' eggs offer equally attractive and interesting examples. That of the brown hair-streak is shown in Fig. 14. These white porcelain-like eggs may be found sometimes during winter in localities which this insect frequents, firmly glued to the twigs of the blackthorn, where they remain from autumn until spring. Fig. 15 shows the

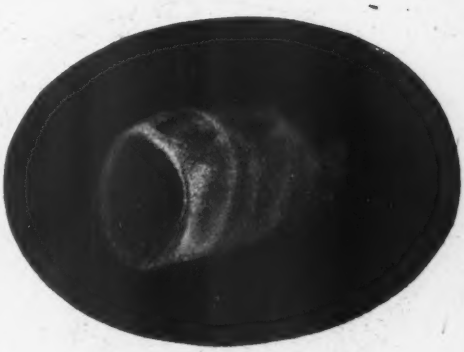


Fig. 13. Eggs of the small emerald moth (× 20 diameters)

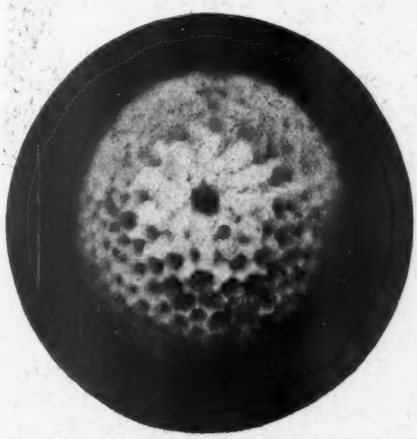


Fig. 14. An egg of the brown hair-streak butterfly (× 25 diameters)

eggs of the small tortoiseshell which I have previously mentioned as being found on nettles. These are attached to the leaves in curious clusters or bunches of a hundred or thereabouts.

The sombre meadow brown butterfly is familiar to every one about haymaking time as it flitters about the lanes and open fields. It deposits its tiny and delicately marked eggs generally amongst various grasses, these are illustrated in Fig. 16. As a concluding illustration, in Fig. 17 I have shown the tiny eggs of the small copper butterfly.

These eggs are very beautiful as a good search with a hand-glass, amongst dock leaves in wood-ridings and places where this common insect frequents, may reveal.

What purpose do these artistic and micro-scopic sculpturings and engravings serve on eggs of insects? In all of Nature's minute works we get this lavish fecundity of symmetrical details, oftentimes the smaller the organism the greater is its beauty. Many of Nature's lowest organised creations, smaller by some thousands of times than these insects' eggs we have glanced at, reveal under high magnifying powers, wonders that eclipse in beauty and elegance of workmanship anything we can produce.

The tiny seeds of garden flowers, and weeds, almost invariably reveal on their outer surface when magnified, wonderfully diversified sculpturing and engravings, and,

Fig. 15. The eggs of the small tortoiseshell butterfly (× 20 diameters)

Fig. 16. Eggs of the common meadow brown butterfly (× 30 diameters)

as a passing thought, may not these often similarly coloured and engraved eggs of various insects gain a measure of protection from such enemies as ichneumons—parasitic flies that deposit their eggs within the eggs and larvæ of other insects—when they are placed amongst the leaves and stems where seeds are continually falling as they ripen, by a natural mimicry or superficial resemblance? I leave the problem merely as a suggestion for future investigation.

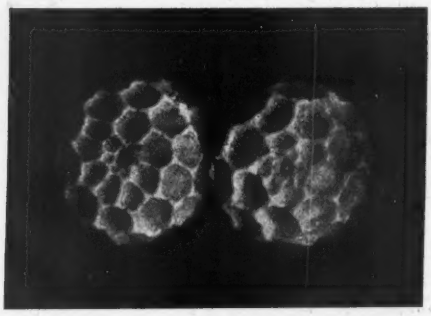


Fig. 17. The small copper butterfly deposits eggs of this description (× 30 diameters)

A Speedy Convalescence

By Ralph Harold Bretherton

BEATRICE had been ill. It was her own fault. As I told her on the night when first her head became heavy and her eyes drooped, she had courted a chill and deserved to feel shivery. But next morning I did not joke, for the fever burned in her so that she was delirious, and for several days she lay very ill. Now, however, she was recovering and very fidgety.

"I'm going to get up," she declared when the doctor went.

"Not if I'm your lord and master," I said firmly.

"That's easy enough to say, but we've been married ten years, and I think I've had the upper hand all through?"

"Yes, but you're down now, and I am going to take advantage of it."

I do not think that Beatrice really wanted to get up. The fever had left her weak, and in her drowsy convalescence her bed was a very dear friend, but her conscience pricked her to be up and doing—seeing how her house had fared during her illness.

"The longer I stay in bed, you know, the more work there will be for me to do when I do get up," she said with a sigh. "Everything has gone wrong, I expect?"

"Nothing has gone wrong," I said.

"Please don't tell me that or you will make me lose all pride in my house-keeping. And I don't suppose it is true?"

I insisted that it was, but she shook her head.

"You wouldn't know if anything were wrong," she said.

"My dear Beatrice, I am one of the most domesticated of men. I even know the names of at least half of the strange utensils in the kitchen. When I look through the list of the things you want to buy do I

exclaim at each article, 'Good Heavens! what's this? What do you want that for?' No, I know what it is, and what you want it for. I'm a model husband in that way. I believe I should understand the cook if she came to me and told me of her requirements."

"Oh, you're a wonderful man—with me at your elbow. But I shudder to think how you have been getting on without me."

"Splendidly."

But Beatrice would not believe me.

"No," she said; "I must get up."

I looked as stern as I could.

"No," I said; "you will not. The doctor said——"

"If the doctor said you were to remain in bed you wouldn't believe him; you'd say he was an old-fashioned man with antiquated theories. But directly he says that I am to stay in bed you think him a very wise and clever man, and you aid and abet him to keep me upstairs. I believe you like to have me in bed."

Now that Beatrice was getting better I found that I did rather like to have her an invalid. Without, the winter days were gloomy and damp, and the sick room, warm and cosy, was a pleasant contrast to the weather.

"Well," I said, "it's very cosy up here with the fire and the smell of medicine——"

"And me suffering pain—oh, very cosy."

I kissed her.

"No," I cried; "I didn't like the part when you were really ill; you don't know how nearly you died one night. But you're all right now, and I like this part."

"I don't. The part when I was really ill was the best part for me, because I didn't worry then—I was too ill. But now that I am getting better I'm beginning to think of the awful state the house must be in."

"There is no need to worry. I have seen that everything has been kept all right."

Beatrice gave a little scornful laugh.

"As if you could see!" she cried, for in some matters she has little faith in her husband.

"I have looked with my eyes and have heard with my ears," I said.

"Yes, and didn't understand either, I expect. I foresee gigantic labours before me."

All that morning I had to quell in her the desire to get up. She wriggled about in the bed, and declared that she could hear things going wrong.

"They've got the furniture out in the hall," she said tragically. "Listen."

"That's somebody dusting—that's all," I said.

"Yes, I know, and it's just the way I've told them not to dust. They're wrecking my home, in which I take such a pride." She shuddered. "Oh, I can't lie here and listen," she cried.

"Pull the clothes up over your head."

"No, I must get up."

Before I could stop her she had slipped out of bed. She stood upright for a moment with a puzzled look on her face. Then she sat back very weakly on the edge of the bed, supporting herself with her hands. She was very dizzy, and her eyes drooped and closed for a few seconds before she looked up at me with a comical expression.

"I don't think I'm quite so well as I thought I was," she said ashamedly.

"No, of course you aren't. Get back into bed."

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I'm going to sit in the chair there. That'll be one step towards getting up."

I let her have her way. The chair was near the fire, and, if she wrapped up well, I did not see that she could come to any harm. Soon, therefore, she sat, all dressing-gowns and rugs and shawls, in the chair, and I poked up the fire to furnace heat.

"You needn't roast me," Beatrice said. "I hope you don't intend to eat me afterwards."

To get out of bed had taken a great deal out of Beatrice, and she sat very still; but at length her strength and restlessness returned.

"I wonder how long it will take me to put the house straight?" she said, with a sigh.

"I don't think it will take you any time at all," I answered; "you will find it quite straight."

"I believe you are trying to console me, but do you think that I should care to believe that this house goes on as well without my supervision as it does with it? And I may tell you that, if you believe it, you are not very complimentary to your wife."

I was on the horns of a dilemma. I wanted to put a stop to Beatrice's worrying, and I found that she liked to think that she had cause to worry, so I changed the subject. By retailing to her the gossip which had sprung up in the village during her illness I hoped to distract her from the house and its management. But her mind was ever wandering back to household things.

"Who has kept account of the washing?" she asked.

I had to confess that I did not know.

"Did the man come to clean the windows?"

Again I did not know.

"Did you get your meals all right?"

I nodded.

"And the children—did they get theirs?"

"I believe so."

Beatrice darted an angry glance at me.

"Believe so!" she echoed. "And you didn't trouble to find out?"

"That was only my way of putting it. I meant that I didn't eat their meals, and I cannot speak from experience as to whether they got them all right or not. But the children seemed to fare well."

"I expect they're half starved. How are they, the poor darlings?"

"Right as trivets."

"I can't think how they got on without me?"

"Oh! they had their governess and their nurse and their kind father to look after them."

"Their kind father who believes that they get their meals all right, but rather than trouble to find out would let them starve! Oh! the poor little skeletons! Are their bones sticking through their flesh?"

I laughed.

"Of course not; but they missed you badly, Beatty."

"It must have been an awful time for them—left to the mercy of fathers, and nurses, and governesses, and no mother to protect them."

"Being strong and healthy, they've survived it."

"Were they much upset about me?"

"Cried their eyes out."

"The darlings!"

"Poor little mites. Their father, with all his faults, never caused them the heart-aching and tears which you've caused them in the past fortnight."

"I couldn't help it."

"No, of course you couldn't. And you ought to be glad to think that they took your illness so to heart."

"I am, but I'm so sorry for them. Did they see me at all while I was so very ill?"

"No, I dared not let them. You would have frightened them with your talk."

"What did I talk about?"

"Heaven only knows! Everything and everybody but yourself—it was most unselfish. Me, your children, the postman, the butcher's boy, the vicar's nose, the gardener's baby—all sorts of people and things. No, I kept the children out. Your delirium frightened me, It would have scared them out of their wits."

"How long is it since they saw me last?"

"It must be nearly three weeks."

"Well, let them come now. I want them, I long for them, and they must be longing for me."

I demurred.

"You're not strong yet, you know," I said.

Beatrice made a gesture of impatience.

"What difference does that make?" she asked.

"You love them so."

"And I love you; but you stay here in my room, and I don't feel any the worse for it. Let them come. They're not monsters; they won't devour me."

We discussed the matter for some time, and the end of the discussion was that I had to go and fetch the children. They were in the nursery, and they were very dirty and untidy. Apparently their nurse had left them to their own devices for some time, and they had occupied themselves in collecting dust. It would never do for Beatrice to know, but it looked to me as if the nursery

floor, on which Benedicta and Gerald were playing, had not been swept for several days, except by the rubbings of the children's bodies.

"Children," I said, "you are to come and see your mother."

They left their toys immediately, and they would have started forthwith for their mother's room.

"You must be cleaned first," I said.

I sought out their nurse.

"For heaven's sake make those children look respectable," I said to her. "Their mother wants to see them."

I saw that the children were thoroughly scrubbed and brushed. I feared to take to Beatrice two dirty, untidy children, for I did not know—or rather I knew too well—what she would say to me. During her illness I had nominally had charge of the house, and I felt that I should be held responsible for any defects in the appearance of the children. Now I rather pride myself on the management of children, flattering myself that I know more about them than most fathers do, but here were my own two children in a state of dishevelment, and my pride and perhaps a little fear forbade me to take them to Beatrice until they had been thoroughly overhauled. I looked them up and down critically when they were handed back by the nurse.

"They're quite clean and tidy, aren't they?" I asked of the nurse.

She gave me her word that they were quite clean and tidy, and, my own opinion thus fortified, I took the children to Beatrice. Beatrice hugged them until all her shawls were disarranged, and I had to step in, not as a peace-maker but rather as one who severed bonds of love which threatened to end in the strangulation of the best woman in the world.

"Steady, children," I said; "mother isn't quite well yet."

The children stood back and looked at their mother.

"You look so funny with your hair all down, muvvie," Gerald said, "just like Bene."

"There's a compliment, wife of my bosom," I said. "Gerald says you look as young as your daughter."

"And my daughter is seven," Beatrice answered, with a laugh. "It's scarcely a compliment. Gerald evidently means that I look childish."

But Gerald protested that he had intended a compliment. He said he loved his muvvie better than any one else in the world, and he seemed quite vexed and upset that she should think that he had not complimented her. We had to explain to the boy that Beatrice was only joking. Beatrice hugged him to her again.

"Of course you love me," she said, "and of course I love you." She kissed him, and then Benedicta had to be kissed in case she should be jealous. Then Beatrice pushed them both from her. "Stand back a bit, both of you," she said, "and let me look at you. I don't know how you have been getting along while I've been ill, and I want to see if you are all right."

She looked them up and down, and it was an anxious moment for me. I was glad that I had had them washed and brushed. I did not think that there could be anything very much the matter with them. Still, I hummed with nervous light-heartedness while Beatrice gazed upon her children.

"Gerald," Beatrice said sternly, "why do you put that hand behind you?"

Gerald pretended not to hear.

"Let me look at that hand," Beatrice repeated.

Gerald brought his hand timidly round and held it out to his mother. She seized it and kissed it, and then looked at it.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she cried, "Doesn't it hurt?"

There was a cut on his hand. It was not a dangerous cut, but it was very ugly to the mother's eyes. Gerald said that it did not hurt very much.

"It hasn't been kept clean," said Beatrice. "Somebody has just washed it, but it was very dirty before that, and it has festered a bit." Then she turned to me. "Why didn't you tell me that Gerald had hurt himself?" she asked.

"I didn't know that he had," I answered.

"What! You didn't see that cut—that great wound?" She kissed the hand again.

"No."

"Well, you ought at least to have seen that Gerald was trying to hide his hand from you."

"I daresay, but I didn't."

Beatrice looked in despair.

"When shall I be able to trust the children to you?" she asked. "Fetch me a rag. At least you can do fetching and carrying."

A humbled man, I did as I was bid. I brought a rag, and Beatrice tied up Gerald's hand.

"That's more comfie, isn't it, Gerry?" she asked, and she kissed the neat bandage and then his face. "In future always tell somebody—me, father, or nurse when you cut yourself. It's dangerous to leave cuts. I knew a little boy once who cut his hand, and the cut got dirty, and he lost his hand."

I do not think that Beatrice had ever known any such little boy, but as the tale pointed an excellent moral I did not ask Beatrice for chapter and verse, although I could see by the solemnity of Gerald's face that he quite believed the story.

"I shan't lose my hand, shall I, mother?" he asked anxiously.

"No, of course not, you silly little boy. I've tied it up for you, and it will be all right."

Again Gerald believed his mother implicitly. All anxiety went from his face, and he looked at the bandage as though he were curious to investigate the speedy cure that was working underneath it.

"But don't you touch that rag," Beatrice warned him.

Gerald promised, and it was the mother's turn to have implicit faith in her child.

"Now let me look at you, Bene," said Beatrice.

I stood Bene at attention before her mother.

"Heels together, toes out, hands at the sides," I said.

But Beatrice wished to make a closer inspection of the child.

"Come nearer," she said. "For a wonder yot haven't got any scratches on your face, but I expect you've bumped your head somewhere or other. You're sure to have done that."

Benedicta stepped forward to have her head felt.

"You're limping, child," cried Beatrice. "What's the matter with your foot?"

"Nothing," said Benedicta, but she held her foot uneasily an inch or two above the floor.

"Oh, Bene, can you look me in the face and tell me that? Come on my knee. I'm going to look at your foot."

Benedicta got up guiltily on to her mother's knee, and Beatrice took off the child's shoe and stocking. The stocking seemed to catch a little, and Benedicta winced. When her foot was bare we saw that there was a sore on her heel.

"You said there was nothing the matter with your foot. How could you be so wicked?" said Beatrice, reproachfully.

"It's only a small somefing," Benedicta pleaded in excuse of her mendacity.

"But it hurts you badly or you wouldn't limp. How did you get it?"

"We went for a walk."

"A long walk?"

"Yes."

"Who took you? Nurse? I've told her before that she takes you too far."

"It wasn't nurse," said Benedicta. She looked at me, and her eyes asked, Should she tell who had taken her for the long walk which had blistered her feet? I could see that she was sorry for her poor blundering father. Possibly she had endeavoured to hide her heel to save me from a scolding. Beatrice noticed that Benedicta looked at me.

"It was you?" Beatrice asked angrily, turning to me.

I bowed my shameful head before her wrath.

"It was," I answered penitently.

"When was it?"

"The day before yesterday."

"How far did you go?"

"Oh, hardly any way. To Corsington Hill and back—that's all."

"That's eight miles. Oh! you wicked man, you'll kill your children before you've done with it. Weren't they very tired?"

"A little."

Beatrice fondled Benedicta's foot and held up the blistered heel for me to see.

"Look at the heel and ask her forgiveness."

I asked Benedicta's forgiveness, and she gave it to me readily with a kiss.

"Now ask mine," said Beatrice.

I asked, and received it with a second kiss.

"I oughtn't to forgive you," my wife said, "but I don't think you are really wicked; I believe it's that you are only stupid. Now get the gold-beater's skin."

Beatrice patched up Benedicta's heel as she had patched up Gerald's hand.

"Now," she said with loving sternness, "you must let me look at your heel every day. It was very wrong of you not to tell me about it when I asked you. You know these things have to be attended to at once, or sometimes they get very bad. I knew a little girl once who blistered her heel just as you did; and she was naughty and didn't tell her mother about it. Her heel got worse and worse, and the badness spread all the way up her leg, and her leg became useless, and she had to go about on crutches for the rest of her days."

I think I am right in saying that Beatrice never knew any little girl to whom the fates were so unkind, but, as this was another story which pointed a moral, I held my peace, and let Benedicta's eyes grow very large and frightened.

"And," Beatrice continued looking at me, "she got her leg bad in just the same way as you did. She went for a walk, a long walk, with her father. And her father was so sorry when he saw how he had disabled his little daughter. It was a great grief to him all his life. The mother wouldn't speak to him for a long time; she couldn't love a man who could be so careless of his child."

I nearly laughed, but somehow managed not to. Benedicta got down hastily from her mother's knee, and limped about to assure herself that she still had the use of her leg.

"My leg won't get bad, will it?" she asked.

"No, Bene, because I've found it out in time."

To me the children were a comical pair, Gerald with his hand tied up and Benedicta with gold-beater's skin on her heel, limping about, one leg bare. But to Beatrice the children did not present a comical spectacle.

"I mustn't get ill again," she said, "or I shall lose my children." Then she looked at me. "By the way, I suppose there is nothing the matter with you. You haven't any grievous wound about you, I hope?"

I fingered my chin.

"Only this cut on my chin," I said.

"Oh, that's perennial," she answered. "I don't think you will ever shave without cutting yourself."

I suppose that I was in disgrace and that was why I got so little sympathy.

Beatrice threw her wraps off and stood up.

"Beatrice!" I cried, "this is naughty and disobedient."

"If other people could look after themselves—and their children, perhaps I might be able to sit, cuddled up, in this chair a few days longer. But I've seen enough in the past quarter of an hour to know that I must go downstairs. I dread to think what the house is like, but I can guess only too well now that I have seen those two poor, darling children of mine."

"I assure you the house is all right," I cried, but I remembered the state of the nursery floor, and was not at all certain that I was speaking the truth.

"I don't believe you," she said. "I'm going to dress and come down. I must put things right before they get past mending."

"Sit down at once and don't talk nonsense," I commanded.

I gathered up the shawls and rugs to put them on her again, but she shrugged her shoulders, and would not receive the wraps.

"No," she said, "I'm going to get up and out of this room."

"What will the doctor say?"

"He said I was not to worry, and so long as I stay here I shall worry. It's awful to sit here knowing that clumsy people are upsetting all my household schemes."

"He'll be very angry."

"I believe you are afraid of him."

"No, all I fear is that you will kill yourself."

"And leave the children to your tender mercies! Not I!"

She laughed, and had her way. Before nightfall she had bustled herself into her old vigorous health.

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—VIII. Mr. Stephen Phillips

THE open letters addressed to Mr. Stephen Phillips (of which those to which the prizes have been awarded will be found published below) are by no means unworthy of the excellent results produced by the former competitions. Once more the real value of these symposia, regarded merely as a method of criticism, is abundantly proven. It is impossible to read any large number of the letters addressed to any one author without becoming aware that while the opinions of individual writers may differ in matters of detail, these minor differences soon disappear, as in a composite photograph, leaving only certain essential lines on which there is, if not unanimity, at least a large measure of accord; and the picture left by these lines forms always a remarkably sane and just portrait of the subject. The force of this cumulative effect of the several scores of letters together cannot be fully felt by one reading only the three prize-winning compositions; but the three given below suffice excellently, as usual, as examples of the soundness and sincerity of the judgment and tone of the whole mass.

Briefly, it may be said that the reading portion of the British public (of which the contributors to GOOD WORDS may be taken as a very fairly representative body) have not been misled in their estimate of Mr. Phillips either by the extravagant laudation of some critics, or the equally extravagant depreciation of others. They recognise that he has faults grave enough to forbid us yet to place him in the first rank of poets. They recognise also that he shows at times evidences of a quality which, if exhibited in sufficient measure, might well ultimately lift him to that high place. Above all, they recognise that he is yet young, and the time has not come for any final judgment.

As we go to press very early with the December number we do not invite further "open letters" for the present, but we hope to announce in the near future literary competitions which, we believe, will prove of great interest to our readers.

The winning letters addressed to Mr. Stephen Philips follow.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

SIR,—

Amongst living English writers there are few whose merits have been so hotly contested as yours; both your poetical and your dramatic powers have been subjected to every grade of critical estimate, from glowing and intemperate eulogy to violently expressed and contemptuous censure.

Amidst all this conflict of opinions, one thing stands clearly, and is indeed proved by the very keenness of the controversy, namely, that the appearance of your works is a literary event of no small importance. Since Otway's "Venice Preserved," the poetic drama, in the sense in which that term is applied to the masterpieces of the Elizabethan stage, has been almost extinct among us. Successful and moving plays have been written in verse, and many splendid poems have been cast into dramatic form; but of dramas which were at the same time good acting plays and poems of high literary merit there have been very few examples. Yet the poetic drama is one of the greatest glories of English literature, and one of the highest of all literary forms. It is therefore with no slight interest that we see a sucessful poet devoting his energies to the resurrection of this almost lost art and producing dramas which, while they aim, and in the opinion of many excellent critics aim successfully, at a lofty level of poetry, have proved distinct successes upon the stage.

No doubt, sir, your more candid and judicious admirers must admit that you have been the subject of exaggerated praise. You have been compared to Chapman, to Webster, and to Marlowe. These are great names, and one cannot help feeling that the author of "The Duchess of Malfi" would have made us realise the pity and terror of your finest scenes more poignantly and keenly, with a lesser accumulation of the stage effects, of which sometimes the mechanism shows too obtrusively. Yet one may, surely,

admit all this and yet allow you no mean rank among the poets and dramatists of England. Granted that you have not, as yet, attained to the very summits of dramatic power, yet you have achieved much; enough, many of us believe, to give you a certain and not an insignificant place amongst our poetic dramatists.

We are told that "Herod" is melodrama; there are critics who would write this of the storm scene in "Lear" if they dared. I am tempted to think that in this play you reach your highest level of dramatic power. Herod himself grips our attention from the first. The burning intensity of his passionate nature gives a lurid grandeur to his very crimes. He may be cruel, but never mean; wicked, but never contemptible. The scene in which he confronts and overawes the mob by sheer force of character is magnificent. Nor is his consort unworthy of him. Mariamne is finely drawn, and as the inevitable conflict between Herod and his queen develops, we follow it with the keen and almost painful interest of one whose sympathies are on both sides. Yet Herod remains ever the central figure. Here, for once, the comparison with Marlowe is well justified. It is no impertinence to say that you, sir, are not so great as Marlowe, yet surely no judicious reader of "Herod" can fail to be reminded of him. The concentration of interest upon the central character, the glowing imagination, and the flashes of sudden beauty in phrase and thought are all intensely Marlovian.

And this, sir, is your greatest merit. Again and again in all your works we are delighted, and sometimes almost dazzled, by phrases and passages which reveal the true poetical inspiration. Nor are you wanting in longer passage of sustained and splendid dramatic rhetoric, often elevated into true poetry.

Yet it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that intermingled with all this strength and beauty are an unfortunately large number of weak and halting lines. You take a licence above even that allowed to writers of dramatic blank verse. In your rhymed works, too, are many lame and ineffective lines, and in general I think we may say that your couplets, though they contain in "Ulysses" and in the "Poems" some very fine lines, are scarcely equal to your blank verse.

Nor is your mastery over blank verse complete. You do not seem to have in any degree the secret of the "verse paragraph," and your finest passages are made up of separate lines, independent of each other both in sound and in sense. It appears to me that your method is well suited to the sweetness and tenderness of much of "Paolo and Francesca," particularly the speeches of Francesca herself, but it detracts somewhat from the dignity and vigour of your strongest passages. As regards the weak and irregular lines which mar so much of your finest work, the most alarming feature is that they appear to proceed from deliberate refusal to polish, arising from a mistaken attempt to avoid monotony of cadence.

With regard to your lyrical work we have not much upon which to form a judgment. The chorus of nymphs in "Ulysses" is neither elegant in structure nor very happy in effect, nor are the other songs in your plays of any striking merit. The one exception is the minstrel's song, "O set the sails for Troy, for Troy is fallen," which has the true spontaneity and thrill of lyrical poetry. The three pieces in your "Poems" entitled "Lyrics" rise to a much higher level. They are filled with a haunting regret, which is most delicately suggested, and the first and last, at any rate, are beautiful in form.

Your broadly comic scenes and persons have found many bitter critics and few apologists, nor am I disposed to claim much merit for them, except in the case of the old swineherd, who seems to me a natural and pleasing figure. But in your use of comedy I am disposed to see one of your surest titles to the praise of an able dramatic craftsman. You have fully understood the aims which justify the introduction of comic scenes into a tragedy—to relieve the tragedy, to emphasise it, and to broaden the canvas. Again and again, while watching the scene in the drug-seller's shop, in "Paolo and Francesca," I was struck by the manner in which the apparently unimportant chatter of

the girls emphasised the tragedy by their unconscious parody of the main situations of the play. Again, what could more clearly bring out the pathos of Paolo's position and character than the contrast with the not very refined or witty conversation of his coarser comrades? It is seldom that your comic scenes, like those of Otway or Massinger, are obtruded, not wrought into the plot.

Your characters arouse our interest, and you have followed the Elizabethan dramatists in your attempt to give distinct individuality to the minor personages. "Paolo and Francesca" is, perhaps, your most subtle character study. Lucrezia, Giovanni, and the two title-parts are fine creations, and we feel deeply for them as the steadily approaching destiny overwhelms them in its irresistible advance.

The delicacy of your treatment of the historical facts as to Francesca is very noticeable; you have turned a sordid history into a beautiful and delicate romance. There is no suggestion, as a critic in the *Spectator* seemed to assume, that the lovers intend to continue to sin in secret. At the moment of that beautiful arbour scene and of Paolo's subsequent return they had forgotten the future in the present, and I think our condemnation of their sin may be mingled with pity without fear of the charge of condoning baseness.

I emphasise this, because it seems to me that it is not the least of your titles to our gratitude that, in an age of realism and the unsparing presentation of the grosser sides of life, you should have held true to the banner of romance and idealism. In certain of your poems, such as "The Wife," and "The Woman with the Dead Soul," you show a power of realistic painting almost physically painful in its despairing pathos; but the spirit which animates your works is never morbid even at your saddest. In your magnificent "Christ in Hades" you struck a lofty note, and upon the whole you have maintained it since. You have made your poems the medium of noble thoughts expressed in beautiful verse, and you have never forgotten that the creation of beauty is the true task of a poet. It is with deep admiration, an admiration compatible with a clear perception and frank acknowledgment of your faults that I subscribe myself,

Yours sincerely,

C. Ernest Layle.

39 Shaftesbury Road,
Hornsey Rise, N.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

Dear Sir,—

One bright day in spring I had been confined from an early hour in a hardware store, occupied in checking and recording weights and measures. It was hot, dust was everywhere, metallic shock and clatter set one's nerves a-jangling and triumphed over the human voice; there was no air, no glimpse of sky. I was stifled, dirty, exhausted, soul I had none, mind none, except the remnant which still acted as an automatic calculator; I had never sniffed a mountain breeze, seen foam-lipped waves leap sunward, or wandered in primeval woods. The afternoon was at its hottest, dustiest, and noisiest, when a friend came in bringing me a bunch of violets, encircled in leaves of tender green. The charm was instant. I was translated. I inhaled not only their immediate fragrance, but also through and by it the smell of the moist earth and budding hedgerows where the violets had lately nestled, and saw in and beyond their peerless beauty the wide horizons of clear spring dawns, dappled uplands, and fresh and swaying foliage breathing of life's renewal. For that time at least dust and din lost power to stifle quite a spirit fortified with nature's elixir.

This reminiscence will not seem trivial or impertinent to you who have so sure an instinct for nature's healing ministries, and so true an imaginative sympathy for poor souls excluded from her dear familiar scents and sights and sounds: to you who have made the sad Persephone accost the mute Christ with eager question, in words almost as vivid as the things they signify:

> Hast thou not brought
> Even a blossom with the noise of rain
> And smell of earth about it, that we all
> Might gather round and whisper over it?
> At one wet blossom, all the dead would feel

A little while ago I was slowly and wearily winning my way back to health after a long

illness. I was in that state so well described by the late Poet Laureate :

> When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
> And tingle ; and the heart is sick,
> And all the wheels of Being slow.

My favourite books had lost their wonted charm. It was then I read " Marpessa." Its influence upon my spirit was comparable to that of the violets in the earlier personal experience with which I have troubled you. It gave my blood a livelier flow, soothed my nerves into steadiness, instilled hope into my heart and quickened the wheels of existence. And it did this not by overt teaching or direct appeal. It was the tone, the large and lofty utterance, the chaste expression, the imaginative grip, so evident in your treatment of this old-world story, which carried me into the realm of the ideal, which is the true " balm of hurt minds and chief nourisher in life's feast." Here, indeed, was genuine poetry again ! We need not mourn quite so bitterly and hopelessly now him who wrought the stories of " Tithonus " and " Enone " into olden and undimmable perfection. For in " Marpessa " there is as sure a fashioning of old material into new beauty, a re-living thing being brought from the drift-heap of time, and touched with the radiance and permanence which genius alone can confer. It would wrong the harmony of the whole to dwell upon parts, and quote felicitous lines, for it is especially in its consistency of tone and colouring, its rounded completeness and equal beauty, that " Marpessa " is so remarkable and satisfying.

" Christ in Hades " is in some respects a more wonderful work than " Marpessa," but not, I think, so successful. I always feel the opening lines to be somewhat involved, nor is there the same prevailing happiness of phrase and cadence, and one comes across ugly lines which no reading can make musical :

> A wonderful stillness stopped her ; like to trees,
> Motionless in an ecstasy of rain,
> Agamemnon bowed over, and from his wheel
> Ixion staggered to his feet all blind.
> Slowly all the dead
> The melancholy attraction of Jesus felt.

In the first two instances the cacophony is made the more obtrusive by the fine line which follows. I am not a believer in the theory of intended or necessary discords in a work of art, and could wish these harsh collocations away. But this is hypercriticism. I am almost ashamed to make it, but shall let it stand as a proof of the sincerity of my admiration. For " Christ in Hades " is a great poem, full both of thought and beauty, and of a most pathetic significance. The impressive images it calls up before us, the awful sense of resigned helplessness, the half regret of disturbed apathy, the yearning for some earth-soiled or rain-wet token of the human existence still so dear to memory, combine to form a picture which saddens and subdues.

Of your tragedies I can speak only as a reader. But it may be that what I have lost in scenical representation I have gained in undiverted attention to the spirit and form of your conceptions.

" Herod " is, I think, my favourite. " Paolo and Francesca " is more simple, graceful, delicate, and idyllic ; it is a beautiful poem. But " Herod " is something more, has more of the stuff of tragedy in it, more subtle character-drawing, and more cross play and interaction of motive. I can only faintly imagine some of its fine scenes on the stage. Sohemus and Mariamne by the litter of Aristobulus ; the scene of the poisoned wine cup ; and the pathetic climax where memory throws a fitful light athwart the glooming insanity of the miserable king. Herod is consistent in inconsistency, torn by the conflicting passions of love and glory. His love for Mariamne seems at first somewhat maudlin, but as we see the forces against it, and find him always struggling to thrust aside the fate foretold, " That I should slay the thing that most I loved," we begin to pity him, and in the painful sequel, as he cries ever for his Mariamne, and values the glory and expansion of his kingdom only that he may shine in her eyes, we think what a great love this fierce warrior's was, and mourn again the sacrifice of affection on the altar of ambition. He is a true tragic hero, filling a great part, but with little free agency ; a compound

of fateful elemental passions driving madly to their end.

Mariamne is finely drawn. Beautiful, intelligent, subtle, and yet candid, she also contributes to the tragedy the confusions of her tribal ambition, but redeems her faults by a noble and unfaltering courage.

A subordinate feature which appeals to me strongly is the skilful addition to the world-forces surrounding the king, of that suspenseful presentiment which we have learned to associate with that period and place, that tremulous uncertainty, and fear of some unearthly irresistible intervention in the world's affairs, some strange leaven which would control and transmute into homogeneity the seething mass of humanity, the consciousness of the near approach of a new dispensation.

HEROD. Among the people of Jerusalem,
I hear a whispering of some new king;
A child, that is to sit where I am sitting.
. . . . . .
(*dreamily*) And he shall charm, and soothe, and breathe and bless,
The roaring of war shall cease upon the air;
Falling of tears and all the voices of sorrow,
And he shall take the terror from the grave.

And in another place, speaking of the young Aristobulus, one says:—

And all behind him is
A sense of something coming on the world,
A crying of dead prophets from their tombs,
A singing of dead poets from their graves.

These occasional lapses into a musing spiritual consciousness of some imminent mighty change, relieve the fierce and passionate episodes with interludes of rare poetic beauty, and give us a kindlier interest in the central figure while adding complexity to the motives which push him on.

I have no space to speak of "Paolo and Francesca" and of "Ulysses," and it is the less necessary because, as we believe, your genius is still in its dawning, and bright anticipations of the day's unspent hours are more seasonable and becoming than critical retrospect tending to minimise our hopes and dull the prospect of noon.

Those who look upon a great poet as a teller of truths which the world's ways so often obscure, as a witness to spiritual forces which are too easily disregarded, as a creator of beauty in the arid minds of men, all such will thank you joyfully for what you have already given us, and wait with confident expectation for further additions from your pen to our treasury of imperishable things.

Yours truly,
THOS. JESSAP.

12 Pelham Street,
Lincoln.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

Poetical powers are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed in every nation, and are of use beside the office of a pulpit to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility. MILTON.

SIR,—

It is with no little hesitation that I—a loiterer in the outer courts of the Temple of the Muses—venture to address one like yourself who can lay undoubted claim to have penetrated its inner mysteries. Nor is my hesitation altogether due to a consciousness of scant equipment for the office of your literary appraiser. Clearly as I recognise my deficiencies in this respect, I should nevertheless approach the task with comparative boldness did I not also bring to its accomplishment a feeling akin to disappointment. The hope that was in me though not dead is but dimly kept alive. Let me explain. It cannot be denied that the romantic novel, the short story, and the magazine article have to a large extent superseded poetry as a means of mental recreation, but I have no sort of sympathy with those many critics who deduce therefrom the gradual degeneracy and ultimate extinction of the poetic art. I hold this change of mental diet to be due not to a growing distaste on the part of the public for poetry, but to the banality of the average volume of recently published verse. The public prefer, and rightly so, tolerable fiction to bad poetry. When, sir, I first made your literary acquaintance in the pages of "Paolo and Francesca," I confess you were to me the young David who should slay this Goliath of indifference and deliver the people from

their Philistinian bondage. I thought I recognised the forerunner of a new poetical outpouring, the possessor of a new power, the power of a dramatic poet who could write not only good readable poems but good actable plays. That I have seen but little in your later works to confirm my early impression is the chief cause of that hesitation in addressing you to which I referred in the opening of my letter. As a young man myself I trust I am, naturally, more inclined to speak well than ill of any writer whose reputation is still in the making, so if in what follows the balance lies rather on the side of dispraise than of commendation, believe me it is not from any unwillingness to extol your brilliant merits, but because of a conviction that at this stage of your career a word of warning will be of more service to you than praise.

Your first serious bid for public recognition was a slender volume of poems of a hundred pages or so. In this little book are to be found jostling each other the mediocre outpourings of a magazine versifier and the inspired creations of a true poet. Of these latter are "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa"—the former, both in originality of treatment and wonder of line, being incomparably the greater, and as practically your first serious effort in verse worthy of comparison with the early creations of almost any poet. Of course, in sustained power of imagination, in witchery of phrase and grandeur of imagery "Christ in Hades" falls far short of "Venus and Adonis" or "Endymion," but still it would be hard to find a poem of equal length in which are packed more lines worth remembering. I know of none of the early pieces of Tennyson that can compare with it, and in directness and concentration of expression, at any rate, it leaves Browning's "Pauline" far behind. The picture of the pale silent Christ surveying with sorrowful eyes "the embattled hosts of the dead" is indeed a moving one, drawn with graphic power of diction that never degenerates into mere rhetoric. "Marpessa," too, contains much fine poetry, and though undeniably inferior, is nevertheless a poem that would add to the reputation of any young writer. I should like, had I but time, to compare and contrast Marpessa's rejection of Apollo with Ulysses' spurning of Calypso. In both instances you have risen to great heights and are full of the white heat of poetic passion, but as in "Ulysses" there is, surrounding the wonderful scene between the Greek hero and the fascinating goddess, a desert land of uninspiring prose, so in the poems before and after "Marpessa" you do not, as often as might be expected, rise much above the level of one who has what Juvenal, in his bitter way, calls "*insanabile scribendi cacoethes*."

This inequality of inspiration, which is one of your most pronounced characteristics, springs, I believe, in large measure from that very lucidity of thought and simplicity of expression which is your chiefest charm. You are not, unfortunately perhaps, of that order of poets who can make the most commonplace thoughts sound beautiful by clothing them with the glory of words; indeed, you are hardly worth listening to, poetically speaking, unless you have something worth saying. When you see visions and dream dreams as in "Paolo" and "Christ in Hades," the inspired words flow in an almost unbroken stream, but when, as in "Herod" and "Ulysses," the inward sight is blurred, then your audience has to wait, and sometimes to wait long, for your moments of inspiration.

Fortunately you are young enough to be judged rather by your possibilities than by your achievements, and that these possibilities are great no one who has read "Paolo and Francesca" can deny. The story is one that might easily have been spoiled in the telling, yet in your hands it has lost nothing of its pathos and beauty. I know of few scenes, even in Shakespeare, that have moved me more deeply than the short duologue between Paolo and Francesca when they are brought suddenly face to face with their deathless love. The one weak spot in the play is the "Soldier" scene in Act II., which signally fails in its object of humorous relief, and also contains that inexpressibly feeble lyric,

> O I love not, I, the long road and the march,
> With the chink, chink, chinking, and the parch.

How is it, sir, that possessing lyrical powers beyond ordinary, you have hitherto failed so miserably in your every attempt to write words worthy of a musical setting? Had you written this one song alone I should have dismissed it with the comment that it was probably the product of some uninspired moments, but to say nothing of the so-called "Lyrics" in your earliest volume, your latest endeavours in "Ulysses" have been little, if any, more successful.

Phmiues' song starts well enough,

> O set the sails for Troy, for Troy is fallen,
> And Helen cometh home;

but how banal its continuance!

The songs of the sea-nymphs are even poorer, the beginning of one of them—

> See, see Ulysses, weary and wise—

being about as bad a line as one would wish to find in any lyric.

I am sorry that the space at my disposal will not allow more than a further passing reference to your two last plays. From "Paolo" to "Herod" is a far cry. The play, as a play, is good enough, though I must confess my inability to understand the character of your hero. You bade me look for an astute king whom Cæsar sought as friend, and behold! you have depicted a weak-minded monster who slays other people's victims and then whines over their dead bodies. Surely this is not he who was called Herod the Great! Speaking generally, "Herod" is tolerable drama but patchy poetry; on the other hand, "Ulysses" is better from the poetic than the dramatic standpoint. Seeing that it contains at least one scene—the parting between Ulysses and Calypso—which is as dramatically strong as it is poetically beautiful, I should be inclined to rate it much higher were it not for that ill-written, inartistic Prologue. Homer occasionally laughs at his gods, but you, sir, have made them absurd, and in your portrayal of Zeus chuckling over the remembrance of his earthly amours come not far short of being vulgar.

As in "Herod" so in "Ulysses" there is a certain lack of dramatic continuity and sustained power of poetic presentment which is all the more regrettable because it is due, I am convinced, not to any premature decay of inspiration but to another reason which, while it reveals your present popularity, may seriously jeopardise your permanent reputation. Alas, sir, you have too easily, I fear, found your Mæcenas! That author's note to Herod reveals much. In your haste to satisfy the demands of a too eager public you have of late been content to give them something less than your best. Such backsliding may be forgiven the author of "vers de société" which have confessedly no other object than to while away an idle hour, but you, sir, are not a jingling rhymster, but a poet possessed of powers that, as Milton says, are "rarely bestowed."

That you may ever use those powers rightly and be increasingly worthy of your high vocation is the earnest prayer of

Your sincere well-wisher,

PHILIP OWEN.

24 Strutton Ground,
Westminster, S.W.

Finding the Enemy

IT is a curious and a startling fact that although a service rangefinder, known as the "Mekometer," is supplied to British troops in the field, neither this nor any other rangefinder is employed with infantry or cavalry in the field.

When the British soldier is using a rifle, no instrument is ever used in actual warfare to tell him the distance. Even if the mekometer be used with artillery, our officers seldom rely upon it, and this is not surprising if we consider the defects of the service rangefinder.

The time taken to find the range is excessive; the two men who have to make the necessary observations not only expose themselves but also draw the fire of the enemy on their comrades. The errors introduced by two men dependent on each other are invariably fatal, and the ground often does not admit of a mekometer being used.

Having invented a one-man folding rangefinder, Professor Gedge Forbes, F.R.S., a few weeks ago went at his own initiative and at his own expense, to South Africa, to test his instrument in actual warfare. After a series of practical trials with his rangefinder at

the front, the reports were sent to Lord Kitchener, who had taken a great interest in the invention. The Commander-in-Chief's reply was as follows:

"Reports sent in of your rangefinder seem most exhaustive, and I do not think anything further is necessary. I will submit them to the War Office in due course. Regret that I cannot make a personal inspection of the instrument."

Professor Forbes using the new infantry range finder

The first series of tests were made with the Forbes rangefinder against the mekometer. In each case Professor Forbes gave the distances of points varying from 990 to 3000 yards before the men using the mekometer had finished their most necessary preliminary consultation as to the exact point to be observed. Sometimes the ground was such that they could not stretch their fifty-yard string at right angles to the line of sight. Sometimes the target could not be seen from both ends of the base. Sometimes the kopje whose distance was required had no sufficiently definite object for the men to select for observation. After direction of vision and subjects suitable for the mekometer were found, where the base could be extended, the distances were determined with both instruments. There were, Professor Forbes informs us, grave discrepancies — the mekometer gave 5000 yards as the distance of a hill that the Professor marked as 3000 yards; he suggested to the colonel that his instrument was out of order. Then a new man was found for the right angle and then their distance was 3000 yards. Such a great error as this—2000 yards—was due to one of the observers, and it would not have been known but for Professor Forbes.

After the trials of his rangefinder against the service mekometer, Professor Forbes was allowed to go with Colonel Crabbe's column as range-taker, and was instructed to wear khaki. During the time he was with the column, Professor Forbes had many opportunities of proving the value of the rangefinder to Colonel Crabbe. Every evening

the colonel had the distances of all the kopjes around taken in order to know where outposts were necessary. The usual practice was to take the opinions of many officers as to distance and then to test them with the Forbes rangefinder.

In the clear air of the veldt there is no guide as to distance. Distance judging is absolutely impossible unless there are objects near the target whose size is known.

Professor Forbes proved that men who had been out during the whole war, and who were accepted as authorities, were found to be absolutely at fault. "I have found," he says, "such a man say a kopje was 2800 yards off, when the rangefinder showed it to be only 670 yards; or, again, to usually say it was 500 yards when it was really 1200 yards. A few hours later, in a different light, he could see that he had been quite wrong. At evening, towards the west, the tendency was to give the distance far too great. With the sun behind you the estimated distance was often, but not invariably, too low."

Professor Forbes was able to show that his handy little rangefinder decidedly improved the shooting both with the rifle and with the gun. Every officer who has seen it in use or in action has told the inventor that it is the very thing the army needs, and some have gone so far as to declare that by its use the war would have reached its present stage at least a year ago, and would have saved the country £75,000,000.

Professor Forbes trekked with the column three hundred miles in eleven days, the rangefinder being always slung on his saddle. Each day he was at different times called on for distances. It always took less than a minute to dismount, set up the rangefinder, and give the first range; subsequent ranges being found in a few seconds. He was in action two days and gave the ranges quickly and accurately, and undoubtedly improved the shooting. No amount of jolting in long gallops ever put the rangefinder out of order. It never needed adjustment of the prisms; no more care was taken of it than of a rifle, and once the Professor's horse rolled on it. Officers have described to Professor Forbes their experiences in scores of battles that disaster would have been converted into victory, or a partial success into complete surrender, if the new rangefinder had been freely used. As to the use of his instrument, Professor Forbes says: "A day or two would suffice to make an accomplished

Professor Forbes spying out the enemy without being seen

range-taker of almost any man in our army."

There is no doubt that the Forbes one-man folding rangefinder would be a most valuable acquisition to the material of the army.

It consists of two parts—the base and the binocular, but space prevents our entering upon any detailed description of its working in the present article. It may be stated that the length of the base is 6 feet, and when folded 3 feet 6 inches, that the weight of base is 2½ lb., and the weight of binocular 1 lb.

H. C. F.

Saints' Flowers

It is a very natural and instinctive feeling that the flower which comes into bloom about the festival of a saint should be associated with his or her name. Moreover, in this changeable climate we sometimes forget the passing of the seasons, but the flowers never do, and they follow the almanac more closely than we are perhaps aware of. The snowdrop, or fair maid of February, is known as the purification flower, a suitable and appropriately named flower to begin the list with. It is our first favourite, we see it when the ground is still patched with snow, and nowhere does it seem sweeter than on the graves of those we have loved, whence it springs, a true emblem of purification, and not the least among the flowers of remembrance. The saffron crocus used to be placed on the altar on the eve of St. Valentine's Day; saffron in the olden days being much used in Lent on account of its enlivening qualities. It was even used to strew floors with. The pansy is also associated with St. Valentine. It is the French forget-me-not, and is certainly a flower of remembrance though one would not call it a seasonal flower. So little notice is now taken of St. Valentine's Day, and so few valentines are sent that the significance of the pansy as St. Valentine's flower no longer appeals to us. That beautiful fritillary, the crown imperial, is dedicated, I believe, to St. Edward, the King of the West Saxons, whose anniversary is March 18. The cuckoo-flower, the milk-maid, the cardamine of the herbalists, is the lady's-smock, as it blooms about the time of the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for hundreds of years about the most important religious festival in England. (Our lady's petticoats, by the way, was the name given by the devout to the anemone which grew on Calvary, and was said to be stained by the drops of sacred blood.) This flower is naturally associated more with the bird, for it is at its best when the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the land. The veronicas, to which the speedwell belongs, are associated by a curious but not unbeautiful legend with St. Veronica. The holy woman is said to have tendered a napkin to our Lord as he stopped, hot and wearied, in front of her door on His way to Calvary. The flower is said to bear some resemblance to the miraculous image of His face left on the napkin. Then we have herb Christopher and herb Robert, the rather pungent geranium of the hedgerows, the most continuous and, perhaps, the prettiest of summer flowers. The St. John's wort was hung over doorways and windows on the eve of St. John the Baptist to exorcise evil spirits. It seems to have kept its dedication name better than any other flower. The Canterbury bell is St. Augustine's flower, a graceful tribute to the great Kentish missionary, and Kent, it would seem, is the county *par excellence* for this flower. May 26 is perhaps just a little too early for the flower, and one would have thought June 14 also somewhat early for St. Barnaby's thistle; still one may put it all down to the alteration in the calendar. There is a carline thistle associated with Charlemagne; an angel is said to have recommended it to him in a dream, as a means of staying the plague which was destroying his army. But we do not recognise Charles the Hammer as a saint. The marguerite, "La Belle Marguerite," and the Michaelmas daisy are two strictly seasonal flowers. Roses are said to fade about St. Margaret's Day. Not all saints' flowers then are so seasonable. The clover leaf is not out by St. Patrick's Day, so that no one need agitate themselves very much as to what plant really does duty for the shamrock.

M. Church.

Two Kittens

THESE photographs represent two kittens, one four weeks old and the other four thousand years old!

The picture of the fluffy little Persian pet needs no explanation, it is just a long-haired tabby kitten, but the other illustration is of a more puzzling nature. It represents the mummy of a kitten. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the cat and temples were raised to the honour and glory of Pasht, the goddess of pussies. Thus when these animals died, their little corpses were lovingly embalmed and buried with all reverence and outward signs of mourning.

In the fields of Beni Hesan countless mummied cats have reposed for centuries, but, of late years the graves have been desecrated and the bodies have been sent over to this country in ship-loads to serve the unromantic purpose of fertilising the soil!

The mummy kitten given in this illustration was brought from the Boulek Museum.

FRANCES SIMPSON.

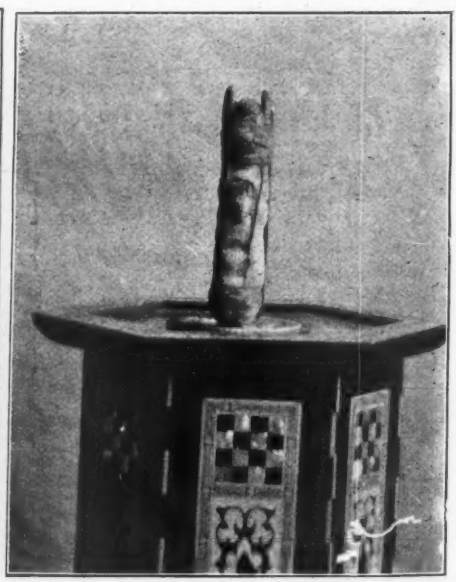
A Death-Song

FIRST love, last love
Back across the years
Through joy and sorrow and patience,
Laughter, kisses, and tears,
Returning like a wanderer
Who e'er the night shuts down,
Spies across the shadows
The lights of the old home-town.

New love, old love,
All that came between
Fading as the lamp burns down,
Leaves "the might have been,"
Stronger far and far more real
Than ought that life has shown,
The only thing that still holds fast
To face the Great Unknown.

Life's love, Death's love,
I go into the dark,
Never a friend of all I knew
My passing soul to mark.
All I did, and hoped, and was
Grown too thin to hold,
Friendship, hatred, power, wealth,
Save one love of old. J. H. K ADKIN.

Four months old



Four thousand years old

The two kittens

The Taming of the Imp

By Margaret Westrup

Illustrated by A. D. M'Cormick

I

"WHAT, another, Kitty?"

"Yes, Guy."

The brown-faced imp squatting on the floor looked up with a wicked grin that brought two great dimples to his chubby cheeks.

"Won't see her neither," he observed, looking speculatively at the horse's tail in his hand.

Sir Guy Willoughby looked down quizzically at his small nephew; then across at the imp's pretty mother.

"It's quite true," she said, in answer to his raised eyebrows, "she came an hour ago, and he howled and wouldn't go near her."

"And kicked," added the imp proudly.

"He ought to be punished," said his uncle sternly.

The imp bent back his brown cropped head, and beamed up into Sir Guy's face his appreciation of the joke.

"I did smack his hand," said pretty Kitty in a little, helpless, eager way, "I did *really*."

The imp pushed out a dirty chubby little paw, considered it, and chuckled.

Sir Guy bit his moustache.

"That makes the fourth this year, doesn't it?" he said to his sister.

"Yes; three governesses and one tutor. George insists on my having a governess—says it is too much work for me alone."

"I can imagine it might be," drily.

"Yes, he is so full of spirits," settling herself more comfortably amongst her cushions, "and he inherits George's temper."

"Which is a trifle hot, eh?"

"Yes; so passionate," plaintively; "but," hastily, "he's a dear, you know."

"Oh, of course," stretching out his long legs, and looking across at her with lazy blue eyes.

"I don't envy the new governess," he said presently.

"Oh, but we treat them so well, I am very kind to them; and Patrick is so lovable," with a fond glance at the imp's brown head.

"Uncle Guy's moustaffe," said Patrick holding up the horse's tail.

"Honoured, I'm sure, but is my moustache quite so carroty, Pat?"

"Yes," crinkling his eyes up in an impish glee, "carrots."

Then his face grew solemn—"I'm going to have one just 'zact when I'm a man."

"Isn't it funny that he always insists he is going to be like you—a soldier and everything—you are his hero, not George," said Kitty.

The blue eyes opposite her grew sombre.

"I will be a sojer and have a big moustaffe and kill black men," said Patrick complacently.

"Men *are* queer," mused Kitty (she was fond of italics) "there's you now, Guy——"

"As an awful example?"

"You always regret the army; oh, yes, I know you do, though you don't say anything—yet you've a charming estate—you are well off now, when a few years ago you never dreamt you'd ever come into Willoughby Hall."

"And leave the army," he murmured *sotto voce;* "Kitty," rousing himself to change the subject, "I hope the new governess is a grenadier at least, with a square chin and a big nose and high brow."

The door opened and a slim little nun-like figure appeared on the threshold.

He jerked his long length up from the lounge chair, and stood eyeing her wonderingly.

"Sir Guy Willoughby—Miss Grantham," murmured Kitty, "I hope you have everything you want, Miss Grantham?"

"Thanks, yes," in a pretty crisp voice that had a quaint suggestion of her American descent somewhere about it, "but there are a few things I reckoned I'd better know at once."

"Won't you sit down?" said Kitty. Sir Guy pushed a chair towards her. Into his eyes had crept a vast pity.

"Thanks," she sat down, and her grey skirt fell at once into graceful folds.

"Is that my pupil?" she asked, looking at the imp, who sat with his back carefully presented to her.

"He is self-willed—determined."

"Same thing," said Miss Grantham.

"I *am* rude," observed Patrick indignantly, "awful rude. I just won't shake hands with you."

"I wouldn't shake hands with you now if you wanted me to," said the governess.

In his amazement the imp turned round and looked at her

"Yes," said Kitty. "Pat, dear, won't you shake hands with Miss Grantham?"

"No," said Patrick uncompromisingly. Sir Guy took a step towards him, but a slim little hand gestured him back.

"What a rude child," said the new governess calmly.

Kitty flushed scarlet. Guy bit his moustache.

"Really, Miss Grantham, he is not at all rude," said Kitty haughtily.

"No? What do you call it?" with an air of friendly inquiry that sent Sir Guy hastily to the window.

In his amazement the imp turned round and stared at her.

She looked back at him with great grave eyes.

Kitty began to speak, but Guy's hand on her shoulder checked her

"Why?" said Patrick.

"Because I don't like shaking hands with people I don't care for."

Pause of unmitigated astonishment.

"Don't you yike me?" at last.

"No, not at all, at present."

"But—but—"the imp in his bewilderment arose, and came closer to stare at her harder.

"Well," she said, "I guess there's not much to like in you, is there?"

"I—I just hate you, I'll be as bad as ever I can——"

"Mrs. Wendover, I just wanted to know how many hours a day you'd like me to give him for study?" the clear voice cut across the imp's voluble assurances of all the bad things he meant to do in the future.

With a cry of rage he raised his arm and struck her with all his baby strength across the cheek.

He was not used to being ignored.

Guy started forward, but George Wendover had entered the room and seen the act.

"You naughty boy! Come here!" he picked up the howling and struggling imp, "I'll punish you!" shaking him violently, "you shall go to bed for the rest of the day, sir. I'll take you up myself. Do you hear? It's not four o'clock, but you shall go to bed, and not get up till to-morrow morning!"

Exit, with much noise and kicking.

Half an hour afterwards, Leslie B. Grantham looking from the school-room window saw Mr. Wendover playing a game of cricket with his small son, while Sir Guy Willoughby stood and looked on with his hands in his pockets.

The governess' pretty lip curled. Just then Sir Guy looked up; he saw the curled lip, and met the scornful glance of a pair of dark grey eyes.

He raised his hat, and received in return a stately bend of a small head on which the setting sun shone, bringing out gleams of red and gold in the crinkly brown hair.

II

THE next morning Patrick refused to begin lessons.

"You won't leave this room till you have learned how to spell he—is—up—it—is—so," said Leslie.

"I will! I will! Mother! Mother!"

"What a baby you are," said his governess.

He stopped his howls to consider this new and disagreeable idea.

But the door opened, and his mother appeared.

"What is it, dear? I heard him calling me. You know, Miss Grantham, he is very young for lessons."

"I understood you wanted him taught, Mrs. Wendover?"

"Y—yes; my husband wishes it, but just at first——"

The imp, with a fiendish yell of glee, slipped past her out of the open door.

Mrs. Wendover looked at the governess and smiled deprecatingly.

Leslie did not smile. Her small grave face grew more determined.

"Mrs. Wendover, I reckon you want that child taught obedience more than his letters?"

"Y—yes."

"Well, if I'm to teach him that I must have my own way without interference."

Kitty looked rather bewildered. She was not used to governesses like this. She supposed it was because she was an American, and that was why she had such a dainty air, like a piece of rare china, and why her dress looked so graceful somehow—Kitty's wandering thoughts were pulled up suddenly by the gaze of those serious eyes.

Now Kitty had found her favourite feather boa picked to pieces that morning, "to make stuffing for a cushing," the imp said. Perhaps that made her meeker than was her wont. Anyhow she answered quite humbly. "Well, Miss Grantham, as it happens I think you can have your way, for we had an invitation this morning—my husband and I—for a week's visit. If we go my brother has promised to stay till we return. Patrick would be so lonely with nobody, you know."

The serious eyes lit for a moment with a gleam of mirth.

"I see. Now I'll go and hunt that child out and bring him back here." She left the room with a brisk step, and started to hunt the corridors. She was very thorough, and searched all the rooms too, first knocking on the doors in case any one might be within. She came presently to one at the end of the corridor, and to her knock a man's voice said: "Come in." She opened the door, and Sir Guy looked round and sprang to his feet.

"Is Patrick in here?" she asked sedately.

He looked a trifle bewildered; this slim grey vision with the great serious eyes was so very unexpected there.

It was just light enough for her to distinguish the chubby form standing in an attitude of defiance in the corner

She repeated her question with a slight raising of her delicate eyebrows.

"I beg your pardon. No, I haven't seen him this morning. Is," with knowledge of the imp's ways, "he hiding?"

"He ran away," briefly, and she turned towards the door, but not before she had seen the amused gleam in his eyes.

He held the door wide for her. "May I help you look for him?" he suggested.

"I prefer to be alone, thank you."

"But I know several of his favourite hiding-places."

"You can direct me to them."

"I'm afraid I can't."

"Then I guess I can manage alone."

He watched her walk down the corridor, and wondered what it was that was so un-English about her.

He strode after her. "Wouldn't it be wiser," he said gently, "to let me accompany you? I could carry him back to the school-room."

See looked up earnestly, and caught that gleam in his eyes again. But this time an answering gleam flashed into her own and made her face irresistibly taking. But her sense of humour did not triumph long.

"That one small boy should not need two big people to get him back," she said severely.

He looked down comically at his fellow "big" person.

"But he's not an ordinary small boy," he suggested walking beside her down the corridor.

He saw the lip curl again, but she only said, "I prefer to do it alone, thank you."

So he had to give in with as good a grace as possible. He told her of three hiding-places of the imp's, and in the second she found him. It was a small, dark boot closet, and had a strong smell of leather and blacking. It was just light enough for her to distinguish the chubby form standing in an attitude of defiance in the corner.

"So you're not frightened of the dark, Patrick?" she began, leaning against the door.

"I'm not a girl! Go away!"

"I thought you would be, because you're a coward, you see."

Outside the boot closet a man drew nearer almost as if he expected violence to ensue.

But there was a little gasping silence—then, "I not a coward! I hate you! I'm goin' to be a sojer yike Uncle Guy! Go 'way! Go 'way."

There was a note of desperation akin to tears in the shrill voice. But the girl's tones cut clear across the cries—"A soldier's first duty is obedience."

A pause.

"For digestion," muttered the shameless listener outside.

"And a coward can't be a soldier. You struck me yesterday—struck a woman, Patrick."

A longer pause this time.

"And you are fighting against me all this time. Soldiers don't fight women."

"I—I hate you," muttered a subdued voice, "I wish you was killed in a battle."

"That's a cowardly wish," then with a sudden liquid softening of the voice—(the listener outside muttered "Charge!") "Come, Patrick, I don't believe you're just a baby and a coward. Let's have a try at those spelling words. Leave off fighting a woman for a bit, can't you? Be a man."

"I'll do them just to show I'm not a coward, but I hate you more 'n ever," answered the imp sullenly.

The listener retreated hastily round a convenient angle as the two emerged from the boot closet.

"Game to her," he muttered, "Brava, Miss Grantham of New York!"

III

THE imp was much surprised in the days that followed.

He learnt that the slim little delicate governess was as inflexible as a piece of iron.

That was what she intended him to learn.

When she said a thing she adhered to it.

That was very puzzling to Patrick.

His mother and father were always saying things and not adhering to them.

Miss Grantham put him to bed one day just after dinner, put him herself because the nurse vowed she couldn't, and told him he would have to stay there till the next morning. And he did! Such a thing had never happened in all his little life before.

She locked the door and pocketed the key. He howled himself hoarse, but no one came to console him.

Sir Guy Willoughby, meeting a flushed, dishevelled Miss Grantham in the corridor, felt a vindictive joy in those piercing howls.

"I have been putting him to bed," she said in a tired voice.

"Why don't you give up? They all have to."

He watched the familiar little curl of the short upper lip. "I don't choose to be beaten by a baby."

He looked at the little ruffled ends of hair about her head. There was something very young about them, he thought.

"Won't you come into the garden a little while?" he said gently; "there is a glorious breeze."

She assented.

He suggested wraps, but she declined.

They wandered round the sweet-smelling beds, he talking pleasantly, and she listening.

Presently she stopped and faced him. "I came because I want to ask you about Patrick," she said with her usual frankness. "Why has he been brought up so badly? It is wicked. The servants are all afraid of him. He breaks things wilfully. To-day he flung a valuable vase on the floor and smashed it. He does not seem to understand what firmness means. It is more the fault of others—" she paused and a little pink flush crept up under the creamy white of her skin.

"He's such a passionate, self-willed little chap."

She made a gesture of contempt. "And amusing, I suppose?" looking at him accusingly, "but does it ever strike you that as the years go on his tempers will grow less and less amusing?" Suddenly her voice grew passionate. "Oh," she cried, "you just stand and look on and laugh, while a child's nature is being ruined! It amuses you."

"But what can I do, Miss Grantham?" he muttered deprecatingly.

"Do? You are a hero to him—and you laugh at him! I—oh, how I despise such weakness! What kind of man do you think he will make?" and she turned and hurried away up the path.

Sir Guy watched her with rueful eyes till she disappeared into the house.

IV

THE imp was further surprised. His little world seemed tumbling about his ears. He applied for sympathy to his uncle, and it was withheld. He was treated with a new sternness by that easy-going gentleman. Patrick sat down one morning on the manure-heap in the kitchen garden to think out matters. He felt strangely forlorn, though he did not know it. Yesterday he had seen "that gov'ness" smile and talk and laugh ever so with Billy Jones. Patrick mused deeply.

Presently she appeared. "Patrick, what's the use of running away from lessons? You've got to come back, you know. And you'll have to have your things changed too."

"Shan't! You couldn't cally me!"

"I could," unquailing, "you'll have to come."

"If," said the imp slowly, "if I come will you laugh to me yike you did to Billy Jones?"

"Yes."

He slid off the heap and trotted beside her into the house, where he was handed over to his nurse.

Presently he appeared in the schoolroom, and went straight to his governess. "Now," he said looking up earnestly into her face.

Luckily her sense of humour was strong, so she burst out laughing.

"More!" said Patrick; "more!"

She laughed "more," and then he condescended to take a seat at the table.

"Do you yike me now?" he inquired presently.

"Better than I did; not much."

"Effryone else just 'dores me," he murmured to his slate-pencil. He could not understand such want of taste on his governess' part.

Leslie went over in her mind his various idiosyncrasies—howls, kicks, breakages, tin trumpet, early rising and noise, dirt, playing truant, drum, and various other things, and wondered she liked him at all. She decided it was his beam. When the imp was in a good temper he possessed a most fascinating smile.

That same morning, suddenly sickening of this semblance of goodness, he hurled his slate to the floor, smashed it, and, seizing his spelling book, grabbed at the leaves, tearing several into ribbons before Leslie could stop him. Then he struggled and yelled in her grasp, making such a noise that Sir Guy entered hastily.

"Will you go away, please?" said Leslie rather breathlessly.

"But that young beggar——"

"I prefer to manage him alone."

Sir Guy turned and left the room.

The struggles suddenly ceased; Patrick twisted round and stared up into her face. He was petrified with awed astonishment.

Leslie seized her advantage quickly. "He obeyed me like that because he's a gentleman and a soldier," she said.

The gentleman and soldier fled guiltily down the stairs outside.

The imp was limp with awe.

She sat him down on a chair. His wide eyes had never left her face. Leslie never missed opportunities; she lectured him.

Patrick had been used to scoldings which were rapidly followed by caresses, but no one had spoken to him as if he were a reasonable being possessed of a quick understanding before. Leslie took the understanding for granted, and spoke away with the energy she put into everything she did. Whether she had done any good she did not know. But she wound up with: "So, Patrick, I leave it to your honour to be good for the rest of the day, because I'm not going to punish you this time." She had talked about honour a good deal in her little lecture.

All this was new to the imp. He sat on the chair with his brown legs dangling, and considered.

Leslie left the room for a lead-pencil, and when she returned he was still sitting there with his pinafore twisted into a rope.

Something tugged at Leslie's heart; she went over to him and kissed him. His whole face crinkled and dimpled into a sudden fascinating beam.

"You didunt do that to Billy Jones," he said.

She tested his honour that afternoon.

One of his favourite amusements was to go down to the drawing-room, and thump on the grand piano. He was never stopped, though the noise was one that set every one's teeth on edge. His father held peculiar views on the subject. "It may be genius in embryo," he said.

Leslie marched down to the drawing-room. "Patrick, don't do that."

He laid his arm along the keys to thump more notes at once, and a deafening crash was the result.

Sir Guy stood just outside the open glass door.

"Patrick," Leslie's voice was low and earnest, "I guess you've about forgotten your honour."

A crash stopped short abruptly. "I guess I had," said the imp earnestly.

A smile hovered under Sir Guy's moustache. Unfortunately Leslie saw it, and did not put it down to the right cause.

Patrick was discovered under the table . . . . puffing away at a highly coloured meerschaum

Patrick ran across to him, "Aren't I a good little boy, uncle?"

"Splendid, old chap."

Leslie gave a quick little frown.

"What'll you give me for it?" pursued Patrick.

"What would you like?" he stopped abruptly, for he had caught sight of Leslie's face, and his own grew red and rueful.

"Soldiers never ask for rewards, Patrick," she said.

"They does; they ask for the victory cross, don't they, uncle?"

Sir Guy kept a discreet silence.

"They never ask for it, Patrick," said his governess.

The imp sighed. He was learning rapidly, and it was bewildering. He had never yet been good without being rewarded.

"I won't ask neither then," he said, and waited expectantly.

Nothing happened. His uncle and governess talked about flowers.

"The sojers," he said sadly, "have the victory cross gave them when they don't ask, don't they?"

"When they have won it," said Leslie, "and to win it they have to be obedient, always, as well as brave and unselfish," and she left the room.

Some time after she heard bang—bang—bang—bang, and recognised the imp's footfall ascending the stairs. He came into the schoolroom with a glorious bunch of hothouse flowers clasped in both hands. He laid them on her lap. "They're for you," he said beaming.

Leslie gave a little cry, and caught them up to her face.

After she had thanked him she eyed him thoughtfully. The imp in the character of a courtier was very new. She knew he had not picked them without permission, for the arrangement and the cut stalks told of outside aid. Words danced into her mind. "Flowers are just one of the sweetest bits of life." She had said them that afternoon to Sir Guy Willoughby.

"Who picked them, Patrick?" she said.

"Uncle and me," answered Patrick.

The imp had an inexhaustible fund of questions always on hand.

Leslie was equal to most things, but even she could not answer all, and when she couldn't she said so. One evening she found him trudging downstairs in his blue pyjamas. She followed. He went straight to the dining-room. Sir Guy was in the middle of his dinner.

Leslie entered the room with her head in the air.

"Patrick, come back to your bed at once."

"Why," said Patrick, "don't you have dinner with Uncle Guy?"

Sir Guy looked uncomfortable.

But Leslie answered clearly, "Because governesses always dine in the schoolroom."

"Why?" said Patrick.

"Go to bed, young man. Here, have some grapes."

"Don't take them, Patrick."

"Shall!"

Leslie looked at him; she noticed that his eyes were just the colour of his pyjamas.

He wriggled and looked at Sir Guy. "Mustn't go against orders, old man."

The imp sighed. This was what he could not understand; no one took his part nowadays.

"I'll carry you up to bed," said Sir Guy, and the imp did not resist. When he was tucked in and left, Sir Guy faced Leslie in the corridor.

"You're very severe, aren't you?" he said with a whimsical look.

"How?" coldly.

"About those grapes."

"The understanding was that I was to have no interference," said the governess.

She had walked on and was outside the schoolroom door now. Through the open door stole a sweet scent of white roses. She looked up at him with a quick little softening smile.

A light flashed into his eyes, he held out his hand. "Shake hands, will you, Miss Grantham? I think you're a wonder with that boy."

She laid her hand in his, he looked down at it and smiled.

"'So little, yet so masterful,'" he said, and dropping her hand, strode away down-stairs.

The next day the imp was drooping and dejected. He announced proudly to Miss Grantham that he had eated no breakfus' 'cause he had such a dreffful tummy-ache.

The imp never minced matters.

"I'm a imbleed," he said languidly, "aren't I?"

Leslie looked at him, "Honest Injun, Patrick?"

He nodded his head emphatically. "Then you need do no lessons."

He fidgeted with his pinafore.

"You see," he blurted out at last, "sojers

don't mind tummy-aches nor nuffing, so," with a big sigh, "I'll do my lessons."

Leslie knew better than not to give him his way. She set him very little to do, and that little was very easy. But in the midst of adding two and three together he fell fast asleep.

With a little pucker of anxiety on her brow, Leslie laid him on the couch, covered him with a shawl, then went downstairs to the study. She tapped lightly, and Sir Guy's voice bade her enter.

She stood before him, straight and slim and nun-like, but her rigid self-reliance had softened into anxious dependence, and she was irresistible.

He accompanied her up to the school-room. The imp had just awoke, and was sitting up looking much surprised.

"It's gone!" he cried.

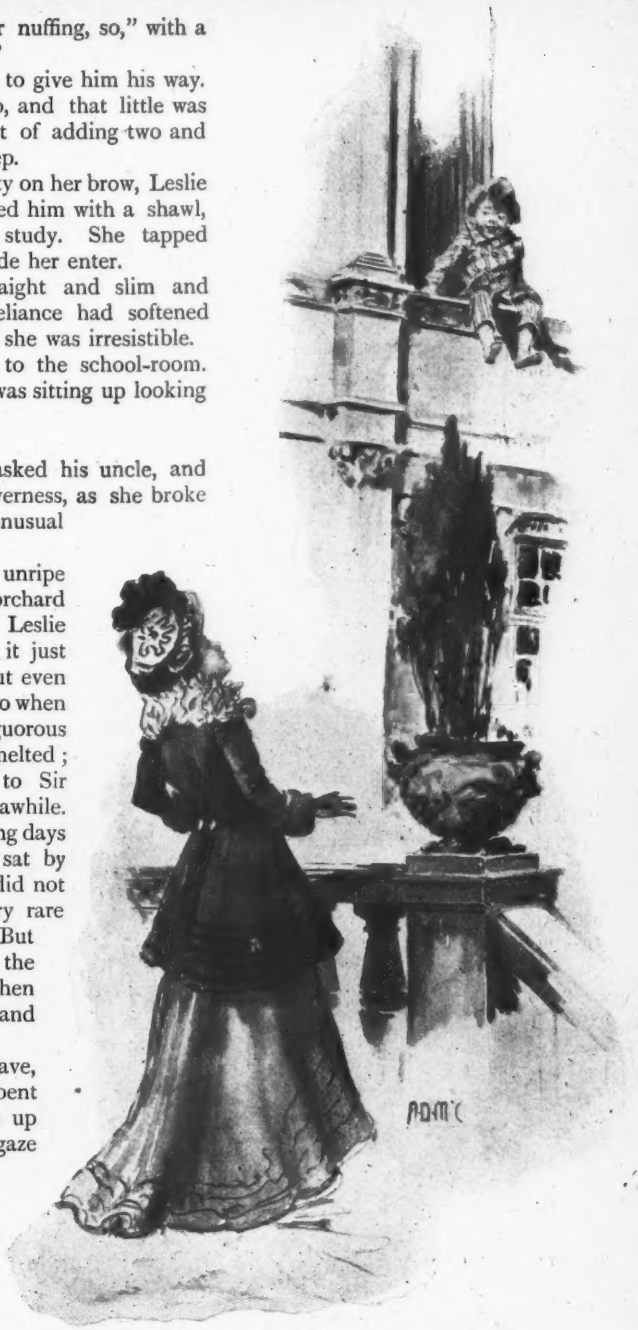
"What has, old man?" asked his uncle, and looked surprisedly at the governess, as she broke into a little pink flurry most unusual in her.

The pain was traced to unripe apricots in the orchard. The orchard was forbidden ground, so Leslie remarked severely, "I reckon it just serves you right, Patrick." But even Leslie was not quite adamant, so when the imp looked at her with languorous eyes and sighed, her heart melted; and she acceded gracefully to Sir Guy's plea that he might stay awhile.

Sir Guy talked of his soldiering days to his small nephew. Leslie sat by working and listening. She did not know that such talk was very rare and unusual on his part. But something in his tone made the eyes raised every now and then to his face, soft and luminous, and they lured him on irresistibly.

Patrick followed all with grave, wide eyes, his brown head bent back, so that he could gaze up at his uncle; and that earnest gaze never wavered.

It was the next afternoon that Patrick having taken all the pipes from the rack in the smoking-room, was discovered under the table, seated in their midst, puffing away at a highly



"Look at me, Miss Granfum! Look at me!"

coloured meerschaum. That made him sick, and Leslie sent him off to bed. She sat by him till he fell asleep, then she put on her hat and went for a little walk amongst the golds, and browns, and reds of a glorious autumn day.

She returned by the garden gate at the back of the house, and as she drew near to the terraces outside the drawing-room, she saw Sir Guy standing by the long open window reading a letter. At the same instant an impish voice smote on her ear: "Look at me, Miss Granfum! Look at me!" The voice came from above; she looked up, and a horrible icy chill shook her from head to foot. On the narrow window-ledge of his bedroom window sat Patrick in his blue pyjamas, his brown bare legs dangling over the edge. For one second all her courage and heart seemed to fail her; then she spoke in clear ringing accents: "Now we'll see if you're a real soldier; you're in danger; let's see if you can obey orders; hold tight to the side of the window"—then in lower tones to Sir Guy, who had stepped out on to the terrace, "go up, he's on the bedroom window-ledge," then louder, "bravo! Now see if you can sit quite still till your uncle comes and lifts you into the room."

The imp sat like a carved image.

"That's right. You mustn't move, even when you hear your uncle behind you" (she was agonised lest he should be startled), "you're under fire, you know, and you are too brave to move; you don't flinch; hold tight; you must obey orders, you know."

A pair of strong brown hands appeared round the waist of the blue pyjamas, and still motionless and rigid, the imp was lifted into the room behind.

Leslie sank suddenly on to the lowest step of the terrace. Her face was as white as her soft white collar. Steps sounded behind her. "Drink this," said a commanding voice.

It was Sir Guy. She tried to rise with a little tremulous laugh at her own foolishness. A hand on her shoulder prevented her. She took the glass of wine, and drank it. A little colour stole into her lips. "Now come in, this terrace is damp." He held out his hands and gently helped her to rise.

In the drawing-room he put her into a lounge chair, and brought cushions and arranged them behind her head.

She felt somehow very young and meek.

He, looking down on her, was reminded forcibly of the contrast between her looks and what she had done. But he left her alone for several minutes. Then he said approvingly, "That's right," as he saw her deadly pallor giving place to her usual creamy whiteness.

She smiled up at him, "I guess I'm making a real spectacle of myself!" she said.

The gravity in his eyes gave place to a sudden tender amusement.

She sat up.

"You shut the window?" she said.

"Yes."

"I don't know why I was so silly."

"Do you call it silly?" he looked down at her earnestly, "Miss Grantham, you were splendid! Your presence of mind—You've saved that boy's life—young scoundrel! The ledge is so frightfully narrow"—he saw her give a little shiver—"if you were a man," he said smiling, "I should just say, 'Bravo, old chap, shake hands!'"

A glow and sparkle lit up her whole small face. Impulsively she held out her hand, "Say it!" she said.

Sir Guy said it.

V

MR. AND MRS. WENDOVER returned home at the end of a fortnight.

The first evening Patrick stoutly refused to go to bed.

Kitty turned to her husband, "George, I hope he isn't ill—he's not howling—he's so quiet."

The imp cut in with withering scorn, "Only babies howl!" he said.

Sir Guy smiled quietly, but Patrick's parents were much perplexed.

Thereafter the house basked in a blissful peace, so far as howls were concerned.

Leslie had a difficult task between child and parents. Both parents spoilt the imp in a foolish, irresponsible way. Kitty undid much that Leslie, with infinite patience and energy had done, which necessitated its all being done over again. Patrick adored his

pretty mother. "You see," he said to Leslie, "she's my only mother!"

Leslie recognised a phrase constantly on Kitty's self-excusing lips.

"You see, he's my only child!"

But Leslie was taming him.

One day—it was the day in November that Sir Guy came down to his sister's again—the taming of the imp was achieved; finished. He turned restive over his afternoon lessons and suddenly, with a yell, sped out of the schoolroom.

Leslie followed, but was hindered a moment or two by her skirt's catching on a nail that Patrick had hammered into the leg of the table that morning. As she reached the top of the stairs he was at the foot of the first flight. She followed him down to the hall. Sir Guy had just driven up from the station, and the hall door stood open. No one appeared to be about. The imp slipped out unnoticed and Leslie followed. Outside was a wet mist. She had a slight cold, and the air struck on her raw and damp, but she thought of nothing but catching that imp.

He slipped away into the mist, but she ran on in the direction she had seen him take. Presently she guessed that she must have passed him, and turned back.

Suddenly a depression as drear as the afternoon itself descended upon her; her throat contracted painfully. She called on Patrick again and again. No one answered. It struck her that this aloneness in the mist was symbolical of her life. She was always alone.

"Patrick! Patrick!"

Suddenly out of the mist loomed a big black figure. "Madness!" said an irate voice, and a thick warm rug was thrown over her, head and all. "I should have thought you had more sense," went on the voice roughly, as gentle hands tucked the rug in under her chin. She stood shivering and silent, and strangely meek. At the touch of kindness, at the approach of some one in her drear loneliness, she had grown weak. She was choking back tears.

"Come!" he said, then suddenly he bent his head towards her, "What have you on your feet?" he asked.

"Shoes," she said meekly.

He bent down and touched her foot; his bare hand encountered beads, and a wet icy little instep.

"Patrick," she murmured, drawing her foot away.

"He's in the house," curtly, and then she felt herself lifted without any ceremony into a pair of warm strong arms. "How—how dare you?" she said with a little gasp, "put me down."

"It's no good making a fuss," he said determinedly, "I shan't put you down till we're in the house."

"You shall! I—oh, I never guessed you weren't a gentleman——"

"The drive's an inch deep in slush—you've a cold. I shouldn't have thought you'd be such an absurd baby."

The tone was rough, the words were rude, yet Leslie's struggles suddenly ceased, and she lay passive.

A pain was tugging at Sir Guy's heart because she was so light.

"I suppose you want to kill yourself," he said out of that pain, "you might consider others a little."

When he reached the hall he stood her down. Her face emerged from the rug, severe and shy at the same time.

"Now promise to go straight to bed."

"I—I won't! I'm quite well."

No one was in the hall. He moved a step closer to her. "If you don't promise at once I'll carry you straight up."

"Oh, I—I promise," retreating hastily, and slipping out of the rug she walked with great dignity up the wide old stairs.

He stood and watched her till she disappeared; then he hurried to his sister.

Upstairs a queer, subdued imp awaited Leslie.

"Will you be awful ill?" he queried.

"No: I'm going to bed now."

His eyes widened with fear.

"Uncle was like he was that day when I crawled out the window," his voice choked.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Leslie stooped and kissed him. Such a voluntary confession she had never yet heard from the imp.

She *was* ill. "Pneumonia," said the

doctor, and Leslie lay in bed and fought herself into making no sign though the pain racked her.

And outside the imp lay on her doormat, and refused to budge. The imp went through a lot in those days that Leslie lay ill. It is to be questioned whether he did not suffer as much as she did.

And Sir Guy turned a hard stern face on

carefully, and he had to take a big breath between the words.

Presently he observed: "Uncle 'll never look at me nice again."

A little flush crept into the white cheeks. "Is he very angry, dear?"

"I guess so."

When the imp left the room he carried a message to Sir Guy. He delivered it

"Uncle Guy, Miss Granfum says won't you look nice at me again for her sake?"

him that never softened, though Patrick's anguish was pitiful.

When he was allowed to see her, he stole into her room, a subdued limp little imp, that brought a world of pity and love into Leslie's great eyes.

"I guess you've been fretting," she said, "don't, dear, it wasn't your fault."

Which bit of loving inconsistency showed that the governess was only a woman after all.

"It—was," said the imp very slowly and

standing very straight and stiff before him. "Uncle Guy, Miss Granfum says won't you look nice at me again for her sake?"

"Eh? What?" Sir Guy looked startled.

Without the change of a muscle Patrick repeated his message.

Presently, seated on his uncle's knee, he was giving full particulars of his interview with his governess.

"You're looking at me awful nice now," he said contentedly.

VI

THE imp was tamed. When Miss Grantham was well, he followed her about like a little dog. He opened doors for her, as his uncle did. He brought her cushions and books, also as his uncle did; and flowers and fruit, likewise as his uncle did.

But the culminating triumph occurred one day just before the Christmas holidays. The last big proof of his complete taming was given then, though not without a struggle.

It occurred like this.

Leslie was sitting alone in the schoolroom when there came a tap on the door. "Come in," she said unsuspectingly—and in marched Sir Guy.

"Oh!" said Leslie in a little startled way.

There was something disquietingly determined in his very walk; something that made her long to get up and run away, just like any foolish young English miss.

"Miss Grantham, can you give me a few minutes? I want to talk to you."

"Oh, no! I mean—I'm afraid I must go and see what Patrick——"

"He is down with his mother in the drawing-room."

"Mrs. Wendover may want me."

"She is reading a story to him."

"Oh!"

"Can you give me a few minutes?"

"Yes; but I'll go and fetch some work first——"

"Pardon, but I won't keep you any time. I only want to ask you if you'll marry me."

Leslie gave a gasp.

There was a little grim smile curving his moustache.

"Excuse my abruptness," he said, "but I was afraid my opportunity would slip by. You avoid me always now as if I had the plague."

"Oh—no."

"You do. What have I done? I can never get a word with you. If I enter a room where you are you leave it. I suppose you dislike me, but," grimly, "I was determined to have it out."

Leslie looked up at him with a little flickering smile in her eyes. "I guess you look more like a highwayman—money or your life—than a—a suitor," she said.

"I'm sorry. You haven't answered my question yet. Leslie," his voice changed a little, "you always were so down on me because of Patrick; but I'm not such a fool as I seem. I'm as stern as anything with him now. Haven't you noticed how wise I am?"

"Why," she exclaimed, "only this morning you gave him sixpence because he didn't cry when he fell down and cut his knee!"

He sighed.

"I suppose that was very wrong?"

"Well," relenting, "it's a pity, I reckon."

There was a little pause.

"I'm waiting for an answer to my question, Miss Grantham."

"Why did you go away all that long while?"

A warm light of hope shone suddenly in his eyes. Three weeks! "All that long while." He dropped the *rôle* of highwayman and became a suitor.

"I had to—business on my estate. I thought I should be away a week; it seemed an eternity. Leslie, I dared say nothing to you before I went—you were so—so severe. I meant to come back, and woo you long and carefully, but you won't give me a chance;" it was then that he became the suitor; and Leslie B. Grantham of New York laid down her arms and surrendered unconditionally. For she found Sir Guy in his new *rôle*, with just a suspicion of the highwayman about his wooing, irresistible.

She wished to tell Patrick herself, she said, and alone.

So she did. It was a hard piece of work. When he had taken in the intelligence that she was going to leave him he flung himself down on the floor, and bit the edge of the rug to keep the tears back.

"The hardest part of a soldier's duty is that he has to leave those he loves," said Leslie, "and he has to be so brave about it."

The imp stopped kicking to listen. "You're goin' to leave me," he said, for he liked accuracy.

"I expect that makes it harder for you," said Leslie, "Patrick, I wonder if you know how fond of you I've grown?"

"You wouldunt go 'way if you were."

"But your uncle wants me, Patrick," the pale face in a glow, "he lives all alone in that big house. You have your father and mother."

She reasoned with him patiently for a long while. She told him how he should come and stay with her, and do no lessons. She forgot there was such a word as bribery in the dictionary. A fact which made Sir Guy smile when the imp afterwards retailed all her promises to him. But he forebore to tease her, in mercy to the blushes that the imp's account of various things she had said to him, brought to her cheeks.

Finally Leslie said: "So you'll be a real soldier and let me go without any fuss, Patrick?"

"Yes," said the imp.

Which was a triumph for Leslie. But then the awful idea of a new governess came to him.

"I won't have her! I hate her! I won't never do any lessons! I'll kill her dead, and send her 'way in less than a day! I will!"

More talk of soldiers; this time about obedience, and politeness to women.

"It's downright cowardly to fight a woman, you know, Patrick."

But this was a hard bit for the imp. He hid his brown head in her lap, and stood very still and mute. Leslie's heart ached over him; she realised that it would be very hard to leave him. She stroked the smooth head gently.

"Willoughby Hall is not very far away, Patrick. And I know a real nice girl who'll come and teach you if your mother wishes."

"She's not nice—she's awful nasty!" in a muffled voice.

"You know I don't say what's not true, Patrick, and if you're bad to her you'll just make me wretched, because she's my friend, you see."

No response.

Leslie talked on in her clear voice, and the little human ostrich stood immovable.

And then Miss Leslie B. Grantham of New York won her greatest triumph, and the last and biggest proof of the taming of the imp was vouchsafed to her.

She said: "So I guess you'll be just sweet to her for my sake, Patrick?"

And the imp said: "Y—y—yes."

In a Nut-Shell

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

THERE is a popular saying, when we speak of anything being compact and concise, visible and understandable altogether and at once, or when we want to make a truth or an argument easy of comprehension, that it is in a nut-shell. That is to say, it is much in little, and fits its form or expression as neatly as a kernel fits its shell, or an acorn its own cup. Even in this world, so full of puzzles and mysteries, whose problems so often defy all solution, there are many things of which it can be said nevertheless that they are in a nut-shell. The domain of science and philosophy may refuse to yield its secrets to our thinking and research, but the world of morals is plain to the reason of any one. The secret things of nature and providence are beyond our grasp, but the things that are revealed, the things of common everyday duty are level to the practice of all. They are in a nut-shell, a shell that never disappoints our expectations with promises which it does not fulfil, which is never empty, or only full of nauseous dust and ashes. We find in this nut a kernel that satisfies us, so that in every case it is well worth the little trouble required to break the shell.

There is one instance that illustrates literally the proverbial saying that it is in a nut-shell. It is a remarkable example of the great truth that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now. We see the great truth of the struggle of life, that constant contention of one individual with another, for the means of subsistence,

for standing room to exist, which makes the whole earth one immense battle-field, and fills our minds often with depressing thoughts, within the narrow confines of a nut-shell. Every school-boy knows that wonderful crudity called a Brazil-nut. I remember when a very young boy buying with all my carefully hoarded pence a small quantity of it which attracted my curiosity at a country fair—and afterwards, when I grew older and the nuts became more common, at a fruit shop. It was a popular luxury. Its rough triangular appearance, like a rhinoceros' hide, its extreme hardness, was no prohibition. Teeth in those youthful days were made to penetrate through the most intractable materials, and could easily wrench off the head of a tenpenny nail; and, sooth to say, there is no substance more intractable than that of which the shell of a Brazil-nut is made. It is the hardest of all nuts to crack, resisting in some examples even the supremest efforts of the strongest molars. But we boys always thought the kernel rewarded us for the stubborn resistance of the shell; and that, even if we broke a tooth or two in the process, we found ample compensation in the rich, oily, compact substance in the inside, which often refused to come out whole and clean, and clung pertinaciously to the parent shell, and had to be eaten piecemeal in tantalising fragments.

Well, this delicacy of our school-boy days, which fills us with sad yearnings for enjoyments which can no longer be realised in our mature years, when we happen to see it in a fruiterer's shop, has a most remarkable habit, which illustrates, as I have said, the great struggle for existence pervading all nature. The Brazil-nut is contained, along with fifteen or twenty others like itself, in the inside of a large round case, or ball, with a very thick shell so hard that a sharp saw can only with difficulty cut through it, and which, when it is ripe, falls from the high tree that has grown it to the ground with a resounding thud, startling the forest, and not infrequently killing the man or animal that has the misfortune to intercept its fall. The separate nuts move about in the interior of this case, when taken up and shaken, like the stones in a rattle. After a while, when exposed to the damp and heat of the ground, they all begin to sprout at the same time; each nut sending up a tender shoot to the hole at the top of the case that encloses them, closed with a plug made of soft material which can be penetrated by the growing shoot. This is the only opening from which the young embryo has an opportunity of exit when the plug loosens. Everywhere else the case is hard and impervious. If it is to reach the air and sunshine of heaven, it must climb out of this attic window. Every nut tries to push its young shoot through this hole; but, alas! the hole is too small to allow more than one to get through. Then commences a violent struggle between the young plants, and only the most vigorous or the most favourably placed can finally succeed. It conquers by strangling all its brothers in the straitness of their prison-house, and feeding like a cannibal upon the rich juice which they contain. Thus strengthened and nourished this one triumphant shoot reaches the open air, and is destined to reproduce the parent tree. It swallows in its development all its brother shoots lying dead in the inside of the common cradle, as Moses' rod when turned into a serpent swallowed up all the serpentine rods of the Egyptian magicians.

Thus in the inside of the common case of the Brazil-nut we have a miniature representation of the terrible selfishness of nature and its carelessness of the single life. Here within this small compass is carried on what we see in the immense forest outside, the severe perpetual struggle for elbow-room and for existence among the vegetable denizens of it. Nowhere is this struggle more intense than in a tropical forest. The ardent sunshine and the all-pervading steaming moisture stimulate the rapid growth of every green thing. Every plant puts forth its utmost energies to obtain for itself a portion of the soil and air and light, and is regardless of what happens to its neighbours. Plants that elsewhere are independent and support themselves, acquire a climbing habit, and twine round the trunk of some tall tree to be lifted up through the dense canopy of leaves that overshadows them, into the brilliant sunshine above. Even the palm-tree forsakes

its stiff upright attitude, and acquires this dependent habit; for there is actually in the Brazil forests a palm that climbs. The cactus, too, which is an embodiment of fleshiness and rigidity, takes to twisting itself round the spiny trunk of a palm, by which it is elevated into the clear bright spaces above the forest. In consequence of this terrible struggle everything that has life is cruel and pitiless. It regards only its own well-being, and is ready to take advantage of the least weakness of its neighbour to suppress it altogether and make room for itself in its stead. There is something appalling in this struggle. It is all so will-less and unconscious, like a fate or a law of nature, pushing its resistless course onward and upward, in spite of all obstacles, with the serenest and most unimpassioned regardlessness.

Into this universal contest the young Bertholetia—for so the tree that produces the Brazil-nut is called—is ushered immediately after it, has triumphantly issued from its parent case. Like an Eastern monarch that mounts his throne after the slaughter of all his brethren, so the tender shoot has removed all dangerous competitors for the provision of nature from its path, and is prepared to enjoy that provision of nature by itself alone. But it is not allowed to triumph resistlessly in this fashion. It has to fight for a share of the sunshine and moisture, and for a space in the forest in which to fight. It has come into a scene not prepared for it, where there is nothing to welcome its coming, where all is adverse, where its very presence is superfluous. The field is already too crowded with life to admit of any new comer. But it bravely struggles on in spite of all opposition, and it grows by slow degrees to a tall stem, that well merits the name of Excelsa bestowed upon it, that will push a way for itself among the other tall trees around, to reach the burning zone above, and to produce balls full of nuts like the one out of which itself came, to have a fight for dear life in its condemned cell, and to repeat its own early history.

The story of the Bertholetia's cruelty to its brethren in its infancy is revolting. It is quite human in its selfishness. It is like the young cuckoo's conduct to the fledglings of its foster-parents, when it casts them all out of the nest to make room for itself. It is a picture of the selfish dissensions of the small world of the human home; where the children, instead of being olive plants about their parents' table, loving each other and caring for their mutual welfare, are striving for the mastery like the Brazil-nuts, and one member of the family gets all the good that is going, at the expense of his brothers. Personally I prefer in "the garden of nuts," to which I sometimes wander, the honest nut that has no necessity to act in this cruel, selfish way. I like best the walnut, or the filbert, or the hazel-nut, or the cocoa-nut, that has only one embryo, and that produces only one shoot, so that there is no competition or deadly struggle between itself and several other embryos and shoots which nature has ruthlessly thrust upon it. Even an almond loses its innocent charm when it is a filipino, and this comes under the stern law which compels it in germinating to be guilty of fratricide, as both cannot thrive. Almonds often have double kernels, but the hazel-nut has never more than one; and the cocoa-nut, that other joy of the youthful heart, has three little indentations at the end which give it the appearance of a little monkey-face, which it pierces in germinating; but, big as it is, it has only one embryo, which needs all that vast quantity of sweet milk and kernel to give it strength to develop and push its radicles through these indentations into the open world.

I wonder, in the case of the Brazil-nut, why nature should have been guilty of the extravagance of making a score of nuts in a case, when only one of them can possibly succeed in growing. Perhaps the one successful shoot required the nourishment not only of its own cotyledons, but also the tender bodies of its brothers as well, to nourish it, so that it might grow and push itself into the air. The thickness and hardness of the general shell of the case out of which the shoot grew would prevent the roots of the embryo from getting access to the soil till the nourishment in its own kernel would be exhausted, and then the young plant would perish without further supply

of food. But the dead bodies of the sprouting germs of its brothers would continue to feed it after its own nourishment was exhausted, and enable it to hold on till its roots, by the decay of the external shell, should go down into the soil and begin to provide food for themselves. But the whole thing seems a roundabout process, which might have been rendered unnecessary if the huge case contained only one kernel, as in the cocoa-nut, instead of a score of kernels. Still nature loves variety, and there may be reasons why this compound method of reproduction should be adopted instead of the single one. There are hundreds of instances in which nature is at pains to get her ends served by complex ways, when a more simple and direct method might have been preferred. Her method in this case is of a piece with her general wastefulness, when of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear. Why does the corn-plant produce more grains than are required to perpetuate the race? May it not be that the surplus is produced in order to supply man's daily bread, and to feed birds and animals? And the Bertholetia may yield a score of nuts in each case, instead of one, which would be sufficient to reproduce the tree, in order to provide food for man and beast. If, indeed, nature were not so lavish, there would be fewer Brazil-nuts to crack, and the school-boy would thus be deprived of the luxury, the loss of which would be much felt, considering the comparatively small number of such crudities within his reach!

In the shell of the Bertholetia why is it that one particular shoot should survive to perpetuate the tree and the other kernels perish? What is it that determines the good fortune of this favoured individual? It is in reality a very small matter—a mere accident. Its kernel may happen to be situated in the interior of the case, nearer the opening than the others. It may thus have the advantage of a shorter distance to unfold its germ. In this nut-shell we see depicted what often takes place in the history of man. Why is it that the names of some men go down to posterity distinguished by fame and good fortune, and the names of others are forgotten? The former may not have more real merit than the latter. You look across the sea from the shore, and you observe that the sunlight wells over the edge of a dark cloud, and falls upon a particular wave and brings it into notice. This wave therefore fixes your attention and is remembered, while the other waves in its vicinity that are not so illumined do not attract your eye and are forgotten. It seems a mere chance that the sunlight should fall upon that particular wave, which is neither higher nor whiter, which has nothing to distinguish it from the other waves on the bosom of the deep, except its accidental illumination. And so with the affairs of men, the light of fame happens to fall upon particular individuals, and brings them into prominence, while others as deserving, if not more so, are left in the shade. It seems a mere chance why some men come to the front and others are relegated to oblivion. A very slight difference in the relativity of position of individuals often makes a great difference in their after fate. Proximity—being on the spot in an emergency, having a particular friend, being placed in certain circumstances, may determine our success, and not our individual ability.

The struggle of the favoured shoot of the Bertholetia is carried on in a calm, passionless indifference — like the law of gravitation. It does not seem to be a struggle at all, for there is no choice; and like this contest in a nut-shell is the wider struggle of the world. It seems to have no moral character. The will has nothing to do with it. It is the law of natural selection, the survival of the fittest, which is as unmoral as any other law of nature, the law of continuity, or the law of the conservation of force. I am obliged by circumstances to contend with my brother, and why should I have any qualms of conscience about this contention? As a mere animal I am not bound to regard my neighbours, who are only animals like myself. I can pursue my own interests in my own way independently of them. They are no more to me than the other Brazil-nuts in the same case are to the one prosperous one that succeeds in propa-

gating itself while they fail. Why should I sacrifice any pleasure of mine for their good? If they come between me and any end I am seeking, much more if they injure or rob me, why should I not use my utmost endeavour to thrust them to the wall and to triumph over them? As mere human beings they have no claim upon me, and I can be as selfish as I may.

But this is not all that I see in the nut shell. I see a law working together for the good of the race as well as of the individual, sacrificing the individual for the race. The law of natural selection is not the only law under which I am placed. That lower, cruel, selfish law may mould my material nature, and affect my purely physical actions in ways of which I am not conscious and cannot help. But my being is under a higher law. I am the child of my Heavenly Father, and therefore every human being is my brother; and I am commanded to bear the burdens of others as well as my own, and so fulfil the law of Christ—that law of supernatural selection which makes the strong consider the weak, the rich the poor, and the fortunate brother of high degree the unfortunate brother of low degree. We are all made in the image of Him who causeth His sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and who so loved us all that He gave His own Son to die for us. Because we have the same nature which He redeemed, and look forward to the same immortality which He brought to light in the Gospel, we are made kindly affectioned towards one another, and our race has a solidarity which not only enforces the duty but imparts the sympathy of nature, which makes it a pleasure for us to sacrifice ourselves for one another. There is no communion possible without Christ; and it is because of the Divine Fatherhood that the human brotherhood exists in this world of struggle.

I believe that the two laws can be reconciled,—the law that I see working in the inside of the shell of the Bertholetia, enabling the strongest and most favourably situated nut to survive and propagate the race, and the law which I see working in the Cross of Christ, helping the weak and raising the vanquished. They both come from the same wise Mind and loving Heart. They are both meant for the good of the world; they are both a pledge of hope for the ultimate well-being of the universe. The lower law of struggle gives the strength and capacity by which the world is peopled by higher types of physical life and best adapted to its circumstances, and for the efficient carrying on of its purposes. It works within the region of humanity in the amelioration of man's condition—in the improvement of the race. The higher law of sacrifice, on the other hand, completes this divine education of man, and lifts him above the forces which determine the extinction or preservation of plants and animals, and gives him that gentleness and consideration which cause him to think not only of his own things, but also of the things of others, and often to give the things of others the first place in his regard, and assimilates him to the great heart of the Saviour, who marks the fall of every sparrow to the ground. The lower law is not made void by the higher law, but the higher law builds upon the lower as its foundation, establishes it, and saves us from whatever seems cruel and hostile in it, turning the very evils of things to blessed uses. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." The grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ is now the law of the spiritual attraction of gravitation, which unifies the whole universe, which makes all things work together for good to those that love God, and are called according to His purposes, and gives occasion to God Himself to behold all things which He hath made, and again to pronounce them very good.

Letters and Reminiscences from last Century

SECOND PAPER

IN September of the year 1830, the first railway in the country was opened, and as the Duke of Wellington* was to be present and receive the freedom of the city of Liverpool, for the line was laid between that town and Manchester, many people were invited to witness the *début* of the "patent steam coach," as it was then called. Among the guests were Professor Wilson and his daughter, Margaret (afterwards Mrs. Ferrier), and the following paragraph taken from a letter, gives their account of the terrible accident that heralded the introduction of railway travelling.

"There were six locomotive carriages running at sixteen or seventeen miles an hour, and all went on well till we came to a place called Newton, where Mr. Huskisson and a few other gentlemen got out, contrary to the express request of the engineer that no person should leave the carriages. Mr. Huskisson † was standing in a space between the two railways, about four feet wide, when he saw another engine rapidly approaching, and fearing there was not room enough for it to pass, rushed back to the Duke's carriage which he had left, pulled the door open with such force that he lost his balance and fell back, when, dreadful to relate, the engine passed over his legs, his poor wife witnessing the awful sight. One of the carriages was instantly sent back to Liverpool for medical aid at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but alas, in vain, for after suffering much agony Mr. Huskisson breathed his last next day. His wife never left him. We were in the next carriage to the Duke, but of course this depressing event put a stop to all gaiety. The Duke most properly declined to appear in public, or to receive the freedom of the town, which was to have been presented to him, but which honour he begged to defer to a future visit."

The Duke, when the accident took place, was the first to rush to the assistance of the wounded man, but the sight overwhelmed him with horror. He was heard to say that, accustomed as he was to painful incidents, this unlooked-for tragedy was the saddest he had ever seen. From that hour he took an intense dislike to the railway, did all he could to oppose its extension, and continued to travel post until the scarcity of horses along the deserted high roads obliged him to abandon the practice.

This year (1830), so important to the English traveller, is memorable also as the date in which the powers of the great wizard of the north first began to fail him. He writes to a friend among other things of this paralytic seizure:

"ABBOTSFORD MELROSE,
"*Feb.* 27, 1830.

"DEAR MRS. SCOTT MONCRIEFF,

". . . Miss Young called on me last week, and talked of my being the medium of sending a petition to the Duchess of Buccleugh. Just at that moment I underwent a momentary incapacity of speech, and my articulation was so imperfect that I could not distinctly explain to her, that, knowing that the generosity of the Duke and Duchess fully equalled their means of benevolence, however large, I did not think I could, with propriety, pretend to dictate the channels through which they should distribute them. I was bled and am quite well again, and have been inquiring after Miss Young. I was thinking of making some publication on her behalf. I owe her some service, if possible, for I believe I gave her a hearty fright—very unwillingly on my part. . . .

"On the opposite side is a small draft for her use . . . which I hope your kindness will transfer to her with my kindest wishes,

"I am, dear Mrs. Scott Moncrieff,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

* The Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister at this time.

† Mr. Huskisson, Member of Parliament for Morpeth, and afterwards returned for Liskeard, born 1770, was present at the taking of the Bastille.

An order for ten pounds was enclosed.

In connection with this letter the following extract from Lockhart's "Life of Scott" is interesting:

"On the 15th of February 1830, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he (Scott) returned from the Parliament house, apparently in his usual state, and found an old acquaintance, Miss Young, of Hawick, waiting to show him some MS. Memoirs of the father a dissenting minister of great worth and talents which he had undertaken to revise and correct for the Press. The old lady sat by him for half an hour, while he seemed to be occupied with her papers; at length he rose as if to dismiss her, but sank again, a slight convulsion agitating his features. After a few minutes he got up and staggered to the drawing-room, where Anne Scott and my sister, Violet Lockhart, were sitting. They rushed to meet him, but he fell all his length on the floor ere they could reach him. He remained speechless for about ten minutes, by which time a surgeon had arrived and bled him. He was cupped again in the evening and gradually recovered possession of speech, and of all his faculties, in so far that, the occurrence being kept quiet, when he appeared abroad again after a short interval, people in general do not seem to observe any serious change."

The Mrs. Scott Moncrieff to whom the above letter is addressed was, as Susan Pringle of Yair, a near neighbour of Sir Walter's before her marriage to Mr. Scott Moncrieff, the late Duke of Buccleugh's chamberlain.

Mrs Ferrier, née Wilson

On their wedding tour they visited Scott

at Abbotsford, and one evening when seated with the family round the fire between the hours of dinner and late tea, Scott, who as usual had been delighting his guests with genial conversation, drew from his pocket a somewhat crumbled piece of paper, and calling his daughter Anne to him, he bid her sing to the company the verses she should find written upon it as appropriate for guests on a wedding jaunt. Anne went to her harp and sung the song, and this was the first appearance of the celebrated "Jock o' Haseldean." Mrs. Scott Moncrieff's father, Mr. Pringle, used to relate many incidents connected with his distinguished neighbour. On one occasion when he and Sir Walter were travelling up to London together, an English farmer got into the coach, and began questioning Scott as to who the wonderful new writer could be, for at this time, just after the appearance of "Guy Mannering," the great Unknown was still the great Unknown. Scott gave various reasons for thinking the novels were written by this rather than by that author, and from his critical manner of denouncing weak parts in the book nobody could possibly have suspected that he was responsible for them.

Dumple, however, was not the only character in "Guy Mannering" that betrayed the wizard, for when the book was first published, the Ettrick Shepherd said to Professor Wilson, "I've done wi' doubts now, Colonel Mannering is just Walter Scott painted by himself." This remark came round to Scott through James Ballantyne, and he smiled his approval of the quick-sighted shepherd, and often afterwards, when he and Mr. Ballantyne disagreed about anything, Scott would cut him short with, "James, James, you'll find that Colonel Mannering has laid down the law on this point."

In the year 1821 Scott's famous novel, "The Pirate," was published, and it brought to light an incident which proved the wonderful power of Sir Walter's memory.

It happened that Lady Anne Barnard, like everybody else at the time, was eagerly reading the new novel, and in one of the chapters she found with surprise that a verse from the second part of her own poem, "Auld Robin Gray," had been quoted by Scott with her, Lady Anne's, name assigned as the authoress.

As she had never given, even to her mother, a single copy of this second part of "Auld Robin Gray," she was extremely curious to hear how Scott had obtained possession of it. The circumstances of the case were simple enough. The concluding part of the poem only came to be composed because Lady Balcarres frequently said to her daughter, "Annie, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended." Thus urged, Lady Anne made the verses, and sung them so often to her mother, that the old lady soon knew them herself by heart. At this time, the Dowager Lady Balcarres lived in George Square, Edinburgh, with her friend, Mrs. Murray Keith, and Lady Anne's* cousin, Mrs. Pringle, of Yair, was often in Edinburgh visiting them. Lady Balcarres then recited the verses with much pride to Mrs. Pringle who wrote down as many as she could remember, and gave them to their mutual friend, Mrs. Russell. When Mrs. Russell died the slip of paper containing the lines fell into the hands of Mrs. Russell's sister, Miss Christy Rutherfurd, who often repeated them to her nephew, little Wattie Scott, then living at No. 25 George Square. After nearly half a century Scott produced a verse in "The Pirate" as lines by Lady Anne Lindsay—for his aunt had told him the history of the poem.

An amusing letter from Mr. Lockhart to Professor Wilson, dated 1823, describes graphically another literary lady of this period. Lockhart writes:

"Miss Edgeworth is at Abbotsford; a little, dark, sharp, withered, active, laughing, talking, impudent, fearless, out-spoken, honest, whiggish, un-Christian, good tempered, ultra-Irish body. I like her one day, and damn her to perdition the next. She is a very queer character; particulars some other time. She, Sir Adam,† and the great

* Mrs. Anne Murray Keith died at Balcarres 1818. Lady Anne Barnard in London 1825.

† Sir Adam Ferguson a school friend of Scott died 1854.

Unknown, are too much for any company. Tom Purdie is well and so is Laidlaw.* I have invited Hogg here to-morrow to meet Miss Edgeworth. She has a great anxiety to see the bore.

Your silent and affectionate brother-glutton,

J. G. LOCKHART.

N.B.—Hodge Podge is in glory; also fish. Potatoes damp and small.

Miss Edgeworth says Peter Robertson is a man of genius, and if on the stage would be a second Liston. . . . Do let me know what passed between you and the stamp-master,† the opium eater, &c."

When Miss Edgeworth visited Edinburgh she occupied rooms in Abercromby Place with her sisters, and their circle of friends included, besides the Scott family, the Alisons,‡ the Brewsters, Lord Meadowbank, and Mrs. Maconachie, Mr. Hope, Solicitor-General, Sir Henry Stewart, and the Skenes.

In another letter from Lockhart to Wilson, dated 1824, he writes:

"I have seen a host of lions . . . Hook, Canning, Rogers, Croly, Lady Davy, Lady C. Lamb, Mrs. Baillie, old Gifford, Allan Cunningham, Wilkie, Colburn, Coleridge. The last well worth all the rest and 500 more such into the bargain.

"Ebony" [Mr. Blackwood] "should merely keep him in his house for a summer, with Johnnie Dow" [an Edinburgh shorthand writer] "in a cupboard, and he would drive the windmills before him. . . . Irving, you may depend upon it is pure humbug. He has about three good attitudes, and the lower notes of his voice are superb, with a fine manly tremulation that sets women mad . . . but beyond this he is nothing, really nothing.

"John Murray seems an old man; the *Quarterly* alone sustains him. Maginn says he makes £4000 per annum off it, after all expenses, and as they really sell 14,000, I can easily credit it."

At this time Professor Wilson's "Noctes" were in full swing, and sometimes letters came to him from the unfortunate people who had been figuring without their consent or knowledge at Christopher North's convivial supper parties. The Rev. James White, author of "Sir Frizzle Pumpkin," writes:

"The last was an admirable 'Noctes,' . . . when describing the party at Carnegie's who did you mean by the ass that after braying loud enough to deafen Christopher, went braying all over the borders? You uncon-

Miss Anne Murray Keith

* Willie Laidlaw, factor and latterly Scott's amanuensis. He used to say breathlessly when Scott paused in his dictation, "What next?" "Ay, Willie man, what next! that's the devil o't." Scott would reply if a sad bit was coming that had to come. "Wi on earth did you let Esmond marry his mother-in-law?" asked a friend of Thackeray, who replied, "I! it wasn't I; they did it themselves." And under this conviction of the reality of each character wrote Laidlaw or his master.

† Wordsworth.

‡ Mrs. Alison daughter of Dr. James Gregory and wife of William Alison, Professor of Medicine in Edinburgh.

scionable monster, did you mean me? Vicar of the consolidated livings of Loxley and Bray! . . .

"Have you ever thought of making Hogg a metempsychosist? What a famous description he would give of his feelings as a whale (the one that swallowed Jonah) or a tiger. . . ."

Readers of the "Noctes" will remember the scene which followed this hint, or may recall it by looking back to February 1835.

In the year 1836 Dickens published the first of that long series of tales which placed him at a bound in the very front rank as novelist and humorist. His death is comparatively of so recent a date that many to-day can claim the privilege of having known him personally.

A grandson of Christopher North, who had a boyish intimacy with his celebrated godfather Mr. Dickens, writes of their first meeting in the year 1861:

"Dickens, his secretary Dolby and my father came in after dinner, and Dickens asked me to go and see him next afternoon. Just at that time a lofty tenement in the High Street had fallen in the night causing a great sensation. Dickens took me to see the ruins. All Edinburgh thronged there for many days after the work of rescue was over. It was a strange sight for the whole face of the house was gone. The stories had collapsed but rooms were exposed like rooms in a dolls-house when the front is open.

"I remember a bottle of table beer left standing on a mantelshelf and a picture of the Princess Royal as a bride sticking to the wall. Dickens took notes of what he saw and asked questions about the previous state of the houses, noises, shakings, &c. He afterwards told my mother that in 'Little Dorrit' the description of the falling house was entirely out of his own imagination, but that he found then that his inferences and suppositions were all borne out by what he learned of the Edinburgh catastrophe especially the warning noises and crackings so frequently mentioned in his novel.

"The appearance of Dickens at this time was utterly unlike the portraits of him in his

Mr. Lockhart

youth. The oval almost sentimental-looking face with soft flowing hair had given place to a square-browed, square-featured face somewhat lined and furrowed and bearded and moustached. There was something in his keen glance which suggested the vigilant observation of a skipper. His face was remarkably mobile, and during his readings could lend great effect to certain passages, although only in one reading, that from 'Oliver Twist,' could he be said to act. This was a great achievement. At a certain point he discarded his book and the recital became quite dramatic. It comprised the terrible murder of Nancy and the strain on his nerve must have been almost overpowering, as the tense interest of his audience certainly was. I remember in a passage where Fagin speaks his hands became almost claw-like, and his facial expression brought the old rascal before one like a picture. He used to rehearse this scene in a field near Gadshill at the imminent risk of being taken, as he said himself, for an escaped lunatic.

"He spent seventeen months getting his Copperfield reading into shape so careful was he to make a really good mosaic of his greatest book. His voice was singularly rich and musical, his manner genial, and his bearing most kindly and accessible, but he struck down like lightning on the point

before him, and was impatient of persons who were not quick at the uptak'. His observation was of course of needle sharpness and while apparently absorbed in his reading he would be fixing this or that person's appearance in the audience with minute accuracy."

Dickens' first visit to Scotland took place in June 1841, and was initiated by the splendid welcome of a public dinner with three hundred people at the table, and Christopher North in the chair. He writes a letter dated June 23, from the Royal Hotel, describing his kind entertainers:

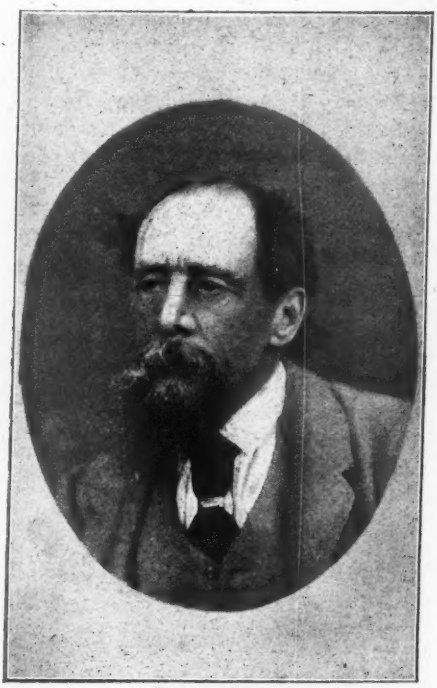
"The renowned Peter Robertson is a large, portly, full-faced man with a merry eye and a queer way of looking under his spectacles which is characteristic and pleasant. . . . Wilson is a tall, burly man of eight and fifty . . . with the bluest eye you can imagine, hair longer than mine falling down in a wild way under the broad brim of his hat . . . a wisp of a black neckerchief; no waistcoat. . . . A bright clear complexioned mountain-looking fellow he looks as though he had just come down from the highlands, and had never in his life taken pen in hand. . . . He is a great fellow to look at and talk to; and, if you could divest your mind of the actual Scott, is just the figure you would put in his place."

Again he writes June 26, of the great dinner:

"It was the most brilliant affair you can conceive; the completest success possible from first to last. . . . I think (ahem) that I spoke rather well. It was an excellent room and both subjects (Wilson and Scottish literature, and the memory of Wilkie*) were good to go upon. . . . I was quite self-possessed, and, notwithstanding the enthoosemoosy, which was very startling, as cool as a cucumber. . . . Gordon, who gave the memory of Burns, is Wilson's son-in-law and the lord advocate's nephew—a very masterly speaker indeed, who ought to become a distinguished man. Neaves, who gave the other poets, a little too lawyer like for my taste, is a great gun in the courts."

* Sir David Wilkie.

In this letter Dickens omits to mention one very amusing incident, which was, that in a pause between two of the grand laudatory orations suddenly Peter Robertson threw the whole company* into convulsions of laughter by getting up and carrying on with inimitable mimicry an imaginary conversation between Dominie Sampson of Pro-di-gi-ous memory and Mr. Squeers of Dotheboys Hall.



Charles Dickens

The close of Mr. Dickens' letter tells of his engagements:

"Wednesday we dine at home . . . Thursday to Lord Murray's . . . Friday the dinner and evening party at Allan's. Wednesday breakfast with Napier, dine with Blackwood's

* Two hundred ladies had kindly been admitted to view the three hundred men at dinner.

. . . Supper with all the artists! Thursday dine at Lord Gillie's . . . Friday dinner and evening party at Robertson's. Saturday dine again at Jeffrey's; back to theatre at half-past nine to the moment for public appearance. . . ."

But Dickens does not tell in his letter of the tremendous reception he was accorded at the theatre, for the moment he appeared the house rose and faced him to a man, and while the orchestra burst uproariously into "Charlie is my darling" such a tumultuous and prolonged cheering broke from the assembled audience that the very cabmen in the street took up the shouts. The old theatre where this enthusiastic scene took place has long been swept away—and it is probable that there is hardly a person now alive who formed one of that brilliant assemblage. But the applause awarded to this great revealer of human secrets rolls on from generation to generation. The wrongs and shames which he exposed and denounced with so withering a scorn have one by one passed away like a tale that is told. While the names of the characters employed to point the moral, and even the bare titles of his books, have become household words wherever the English language is spoken.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for November

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

TONGUE WISDOM AND TRUE WISDOM

ST. JAMES set before his hearers a lofty conception of life. He saw that men were in danger of mistaking the accidents of life for its reality. He noticed how much men valued the mere raiment of existence while the abiding powers of life were neglected. Of what use would life be to men if they thus snatched at the shadow of things and missed the substance? Under the influence of this thought, he urged men not to think over much of wealth and poverty, not to mistake sentiments for actions, or emotions for character. In the same spirit he now warns them against the snares of talk, the small ambition of setting everybody right. Thus he attacks the evils which follow the uncontrolled use of the tongue. To this the whole of the third Chapter of his Epistle is devoted. We may summarise it thus:

Eagerness to teach, and the empty talk to which this desire leads are not good. If character is the end of life, and the purpose of religion, we must needs be careful lest the opportunity of volubility destroy robustness of character. In short, chatter is not character, and chatter indulged in dissipates the energies which might be applied in developing nobility of character. A bridled tongue shows a strong character; for the tongue often outruns thought, and can defy the will. Be therefore good helmsmen of your speech. Let will and wisdom guide. The uncurbed tongue is like a fire. It is a fierce, untamable thing. Out of it may flow evil as well as good. It is like a spring which now gives forth poison, and now gracious and health-giving waters. It is needful to get at the sources of the spring. Wisdom, true wisdom, should be at the back of our life. Wisdom, not mere intellectual power, but wisdom of an ethical sort. Wisdom, which is a healthy evolution of harmonised qualities, fortifies character and controlled talk. It is a wisdom of self-restraint, which is meek and not ambitious of the pernicious brilliancy of talk which so often leads to envy and strife. It is a wisdom in which qualities of purity and mercy lead on to righteousness and peace.

The principle insisted on, then, is a very simple one. He who would use the tongue must be the master of the tongue. This is hard, for a tamed tongue means a tamed

man. Bridle the mouth, and you bridle the man. Here St. James introduces a wealth of illustration. The bridle (ver. 3); the rudder (ver. 4); the fire (ver. 6); the wild heart (ver. 7); the strange fountain (ver. 11); the fig, the olive, the vine (ver. 12). In verses 13–18 he gives the picture of the beneficent influences of true wisdom.

TONGUE MASTERY IS TRUE MASTERY

Be not many teachers (iii. 1). There is here a touch of quiet humour. Do not many of you become teachers. Do not be a mob of teachers. The ambition of being called Rabbi (*cf.* Matt. xxiii. 8) is glanced at. To teach requires aptness, fitness, not merely impetuosity of tongue. And, after all, this eagerness to teach is not wise, for teaching increases responsibility. Be not many teachers, knowing that we shall receive greater (heavier) condemnation. Our Lord had reminded the teachers of His day that they would receive greater damnation (Mark xii. 38–40 *cf.* Matt. vii. 15 and xxiii. 14). Professor Mayor quotes Pirke Aboth: "Not learning, but doing is the groundwork, and whoso multiplies words occasions sin." (*Cf.* Prov. x. 19.)

"For in many things we all stumble" (ver. 2). The arrangement of the words causes ambiguity. The meaning is, "we all of us much and oftentimes offend." The final word "all" implies the frequency and the enveloping character of the offending; we are often and all-offending; as we sometimes say "you are all wrong!" The test of the man, however, is the tongue. Not only is the tongue the source of evil to others, and therefore the teacher accepts great responsibility, but the ability to govern the tongue is a test of character, an evidence of self-control. If any man stumble not in word, the same is a perfect (*teleios*) man, and able also to bridle the whole body. On the power of the tongue we may compare Christ's words, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matt. xii. 17; *cf.* Matt. xv. 11). Tongue mastery is complete mastery. It is like the mastery over the ship which he has who holds the rudder. It is, if not the possession, the sign of the possession of the key of the situation.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE ILL-POWER OF THE TONGUE

Ch. iii. 1.—Now if we put the horses' bridles into their mouths, that they may obey us, we turn about their whole body also.

The use of the word "bridle" starts an image in the writer's mind; he follows up the thought, and his imagination seizing on other illustrations, he is led to depict the good which comes from a governed tongue, and the evil which may be wrought by the reckless one.

We have the good set forth in two illustrations—the horse and its bridle, and the ship and its rudder. The horse and its bridle. There is another quaint touch of humour in reminding his hearers that they put bridles into the mouths of horses. Can man, who puts a bridle into his horse's mouth, put none into his own? The force of the illustration, however, lies in the fact that when the bridle is in the horse's mouth, the whole body of the horse is under control. It is the power of government, so to speak. It is the same with the rudder of the ship. The huge mass of the ship obeys the rudder. Without this power of government the ship is at the mercy of the wind and wave. "Behold the ships also, though they are so great and are driven by rough winds, are yet turned about by a very small rudder, whither the impulse of the steersman willeth" (ver. 4). The rudder is not only the power of government; it is the means of safety. It and it alone can carry the ship in safety through peril of storm. The rule over the tongue in like manner implies the power to govern the whole nature. So is the power of the tongue. Like the rudder it is small; like the rudder it can do great things. So "the tongue, also, is a little member, and boasteth great things" (ver. 5). Self-government thus occupies a high place in St. James' thoughts. He likes a well-centred man; he dislikes the double-minded man, unstable in all his ways (i. 8); he dislikes a passion-driven man, or a tongue-ruled man. He desires to see in Christian men the dignity of self-

control; he wishes them to show themselves royal in the world, bearing themselves with the dignity of the well-skilled rider, or the experienced helmsman. To be at the mercy of one's tongue is to betray the lack of this self-government, and so to lose natural dignity. It is worse. It is to be the source of evil. He turns, therefore, to the evil which may be wrought by the ungoverned tongue. Little, he seems to say, did I call the tongue little? Yes, but little things may work great mischief. "Behold how much wood is kindled by so small a fire" (ver. 5). A spark may set a whole forest ablaze. "And the tongue is a fire" (ver. 6). The illustrations of this are beyond number. Who starts a rumour may undo a kingdom! Who repeats heedlessly an imperfectly heard sentence may ruin a life by destroying a reputation! We may recall the *School for Scandal*, with its crowd of gossips, ready to interpret, as Pope says,

> Motions, looks and eyes;
> At every word a reputation dies.

No wonder the Apostle likened the tongue to fire, which cruel, inexorable, and irresponsible, turns the fairest growths into a wilderness of ashes. A fire is the tongue, yes, more—"the world of iniquity among our members is the tongue, which defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the wheel of nature, and is set on fire by hell" (ver. 6). It is the unruly tongue which is thus described. The tongue may play a noble part; it may be set on fire by a heavenly fire (Acts ii. 3, Is. vi. 6, Jer. v. 16); it is well to remember this, for the lesson which the contrast suggests. Fire moves; it seizes on all and reduces all to dust; it is fierce and destructive. The phrase "the wheel of nature" supplies a vivid image; the fire spreads from the axle to the outermost edge, and thus makes a revolving circle of flame, carrying destruction in all directions. This indicates the disastrous power of the tongue upon human society. The little Kosmos of the tongue inflames the great round of human existence. "Their tongue," said the Psalmist, "goeth through all the world" (Ps. lxxiii. 9). "It is set on fire of hell." We can picture this quiet, self-restrained Apostle, listening to the viperish tongues, and feeling that only hell could start them on their wicked and wanton course. "Hell—Gehenna." The image of Hinnom rises before him. He seizes upon it. Only from the worst sources can this riot of destructiveness arise; it is not only wild, but it is ruthless and malignant.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE TAMELESS TONGUE

For every kind of beasts and birds, of creeping things and things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed by mankind: but the tongue can no man tame; it is a restless evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we the Lord and Father; and therewith curse we men which are made after the likeness of God; out of the same mouth cometh forth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Doth the fountain send forth at the same opening sweet water and bitter? Can a fig-tree, my brethren, yield olives, or a vine figs? Neither can salt water yield sweet (iii. 7–13).

St. James had said that the man who tamed his tongue was a "perfect man" (ver. 2), now he says, "The tongue can no man tame." All kinds of creatures, he reminds his readers, have been tamed by mankind. This is an interesting statement; it shows that the custom of taming animals was common in St. James' day. We must not take the statement too literally, or interpret it to mean that every creature or kind of creature had been tamed. The writer rather means that broadly speaking the nature of all creatures is open to man's control. This as a general statement is true. The exceptional aspect of the case is stated in Heb. ii. 8: "We see not yet all things put under him (man)"; the words are a comment on Ps. viii. "Thou didst put all things in subjection under his (man's) feet." In the verse before us, however, St. James, to heighten our sense of the uncontrolled character of the mischief-making tongue, points to the taming of wild animals, not as a new thing, but as a well-known fact. The nature of the beast, he says, is tamed by the nature which is human, but no one is able to tame the tongue—"no one of men." In other words, the discipline of the tongue is beyond man's power. Men may refrain their tongue while others are at hand (Ps. xxxix. 1–4):

prudence, self-interest, even the desire to avoid offence, may enable a man to be silent, but at the last the fire will burn, and he will speak with his tongue. The sacred writer thus agrees with the classical writers who called the tongue, *effrena*—unbridled. It is, says St. James, a restless evil; *malorum fœcunda parens*—the prolific parent of ills. It is, says our writer, full of deadly poison, and our memories are carried back to the complaint of the Psalmist: "The poison of asps is under their lips" (Ps. cxl. 3). "They go astray, speaking lies; their poison is like the poison of a serpent" (Ps. lviii. 4). Restless is the evil tongue, restless like a wild beast, like the lion roaring for his prey, restless for fresh mischief, unhappy till it has found new material for gossip. How full of evil it is must be measured not alone by the words spoken, but, as Professor Mayor reminds us, by the echoes which words evoke. "However a man may learn to control his own tongue, these echoes are beyond all human power." We recall Shakespeare's picture of Rumour entering painted full of tongues and crying:

> Open your ears: for which of you will stop
> The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
> I, from the Orient to the drooping west,
> Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
> The acts committed on this ball of earth;
> Upon my tongue continual slanders ride,
> The which in every language I pronounce,
> Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
>
> *Henry IV.*, 2nd pt.

The tongue is not only mischievous, but it puts to shame the manhood of its owner. One feature of manhood is consistency. Respect grows for a life animated by principle and therefore significant and coherent. But the tongue works inconsistency; now it blesses God; now it slanders God's image—man. Here is the weakness of a divided character. In all nature we expect to find the fulfilment of some clear end or purpose. We expect from the spring water of a consistent quality; from the vine grapes; from the fig-tree figs. Our expectation, founded on experience, is an expectation of fidelity in nature. We do not look for variableness in fountain or tree. It is not the function of salt water to yield sweet, or the fig-tree to yield olives, or the vine figs. These things are faithful and true to their nature. But man's tongue appears to be "to one thing constant never." In reckless irresponsibility, it is equally facile in blessing and cursing, and this being so its benediction and its curse are equally worthless, for they betray an unbalanced, incoherent nature. Where nature sets the example of fidelity to purpose, these things, these inconsistencies of speech, these outbursts of passion and ill-humour are unworthy of our God-made human nature: "these things ought not so to be." The latent appeal is to the heavenly source of our being. The argument is from the true divine relationship between God and man; it is common in the Bible, especially in the New Testament. Man is made in the likeness of God, *i.e.*, he is capable of moral resemblance to his Maker. His blood is not to be shed, because he is made in God's image (Gen. ix. 6). Compare Prov. xiv. 31, xxxii. 2; Luke xi. 13; Matt. xxv. 34–45; 1 John iv. 20. The inconsistency St. James rebukes is an inconsistency in the man himself who blesses God. To bless God implies some participation of God's spirit, since how can he bless God who has no sympathy with God, and how can he have sympathy with God's nature who curses man whom God made and loves. (Compare Numb. xxiii. 8.)

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE APPEAL TO WISDOM

Who is wise and understanding among you let him show by his good life his works in meekness of wisdom. But if ye have bitter jealousy and faction in your heart, glory not and lie not against the tutor. This wisdom is not a wisdom that cometh down from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where jealousy and faction are, there is confusion and every vile deed. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace for them that make peace (iii. 13–18).

ST. JAMES makes an appeal to those possessed of wise and understanding spirits. He is earnest for practical and real religion; he desires a religion of deeds not words; a fai..

held in a true spirit, not dependent on worldly weapons. Hence he compacts his thoughts into the above appeal. The fiery, talkative method is not the method of Christ; the Spirit of Christ is a controlling spirit; it perfects man by its all-dominating influence. Where it dwells, man will show by his good life his works in meekness of wisdom.

At this point St. James touches the difference between religion and philosophy. Men have asked whether in the conduct of life religion or philosophy is to prevail. All agree that for life wisdom is needed; but what is wisdom? Is it an intellectual force or a moral disposition? True wisdom, says St. James, is a moral basis of action, not a speculative theory; it is a disposition of the soul, not a doctrine of the mind.

In dealing with this question St. James keeps in view the contrast between words and deeds. "Let the man show by his good life, his works" (verse 13). Let also the moral basis of his action be right. Let it not spring out of faction and jealousy, but be seen in meekness of wisdom. All affect wisdom: jealousy and faction have their policy, which, if it be wisdom at all, is a wisdom from beneath, which calls into play all the base elements of our nature, which is "earthly, sensual, devilish." The word rendered strife in the Authorised Version and faction in the Revised is allied to the idea of a hireling. The aroma of this hireling idea clings to the word. The spirit of faction is largely the hireling spirit; there is a good deal of self, self-interest or self-glorification, in it; it works from the lower, not from the higher motive. If this ill spirit works in you, says the writer, glory not. Don't think that zeal for your cause or your party is always good zeal or a cause of glory; it is often treachery to truth. Lie not then against truth by this factious spirit. The teaching reflects Christ's teaching (Matt. vii. 1–7), where our Lord rebuked the zeal of those who were eager to set a brother right but forgot the beam in their own eye.

FIFTH SUNDAY

CONTRASTED WISDOMS

WHATEVER wisdom may be pretended by such impetuous zealots, "Not is this (such is the order of the words) "the wisdom descending from above." On the contrary it is earthly, not heavenly. Further it is sensual (psychical) not spiritual. Compare (Jude 19.) "Sensual, not having the spirit," and (1Cor. ii. 10–14), "The natural (psychical) man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God." The contrast is between the wisdom which teems with passion and the wisdom which is in harmony with the spiritual order. But according to it is worse than earthly and sensual, it is demoniacal. By yielding to the lower, men sink towards the lowest. There seems to be a downward gradation; the earthly impulse becomes a passionate eagerness, and this becomes transformed into a demoniacal deliberateness. Compare the parable of the seven spirits more wicked than the first, where sins of impulse develop into sins of choice (Luke xi. 24–26). Where such evil forces are let loose, the result is "confusion and every vile deed." There is confusion; there is no safe standing place; the word (confusion) is used of the unstable man (i. 8), and of the restless and unquiet tongue (iii. 8). God, says St. Paul, is not a God of confusion (the same word is used (1 Cor. xiv. 33) but of peace. His is a world of order not chaos; men may rest securely where he rules, but the evil forces described upset order and make for instability.

St. James gives (verse 17) as a contrast the picture of the true wisdom. It is first pure. This is natural, because purity of soul is the window through which men may see God (Matt. v. 8), and to know God is the highest wisdom, seeing that He is our very life (John xvii. 3). Then peaceable; St. James follows His Master's order (Matt. v. 9). The pure heart sees God; the peaceable disposition is seen to be the Son of God. Gentleness follows; the word is something more than gentle, it suggests the forbearance of the nature which is great enough not to push and struggle for its rights. It is the true "sweet reasonableness" of Matthew Arnold. It is gracious considerateness in a judge, as we see from its use in Acts xxiv. 4. Self is out of sight where this gentleness is; it is the disposition of the gentleman, with his self-restraint, forbearance,

and magnanimity. Easy to be entreated, it is not hard and stiff; it is prompt to hear, ready hearted; not resenting authority where authority exists; not viewing every superior as an enemy. "It is full of mercy and good fruits." The tongue was likened to the serpent, discharging poison (iii. 8). The heavenly wisdom is charged with a secret power, but it is mercy which flows from it. It is full, not of venom, but of kindness, of good fruits. It is, moreover, free from all ignoble doubt and self-deception; it is "without variance"—an ambiguous word—St. James means, I think, that it is without the dubiousness of unworthy hesitation! it is whole-hearted. It is large-minded and merciful, and it is free from the hesitations which arise when men ordinarily right-minded find that their interests are involved in their judgments; it avoids, therefore, inconsistencies of conduct. It is also "without hypocrisy." As it is free from unworthy doubt, it is free also from that self-deception which believes that it is governed by right, when it is supporting wrong. It possesses a clear and unfeigned spirit. (Compare 1 Pet. i. 22, 1 Tim. i. 5.)

St. James closes with a picture of results. Confusion and evil-working resulted from the influence of the lower wisdom. The heavenly wisdom has its harvest, viz., righteousness; that is, a result which is not chaos, but stability and order. Right must be sought righteously. Good sought by an evil wisdom ends in evil; for right may be done wrongly. Those who possess the heavenly wisdom have faith in the divine order; they will not be impatient, or take short cuts, breaking God's laws; they have their Master's example (Matt. iv. 8–11). To such the harvest comes at length. They may sow, often in tears. To them comes the first fruit, "peace for them who make peace." It is sown; and therefore, not reaped at once. Like the light which is sown for the righteous, it will come forth by the law which nourishes good and destroys evil. All which is not God-planted will be rooted up. No earthly wisdom wins an immediate result; for earthly things are made; heavenly things grow; they are the product of law and of time; but for this reason also they are abiding, because they belong to the great order of the things unseen, which, unrealised, unappreciated, and unappropriated by men, are yet eternal.

Sight and Insight

How much our life is in the things we see.
The beauty of the stream in that which lies
Reflected there, noonday or midnight skies,
The clouds that drift when the strong winds are free,
Only to gather and part company;
Or some bright bird that slowly overflies,
Or vain Narcissus, searching his own eyes,
In love with his reflection. And yet we
Are more than that which we behold around;
Memories and prospects crowd into the soul,
And passions blind the sight with thoughts profound,
Creating visions; only that life is whole,
Perfect in all the several senses, crowned
With spiritual insight, absolute control.

ROSA WAUGH.

Over Historic Ground

By the Rev. John M. Bacon, M.A., Author of "By Land and Sky"

THE many recent references that have been made to Stonehenge since the fall of one of its few remaining trilithons at the beginning of last year, scarcely more than a century since the last similar collapse, induce me to write a short account of a certain visit which I lately paid to "The Stones" (as the grand old temple is locally termed) under exceptional circumstances.

Dr. Stukeley, the "Arch-druid of the age," (1740) declares that "when you cast your eyes on the yawning ruins of Stonehenge you are struck with ecstatic reverie which none can describe, and they only can be sensible of who feel it." Most emphatically, however, I experienced nothing of this kind on the occasion I am about to describe. But I must begin at the beginning.

In the summer of 1900, Salisbury Plain, our English veldt, was in the military occupation of a large force of British troops. Five important camps were established, occupying central positions, and here the plain was rendered gay with patches of white canvas and the daily manœuvres of the soldiers. This circumstance led to my making a novel experiment, and attempting to carry out a new method of military signalling, or rather a fresh adoption of an old one.

Being instructed in the mysteries of the "Morse Code," and being moreover in touch, through the daily press, with the camps already spoken of, it occurred to me to try and establish some aerial signalling from a great height which should be plainly visible over a long stretch of country.

The idea had grown into definite shape in this way. During the war in South Africa, Kimberley, Ladysmith, Mafeking had become isolated, and it had been of the utmost importance as well as difficulty to convey messages to these beleagured towns. Wireless telegraphy had been tried and failed, the existing telegraphic wires had been cut, and, though the heliograph had been turned to account, it naturally was by no means invariably available.

There had been, however, the balloon in the hands of our forces. There was also to be found in the service a signalling apparatus, known by the name of a "Collapsing Drum," not often used certainly and but little known, as will be made sufficiently evident from the following incident.

Meeting with much ready co-operation in my proposed scheme, I ventured one morning to present myself at the War Office and boldly ask for the use of the instrument I wanted. Here I met with the utmost courtesy, though there was evidently some difficulty in introducing me to the department qualified to receive my application, and when at length I was referred to the right official I was kept waiting a few minutes while my request was laid before him. Eventually, when I was ushered into the presence of the proper authority, he greeted me thus: "My dear sir, I have been hunting in our list of stores, and if it is a drum of anything we have got, or a band-master's drum that you want, you shall have it, but what in the world do you mean by a collapsing drum?" Then I knew that I had made a mistake, and that I ought to have applied to the Admiralty. The collapsing drum, as will be seen, is essentially a naval signalling apparatus, consisting of a large, light, skeleton drum-shaped frame, covered with dark fabric, and slung high in clear space in such a way that it can be readily collapsed into a very inconspicuous object and again opened out to its full size.

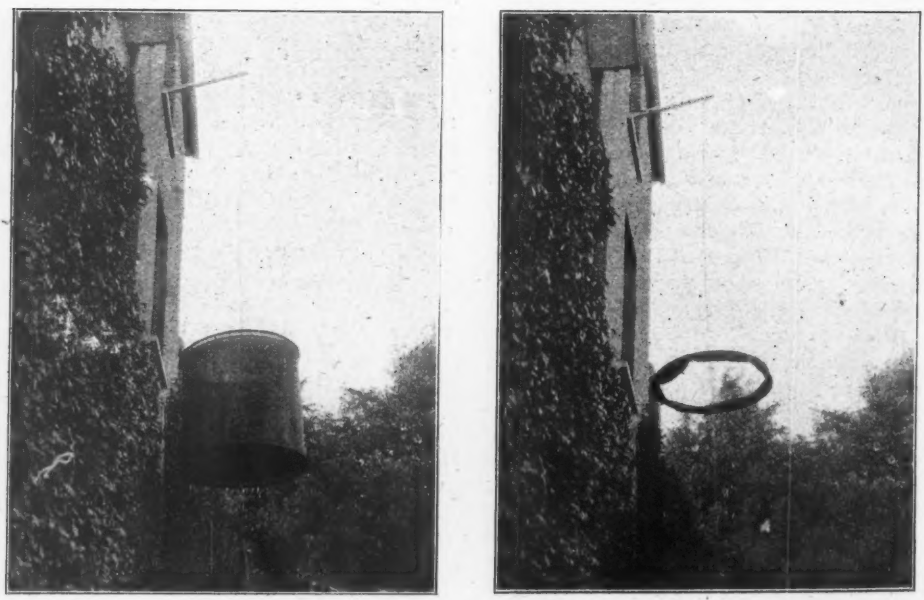
Now there is only one step from the nautical to the aeronautical, and such an instrument suspended in the clear below the car of a high-flying balloon could be easily seen over many miles against either blue sky or grey, and, moreover, while thus suspended could be most easily worked by an operator in the car above. Then by simply making a long pause with the drum extended one would signify a dash, and by a short pause a dot, and, this being understood, Morse

Code messages could be rapidly and clearly given.

All needful preparations were shortly made, and perhaps it boots not to speak at length of one false start—a complete failure as it proved, but hardly a regrettable one. Failures teach one so much, and this one among other things taught us not to go aloft in the face of a thunder cloud. That we did go, however, and also got into the very heart of the thunder cloud, has since become history, and many may recall the fact that two soldiers were actually killed on Salisbury Plain itself, which neighbourhood on that occasion we ourselves never reached.

But a better day came, and one summer afternoon, when the softest breezes were blowing, we went aloft with an equipment which proved wholly efficient though of the simplest. First there was the drum already mentioned suspended from a spar, next some explosive fog signals with which to summon any towns or villages over which we might pass, and last, but not least, a gross of addressed post-cards attached to parachutes, which were mainly for the purpose of showing the direction and speed of currents below us, and for indicating afterwards exactly where we went and where we might have gone according to how we had preserved different levels.

Thus it will be divined that steering our balloon came into our calculations, and there were practically two methods open to us that afternoon: one already often tried, which depends for its success on allowing the heavy trail-rope to drag along in contact with the earth, but which for ourselves would be wholly inadmissible; the other the method actually adopted, the principle and the success of which will presently be made apparent.



The signalling apparatus known as the collapsing drum. The first photo shows it open and the second shut

Fortune gave us a happy and auspicious start, for the first notable spot we passed over after leaving the environs of Newbury was the Beacon Hill of Hampshire. Now it need hardly be said that this is the historic site of such signalling as went on in days of long ago, when telegraphy was wireless certainly, but confined to the use of beacon

fires. To the observer from the clouds the earth always wears the appearance of a dead level, heights and hollows disappear as such, and thus Beacon Hill itself looked but a spot in the plain; and yet it rises near 1000 feet above the sea and is prominently seen from Perborough Castle, fourteen miles away to the north, from Inkpen Beacon and the high ground above Silchester west and east respectively, as also from the Beacon Hill of Wilts towards the coast, where the watchman in times of alarm was always able and ready in clear weather to receive and pass the warning signal on. No less than twenty different important ancient "camps" and stations are visible from this famous Hampshire hill, and on the Jubilee night of 1887 some fifty fires could be counted from its summit, lighting the night sky. I should here mention what will be made clear from reference in a map, that ere an hour had passed we found ourselves poised in space over that equally famous Beacon Hill of Wilts just mentioned.

At this period of our journey, as we were going considerably too south for our purpose, we climbed further into the sky, and by this manœuvre at once changed our course several points more towards the west, gaining also in speed; and shortly we were over the "Seven Barrows," a spot regarded with a species of superstitious reverence by the people of the soil. They tell you (and it is historically true) that these huge mounds were opened in the time of their grandfathers, and disclosed vast quantities of human remains, some in heaps and some lying in chambers hollowed in the solid chalk below. Moreover, not far away the high road rumbles hollow, giving back a booming sound as wheels pass over it, and it is the supposed though unexplored secret (very possibly, however, only a "fault" in the chalk bed) which invests the locality with its chief mystery.

But already we are heading for Dole's Wood and that of Collingbourn beyond, while Harewood Forest looms large on our left, woodland all of sufficient extent to enable one very fairly to conceive the state of the times long since when unbroken forests—the "horrid forests" of Cæsar—

Affixing the collapsing drum to the balloon

spread north and south, and sheltered the boar, and the wolf, and other wild life galore. But again the scene soon changes, for, mounting another thousand feet, our speed increases rapidly, and ahead woods are disappearing altogether, while a vast extent of greensward —the great plain itself—is opening out, and hard by a silver thread that twines north and south (the River Bourne surely) we can see, one on the hither side the other just beyond, two broad patches mottled white and throwing back the sunlight. There is no doubt but that these are two at least of the military camps, and already without any further effort on our part we are destined to pass directly overhead, and this in a very few minutes' space at the pace at which we are scudding.

Here was really a case of surprise and of the need of getting guns rapidly into action, and the incident served to show that our equipment was in excellent working order. Over a windlass was hanging the loose end of a spool of twin insulated wire. To this

Adjusting the parachute which conveys messages from the balloon to the earth

a blasting charge of gun-cotton was quickly attached, then run out and lowered 120 feet below, and instantly fired electrically. A sharp report rang out, short, high-pitched, and ear-splitting, then a long pause, followed by a deep full thunder peal echoing back from earth and rolling on indefinitely. It was grand. It was also a valuable experiment in acoustics. On many occasions I had fired bombs in a similar way over broken country as well as over London house-tops, and had heard the roar of thunder given back from the many surfaces of the uneven ground below. But here for the first time I was firing over a dead flat, and eagerly waited to note any difference in effect. Let me then place on record the fact that the reverberations seemed undiminished.

But firing this blank cartridge was but the call to "attention," and without the smallest loss of time I was making the drum mark dots and dashes in the sky, my companions closely watching for any response from below. They had not long to wait. The ordinary wave of a signalman's flag could hardly have been observed from overhead, inasmuch as in practice it is always struck in a vertical plane, and thus would have been ill-displayed. Perhaps this suggested itself to the troops below. At any rate, with remarkable alacrity a heliograph was brought out in front of a tent in the first camp, and made to commence a series of familiar flashes, distinct enough, but intermittent and undecipherable; and, indeed, this might have been anticipated, for, as was explained by a member of the signalling corps afterwards, with an object moving so rapidly as our balloon, it was almost impossible to keep that form of instrument truly directed.

However, the main object of our experiment had succeeded, and almost beyond our hopes. The camps were already in our rear, and, firing one last salute by way of farewell, we sped on towards the south-west, while, as will be seen, fortune still stood by us.

There is seldom any turning back in a balloon voyage. I will not say never, for once in my own experience I have actually

Finding the parachute with its message in a tree

gone out over the sea with a high west wind and been blown straight back again with a lower current from the opposite direction; but on this day, at any rate, though the winds would allow us to "tack" they would not suffer us to pause or to retrace our ground. And so we looked out over the plain for

Highclere Park and water. This photo was taken from the balloon

fresh objects, and what we saw, or thought we ought to see, was the actual site of Stonehenge "right ahead."

The old cromlech afforded a useful study for the signaller or marksman—a study in contrast. The sun, which was within two hours of its setting, had temporarily gone behind a cloud, and there were no shadows; yet the light was still good and our height less than a mile. For all that, however, Stonehenge was to us in hiding. This was, of course, partly due to our particular point of view, for the grandeur of the stones lies in their towering height. Raised more than twelve feet above the plain, to the ordinary visitors their summits show clear against the sky-line, and thus are imposing beyond words; but regarded from above, the object presented is at best but Stonehenge in ground plan—a few stones ill seen, save those that are prone and dotted over a spot scarcely 100 yards across.

But it is the colour of the stones to which I would call attention. The camera refused to distinguish them at all, though but a short while before the dull-coloured heavy foliage in Lord Carnarvon's Park at Highclere had shown up fairly well in a photograph, as also the lake, though as will be seen it was but little relieved by reflected light.

The stones were practically invisible against the short dry grass, and a word may be said about them. They are the "Grey wethers" of the country, so called appropriately enough from their resemblance at a distance to the sheep on the plain; and perhaps how they came there is their chiefest wonder. There have been some notable guesses certainly. Sir C. Wren, for instance, would solve the difficulty by attributing them to a volcano—we might ask where—which had cast them, and pretty regularly, over hundreds of square miles! But the learned Dr. Stukeley, already quoted, goes one better, and maintains that no further explanation is needed than the rotation of the earth. In other words, they were formerly under the soil; but the chalk was soft and yielding, while the stones were hard and heavy, and the swing of the earth flung them clean through above! After this it is almost sad to learn that modern heresy finds in them possibly only the result of glacial action.

If it be noteworthy how the open plain was able to conceal its own big and bare boulders, perhaps there is equal interest afforded by the way in which it vividly displayed certain characters purely its own. With these we were sorely puzzled for a while. All over the plain at intervals there were roundish, strongly defined, markings. At one time we thought them ponds, or possibly enclosures of some kind, or, again, they might be rough mowings gathered into circles. But presently one of us had an inspiration. He declared they were fairy rings, and in default of a better suggestion I will confidently assert that they were so.

Circles of rank dark green grass may appear on pastures from various causes. Sometimes they are simply the boundary tracks of tethered animals. Sometimes, again,

they are the soured herbage on the outside of where grass has in a wet season remained long in cock until black and fungoid. In this case the circles are necessarily small, but when they are of large dimensions, as in the case presented to us, they can be produced by nothing else than the outward spreading, through many years, of the well-known "Fairy Ring Champignon" which renders the grass rank wherever the previous year's growth has decayed.

But Salisbury Plain is not all plain, any more than London is all bricks and mortar. The ordinary observer makes a great mistake about both places, and maybe the aeronaut is the only one able to set him right. The blocks of London houses really consist of but mere fringes of buildings with courts and clearances within. So too the grand wilderness of Wilts is not all wild, but cultivated land is dotted everywhere, and after a sail of two hours we thought we might well be nearing civilised parts somewhere. At least we determined to learn if this were so, and so the valve line was pulled and the earth climbed up towards us, and very soon there was a shouting and a trooping up of the natives of the country. But we did not want their assistance beyond a word of information. "How far are we from the nearest railway station?" we ask. And the foremost runner, already dodging the lively end of the trail rope answers assuringly: "A matter of seventeen mile; be yer coming down, master?" "Well not just here," we naturally answer, adding, "Have a care there!" as we empty a bag of sand, and quickly leave our disappointed friend far below in gaping wonderment.

And sailing up into space once more we take one last giant stride across the plain, climbing up until the eye can catch the distant site of Sarum, the city of a thousand years ago, and, hard by, the peerless spire of Salisbury.

Here we had reached an appropriate goal, and the limit of historic ground. Already a hard straight line was drawn across our view by some ruthless railway. 'Twere well to end up here. And so, though unwillingly, we left the sky while yet it was flooded with warm sunlight, and the sea a dozen miles distant.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

CHAPTER XXIII

CUTHBERT'S STORY.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.
GOLDSMITH.

"AND now, Cuthbert, begin from the very beginning and tell me all about it."

Una was sitting close to her husband that first evening. They were by themselves in the drawing-room. Mr. Carteret had retired early to bed; he was not so stupefied with drink as to be unaware that his presence would not be desirable on the present occasion. A bright wood fire was burning on the hearth, and two comfortable chairs were drawn up to it. Cuthbert was rested and refreshed; but as his wife let her eyes dwell on his face with deep content, she noted some worn and weary lines that used not to be there.

He began his story at once.

"We had good weather down to Plymouth. I got my business done quickly and satisfactorily as far as I could see. Of course, I know well the time it takes to make any improvements round the coast; but I fancy I convinced them of our need of a stronger force of coastguards in these parts. We got away in due time. I thought I should be home so soon that there was no need to

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write. The posts are so tedious. It was towards the end of the first day that we noticed that we had sprung a leak. It is a mystery to us now how it happened; Jim fancied he could soon remedy it, but when he gave it his attention he found we were never reach the shore,' I said to Jim. He just shook his head."

"Oh, how awful!" said Una with a shudder. "How helpless you must have felt!"

"We gave ourselves up for lost. I got

We gave ourselves up for lost

literally perforated with holes, and almost before he could tell me, we were filling rapidly, and the boat began to sink. It was dusk; we were within sight of shore, but it all happened so suddenly that we had no time to signal for help. Jim gave me a lifebelt and took one himself. In a moment we were engulfed in the waves. 'We shall hold of a bit of the *Flying Gull* which was fast going to pieces, and in doing so the mizzen-mast fell with a crash, catching me across the head. I remembered no more; I have only a very hazy recollection of noise, voices, and a never-ceasing grinding in my head. When I recovered full consciousness, I found myself in a Norwegian hut with Jim,

and I could not imagine what had happened. He told me bit by bit. We had been picked up by a Norwegian barque. Jim had got hold of me directly I was struck, but he said we were very nearly both going under, when through the dusk he caught sight of a passing vessel. His cries were heard; but we were both unconscious when they hauled us in, and I had a week or two of what Jim calls 'stupor and ravin's!' It was concussion of the brain; but I was so bad that the captain landed us at a little fishing-village as soon as we reached the Norwegian coast, fearing to have the responsibility of me any longer. There some peasants took us in; but there was no doctor, and very little food that either of us could eat. We lived entirely on fish and a kind of rye cake. When I was better we began to wonder how we could get away. Vessels hardly ever touched where we were, and I did not know how to send you a message. I was making arrangements for one of the fishers to take me to Stockholm in his smack, when one day a native of the place came in his small trading-barque to see some of his friends. He was much in want of another hand on board, for he had lost one of his men on the way. He volunteered to take us back to England, if Jim would fill up the vacancy on board; and we readily assented to this. I was still weak and stupid after my illness, and did not notice as time went on that we were not nearing England; but at last Jim came to me with an excited face. 'We be bound for South America,' he said, 'an' the capt'in have took us in completely!' I found out to my cost that it was true; the captain was a thorough blackguard, and he not only pressed Jim into his service, but as soon as I was strong enough, I was forced to work too. I did not mind work. I have roughed it before in my time; but I was wild to get home; and there seemed no chance of sending any message to you. When we finally reached Buenos Ayres, he cast us adrift without a penny in our pockets, and I could get redress from no one. I can hardly give you a full account of what we did. We tried our hands at everything; and we finally worked our passage home after months of privation and sickness. I wrote to you three times; but am not surprised that you never received my letters. I was told out there that robbery of the mails was of the most frequent occurrence."

"Oh, Cuthbert! No wonder you look worn and ill! How dreadful it has been!"

"But the past is past," said Cuthbert, taking her hand in his; "and if during my absence my little wife has learnt to love me, I am well content."

Una smiled up at him with a heart too full for words.

After a pause, she told him of old Martin's confession; and there was so much to relate and explain that it was midnight before they retired to rest.

Just as they were leaving the fireside, Cuthbert, taking both his wife's hands in his, stood looking down at her very earnestly.

"I have something else to tell you, Una," he said, and his tone was hushed; "something that I hope you will be glad to hear."

Una lifted her eyes to his expectantly.

"I think I have hinted to you before that I have been seeking the Truth ever since your guardian died. I have found it at last."

A radiant look crept into Una's eyes.

"And so have I," she said. "I have found the Way; Eli and Kathie have led me into it."

"Jim was the means of showing it to me," said Cuthbert. "I little thought that a simple fisher lad had found what all my learning had failed to show me. Rather remarkable that we should both have been dealt with at the same time."

Una softly repeated under her breath:

"'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The Truth attracted you, the Way attracted me; it is Life to us both."

"May God help us to live it out!"

And that was all that Cuthbert said. He was a man of few words; and never let his wife know the dark time in his soul, before the light shone in. Doubts and fears as to the true creed had beset him; he had turned from the Koran to the sayings of Buddha and Confucius, and had dipped into the many various Eastern and Western beliefs and superstitions. Yet he had been forced

to come back to the Bible and acknowledge its superiority over all. He had read it through and through, and weighed it intellectually and theoretically; but it had failed to reach his heart, until the simple faith of his humble friend in adversity had shown him the golden key to the whole.

"My gran'feyther says," said Jim one night as they were talking together, "that one name only do run through the whole blessed Book, and that be the One who called Himself the 'Truth,' the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Take that name out; and the gate to heaven be fast barred and locked agen us; there be no forgiveness of sin, no resurrection of the dead, nought to live or die for!"

And bending again to the story of the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord, Cuthbert saw, believed, and worshipped.

The next morning he made acquaintance with Mr. Carteret, who was suavity itself, and rather relieved his host's anxious fears by his apparently straightforward sincerity and courteousness of manner. Cuthbert could not forget Mr. Endicott's description of him; and he was agreeably surprised when he came to talk to him to find him a well-read, cultured man. He acknowledged to himself that, at first sight, his appearance had prejudiced him against him, but he felt that in his absence he must have been a comfort and help to his wife.

Una could not bear to undeceive him. She saw what a restraint her father was putting upon himself, and hoped that Cuthbert's presence would be beneficial in every way to him. She was herself so happy and light at heart, that the past with all its difficulties seemed to have rolled away like a morning mist. She put it from her and dwelt only in the present. She met Donald in the village the day after her husband's return and went up to him with childlike joy.

"Oh, Mr. McFarlane, hasn't God been good to me? My cup seems overflowing. Isn't it splendid having him returned in health and strength after all he has undergone? I forget—you haven't heard his story. You must come up and dine with us and hear all about it. How thankful I am that I never gave up hope and wore those dreadful widow's weeds! I am so glad I have met you. You have been such a good friend to me all this dreadful time. I don't know what I should have done without you!"

She placed her hand in his, and looked up with such grateful liking in her eyes, that Donald winced as if he had been struck.

"I am so glad to have been of any service to you, Mrs. Gregson," he said very quickly; but his grave tone startled her.

"You are not well," she said hastily; "you are looking tired and worn. I hope you are not in trouble of any sort."

Then Donald smiled, and his smile, though less radiant, was as sweet as ever.

"I am quite well, thank you," he said; "but I passed a sleepless night; I am so unaccustomed to such an occurrence that I feel a little drowsy this morning; but I shall work it off. I am just going over to Eagle's Head."

"Oh, what rejoicing there will be there! It seems too good to be true to have both my husband and Jim back together!"

She nodded brightly to him, and passed on; but thought to herself:

"I never saw Mr. McFarlane look so grave. It is like a winter day after a summer one. All the sunshine seems to have left his face!"

She thought so still on the following Sunday, when Donald walked into the pulpit and gave out his text: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

He had had a sore time of it on the Saturday, when he had looked over his notes for the first time since his trouble. The ring of joy and of hope through them struck him as forced and unreal.

"What is the matter with me?" he mused. "Is God not the same to me, His service here and hereafter, and all the freedom and joyful hope of a Christian's life? Cannot I tune my feelings to the glad notes of the

gospel? Is my trouble to rob my people of the joyful message I have to give them?"

The weight did not seem to lift from his soul. Donald could not be artificial; he preached from his own experience; he felt it impossible to stand up and take "happiness" and "hope" for his theme.

He sat for a long while deep in thought as he turned over the leaves of his Bible; then very deliberately he tore up his notes and set to work afresh.

He wrote rapidly for some time, and seemed to take a morbid delight in dwelling on the first part of this fresh text. When he came to the word "yet," he paused. Here was the pith of the whole, the diamond in the dark mine; and for the time it staggered him.

It needed another long wrestle on his knees before the full glory and beauty of it stole in upon his soul. And then the light shone in; and if it was not such a mid-day radiance, it was the soft afterglow of the setting sun that beautifies and transforms the bleakest and barest heights. It was a powerful sermon, and one that lingered in the memories of all.

A poor man and a rich God; utter failure of circumstances; complete satisfaction in soul.

"Eh, dear," said Jonas Pengaff's widow, walking back to her lonely cottage, "he do know what 'tis to be lonely an' have nothin' left. He did make my eyes weep bravely. But how mighty sure he be of the Lord's help and comfort! I be of a mind to try for un!"

And Cuthbert remarked to his wife as they walked home together:

"What an eloquent parson we have! He seemed to take us into the biggest and blackest cloud one could ever imagine, and bring us through it into heaven itself!"

Which was a very fair epitome of Donald's experience.

"We will ask him up to dinner," Una said impulsively. "He has been such a comfort to me since he came. I don't know what I should have done without him."

"Is he married?"

"No—oh, no. He is such a boy. But the fishers are beginning to love him; and you know how difficult they are in their likes and dislikes."

Donald was asked to dine, but he politely declined. Business took him away for a few days, he said; and Cuthbert was not sorry. He wanted his young wife to himself. Even Mr. Carteret's presence was a trial, though he seemed very harmless.

Cuthbert had a great deal to do after his return. He was dismayed and distressed when he looked into his business matters and realised how much money had been spent in his absence. Mr. Carteret who still haunted the study, watched him in uneasy silence as he sat at his writing-table surrounded by papers.

"I daresay," he said diffidently one day, "you find that it requires a man to be at the head of an establishment like this. I am afraid my daughter has little idea of the value of money. She is a generous little soul, but I have had to remonstrate with her more than once over her lavish expenditure. Money has seemed to run through her fingers; and you must make allowances for her first taste of freedom in spending as and how she liked. From what she told me I gathered that you had seen fit to keep a tight hand over her expenditure when you were at home. She seems a veritable child in business matters."

This speech grated a little on Cuthbert's ears. He could not but remember the large sums of money that Una had begged from him soon after their marriage—sums for which she had never accounted and of which she refused to talk. But he resented Mr. Carteret's tone.

"She is such a child," he said to himself, as he tried to exonerate her from extravagance. "It is true that she does not know the value of money; but I cannot understand how she can possibly have had the opportunities here of getting rid of such large sums!"

He asked her about it one morning when Mr. Carteret was walking in the garden smoking his pipe.

Una blushed, hesitated, and finally took the worst course possible—that of concealing her father's conduct and refusing to account to her husband for her expenditure.

"I drew cheques as I wanted them, and I never put them down," she said. "You taught me how to do that before you went away. I have never counted up how many cheques I drew. I daresay they were a good many; but you have been away for a long time, and I have had to see to everything!"

Cuthbert did not look satisfied.

"Can you give me no account of these constant cheques for £100—and £150."

Una looked confused. Her husband put his arm round her and spoke very gently.

"Una, dear, will you not confide in me?"

Una's eyes filled with tears. Why should she withhold her confidence from her husband? she thought. How easy it would be to tell him of all her father's failings! And yet she felt she could not do it. Her father was deporting himself so agreeably; his old habit of drinking seemed for the time to have left him. She could not tell her husband how he had begged from her, how many debts of his she had paid. And so she withdrew herself from his arm with a little sigh.

"I really cannot account to you, Cuthbert, for every penny I have spent. The greater part is my own money, is it not?"

She regretted her words the instant after, when she saw how they had hurt her husband.

He bent over his papers in silence.

"I will not keep you any longer," he said very quietly.

Una left the room and ran out of doors, where she wept her heart out in a quiet nook of her own on the beach. She felt that her husband's return did not disperse all the clouds that had gathered over her head, and she wondered if she would ever be without a care again.

Mr. Carteret certainly had lightened her burden in some respects. She no longer feared to go near him; but his conversations with her husband did not tend to bring husband and wife closer together.

Donald McFarlane's name was mentioned once when Cuthbert was with Mr. Carteret after dinner.

"Yes," Mr. Carteret said thoughtfully, as he sipped his wine, "taking all things into consideration, you timed your return very opportunely. The young parson firmly believed in your death, and looked upon your wife as a widow. He had not actually spoken to her; but when two young people of their ages are much about together, you can generally guess the result. Indeed, he made no secret of his love for her, and talked to me about it. I do not know how far she reciprocated it. Your return must have been a terrible blow to him."

"He is a nice young fellow," Cuthbert said gravely, meeting Mr. Carteret's rather quizzical gaze with perfect equanimity. "I should say his advent here will be a great blessing to the fishers."

"Eh? Ah, yes, perhaps. But I confess I do not care for such a young pastor! He is as youthful as my daughter in behaviour. I have heard their laughter and gaiety ring over the water like two children's when they have been boating together."

Cuthbert did not respond, but he pondered over Mr. Carteret's words, and sighed in his heart, as he often had before—

"If she were only not such a child! I am afraid I am too staid and sober a husband for her!"

CHAPTER XXIV

DANGEROUS WORK

But ah! her strongest effort fails;
With naked masts, or shivered sails
She cannot breast the waves!
Yon rock, which bares its frowning head,
Must be the seamen's dying bed;
The boiling surge, their graves.

But see—like a bird skimming over the deep,
The lifeboat—the lifeboat is winging her flight;
Onward she rushes, with merciful sweep,
And climbs o'er the waves like an angel of light.
She is there—she is there,
And the moans of despair
Are heard in the tempest no more!
Let the billows rage on,
For the haven is won,
And the sailors are safe on the shore.

W. MARK. *The Lifeboat.*

AUTUMN came on, and with it very stormy weather. A terrific gale set in one Thursday

night, and seemed to increase in violence every day. Una looked forward to launching the lifeboat again. It had a great fascination for her. In spite of all the trouble it had brought them, her ardour and determination were unquenchable. She longed to do and dare on behalf of wrecked mariners, and felt no fear of being molested again by the fishers. With her husband at home to protect her, she knew they would not dare to touch her. As she watched from her turret window, she wondered if it would be best to entrust him with the secret. And then she decided not, for she well knew he would not allow her to be a member of its crew, and to be deprived of that pleasure would be more than she could endure. Her blood always stirred within her in scenes of excitement and danger; the greater the difficulties, the keener grew her longing to overcome them; and the roar of wind and waves exhilarated and inspired her with fresh courage and strength.

She was not surprised when she saw Kathie's signal light, and the dull booming of a distant gun explained its appearance. She was very quiet and cautious in her movements, and felt glad that her husband was not at home this night. He had ridden over to Thiselthwaite Manor to dine with his sister and sleep there, and it was only the stormy weather that had prevented Una from accompanying him.

She slipped out of the house, as she thought, unperceived; but Mr. Carteret had seen and marked her departure. It was hard work keeping her footing across the top of the cliffs; she saw through the misty darkness the shadow of a large vessel bearing down upon the Perran Rocks; and when she reached the Witches' Hole the *Triumph* was just in the act of being launched. Jim was there, and Donald; Kathie was at home. She was not well, and her husband had refused to let her accompany him.

"Why, Eli, you are never going without me?" said Una breathlessly, as she jumped lightly into the boat.

"Us were that, Missy," responded the old man gravely. "'Tis the worst night us has had yet, an' I was hopin' that likely the master would not have 'ee come."

"If it is fit for you to go out, it is fit for me," said Una shortly.

She nodded to Donald, but there was no time for words; wind and waves were dead against them, and row as they did, they made but slow progress. Twice the *Triumph* was nearly swamped with the hissing boiling waves; but she rose like a cork, and with set teeth and strained muscles her crew rowed on. Eli was steering; since the assault made upon him his strength was not what it had been, and it needed an experienced hand on the rudder. As they neared the fatal rocks, they saw the ship plainly. She rose high in the water, and her crew and passengers were crowded on the decks.

Eli shook his head doubtfully.

"Us be in the very teeth o' the gale; I doubt if us will reach 'em."

It did indeed seem doubtful. The force of the current at one moment spun the *Triumph* round till her broadside was abreast; a huge wave rolled up, and in another moment the crew of the *Triumph* were washed overboard. Eli was the only one who kept his seat, and swung the *Triumph* round in an instant. Jim and Tom recovered themselves and clambered in. Una was washed farther out. She could swim, and her lifebelt kept her up; but the current was carrying her away. She turned her head despairingly and saw Donald close to her.

"Leave yourself in my hands," he said; and with one arm partly round her he got her back to the boat. She was lifted in, and he with difficulty followed. It all happened so quickly that they hardly realised their danger till it was past. Una was almost insensible. She lay with her head against Eli's knee, whilst the three men took to their oars and rowed for their lives. But she was conscious when first she was lifted in of an arm pressing her closely, and words being almost breathed into her ear:

"My darling, my life! God save her!"

She wondered in a dazed kind of way who had uttered them.

They soon found that it was impossible to reach the vessel, and after several fruitless efforts returned to shore.

"Our first failure," said Eli sorrowfully.

As they neared the fatal rocks they saw the ship plainly. She rose high in the water, and her crew and passengers were crowded on the deck

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA, page 794

Drawn by HAROLD PIFFARD

"Let us thank God for our own safety," said Donald; and as they doffed their hats, with the wind shrieking and howling around them, the young rector gave thanks in a few simple words.

"'Tis my belief," said Tom, looking out seawards, "that the wind may drop in another hour or so. Us may have another try if us waiteth."

Una looked up brightly. She was fast recovering herself, but Donald's gaze was a little disconcerting.

"Of course we will wait," she said. "Think of the poor creatures expecting us and seeing us leave them to their fate."

"You will not venture out again, Mrs. Gregson?" said Donald. "Surely you would be wise to go home and change your wet clothes."

"Oh, I shall change those very soon," she said briskly. "I keep a small outfit down here. I have not thanked you yet, Mr. McFarlane, for coming to my rescue. I do not think I could have got back by myself."

She was ringing out her wet hair as she spoke. It was not an opportunity for any sentiment, and Donald wisely controlled his tongue.

"I don't think you could have. The current was so strong. I was only too glad to be of use."

"Missy had better go home," said Eli quickly.

"No, Eli, I shall not."

Further entreaty and remonstrance were useless. Tom was on his knees lighting a fire, and running into an inner recess of the cavern, Una soon returned in dry garments, and joined the little group who were drying themselves in the bright blaze. They waited and watched anxiously, and at length once more launched the *Triumph*. Donald turned to Una with agony in his tone.

"Mrs. Gregson, will you, to oblige me, stay behind—or—or rather for your husband's sake? Does he know how you risk your life?"

"Mr. McFarlane, I belong to the *Triumph*. Where she goes, I go; her rudder itself is not more part of her than I!"

Donald marvelled at her courage and enthusiasm. He said no more, and once again the brave little *Triumph* ploughed through the raging billows. Eli steered her, and kept clear of the course they had taken before. With the greatest toil and difficulty they brought her to within a hundred yards of the wreck. Alas! they found their efforts useless; the sea raged so furiously round the vessel that no boat could weather through it. But the Tanners were full of resources; they threw out one of their life lines at once. The first fell short, the second was caught, and soon in the darkness they saw a figure coming towards them. He was almost lifeless when they drew him in, but Donald administered brandy to him, and he partially revived. He was a slim young fellow of slight build and foreign tongue, and proved to be a young Frenchman. Another life was saved, then another, and then a mishap occurred. The rope broke, and the *Triumph* was obliged to return with only three passengers.

It was as much as they could do to land her. Una was terribly exhausted. If it had not been for the vigorous pulling of the younger men, they would hardly have reached the shore in safety.

"Us cannot do more," said Eli with a long-drawn breath. "'Tis just possible yon craft may last till mornin'. Her did not seem to be sinkin'."

He and Tom said they would house the strangers at Eagle's Head.

"If the gale bloweth over, us may have another try towards mornin'," said Tom, gazing at the wrecked vessel.

Donald, Jim, and Una walked across the cliffs together a short time later. It was now almost dawn, but the storm raged on. When Jim turned down the village street, Donald said he would see Una home. She was very tired, and had relapsed into silence for the greater part of the way.

Now he spoke to her.

"Mrs. Gregson, have you often spent your nights like this?"

"No," replied Una, "we have never had two journeys. I wish, oh, how I wish that I were a man!"

"It is too much for you. I will never rest content till I have made our brave

fishers take part in this rescue work. It is not right to keep them in ignorance of it. They are human beings; they cannot wish to see their brothers perish."

"Their one idea is to get the salvage," said Una. "The more lives that are rescued, the less they are able to appropriate of what comes ashore. If you were not so tired, you ought to go down to the beach and see for yourself what is going on."

"I intend doing so."

He parted with her at the door of the Towers. She showed him her private path down to the beach. As he shook hands with her, he said, trying to speak lightly, but failing to steady his voice:

"If you were a sister, a belonging of mine, I would sooner cut off my right hand than allow you to do such work as you have done to-night!"

Una laughed in spite of her weariness.

"I love it. No one will keep me from it. I only wish I had a man's strength to go on at it for longer without getting so tired. Good-night, Mr. McFarlane."

He wrung her hand and dashed away. Una looked after him with a little smile, then a shadow crossed her brow.

Who had whispered those words into her ear? Could it have been a dream? As she came in at the door, her father came forward. He shook his head at her.

"Out all night, and your husband away. What does this mean, my dear?"

"It means there is a wreck, father," she replied quickly. "And there are now numbers of lives going to be sacrificed because we cannot reach them. I always go out on nights like these."

She passed him and went to her room, where she threw herself down on her bed and slept from sheer exhaustion till a late hour.

Cuthbert returned home in the middle of the day, and inquired for his wife. Mr. Carteret shrugged his shoulders.

"You should stay at home and look after her," he said. "She has been out all night, and came back at four in the morning in the young parson's company!"

Cuthbert looked at his father-in-law sternly.

"I think her father might take my place in my absence. Una is accustomed to go down to the shore if there is a wreck. I suppose Mr. McFarlane kindly walked home with her. It has been a terrible storm, and there are still some poor creatures clinging to the wreck. I have just come up from the beach, and am returning there almost immediately."

He went upstairs, and found Una just leaving her room. He looked at her rather gravely.

"Would you like to come down to the beach? I am trying to induce the fishers to go to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew on the Perran Rocks."

"I will come at once," said Una brightly. "I am so glad you are home. We have had a terrible night."

"Where did you spend it?" he asked as they descended the stone steps to the beach together.

Una's cheeks flushed.

"Not in my bed; you know I cannot do that."

"Not on the shore, for I asked you, and no one has seen you."

"I generally go to the cliff top."

"And were you wandering about there all night alone?"

Cuthbert's tone was almost stern.

"No," faltered Una, "not all the time. I was with—with the Tanners and Mr. McFarlane."

Cuthbert drew her hand into his arm.

"Did you give a thought to your absent husband? Did you think whether he would like you out all night without his protection?"

"There was a wreck," Una pleaded.

"What good did you do by looking at it?"

Silence. Then Cuthbert spoke warmly.

"Una, you are such a child, that you do not realise the harm you may do yourself by these night excursions. It is not the first time I have remonstrated with you about it. If you really love me, you will do what I wish in the matter. I am vexed beyond words. You are my wife, and if you do not care about appearances, I do. I will not have you out at night watching wrecks or anything else with that young McFarlane!"

Una did not speak. She was struggling to control her hot temper, but it was hard work. She withdrew her hand from her husband's arm and came to a standstill.

"I am going home," she said. "If I do not, I shall say something that I shall be sorry for."

For a minute husband and wife looked into each other's eyes. Then Una turned round and darted back to the house without a word or another glance in her husband's direction. She was very miserable, and sat by her turret window, looking over the coast with tears gathering slowly in her eyes.

"Oh, how dreadful it is if we quarrel! And we shall, for I cannot give up the *Triumph*, and Cuthbert will make the same fuss each time, and I cannot tell him. What shall I do? I thought when he was away that if ever he was given back to me again I would never say a cross word, or give him an anxious thought. And I nearly flew into a passion just now. He is angry with me, and I cannot explain. Oh, what shall I do? I want to go down to the shore, but I am afraid of meeting him. I think he is very unreasonable and unjust!"

She sat with such thoughts as these crossing her mind, and when a few hours later her husband came into the house, she did not go to meet him.

He came up to her just before dinner-time.

"Una, dear, are you coming down? Why, what a tear-stained little face!"

He stooped and kissed her, and Una flung her arms round his neck.

"Forgive me, Cuthbert; don't be so angry. I—I really couldn't help it."

"We will not talk any more about it. I dare say I spoke too warmly. It will not occur again, I hope. Now come along, for I have been working hard and I am very hungry."

He told her as they dined what had taken place.

"The wrecked vessel was driven so high on the rocks that all night long sailors and passengers were clinging to her. I tried to get hold of McFarlane, but could see him nowhere. I was determined to save them, and at last I persuaded four of the fishers to come with me. There was a strong sea on, but we managed to reach the vessel, and brought off a boat-load. As we were rowing back I saw this mysterious, unknown rescue-boat that is so much talked about. It was coming straight out of the Witches' Hole and making for the wreck. We were so occupied when we came ashore in attending to the wants of the rescued who had nearly succumbed to their exposure and privation, that I lost sight of it; but when I looked again I saw it was taking a boat-load of passengers back to its starting-place. There has been a good bit of talk about it, but some of the salvage was coming ashore with the tide; and Perrancove is in such a ferment over it, that I left and came home, just as the preventive men appeared on the scene. I think nearly all the crew are saved except that boat-load that was taken into the Witches' Hole. I have an idea that there may be a band of smugglers secreted there. That is why I want a coastguard station here. I am only waiting for a stronger force to penetrate thoroughly into every cave of the coast, and we shall begin with the Witches' Hole."

"I am sure you will find no smugglers there," said Una, trying to speak lightly.

"Ah, well, we will see."

"It would not be likely," argued Una in desperation, "that smugglers would risk their lives to rescue drowning men."

"Yes, I think they might; for they would look for possible remuneration. I said something of the sort to one of the old fishers, but of course they believe in the supernatural. It is impossible to expect sense from them."

The conversation drifted into other channels, to Una's intense relief. She sometimes took herself to task for not confiding her secret to her husband. If he knew of a lifeboat's existence, would he not by his power and influence be able to establish it on a sure footing in Perrancove, she wondered? He was not single-handed now. Donald McFarlane was one who would do his utmost to further the cause, and he was daily acquiring more and more influence over the fishers.

Then came the thought that had most weight with her.

She rested her arms on the table and, laying her head down on them, began to cry

"The *Triumph* will be taken from me, and I shall have nothing more to do with her. Others will row in her. I shall never be able to have a share and part in her any more. Oh, I cannot give her up!"

So she sealed her lips and looked forward with more dread than pleasure to the next time that she would have to defy her husband's authority. Meanwhile Perrancove was again in a great state of excitement over this wreck and the rescued ones. As Cuthbert had seen, the *Triumph* had had one more successful trip; but the fishers were so occupied in watching for spoil, and so taken aback by Cuthbert's determination to rescue those he could, that they paid little attention at the time to the "bewitched craft," as they called it. When the members of the crew who owed their lives to her made their appearance in the village, the fishers were not much the wiser, for they were all French by nationality and could not make themselves understood. Donald found it hard work to conceal his part in it. He had to bear with several reproachful words and glances, even from those who were thankful for his absence.

"Passons be allays just too late for action," said Tim Pengaff, one of Martin's special cronies; and there was an ugly sneer on his face as he spoke.

"Why, McFarlane," said Cuthbert, when he met him the next morning, "I made certain of your assistance in launching a boat to rescue those drowning men. You made yourself scarce when you were needed most!"

The blood rushed to Donald's cheeks.

"I arrived on the beach after you left. I had been called away," he said, trying to speak calmly. "And now I am making arrangements for the burial of those poor fellows who have been washed ashore."

Una went over to Eagle's Head as soon as she could, to hear about the trip in which she had not taken part. She told Eli of her husband's words about it, adding:

"He forbids me to go out at night, Eli, without him. What can I do?"

"Eh, Missey! but if the master be agen yer comin', ye must not come! 'Tis a wife's dooty to honour and obey."

"But, Eli, you want every pair of arms you can get. We are such a tiny crew, so much fewer than we ought to be. If there

should be another wreck next week, why, of course, I should have to help. I could not stop away."

"Ye could if 'twas the Lord's will," said Eli. "There be the passon now. He do be worth two on most! His muscles be bigger nor Jim's. Us could do wi'oot 'ee, Missy."

Una almost cried.

"I helped to make the boat, Eli. I got the money for her. She is my chief interest in my life. If you prevent me from helping when there is a wreck, I think I shall break my heart!"

Eli said no more.

CHAPTER XXV

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little.—BACON.

SEEDS of mistrust are easily sown. Mr. Carteret did not really wish to harm his daughter; but he was vexed that she had tried to keep him in check when her husband was away, and wishing to retain the friendship of Cuthbert, imagined that by agreeing with him in every matter, and assuming the *rôle* of a virtuous and careful parent, he would further this object.

Cuthbert could never forget that Donald McFarlane had had the "audacity," as he termed it, to love his wife. He could not bear to see them together; he grudged every bright look and word that Una gave him. He tried to control his feelings. He felt quite assured of his wife's loyalty and love; and yet when one morning he met them coming up the village street in close and earnest confabulation, his blood rushed hotly through his veins, and he spoke abruptly and sternly:

"Una, I want you."

Una raised her eyes in astonishment at his tone. Donald raised his hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Gregson."

Cuthbert responded curtly, and the young rector left them with a cloud upon his brow.

"What is the matter, Cuthbert? Has anything happened?"

Una spoke a little timidly. Her love for her husband now was so strong that she feared to vex or displease him; she could not bear the slightest coldness in his tone towards her.

"Nothing is the matter," he replied gravely; "but I do not think you need spend all your time out of doors with Mr. McFarlane. What have you been talking about so earnestly?"

Una hesitated for a moment.

"I have been telling him of a difficulty of mine and asking his advice, and I do not quite see with him about it. I always think he lives so near to God that I ought to do what he advises; but I cannot bring myself to do it."

"And may I not ask about this difficulty?"

Husband and wife were crossing the cliff top, and coming to a pile of granite rocks he sat down and made room for her beside him.

Una shook her head.

He leaned forward earnestly and took her hand in his.

"Una, dear, we are man and wife. We drifted apart for a time; but I trusted that God had drawn us together with a closer and surer tie than ever we had before. We both belong to Him; we both are trying to serve Him. If we are one in heart, do you not think you might confide your difficulty to me?"

"Oh, I suppose I ought, but I cannot," said Una desperately. "You do not know, you cannot understand, and—and Mr. McFarlane does. It is a great interest in my life; something I cannot give up. He says I ought to, and I know you would say the same. Oh, I am afraid I am not serving God at all, for if it is His will that I should give it up I cannot do it. My will is against His, I feel it is. I wish you had not interrupted us. I think, perhaps, Mr. McFarlane would have helped me. I cannot tell you, Cuthbert; it is the only secret I have from you, and it is nothing wrong in itself."

Cuthbert was not appeased by this speech.

"If you can share any secret with a stranger instead of with your husband, it cannot be a right one," he said coldly.

"Oh," said Una impulsively, throwing up

her arms, "sometimes I wish I were free and unfettered. I gave up my liberty when I married you. I did not think I should, but I did. Your very love for me makes you watch and weigh all my words and actions. I have always done as I like. It is so hard to be checked and thwarted."

"You have had a great deal of liberty in your life," said Cuthbert bitterly. "I quite agree with you. And I suppose being mistress here in my absence has made my return seem very unpleasant. I do not think I am a taskmaster. God knows your happiness is my first concern. I have only been back a few weeks, and yet you are already pining for your freedom again. Is this your difficulty? Is this the subject upon which you have been consulting McFarlane?"

Una looked at her husband with sparkling eyes.

"Cuthbert, how can you! How dare you think such a thing! When you know when I told you of my wretched misery during your absence! Oh, why do we always seem on the verge of a quarrel! I love you, I love you! And you know I do. Don't look at me so coldly. What have I said or done to make you speak so cruelly?"

She clasped her hands around his arms and looked up into his face entreatingly.

He still preserved his stern gravity; but he spoke more gently.

"I do not want to be unkind. You are such a child that you cannot see the cause of my anxiety. When I was away you naturally turned to Mr. McFarlane for advice, though I must confess I had rather it had been your father; now I am home again I consider it shows a want of trust and confidence in me to take your difficulties to any one else. And I must request you in future to hold as little intercourse with Mr. McFarlane as possible. He is a single man——"

"And I am a married woman," exclaimed Una hotly; "and he is the rector of this parish. He was talking to me as a clergyman this morning. He was telling me of all the work I could do in the village; that I had been 'saved to serve.' He was reminding me that every Christian ought to be like a running stream, constantly receiving from its source, constantly passing on. And I was resolving in my own mind what to do. Now you are angry because he has been trying to help me on in the right way. You want me to promise I will not speak to him again, and then you wonder that I resent your authority; you are astonished I should gasp for freedom."

Cuthbert rose from his seat.

"I will say no more now," he said, a little wearily. "If you misunderstand me, I cannot help it. Let us go home."

"May I go to Kathie? I want to see her. Must I ask your permission before I speak to her?"

He turned on his heel and left her. Una dashed back to the village, and almost flung herself into Kathie's kitchen, so great was her anger and perturbation of mind.

Kathie looked up from her needlework by the fire with startled wonder.

"Oh, Missy, what has happened?"

"I've quarrelled with my husband; and I'm a wicked creature, and I'm perfectly miserable!"

Una gasped these assertions out breathlessly, then sitting down, she rested her arms on the table and, laying her head down on them, began to cry.

"Oh, Kathie, it is all about the *Triumph*. Mr. McFarlane says I ought to tell my husband about it; he says I ought to give up rowing in it, for I do it without his knowledge. I cannot give up my part in it. I cannot tell my husband. Do tell me that it is not wrong. If it had not been for me, the *Triumph* would never have been built. I thought, and helped to make, and christened, and launched her! She is my greatest interest in life. Mr. McFarlane says I could have other interests, and he wants me to start a little club or meeting for women in your kitchen; he would come and speak to them; he says I ought to be their friend, and get to know their sorrows and difficulties, that sending them soup and blankets is not enough. I was enjoying his talk so, and thinking what great things I would do, and feeling so very good when—when my husband came up and spoilt it all!"

She poured this all out very incoherently, then she began to sob afresh.

Kathie said nothing for a few minutes; then she said reflectively:

"I think if Jim had not told me about the *Triumph*, I should have broken my heart. 'Twas the only cloud that came to me after us were married. I telled Jim that there could be no secrets betwixt them that loved each other!"

"Oh, I know," said Una, wiping her eyes and sitting up straight in her chair. "I remember the state Jim was in when I told him he was not to tell you about it. I was very angry with you for making such a fuss! And I am angry with my husband now."

"The *Triumph* must not bring a curse instead of a blessin' upon you," said Kathie solemnly. "'Tis a terrible bad business when anythin' gets betwixt husband an' wife. I would rather cut a hole in her bottom and sink her out to sea than let her be a bone o' contention in a household!"

"I see you will not take my part."

"I think now that the parson knoweth about her, the master ought to do so too!"

Una began to reflect.

"Perhaps," she said after a pause, "the next storm may be in the daytime. My husband could not object to my going out with her in broad daylight. It is only my being out at night without him that he objects to. I need not tell him about it if I do nothing that he would dislike my doing. It is only going out when he does not know that seems to be wrong. Perhaps I shall tell him about it soon, Kathie. Only if I do, it will be a secret no longer."

"That will make no odds, if it be the right thing to do; God Almighty will look after her safety. I sometimes think we take a wonderful care and pride in keepin' it secret; but perhaps after all she would do more good if everybody knew about her."

"If they did, they would hack her to pieces," replied Una emphatically.

She left Kathie after further talk and went to her husband's study.

She found him at his writing-table.

"Cuthbert, I am sorry I spoke so to you. Forgive me. I did not mean half I said."

Cuthbert looked up with a smile, and put his arm round her.

"I know you did not, little woman."

"And," went on Una, as she gazed up at him thoughtfully; "I have made up my mind that I will tell you my secret some day; but not just now. And when you hear it, you will not think me wicked at all; you may be sorry for what you think about me. I think you will."

"What do I think about you?"

"Oh, that I am just a child, and self-willed, and want my own way instead of yours!"

Cuthbert's smile broadened.

"I do not think that is putting the case fairly. Una, dear, let us not seek our own way at all, either of us, but God's way. Then we shall make no mistakes."

"And you do not mean what you said about Mr. McFarlane? I may speak to him when I meet him?"

Cuthbert was silent. He hated himself for being suspicious; and yet after what he had heard about Donald, he could not bear that his wife should be continually in his society. Suddenly on the impulse of the moment, he turned to her:

"Una, look me straight in the face and answer me. Is Mr. McFarlane much to you?"

"What do you mean? I like him very much. He is so happy, so true, so good!"

"If I had really been drowned; if you had seen my dead body; if you had been left a widow—would Mr. McFarlane have ever been to you other than he is now?"

Una understood at last, and the blood rushed to her face, dyeing it a deep crimson. She hid it on her husband's shoulder.

"How can you, Cuthbert? How can you?"

"Do not think me cruel. I believe him to be the soul of honour, but when I was away, did anything occur between you? Did he ever say a word to show you that he thought your husband was dead?"

"Nothing, nothing!" she whispered. Then suddenly in a flash the words that she had heard, when being rescued by him, came back to her: "My love! My life! God save her!"

Cuthbert pulled her round in front of him and confronted her steadily.

"Look up, Una, and be truthful!"

"I—I—oh, Cuthbert, you are cruel! He never spoke to me except—except—oh, how can I tell you? Do you really think I would be so disloyal, so unloving, so awful as to listen to anything that you might not like to hear? If you doubt me, I think my heart will break!"

Cuthbert sighed, then he kissed her.

"I do not doubt you, Una, only—you are such a child!"

"Such a child!" That phrase was becoming hateful in Una's ears. She drew herself up proudly.

"No, Cuthbert, you shall not treat me so. I am your wife, if I am a child. You shall honour and respect me. You have brought a big blot into my sunshine by your words just now. And it is false; all your suspicions are entirely false. Who has been poisoning your mind against me? Is that why you were so angry at my walking with Mr. McFarlane? I cannot bear to think you had such thoughts of us!"

"My darling, forgive me. I have cause to speak, but I cannot explain. I am certain you have been innocent, and ignorant of what other people say. I only want you to give no further cause for such sayings."

They parted good friends; but each had a sore feeling in their hearts, and Una was more to be pitied of the two. She kept out of Donald's way as much as possible, and when she met him she was restrained and awkward in his presence.

Donald himself was going through deep waters. He schooled himself to meet and talk with her with the greatest equanimity, but the effort it cost him was only known to himself. He longed to get away, and yet his duties would not allow him to forsake them. He was relieved when Una no longer sought his society; and yet, with the inconsistency of a man, felt hurt that she wished to avoid him.

One night he was coming through the village late, when he saw Mr. Carteret stumble out of the Blue Lobster. He had been so glad of his recent reformation that the sight was a disappointing one, and he soon saw that he would need his help.

Mr. Carteret had given way to his temptation at last, and had been drinking long and heavily that evening. He grasped Donald's arm with muttered thanks, but was in an argumentative frame of mind, and his progress was necessarily a slow one. It was past eleven o'clock when they reached the Towers, and Cuthbert himself opened the door to them. Mr. Carteret had just sense enough to try to pull himself together, but it was a vain effort; and when Donald released his hold of him he sank down into an abject helpless heap on the ground. Cuthbert was disgusted and shocked. He looked at Donald for an explanation, and he gave it, adding:

"May I help you to get him upstairs?"

"Yes; but we must do it quietly. I would not let my wife know it for worlds!"

"She would not be surprised," said Donald quietly. "She had a terrible time with the poor old man when you were away. I used to marvel how she could go through it!"

"Does every one know—know of his failing?" Cuthbert asked.

"I am afraid they do. He has been a different man since your return, but I feared the improvement would not last."

Cuthbert said no more. He got his father-in-law to bed, and thanked Donald for his services. But he felt hurt again that Una had kept him in ignorance of what every one else knew but himself. It was the beginning of an outbreak of drinking; and Mr. Carteret did not seem able to control himself any longer.

"Why did you not tell me about it?" Cuthbert asked his wife one evening when Mr. Carteret was unable to appear at dinner, and was still drinking spirits in his room.

"I was ashamed to, Cuthbert. He is my father. Oh, it is terrible; there seems no cure for him! You don't know what I have been through."

"Can you not tell me about it? Why am I never to have your confidence?"

"You shall have it. Do not speak so reproachfully; only it is not easy to tell you things against—against my father!"

She gave him the full account, and as Cuthbert listened he could hardly curb his indignation. She told him of Mr. Carteret's

friends, of her repeated attempts to reform him, and her hopeless failures.

"I heard something of your father's friends from Marjorie when I dined with her the other day; but I understand now the hints that she let drop. She said I must come to you for the information she would not give me. And she told me she had been indiscreet about your affairs once, and could with difficulty gain your forgiveness! What did she mean?"

"Oh, that was a different matter," said Una. "It was good of Marjorie not to tell you, for of course she knew—every one did. And—and I should like to tell you something else. I think perhaps I ought to do so, for you have misjudged me."

"Am I to hear this wonderful secret at last?"

"No, no," and the colour mounted to Una's cheeks. "It is not that. It is only about the money I have spent. I tried to pay my father's debts. He was always in such difficulty, and when he came to me I could not bear to refuse him. Surely I was not wrong?"

Cuthbert took her face between his hands and kissed it. This explanation lifted a heavy load of anxiety from his heart; and a light came into his eyes that had been absent from them for many a day.

"Oh, my little wife," he said with deep feeling, "why did you not tell me this before? Why did you make a mystery over such a very natural proceeding? Forgive me for doubting you. Thank God, I believe I am gaining your confidence little by little."

Una rested her head on her husband's shoulder. Never had she felt such a strong impulse to tell him about the *Triumph* as now. Surely her opportunity had come! She was about to open her lips, when there was a knock at the door. Baldwin entered with a message that Cuthbert's lawyer wished to see him, and the opportunity was gone.

Later on Una persuaded herself that she had better keep her secret a little longer.

Laying the Boundary Line from the Orange to Vaal Rivers

By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G.

FIFTH PAPER

Saturday, January 27.—As we have no shops near here I buy a sheep when we want meat, and have it killed; we take off the skin and hang the sheep on the waggon. I generally have the liver and kidneys for breakfast, the N.C.O.s do not care for them. A sheep lasts us two days, but if there is thunder about we have to salt some; the skin is laid down in a hollow of the ground, wool downwards, and in this hollow we put water, salt and pieces of meat, and it is left there till it is salted; we thus do without a pickle tub.

I have been obliged to part with Balagaroo, he did not keep things clean, and was too expensive, and his accounts did not total up properly so that there was a difference between us of two pounds sterling. I proposed a compromise; I offered to pay him the two pounds provided I never should see his face again, and to this he agreed, and off he has gone.

[Some months after this, when in Kimberley, I constantly saw flying coat-tails round the corners of buildings as I went about, and one morning appeared Balagaroo with two sovereigns in his hand, telling me that his life was a burden to him, and that he would rather pay up the money than be always running away. At this time I had quite forgotten about the promise he had made. He seemed much relieved when he found that I would not take the money. I was very much pleased to find that Balagaroo had so much good faith about him.]

Monday, January 29.—I must give you

some idea of the method adopted in tracing the line, before I leave David's Graf. It is about forty-three miles from here to the fountain of Ramah, and we have to trace a straight line between them over a very rough country abounding in little hills of ironstone.

We have got on with our triangulation, and joined it with that of Mr. Orpen, so that I know the mean angle between a prominent hill I see some miles off and Ramah, but the difficulty is to set it off on the ground so accurately that the line will cut the fountain at Ramah. I am trying the following method. I feel sure of the mean angular distance from the hill, so I am setting off a point on the boundary line about two miles south from here over and over again with different theodolites, and each time there is a little difference—an inch or two. Then I am going to take the mean of all these variations, and produce the line from David's Graf through this mean point, and I am sanguine of cutting very close to Ramah. Jos. de Villiers is very much interested in the matter as the idea is new to him, but he agrees in thinking it will come right if our calculations are sound. And if it does come right it will save us a world of trouble, for otherwise we should have to trace a straight line as near as possible to the truth and then on finding out the error on arrival at Ramah we should take offsets all along this line and trace a new line, rubbing out the original one. There are so many possibilities; our observations and calculations may not be good, as they are still unchecked, and the line itself may not be traced quite straight.

Friday, February 2.—Saltpan. I will give you some notion of the pleasures of travelling in this country on survey work. Over night on January 30 we got ready for leaving David's Graf early in the morning, intending to go out in different directions piling and observing, and to meet in the evening to the south at this saltpan. We did most of our packing before turning in, but I kept our tents up, though our bedding was stowed in the waggon. A great storm of rain came on, the tent ropes required slackening, and I got wet through in doing it. I turned in again, and woke up thinking I was late and that the sun had risen, but on going out found myself under a brilliant moon at 2.30 A.M. At 4.30 A.M. the day began to dawn and I woke all up. We found our tents so wet that we could not pack them up, so we had to wait till 6 A.M., when we breakfasted; then we got on our horses and left the camp; I went on towards a hill about as far as Midhurst is from Brighton, and Booy, de Villiers' servant, accompanied me in a spring cart. The waggon had orders to go the saltpan past Mimac's. I only took with me a piece of damper and water bottle, expecting to get to Mimac's for dinner. We drove and rode over plains and low hills in the direction of my hill till at last Booy said he could not drive any longer over the rough ground, and must find a road; I told him to follow me, but on looking round found that he had gone a long way round after springbuck, and I heard a shot. I arrived at my hill at about 2 P.M., and waited for Booy and cart for about two hours, and then I heard a cooee and saw he had put up a flag some distance off, on another hill. He would not come over to me so I had to ride over to him, and found that it was the hill he thought had been pointed out to him by his master. I brought him back with me to help me to signal at the top of the hill, but when I arrived I found that he had gone to bathe in a dam about a mile off. Fortunately a Kafir boy was near who helped me and got me some water. For two hours I signalled to David's Graf (thirty miles off), but got no answer, and at last, at sundown, Booy came back from his bathe, and just then I got a reply to my signals. I told Booy that his master would whip him for his misdeeds, and he grinned. On getting down from the hill our horses were gone—strayed; it was getting dark and a storm coming on, lightning and rain. I had finished my bit of damper and was hungry; the air was hot and the rocks so hot I could not sit on them.

Booy came back with the horses in about an hour; it was now very dark; we inspanned and set off towards Saltpan, guessing the direction, but there was no road, and we could only judge our direction over the veldt by the aid now and then of a flash of lightning. Right across country we went, over ant-heaps and into antbear holes, the

cart first, and I following; every now and then I saw it go down into a hole and took warning; twice we found ourselves turning back again. Soon we saw a light in front for which we made; the rain was now falling in torrents. In about half an hour we came to a farmhouse, where the light was, but the people could only talk Dutch, so off we went again, and after three hours (at 11 P.M.) we came to a house. By this time we had not a notion where we were except that we had been travelling pretty nearly in the right direction. I knocked at the door till I woke up the master and asked him for lodging. "Oh," said he, "have you not seen your waggons, they are close by?" I was delighted to hear a reply in English, and said, "Give me some food; I am famished; I have had no meal for seventeen hours."

On opening the door I was surprised to find that I had got to Mimac's Hotel; by great good luck we had struck across the waggon road close to his house, and by more good luck our waggon had been so delayed that it had not gone so far south as Saltpan, but had outspanned about twenty minutes south of Mimac's. I got some bread and butter, and off we went again, and at midnight arrived at our waggon, where things had not been unpacked on account of the heavy rain. Sergeant K. had only just arrived from another hill, and de Villiers did not turn up at all that night. As it was still raining we all got into the waggon, under the tilt, where there was room for us to sit in a row, and there we sat wet through till morning, the natives crowding under the waggon. At dawn I had to get off, all ready booted and spurred, and made for another hill, all in my wet things, to signal and take observations.

Saturday, February 3.—These saltpans are curious places, the beds of old lakes, each three or four miles long, and only a few feet below the surrounding ground. There is not salt here all the year round; it comes up after the rains and effloresces on the surface; but if there is too much rain it does not come up properly. The farmers here have huge metal pans or caldrons in which they put the dirty salt, and they boil it down, skimming off the dirt. I have not seen it done, but I know that this salt often tastes of soap, and am told that they use the same boilers for making soap, from some plant (barilla, I suppose) which grows near here, and which is mixed in the caldron with animal fat. Salt is very necessary for animals here, and a saltpan on a farm is a valuable appendage.

We are leaving for Con's dam to-day.

Tuesday, February 6.—Zwinkspan. The country about here is very desolate in appearance, possibly owing to the unusual drought.

With all our sad surroundings we enjoy this life amazingly, and are in wondrous health. Jos. de Villiers and I only differ on one point in our work, and that is the rate of progress. He says I must be working piece work to wish to get on so fast. I can see no credit to me in wishing to get through this work quickly as there is so little here that can amuse one; the game is all away during the drought, and there are no historical records of the past, and no people whose manners and customs are worth observing closely. This is a new country and only recently inhabited by man, and it bears signs of enormous changes even in recent years. It cannot be fifty years since it was the home of the elephant, the sea-cow, and the lion; evidently within quite recent years there were lakes of water and valleys where the sea-cow could wallow; the Dutch names point to this.

An old naturalist told me that the domestic sheep have altered the face of this country, and that for their sake the tall grass and reeds were burnt down, and thus the soil exposed to the sun and the rainfall diminished.

Thursday, Feb. 8, 1902.—Ramah. On leaving Zwinkspan yesterday we outspanned for the night in the veldt; and while the dinner was being cooked I heard a loud altercation among the servants, something more than usual, and as I came up I saw one of them with his arm raised holding something that flashed in the firelight; I ran in under his arm and it came down with force on my shoulder, and just saved Sam getting a knife in his neck. I grasped his arm, the knife flew out of his hand, and we

all bound the culprit hand and foot. It proved to be our Kafir Jim, whom I had got out of the gaol at Kimberley. Now, what was to be done with him? First, with the aid of Sergeant K., we bound him to the waggon wheel, then we made a straight waistcoat for him by sewing up the cuffs of the sleeves of his coat at the ends, and putting it on to him back to the front, then by sewing up the front part, which was now behind, his hands were enclosed and he could not free himself. We then pegged him out, by fastening cords to his ankles and wrists and securing the ends out in various directions; all this time he was very sullen and kept muttering that he would kill Sam.

I did not know what course to adopt as I was many miles away from any magistrate, and I thought the best plan was to make our way on to Ramah where I had agreed to meet de Villiers, and to send a messenger to Captain Marshall, the magistrate at Langford, to tell him of the occurrence. On arrival at Ramah, I was at a loss what to do with Jim and de Villiers could give me no useful advice, nor could the Boers living on the farm; all they could say was that if we were in the Orange Free State we could (under Orange Free State law) flog him. But this did not help me. What I was in fear of was his murdering Sam, as I now heard that he had been in Kimberley gaol for manslaughter.

I therefore made a little plan to get rid of Jim which took me some time to explain to my friend the Boer, at Ramah. I proposed to sell Jim to the Boer, and then to hand him over in such a manner as to allow of his running away, so that his object would be to get away for fear of being taken into the Orange Free State. So when it was all arranged the Boer came over with me and we had a bogus sale, the bargain lasting some time while we discussed the merits of Jim. The servants realised evidently that it was all a hoax but Jim took it seriously. Eventually I agreed to accept half a crown for him, and then asked Jim what he had to say. He said that he thought he was worth at least half a sovereign. We had just laid off the boundary line here, and the Boer stood on the Free State side and Jim also happened to be on that side, but I released him on our side. Then the Boer told him to come on and they both walked together up the line, Jim gradually edging further and further away from the Boer, and at last, when they were about thirty yards apart, Jim took to his heels and ran his best. We all set up a howl and pretended to run after him, but he was soon clear away, and the servants looked greatly relieved, as they were afraid of him; they have now got drunk to celebrate the event. I can't think where they get the liquor from!

Friday, Feb. 9.—We moved up to Frederick's Fontein to-day, and commenced getting ready for the measurement of the base line. We are now in the Orange Free State on the borders of a pan, about twelve miles north of Ramah; it might be called a frying-pan so far as the heat is concerned. There are many of these pans (or dried up lakes) about this part of the country, and consequently it is called the Panneveldt.

Saturday, Feb. 10.—I have done a foolish thing. Last night it was cold and rainy, and I took pity on the two drivers who had no blankets and gave them one each; to-day they are gone, blankets and all. De Villiers only laughs, as he says I might have known they would go. I had been told not to make presents as there is some superstition about it, and it usually terminates with the recipients bolting: but I did not think that the gift of a blanket woud have such a disastrous effect. It is a great nuisance, as we cannot inspan or drive the oxen ourselves.

Monday, February 12.—We have selected the exact line of our base, and sunk stones at the northern and southern ends of the pan, nearly three miles apart, to mark the extremities of the lines to be measured, and we have picketed out the line and have measured part of it. Our measurements are made with steel rods with rounded ends butting on to each o her. This I believe to be a much more accurate method of measurement in this climate than the most elaborate and scientific instrumental measurement.

One of our great difficulties in measuring the base line, and in observing with the theodolite, was the mirage in parallax caused

by the tremulous vibratory motion in the atmosphere; these phenomena appear to extend throughout South Africa, but the illusion differs in different parts. When travelling up through the country, lakes of water were constantly seen on either side of the road, which reflected trees from their surface and had every appearance of reality. So much is this the case that even when a country is well known the deception to the eye continues in full force, and owners of farms have been known to imagine that a downpour of rain had filled up their pans while they were actually simmering with drought. On the other hand, cases have occurred where farmers have believed they were looking on a mirage, while a real pan of water, from a recent cloud-burst, lay before them.

An amusing incident took place regarding the young German assistant at this store; he had evidently something he wanted to get out of Mr. Orpen, and asked me many questions about him, and concerning his differences with Mr. de Villiers, which I thought indiscreet, and I fenced them. Just then de Villiers drove up to take me on to another house, and the German asked him if he could take him also, and on getting into the cart he began to speak to de Villiers as though he were Mr. Orpen; he had evidently mistaken the two. It was most entertaining. He tried to ingratiate himself with the supposed Mr. Orpen by running down Mr. de Villiers, who at first was inclined to resent it, but I gave him a kick and he let the German run on. After a little time he began to think that Mr. Orpen did not respond very readily, so I suggested he was flattering him so much that I should not wonder if Mr. Orpen was to pose as Mr. de Villiers, and then de Villiers began to pretend that he was himself. We dropped him at a farmhouse looking very much mystified and uncertain whether it was Box or Cox.

Friday, February 23.—Nothing occurred here till 4 P.M. when there were unmistakable signs of a real storm coming on. We now saw that we were in for it, but just before it came full on to us it sheered off again, and we only got the tag end of it, but that was quite enough for us who do not own the land. The track of these storms in the heaviest portion is often very narrow. The rain came down in torrents, and the lightning was most vivid; the clouds jostled each other in the sky in the most excited manner. Then there was a lull, a curious cessation of all noise, and we crept out to look around us. There, half a mile from us, was the rain coming down in a sheet of water, and we could hear the hissing of it as it fell, but with us it only came down in spasmodic jerks. As evening came on the rain closed around us and we were in the thick of it again. I had taken the precaution of digging trenches round our tents which I had pitched on a little knoll, so there was no danger of our being swamped out or carried away as sometimes happens. The rain, however, penetrates through my tent, which is now up again, and here am I sitting with waterproofs over all my things, water dripping at all points. I am eating *biltong* (dried meat), for I can get nothing cooked. There is another storm coming on and I must leave off writing for a while as we have to stand ready when the wind blows strongly. Nine P.M. You will hardly realise it, but, in spite of the storm, this is the first night since I left Port Elizabeth twelve weeks ago that I can sit down comfortably and lazily to write. Generally I have so much to get ready for the morning, or have to compute triangles, or am so dead tired, that I find it impossible to write. To-night there is a tremendous change after the great heat, and the thermometer is down to 63° F., almost cold.

The Dutch people about here are dreadfully inhospitable to us all; they are just as disagreeable to de Villiers as they are to me. They will not sell their sheep or their milk, but rather let the milk spoil or the sheep die. With thousands of sheep around and barely enough food for them, they will not sell one. The Kafirs follow suit and are just as bad. Palestine (barring the climate) is a charming country compared to this; far better to cultivate and colonise. This country, which used to support hundreds of natives, now only supports one Dutch family to every 300 square miles. It is

lamentable. Great hulking, able-bodied men, these Boers, they sit on their hams from morning till night, and scarcely stir except to abuse their Kafir servants. I think I may be rather severe on them because in the times of drought there is nothing they can do but wait for the rain, being without resources. The Kafirs when they are independent are even worse and do no steady work. I long to see a good negro or Nubian from Upper Egypt. In this country they do not know what it is to work: lazy vagabonds. I cannot get over paying six pounds a month to a raw Kafir for idling his time away.

White children seem to be remarkably healthy here; the Dutch children are particularly vigorous, but they become lethargic as they grow up. The English children look more fragile. Each family, Dutch or English, seems to consist of from ten to fourteen children, and many grow up to maturity and are not carried off by infantile complaints; but in some families a large proportion die, as many as fifty per cent. The young Dutch people marry very young, the girls at fifteen, and the boys at sixteen to eighteen, so that a woman of thirty-five may have fifteen to twenty children and still they cry they come! The women seem to die very early and the widowers marry again soon; but it is not becoming to marry within three months of the death of the wife. It is quite an ordinary matter to find a second or third wife in a Boer house. In fact the mortality among wives is a continual theme of conversation. I think it due greatly to their taking little or no exercise, and sitting *over* hot wood or charcoal all day long in winter. They put the brazier, protected by a wooden grating, under the petticoat, and that cannot be good for them.

Monday, March 5.—Salt Pan. We are now on our way to David's Graf, completing our beacons as we go along.

A few days ago, I was driving in the spring cart when the horses suddenly stuck and refused to move, and I had to wait for the oxen. On putting them in front, one of the horses deliberately leaned on the pole of the cart and broke it, turning round to me with a grunt as much as to say, "There, I have done that, what will you do next?" I was equal to the occasion and took the thick pole out of the bullock cart and put it into the spring cart, and then inspanned the horses, putting the oxen in front and the cart behind. The horse again tried the same trick, but the pole was too strong to be broken by his weight, and off they had to go following the bullocks. This they have now been doing for two days and seemed to be resigned to their fate and have begun to pull all right again, the oxen only being required in difficult places.

A few days ago I laid down at the foot of a hill on the bare ground, shortly after the first rains; not a blade of grass near me, all night long I heard little clicks all about me, and at last I struck a light and waited till I heard a click and then located it; then I found it came from a tiny blade of grass which had been folded up in its sheath and had suddenly escaped with a click. I am glad to have heard grass actually growing. I wonder who invented the term "spring up" as applied to grass, it exactly describes the operation.

What a nuisance these Dutch farmers are with their sheep; I have been obliged to treat one of them according to the law; he refused to sell at a time when we were quite without meat, so I said to him, "Well, there is the money I shall give, now I shall go and take one." Upon which he said with great alacrity, "Let me select it, I did not know that you were aware of our laws." It seems that under the Roman Dutch law, there is some reasonable ruling that folk need not starve if there is food all around and they have the means to pay, and that those who have the food must sell. I don't know if it is a written law, but it is quite evident that the Boers look upon it as a law. The Boer seems quite pleased now to let me have the sheep; they are funny folk.

We passed through a tremendous storm yesterday afternoon. Sergeant K. and I were walking alongside the Scotch cart, when a terrific thunderstorm came on, and the rain fell in sheets, and we could hear it hissing as it fell some miles away. The lightning came out of the ground to the east, went up in irregular lines in the

heavens, and then almost instantaneously there were the same kind of irregular lines darting from the clouds into the ground to the west of us, so that it circled over us. Electric light played about on the tyres of the cart-wheels, and on the barrel of the gun which I was carrying, so I put it into the cart. Suddenly there was a flash and a crash, and Sergeant K. fell over against me, and when he recovered himself said that he could not see, and I also had been blinded for a second or so. I had now to lead a blind man along, and this continued till we got to where our camp was. Towards evening he began to recover his sight, and this morning seems pretty well; but he will not go out observing for a day or two.

They say that during these thunderstorms, when a pan gets suddenly filled with water, fishes of large size, several pounds weight, are found in them. This is accounted for in two ways. Some fish, the Marsia, have large heads with a small reservoir of water in them, and when the pan dries up they burrow in the mud and lie there in a state of coma till the rains again fill the pan. The other way is, that when the pan fills there is a certain amount of overflow water which runs into the rivers, and that then the fish in the rivers quickly ascend these streams and so get into the pans; but if this latter explanation were correct, we should sometimes find fish stranded in the veldt on their way up.

His Majesty's Submarines

By Herbert C. Fyfe

Author of "Submarine Warfare, Past, Present, and Future"

Illustrated by photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea

Only a number, not even a name,
How shall posterity hear of my fame?
Perchance it may still live, after the grave,
In the name of an ironclad, under the wave.

THUS sings a modern poet of torpedo-boats, but the lines may serve as well for submarines. Battleships, cruisers, gunboats, and destroyers —these all have names—but on our torpedo-boats and submarines the Lords of the Admiralty bestow no names but only numbers.

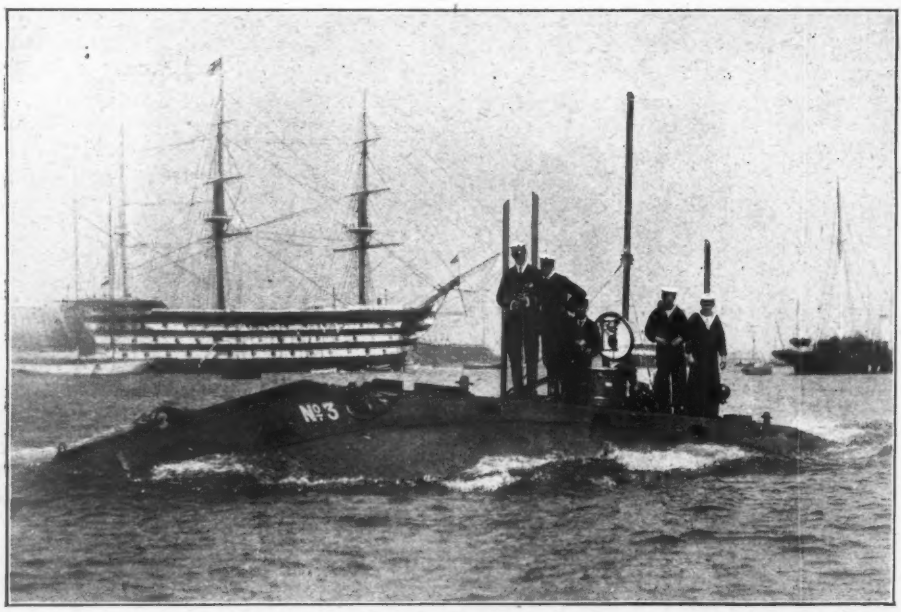
Our first photograph shows "British submarine No. 3,' and the number can be plainly seen near the bows.

At the present moment Great Britain possess six submarine vessels. The first five, known as "Nos. 1–5," were ordered in the autumn of 1900 from Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim, the European agents of the Holland Torpedo-boat Company. They are similar in most respects to the seven submarines building for the United States Navy, namely, *Adder*, *Moccasin*, *Porpoise*, *Shark*, *Grampus*, *Pike*, and *Plunger*.

It will be noticed that the American Admiralty manage to find names for their boats and they may be congratulated on their choice.

Nos. 1-5 are diving torpedo boats of the Holland type. They were all built at Barrow-in-Furness and are now at Portsmouth carrying out experiments for the information of the Admiralty, and also serving as instructional craft for the officers and seamen who will serve in them. These volunteer for the work; for the Admiralty compels nobody to form one of the crew of an under-water vessel. Before being accepted they have to pass a strict medical examination and if they emerge satisfactorily they receive special pay. We believe that there has been no lack of volunteers and this is not surprising, for submarines are not such terrible weapons of warfare as some might be led to suppose, and it is possible that in the day of battle the young Lieutenant-Commander and his crew may cover themselves with glory. A lieutenant remarked once to the writer that he would sooner be on a submarine in action than in

the bowels of a great line-of-battleship. The engineers and mechanics in the engine-room and the stokers in the stokehold will inevitably suffer terribly when the "real thing" comes, and, of course, the crew of a submarine will run great risks. Still there is a good chance of its escaping the quick-firing guns and the lyddite shells of the enemy, and of its delivering its torpedo and sinking an ironclad.



(Stephen Cribb, photographer, Southsea)

The old and the new. Submarine No. 3 passing the old "Victory

The modern diving torpedo-boat will for the most part be navigated on the surface. When it comes within range of the enemy's guns water-ballast will be admitted to the tanks and it will be submerged so as to run with only its little conning tower visible above the waves. In this conning tower will be the commander and he will command a view all round the horizon. In all probability a submarine attack will be made with three or four boats and their little towers will afford but small targets for the gunners on the battleship.

A little nearer the enemy the submarine will disappear altogether, but it will rise once more to the surface, the commander will take his final bearings, the torpedoes will be fired, and the boat will then sink again entirely out of sight and will make off in a direction unknown to the enemy.

A submarine attack will be undoubtedly risky work, but success is possible and we may be sure that British officers and British seamen will do all in their power to attain their end.

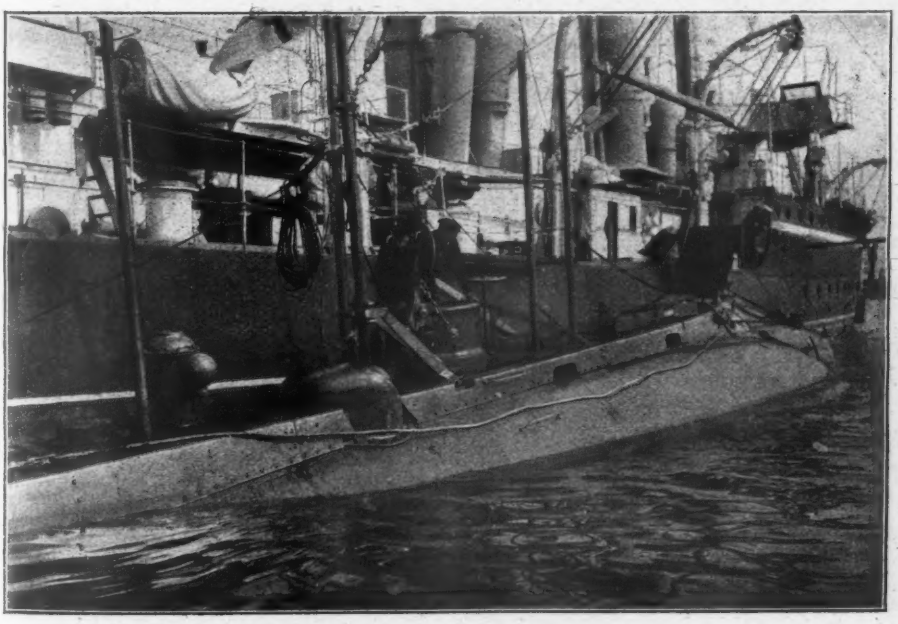
Our second photograph shows a sailor about to descend into the interior of "No. 2." Let us follow him in order to see the mechanism of one of these "modern sea devils."

The interior is divided into three compartments. In the forward one is the torpedo expulsion-tube. The armament of every modern submarine, whether French, American, or British is the automobile fish torpedo. Before the invention of this intricate weapon—"the most wonderful machine in the world," as it has been

called—under-water boats carried "mines," or cases of explosive, which were either fastened to the side of a hostile vessel or else allowed to drift up to her. Nowadays there is nothing to equal the "Whitehead," which is in fact a crewless submarine, propelling itself along under water and automatically steering itself towards its goal. Its range is about a thousand yards and it carries 200 lbs. of gun-cotton in its head; enough to send an ironclad to a watery grave. The British submarines carry five torpedoes; one is placed in the tube and the other four are carried side by side above the storage batteries. When the first torpedo is fired a sufficient amount of water to compensate for the loss of weight is automatically and almost instantaneously admitted into the tube, causing only a slight change of trim for a few seconds. Such compensation is necessary as the submarine is lighter than the amount of water it displaces, and the expulsion of the torpedo renders the boat lighter and tends to send it up to the surface. When the second torpedo is placed in the tube the water is run into a special torpedo compensating-tank; of these tanks there are four and one is filled as each torpedo is fired. When the last torpedo has been ejected the expulsion-tube is filled with water and is kept thus until the end of the run.

Besides the torpedo-tube there are also in the forward compartment some air flasks, a gasoline tank of 850 gallons capacity and a trimming tank.

In the flask, air at 2000 lbs. to the square inch pressure is stored, and this is used for breathing purposes, for firing the torpedoes, and for blowing the water out of the ballast tanks when it is wished to bring the boat to the surface. The central compartment contains in its double bottom, the main ballast tanks and a circular compensating-tank. Above the double bottom and below the axis of the vessel are located the storage batteries; beneath the surface the propelling power is electricity, the electric motor being of 90 horse-power, capable of giving a speed of about nine knots, and the storage



(Stephen Cribb, photographer, Southsea)

Submarine No. 2. Jack going down to his new home

(Stephen Cribb, photographer, Southsea)

Submarine No. 3

batteries having sufficient capacity for a speed of nine knots or a four hours' submerged run. Above the batteries are the four torpedoes and in the same compartment are more air flasks. In the rear compartment is the 160 horse-power, single-screw four-cylinder Otto gasoline engine capable of giving a speed of eight knots on the surface, the radius of action being about 400 knots. Here is also the electric motor, another trimming-tank, and other small pieces of machinery. The British boats go under at an angle and dive by the bows, and they are brought to the level at the required depth either automatically, or by hand-operated mechanism. At the rear of the boat are four rudders, two vertical and two horizontal. The former steer the boat to right and to left, whilst the latter steer it up or down. When running submerged the boat has a "reserve buoyancy" and will come to the surface unless kept under by the vertical rudders. The reserve buoyancy is a great safeguard for if anything were to happen to the craft it would at once come to the surface like a cork, except of course the hulk were so much damaged as to admit the water in large quantities.

During their trials both in the Irish sea and in the English Channel the British submarines have shown that they can dive and rise again to the surface with great rapidity, and in this respect they appear to be greatly superior to the French "submersibles" which take at least four minutes to disappear from sight. The French boats are driven on the surface by a steam-engine, fed with liquid fuel, and before submerging, the chimney has to be unshipped, and the engine and boiler allowed to cool. Up till now the French have not adopted the gasoline engines for their submarine boats.

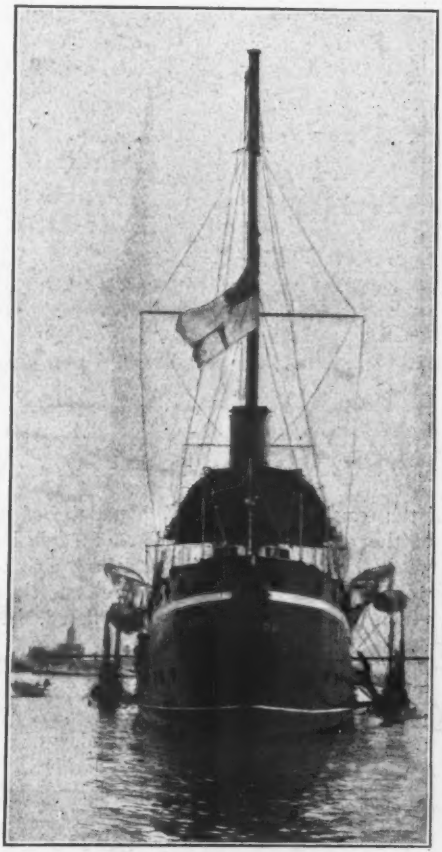
Our third photograph gives us another view of No. 3, and it cannot be said that it (one does not like to think of a submarine as a "female" though perhaps one should speak of the craft as "she") is a picturesque looking object. It looks in fact very much like a whale or some sea-monster, and one can sympathise with the writer, who said, "The submarine craft is a miracle of ingenuity, though Nelson and his hearts of oak, fighting only on deck in God's free air, and with the 'Meteor flag of England' fluttering overhead, would have loathed and scorned her burglarious area-sneak dodges down below."

The next photograph shows his Majesty's torpedo-gunboat *Hazard* and her two "babies," submarines Nos. 2 and 3 alongside. The *Hazard* has been acting as "mother-ship" to the Mosquito craft and on her the crews of the submarines live and draw their necessary supplies. There are those who believe in carrying a certain number of submarine boats on a "mother-ship" and is thus transporting them to foreign waters.

The last photograph has an interest because it will give the reader some idea as to how submarines may be destroyed in time of war. You cannot fight submarines with submarines, because both are blind and the "antidote" to the under-water fighting vessel must be looked for in some other direction. Although the British Navy has adopted the submarine torpedo-boat it recognises that it will have to devise some method of destroying the submarines that may be brought against our vessels by foreign powers. The officers of the *Vernon*, the torpedo-school of the Royal Navy, have been carrying out some submarine-destroyer experiments with a "spar-torpedo" fixed on to a torpedo-boat-destroyer.

A spar-torpedo may be seen on a small launch. It consists of a charge of explosive carried at the end of a long pole, and in action the launch would rush up to the enemy, run out the boom and explode the charge against the sides of the hostile vessel. This sounds rather a desperate game to play, and indeed there is little likelihood of such a form of warfare ever being employed.

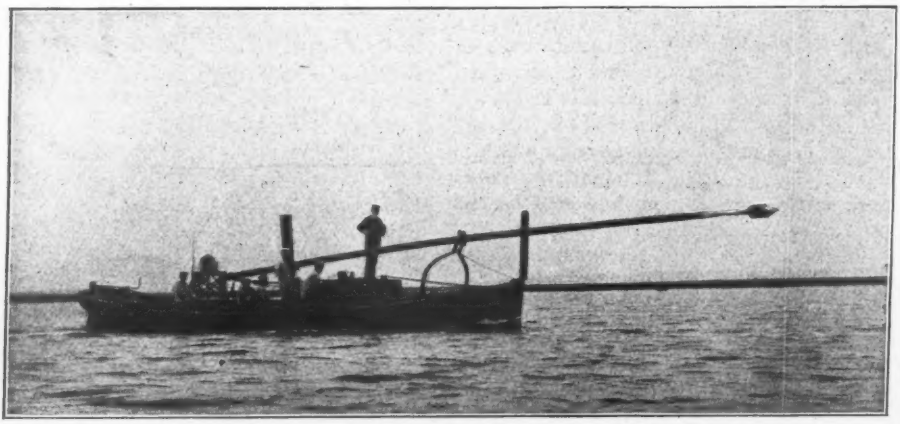
In the experiment here referred to a spar-torpedo was fixed on to his Majesty's destroyer *Starfish*, shown in our last illustration and the submarine was represented by a cask. The *Starfish* charged down on the cask and exploded its spar-torpedo as it passed it. The result was that the cask was blown to atoms. The submarine boat—say the staff of the *Vernon*—must come to the surface before it discharges its torpedoes and directly it is sighted the destroyer armed with spar-torpedoes, will rush on the unfortunate vessel at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and will either blow it into the clouds or send it direct to the bottom.



(Stephen Cribb, photographer, Southsea)

The "Hazard," the mother-ship to the submarine

Now all this reads very well on paper, but it must not be forgotten, that if the destroyer sights the submarine, the submarine will also sight the destroyer and will dive before the latter can get up to her. What the effect of the discharge of 200 lbs. of explosive would be on a submarine, and how far the "dangerous zone" extends, are questions which have so far gone unanswered. It must also be remembered that submarines will probably act in conjunction with destroyers, and it will be the business of the latter to attack the destroyers with which the enemy is intending to attack our submarines. All this sounds rather complicated, but then the next great naval battle between first-class Powers will undoubtedly be a very complicated affair indeed.



(Stephen Cribb, photographer, Southsea)

The spar-torpedo designed to destroy the submarines

Eclipse

I saw the shadow of eclipse last night,
Noiseless and lurid creep across the moon,
And all her radiance sickened, and a blight
Withered her beauty. In a waking swoon
Of some dull spell she stared upon the earth
Whose grim projecting shadow held her fast,
And had no light to give, and in her dearth
The whole world darkened and was overcast.
Then did I say—O Light and Very Sun,
My lunar self with its reflected ray
Faints also in earth's shadow, and undone
Thy splendour dies from off my lonely way.
Losing Thy Light, I perish in my place,
Athwart I see the mighty shadow loom,
And, hiding from the Sun my darkened face,
Mirror world's evil and give gloom for gloom.
O Light of Light! Can this strange horror be,
That aught should come between my soul and Thee?

L.H.

Things and other Things

Letters to Living Authors—IX. Sir Conan Doyle

THE peculiar characteristic of the letters received for this month's competition is that, while the whole of them, without exception, express almost unqualified appreciation of Sir Conan Doyle's genius as an author, very few of them are agreed as to which of his manifold classes of writing—to use that term for want of a better—most strictly entitles him to a place amongst the leading writers of to-day. The preponderance of opinion, however, if there be any, seems to point to his special creations of "Sherlock Holmes" and "Brigadier Gerard" as the principal favourites, "The Stark Munro Letters" and "Round the Red Lamp" ranking next to these; though there are by no means lacking advocates of his longer stories which do not centre round either of these characters, such as "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," and "The Tragedy of the Korosko," all of which have about an equal number of thick and thin upholders amongst those who prefer the phase of Sir Conan's work which they represent. The author's latest work, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," which might almost be supposed to have been written with a view to pleasing both the principal factions of his worshippers, curiously enough, appears to have satisfied neither of them quite completely. Nor is there apparent any much more decided consensus of opinion as to the author's particular forte. Some of the essayists will have it that it lies in the depiction of human character generally. Others—particularly amongst the admirers of the two series above mentioned—that it consists in specialisation of a very high order; the charm of each story being its exemplification of the working of a special type of mind under various and often unexpected circumstances. And others again are content with the rich repast of incident provided for them, and do not seek for further and deeper meanings as they read. One thing, however, Sir Conan's critics are almost universally agreed upon. It is that he fails to elicit any sympathy on his readers' part for his women, who, it is again and again asserted, are mere puppets thrown in for the purposes of the story. Opinions are again divided as to the wisdom of his attempt, at any rate while it was still in progress, to write a history of the Boer War.

FIRST PRIZE—£5 in cash.

To Sir Conan Doyle

DEAR SIR CONAN DOYLE—

Nearly fourteen years ago I had the great pleasure of an introduction to your writings, "Micah Clarke" being the medium. It was an excellent introduction, for I thought then, and I think still, "Micah Clarke" one of the most enjoyable historical novels I have read. Shortly afterward I read a still earlier work of yours, a clever detective story issued in the form of a "shilling shocker," and called "A Study in Scarlet." For once an author's earliest works were rightly appraised; the one being deservedly relegated to the limbo of the three-penny box, the other being as deservedly acclaimed one of the best novels of the day. It is true that "A Study in Scarlet" has since been given a new lease of life in a more expensive form, but I like to believe that you had no share in its revivification.

It may be said, then, that you had from the first a dual personality. One may go further, and say that having started with a dual personality you have now a multiple one. Like the Napoleon of your "Uncle Bernac," you can say, "It is as if I had drawers in my brain, so that when I opened one I could close the others." For myself I regret that one of these personalities has been carried so far. Perhaps I do the detective stories scant justice, for of Sherlock Holmes's many adventures between those of "The Sign of Four" and the "Hound of

the Baskervilles," I have read only a few. But always in reading them I had an uneasy feeling that they were more or less mechanical; that I was watching, I will not say a laying of bricks, but certainly the construction of an edifice from carefully chiselled blocks; and I own to a pleasurable sensation at hearing of Mr. Holmes's demise. After that I read "The Hound of the Baskervilles" from its smart commencement, through its dreary continuation, to its melodramatic ending; and as I laid the book down caught myself humming "The Funeral March of a Marionette," and fervently hoping that Sherlock Holmes's papers would yield no further material for Dr. Watson's use.

This is said in no carping spirit. I willingly admit that your detective stories are the best of their kind—that they are immensely clever is beyond dispute. My quarrel with them is that the time, thought, and energy expended on their production might have given us other books worthy to rank with "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," and "The Refugees"; any one of which I think far more than worth all the detective stories combined. Another of your personalities is apparent in the medical stories: "The Stark Munro Letters," and "Round the Red Lamp," but in them the persona, the actor's mask, is not so obvious. In other words, there is in them more of yourself, but it is not your best self. Your point of view is that of the medical man—the specialist, and as with all specialists, you sometimes forget that you are writing for laymen. I may instance one of the stories in "Round the Red Lamp," wherein the sins of his ancestors are visited on the hero, and the catastrophe is brought about by a convenient "accident." The motive may be interesting to a student of physiology; to an ordinary reader it is unpleasant, and to a sensitive one repulsive. Unconsciously, I suppose, the specialist, and particularly the medical specialist, takes his peculiar knowledge as a matter of course, forgetting that his readers are not equally informed. The regrettable outcome is that, on the medical and physiological side, his taste may become callous, he may lack sensitiveness, and write with a contempt bred of familiarity.

From the "Red Lamp" one naturally turns to "The Tragedy of the Korosko," because the descriptions of shot-wounds therein form a connecting link between what may be called the medical and the miscellaneous groups. It is a painful story, but to my mind, the best and most powerful of its class. It has telling bits of description, as when you speak of Nubia writhing "like a green sand-worm along the course of the river" between the Libyan desert on the one hand, and the "equally desolate wilderness, bounded only by the distant Red Sea" on the other: and of the death of the Arab on page 294, than which, perhaps, anything more graphic or unforgettable has rarely been compressed into six or eight lines of print. True, the characters, from the colonel to the young Oxford man, "looking about him with drooping eyelids as though he thought the desert hardly respectable, and had his doubts about the universe," are sketched rather than closely drawn; but they are sketched with so bold and masterly a hand, that we are left with a strong desire to know them more intimately. And that, after all, is a good test of the value of a book.

By the way, the worm simile occurs rather curiously in "Rodney Stone," where "at Kimberham Bridge the carriage lamps were all lit, and it was wonderful, where the road curved downwards before us, to see this writhing serpent with the golden scales crawling before us in the darkness."

But when all is said it is the earlier trio of historical novels, and their one successor, in which we take the greatest interest, and that yield us the greater pleasure. "Micah Clarke," with its sword-play and hand-grippings, its strong continuous narrative yet multitudinous episodes, of which that of the Maid of the Marsh and the death of the traitor Derrick come at once to memory, perhaps because it serves as overture to the Tragedy of Sedgemoor. We all like reading about strong men. Hordle John has a grip on our affection from the moment that he defies the Abbot and monks of Beaulieu; and so with his companions in arms. As to

dear quixotic old Sir Nigel Loring, he holds our love from the time that we meet him on Avon bridge; and we rejoice as heartily as do Alleyne Edricson and his squire John, when they welcome him back at Pitts Deep.

"The Refugees" followed. Practically it is two stories; the one dealing with France before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the other with the America of Fenimore Cooper. The first is by far the best, and is notable, among other things, for its admirable delineations of the contrasting characters of Mesdames de Montespan and de Maintenon; and for the sketch of "the most Christian King" and "father of his people" Louis. Then came the first of the Napoleonic series. A guide on the field of Waterloo—he was not an Englishman—told a friend of mine that he knew "The Great Shadow" well, and pronounced it "very fine indeed."

We had a long period of waiting, during which you were dominated by the detective and medical personalities, before you gave us Brigadier Gerard's stirring stories; not the least pleasing portions of which are those by which the good old Brigadier gives us so pleasantly conceited a portrait of himself. The book contains some happily done portrait touches of Napoleon, though on this point it is outdone by its successor "Uncle Bernac." "The soul of a poet and the mind of a man of business of the first order, that is the combination which may make a man dangerous to the world," says Louis de Laval; and this and other aphoristical sentences scattered throughout the volume, and the sidelights from such bits of descriptive narrative as that of the reception at Pont de Briques, together with de Laval's concluding summary, form as terse and trenchant a character-sketch of the Emperor as may be found almost anywhere.

You were good to us at this time, for between the "Gerard" and the "Bernac" you gave us "Rodney Stone," which, beside being a capital story, is one of the best pictures extant of the ruffianly gentlemen and the gentlemanly ruffians that "the first gentleman of Europe" gathered about him while Prince of Wales. As an apology for prize-fighting—if it was so intended—it is a failure, for no better epitaph on the sport could have been recorded than the words of Sir Charles Tregellis after the fight between Champion Harrison and Crab Wilson. "This ends my connection with the ring, nephew. I perceive that there is no possible means by which it can be kept pure from roguery. I have been cheated and befooled . . . and never again do I give countenance to a prize-fight."

I can only refer briefly to your achievements as an historian. "The Great Boer War" I believe to be as honest a statement of facts as, while controversy was still raging, it was possible to arrive at; and the pamphlet that followed it an unselfish effort for which you have duly and deservedly received the thanks of the nation. I must thank you also for the "Duet," which, if only one chapter were deleted or toned down, would be the most exquisite idyl of young married life of which I have knowledge; and above all for your "Songs of Action." "The Song of the Bow" must become a classic; "Cremona" is enough to make us sink the word "English" in favour of a shorter equivalent for "Great Britain and Ireland," and "Pennarby Mine" is worthy of Bret Harte at his best.

I am, dear Sir Conan Doyle,
Faithfully yours,
G. W. PARKER.

The Bank House,
George Street, Sheffield.

SECOND PRIZE—£3 in cash.

SIR,—

When "Micah Clarke" appeared about fourteen years ago the fiction of adventure was considered antiquated, superficial, and worthless as a presentment of life by many superior critics; they spoke superciliously of the writers who made a novel kaleidoscope of rapidly shifting events, and conducted their heroes scatheless through many and strange adventures. At the time many of our novelists were under the influence of the French decadent school, while they lacked the exquisite art by which Maupassant and his confrères made the unpleasant tolerable and often fascinating. Searching analysis of the morbid in human nature and realism however squalid and brutal were held to

compensate for all offences against either art or decency. In "Micah Clarke" you waved again the old standard of romance, giving us plenty of battle and bloodshed, adventures wild and delicious cropped up with lavish frequency, and we were carried irresistibly to the end without having to follow any tortuous and tiresome probings into motives or character. It was as champagne to the jaded public taste, and the appearance of another almost Titanic figure in fiction was hailed with pleasure. There were some faults of construction, but the book showed splendid promise of future excellence which has since been amply fulfilled, while your success has also given an impetus to many other workers in the same field who have come well to the front.

"The White Company" is a distinct improvement, and I like it best of all your works. Many excellent judges have declared it better than anything of its kind since "Ivanhoe." Although you deal with a very remote period of English history you infuse such vigour into the narrative that our interest never flags. I think you injudiciously challenge comparison with Scott's masterpiece in the tournament scene, but the attack on Villefranche is as well described as the siege of the Templar's stronghold, Hordle John is as real as Friar Tuck, and the quixotic Sir Nigel takes a prominent place among the humorous creations of fiction. In "The Refugees" you reanimate the Court life of Louis XIV. with its intrigues, its ruffling gallants and painted courtesans. When you change the scene of the story to the trackless forests of North America you are equally successful, rivalling Cooper in graphic vigorous description, while your delineation of the old seigneur is as good as anything in Scott. "Rodney Stone" might almost be called a novel with a purpose, as in it you try to justify the existence of the prize-ring in the cock-fighting, gambling days when George III. was King. Buck Tregellis is a good portrait of a Corinthian of the period, a type which has altogether disappeared from English life and will probably never reappear. The title of "The Great Shadow" is suggestive of the feeling of gloom which pervaded rural England when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power. The little book is remarkable for the picture of Waterloo from the point of view of the man in the ranks. It is a vivid piece of word-painting which makes us feel as if we were standing in line with your north country private, just as in "Brewster" Sir Henry Irving makes us realise every sensation of the old veteran.

Your mastery of the difficult art of short-story writing is wonderful. It is hard to say positively where excellence of a good short story lies, though the defects of a bad one are easily seen. The necessity for compression and restraint causes crudity if the craftsman be an amateur; in the novel it is often inevitable and allowable that the author's personality should be felt, but in the short tale he must put a curb on the tendency to intrude his own convictions or temperament; didacticism or self-consciousness is fatal; he must keep in the background like the man who works the slides in a magic-lantern. It is of course superfluous and may seem impertinent for me to speak of those matters to an acknowledged master of his craft, but I wish to show you that even the unprofessional mind can perceive the difficulties with which the artist has to contend, and can therefore appreciate the more the triumph you have achieved. In the "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," we have a D'Artagnan of the Empire gasconading through Europe with the legions of Napoleon. The admirable sangfroid with which he relates his adventures and the flamboyant note when he dilates on the personal perfections of Etienne Gerard, or on the prowess of the Emperor and his armies, add to our enjoyment of his stories and our appreciation of him as a character. But the best specimen of your powers as a short-story writer is, I think, "The Green Flag," the story of a regiment of wayward Irishmen who determine to hold aloof from a fight against tribesmen as a protest against the wrongs of the "distressful country." The revulsion when the character of their prospective allies is revealed to them, the triumph of the spirit of camaraderie, and the final moment when the little green handkerchief, which was to have been the banner of mutiny, becomes the rallying-point for a

stand which ends in annihilation, are indicated with a vividness which grips us, as Mr. Kipling does in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and Standish O'Grady in the story of the little drummer in "The Bog of Stars."

The difficulties both material and moral which strew the path of the struggling young professional man are dealt with by you in the "Stark Munro Letters." It is a plain story well told by its hero, who accepts good-humouredly the ups and downs of his career, and gives his opinions with a frankness characteristic of his creator. The pathological studies in "Round the Red Lamp" are well done, but I think more interesting to members of the medical profession than to the ordinary reader.

I suppose for one person who has read "The White Company" there are twenty who have followed the fortunes of "Sherlock Holmes." He is a new figure in detective literature. He does not depend altogether on conveniently overheard conversations, bizarre disguises, or any of the old devices. Marvellous inductive reasoning powers, an intuitive knowledge of human nature, a keen eye for detail, and an exhaustive acquaintance with the annals of crime, contribute to the success of his amazing coups. Outside of his *rôle* as a detective, you make his character a complex one. His hobby for chemistry, love of cocaine and tobacco, the readiness with which he can withdraw his mind from all contemplation of a problem, heighten our interest in him. When you put an end to his career, we are told that you were inundated with letters charging you with a callous indifference to the feelings of the public. On the other hand, admirers of your other fiction were pleased to think that you were free to devote yourself to more ambitious work. You have lately resuscitated the famous detective, and his reappearance has been an event of world-wide interest. Your indictment of the Mormon doctrine of blood atonement in the "Sign of Four," has been brought into prominence by a recent event.

In your historical novels we get a complete picture of the times treated of without the appearance of cram or pedantry, which often makes this kind of story such dreary reading. Of the literary influences that have helped to shape your career, I think that of Scott is paramount, and after him Charles Reade, though you have carefully avoided the irritating mannerisms which mar the perfection of "The Cloister and the Hearth." You are akin to Mr. Kipling in many ways, which are evidenced in both your novels and poetry, and, like him and the late Robert Louis Stevenson, you are essentially a writer for men. It is a unique tribute to your powers that you should so often succeed in holding our interest without the introduction of the love god. The affection which binds mother and son you always treat with reverence, as you do every sentiment which makes for manhood, but downright love-making finds very little place in your works, and your heroes are too virile for indulgence in puerile neuroticism.

Of your late work as a historian and pamphleteer, space does not allow me to speak. Universal satisfaction has been felt at the honour recently bestowed on you, though you have declared with a frankness worthy of all admiration, that it could not be considered a tribute to literature while the genius of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy was without official recognition.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

57 Devonport Road,
Shepherd's Bush, W.

THIRD PRIZE—£2 in cash.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

It is hard for any one to criticise your work, or indeed any work, impartially, without fear and without favour, but for me it is doubly hard. On the very threshold of my task I am held back, for around me as I write rises a great company of ghosts to bid me hold my hand. Sherlock Holmes' lean white face, mistily seen behind a cloud of tobacco smoke, smiles impassive contempt of my temerity: Sir Nigel Loring shakes his high bald forehead at me in dignified reproof, while Decimus Saxon swears by "Donner und Blitzen" that if he had me at half sword distance on Salisbury Plain he would teach me the respect

that gentlemen of the sword should receive from miserable ink-slingers like myself.

And indeed they have good right, these angry ghosts. It seems an ungracious thing to discuss the merits and demerits of the man who has introduced me to so many faithful friends, led me through so many stirring scenes, and whiled away so many weary hours as you have done. With you for guide, I have lain amongst the waggon spokes, watching the troopers of King James drive down upon our little barrier with clank of scabbard and clatter of hoofs; I have crawled with your "Huguenots" through the recesses of the forest under the black shades of the primeval hemlocks and shuddered at the death-laugh of the savage when the wood-runner's tomahawk crashed through his brain. It was you who led me to the rooms in Baker Street to study the unerring deductions of the master-detective, and you again sent me tramping through Hampshire and through Spain in step with the wild bowmen of the "White Company." And yet since I must speak frankly or not at all, do not these very good friends whom you have created recall other dwellers in that land of romance, whose gates you have so often unlocked for me? I seem now and again as I listen to the chatter of Aylward, the master bowman, to catch an echo of Denys the Arbalestier, and the novice of Beaulieu is surely some distant relative of Master Gerard Eliassoën of Rotterdam.

Would Decimus Saxon have ever thrown in his lot with King Monmouth, if Dugald Dalgetty had never drawn sword for King Charles? Sherlock Holmes, too. He sneered, if I remember rightly, at Dupin, but the dreamy eccentric Chevalier has many points of resemblance to the hero of the "Scarlet Thread."

The critics say hard things of your plots moreover, and even an admirer must in fairness confess that they do not hold the imagination, as do those of the masters of your craft. Dickens, for instance, in "Our Mutual Friend," to take one example, has worked out from quite hackneyed ingredients a motif which on its own merits grips the reader as certainly as it does the characters of the tale; while if any, deceived by the art which conceals art, do not realise the importance of the plot in his work, or in that of his yet greater contemporary, Thackeray, let them turn in the former case to "Edwin Drood," and in the latter, to "Denis Duval," and mark the intellectual wrench that comes with the sudden snapping of the thread in either case.

Contrasted with these, how fragmentary and slight seems the story of "Uncle Bernac," for example. A mere brilliant series of pictures hardly linked together by more than the mere character of the hero-narrator, in himself a somewhat dimly realised personage. The senses themselves are brilliant. Here and there, even, a touch of genius will fix one of them for ever on the mind, as in the picture of the broad glow of the Boulogne camp upon the coast, with the three tiny lights of the "watch-dog" shining clear to seaward; but to compare the story with one of the great models is like setting a series of *tableaux vivants* beside one of Pinero's plays.

It would seem, then, that the best of your work must lie necessarily within the somewhat narrow bounds of the short story of incident, that you should reach your highest pitch in such efforts as the Sherlock Holmes or Brigadier Gerard series. At first sight, perhaps, I may seem wrong in grouping these two series together, for in their style and handling, no less than in the characters of the central figure, they differ widely. The Holmes stories move slowly on from point to point. Sensational incidents occur, breathless adventures are carried through, but the real interest lies in the grave analytic reasoning of the hero and in the development of his paradoxical and yet real and living character. In the Gerard series all this is changed. The stories gallop, rattling recklessly along from start to finish. The swaggering, swashbuckling character of the hero, with all its virtues and vices, with all its commonplace limitations and its equally commonplace shrewdness, bursts upon the reader at one stroke, in place of the measured realisation which comes in the case of Holmes.

Holmes is a tour de force of individualisation; Gerard (even if the Baron de Marbot gave the first suggestion for him) is a type fit to ride down the years beside Lever's

Light Dragoons, the type of the Hussar of the Grand Army.

Yet, great though the superficial difference may be, the essence of both series is, I think, the same. It is, in both, the study of the adjustment of a human intellect, the intellect of a specialist in either case, to sudden and unforeseen occurences. You preach in both series the gospel of specialisation, albeit in "Sherlock Holmes" the doctrine is frankly proclaimed, while in "The Brigadier Gerard" it is only implied, and that most indirectly. In the former we see the specialist at work along his own narrow groove; in the latter we find him using the tools of his own trade for all kinds of work, but remaining all through none the less a specialist, always and for ever the professional soldier, and only by accident successful outside his own particular line.

And this brings me directly to what I cannot but think your greatest work: work which possesses, as none other of your productions do, a promise and potentiality of future development that should attain in time to the very highest point. Need I say that I refer to the stories, grim, sometimes sordid, often confusingly technical, grouped together under the title of "Round the Red Lamp."

It is also the work of a specialist; first and foremost that fact forces itself upon the notice; but it is the work of a specialist of the highest type. Physical disease, deformity, death, all these have been handled before, but never I think in quite the same way. We see before us as we read more clearly than we have ever been able to see it in any even of the greatest masters save perhaps Victor Hugo alone, that terrible interdependence of mind and body that makes so much of the tragi-comedy of human life. We see the wrenched and twisted mind, twisting and distorting the body, we see the tortured flesh re-acting upon the mind. Crude and incomplete, from an artistic point of view, these stories may be; they are undoubtedly painful and repulsive, but as "human documents" they are almost invaluable. You have, it would seem, given up this field of work, but had you persisted in it, what a masterpiece the completed effort would have been! There are stories in this little collection of studies of which Balzac himself need not have been ashamed (for instance, the every-day drama which commences with the hurried call for the doctor; the small tradesman dashing out in his shirt sleeves for help in his wife's trouble), and others, which, as I said before, might be rough sketches from the note-book of Victor Hugo. Over almost every tale in the book hangs a hard, resentless atmosphere of truth, crushing surprise lifeless, so that however wildly bizarre the happening, we are constrained to say, "How strange, but yet after all, that is just how it would happen"; an attitude of mind it is the very climax of art to produce.

I have but little space left me in which to touch for a moment upon your latest excursion into a new field of literary effort, as exemplified in your "History of the Grea' Boer War," but the book is one which demands a whole appreciation to itself, for seldom indeed, since the death of John Richard Green, have we had history written for us so vividly and honestly as in this volume. Yet, since it is always easier to attack than to praise, may I not hint that the chief, almost the sole defect of the History is owing to a deviation from your own doctrine of specialisation. We listen to your description of events with interest, we receive your estimation of motives with respect, but surely you ask too much when you expect us to believe that common sense and the experience of a civil surgeon or special correspondent in two or three campaigns entitles even you to undertake the reconstruction of the entire military system of Great Britain, and of the world.

But I must close this epistle at last; let me do so then with the expression of that sincere and hearty admiration for yourself and for your works as a whole, which is the sole apology I can offer for the frankness, not to say the crudity, of my criticism of them in detail, and after the fashion of the *Daily Mail* correspondent, let me subscribe myself

Your constant reader,

J. H. K. ADKIN.

3 Great Ormond Street, W.C.

Christ before Caiaphas—Mr. Thaddeus' Great Picture

It is perhaps not sufficiently realised how akin to the work of the preacher is that of the artist. In all ages and in all Christian countries there have been numbers of men and women who have received inspiration and encouragement in life from those masterpieces of the great religious painters which are now known wherever the Bible is known and the Gospel is preached. Walk through the galleries of Europe, and visit the magnificent cathedrals, and you will realise how great a part religion has played in the development of Art. In the great majority of the world's best paintings the subjects are taken from Scripture, and over and over again are portrayed the great outstanding facts and incidents of Christianity, the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, the Slaughter of the Innocents, the Baptism of Jesus, the Saviour and the Children, the Trials before Caiaphas and Pilate, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension.

Who can look at such pictures unmoved, or who, after a visit to one of the great galleries where the works of the Masters are displayed, has not felt an incentive to a nobler. a better and a more self-sacrificing life ?

Christ before Caiaphas
By J. H. Thaddeus

Again, to take another phase of the advance of Art, how interesting to trace in the religious paintings of ten centuries the growth of knowledge as a result of travel and research. The earliest pictures, although splendid in many cases from the spiritual point of view, teem with errors of detail which some might think ludicrous. Fire-arms and clocks and

mediæval armour are to be seen repeatedly in the pictures of the old Dutch and Flemish masters; but gradually the interest in ancient research has been quickened, until now, with the vast store of knowledge that has been accumulated, a great artist can paint a sacred scene with all the detail of environment and costume so accurate that it must be a veritable duplicate on canvas of the scene that took place centuries ago.

One of the most notable religious paintings of the last few years is undoubtedly the picture by Mr. Thaddeus, of "Christ before Caiaphas." It is startling in its originality, and after looking at the painting one realises vividly the scene at the mock trial of our Lord in the palace of Caiaphas. There is nothing artificial about Mr. Thaddeus' picture. He painted the scene as he believed it appeared nearly twenty centuries ago; and in order that no local colour might be missing, he not only went to the Holy Land to study the buildings and the people and the costumes, which we know have changed scarcely at all since our Lord's time, but he determined to *paint* his picture in Palestine, so that even for the smallest detail he might not have to rely only upon memory or notes. The most prominent figure in the picture is of course our Lord, not as he is usually portrayed, but as He undoubtedly was, a Jew among Jews. He is attired in the white garment and head-dress of the period; and as He stands before the scowling Caiaphas with wrists fastened behind his back, while a false witness gives evidence, the Saviour wears upon his face a look of holy resignation. Caiaphas, an aged man with white bushy beard and whiskers, sits cross-legged in oriental fashion upon an inlaid settee. His eyes are half closed and gazing piercingly, though disapprovingly, at the innocent prisoner as though he would read Him through and through. On the tiled pavement in the foreground lie the shoes of those in Court, put off according to eastern custom. A hostile mob, jeering and reviling the prisoner, are gathered at the casement, their heads pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the scene in the High Priest's presence, the hands of some raised angrily.

The painting is an original and realistic conception of the scene so graphically described in St. Matthew xxvi. and the other Gospels, and it may be regarded as the masterpiece of the painter.

Mr. Thaddeus is an artist of world-wide fame. He has at different times painted portraits of Pope Leo XIII., the King of Wurtemburg, the Khedive, and the four children of Don Carlos of Spain, and by all these distinguished people he has been greatly honoured. The portrait of the Khedive was painted for presentation to Queen Victoria, and so pleased was His Highness with the artist's work, that he selected Mr. Thaddeus to make the presentation to her Majesty. When the Committee of the Reform Club decided to have a portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted to hang upon the walls of the club, Mr. Thaddeus was commissioned to do the work, and his portrait is regarded by the great statesman's family as the best in existence. The artist was afterwards invited to Hawarden by Mr. Gladstone to paint a final portrait, entitled "In the Evening of His Days."

But "Christ before Caiaphas" remains the greatest achievement of the distinguished artist. It is a picture that must appeal to all, and readers will be pleased to hear that Messrs. Isbister and Co., Ltd, the proprietors of GOOD WORDS, will publish a magnificent photogravure of the picture which was prepared some time ago. The copies were originally to be sold at ten guineas, and orders were taken at that sum, but Messrs. Isbister and Co., Ltd., have decided to offer the proofs to the readers of GOOD WORDS for one guinea. Full particulars of how to secure the engraving, a reproduction of which is given opposite, will be found in the advertisement pages at the beginning of the Magazine. This is a rare opportunity to secure a masterpiece of Art and should on no account be missed.

A Clever Little Pom

NEARLY every dog can be taught to do tricks, and there are few pets of the house that cannot do at least one trick. But it is not very often that you find a dog who does a lot of tricks, and has taught itself all of them.

When I was in India I knew a clever dog of this kind. It was a little mongrel which really belonged to noboby but it would not

It balances itself very cleverly on the backs of chairs

be driven away, so one of the officers of the regiment took a liking to it and called it his. Very soon everybody liked it and it became, this little mongrel, the pet dog of the officers' mess. For it was so funny.

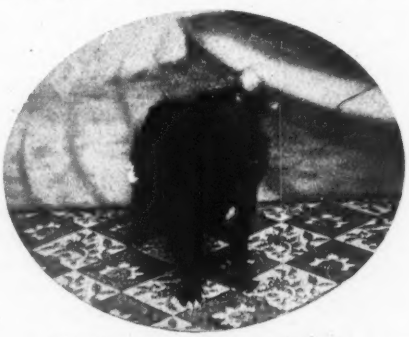
Whenever, for instance, it was scolded, it turned a somersault, and if told to go out of the room it lay down "dead," and let itself be pulled out by the tail. Among the other tricks it taught itself were to stand on the arms or the backs of two chairs, to "read" a newspaper, and to stand up against a wall with its hind legs stretched up as high as ever they could reach. It was a wonderful dog.

The officers said it was the ghost of the little native boy who used to be a page of the mess, and who was full of funny ways and tricks, and a great favourite.

'Reads' a newspaper

Our pictures are of a little Pomeranian dog that has taught itself some of the very same tricks. It balances itself very cleverly, as you see, on the backs of chairs, "reads' a newspaper, especially if some one will lend it a pair of glasses, as in the photograph. It likes to have things given to it to do which it thinks make it important. It holds a little lead ball on its head and likes doing it, and takes charge of anything that is given it.

"Poms," as they are called for short, are nearly always very bright and intelligent dogs. Little ones, "toy Poms," are the most popular as pets, but in Italy and other



It holds a little lead ball on its head

And takes charge of anything

countries they are found of a large size, are called fox-dogs and wolf-dogs, from their looking so like those animals, and are used as guards for the houses and flocks. At dog-shows you see very beautiful little kinds, not only jet black or snow-white, but sable, chocolate and blue.

The Better Angel

In those far days when we were young,
And rich in hope, though poor in pelf,
When earth so near to heaven swung
It seemed a part of heaven itself,
I grudged no joy of other men,
But thrilled beneath your lightest touch,
And thought you were an angel, then,
And loved you much.

But since you've shared the dole and mirth
With which the years my labour crown,
Since love no longer lifts our earth
To heaven, but draws the heaven down,
Since grief, like night, has touched your brow
And taught your eyes night's starry lore—
I know you are a woman, now,
And love you more.

A. St. John Adcock.

A Radiograph of the Human Fingers

The imaginary and impossible of to-day often becomes the matter-of-fact reality of to-morrow when science casts her gleams of penetrating light. And nowadays a patient that visited his medical adviser for the purpose of having the anatomy or bone-structure of his hand or foot exhibited to him would be regarded as nothing unusual, whereas such a request made some seven or eight years ago would probably have caused the medical attendant to look to the mind of his patient as well as his lower anatomy.

The peculiar radiation produced by electric discharges into "vacuum tubes" familiarly known as the "X-rays," or "Röntgen rays" pass with practically a very small amount of absorption through such substances as wood, stout and opaque paper, flesh, &c.; while other materials, such as bone, metals, glass, &c., greedily absorb them. Hence it comes about that if our hands, fingers, or other anatomy are interposed between a sensitive photographic plate and a vacuum tube that is giving out Röntgen rays, the bones absorb more or less the whole of the rays, while the flesh absorbs comparatively few, thus producing a negative plate which gives an accurate positive representation of the bones along with any other foreign substances which the rays cannot penetrate.

The accompanying radiograph exhibits how beautifully these mysterious rays perform their functions. The coins and watchguard were laid on the plate over which the fingers were placed, the sensitive film being in contact, except for the opaque brown paper in which the plate was wrapped to protect it from the light, as the room where the radiograph was made was illuminated by ordinary gas-light. While completely protecting the plate in normal light it is of no consequence to the penetrating X-rays as the illustration shows.

The electric current is then discharged from the battery into the tube under which the fingers and plate are arranged at a distance of about nine or twelve inches away. For about twenty seconds or so a peculiar flashing of bluish rays takes place, and then the electric current is turned off, and the plate only needs developing and treating as an ordinary negative to produce a picture of our anatomical details.

From the illustration it will be readily seen how the least particle of metal or similar substances, or bone fractures, can be located. In making a radiograph in this way, care has to be exercised by the surgeon before operating as the fingers shown are of the right hand although apparently from the left. This arises from the fact of laying the fingers on the film of the plate—which

A radiograph of the human fingers revealing coins and watchguard hidden beneath

method gives sharper definition—and which negative position the operator has to allow for.

The details of the radiograph give the relative indications of the nails, and surface of the bone structure. The tips of the first phalanges of the fingers are shown very perfectly.

It does not necessarily follow that a radiograph (photograph) has to be made to reveal anatomical faults. The presence of these rays is detected by the luminescence of certain fluorescent substances, *i.e.*, platino cyanide of barium, sodium, or potassium, &c., placed on a screen. And when the patient places his limb between the rays and one of these coated screens a shadow is projected which shows clearly the bone-structure; while a piece of wood or vulcanite interposed does not prevent the luminosity. J. J. WARD.

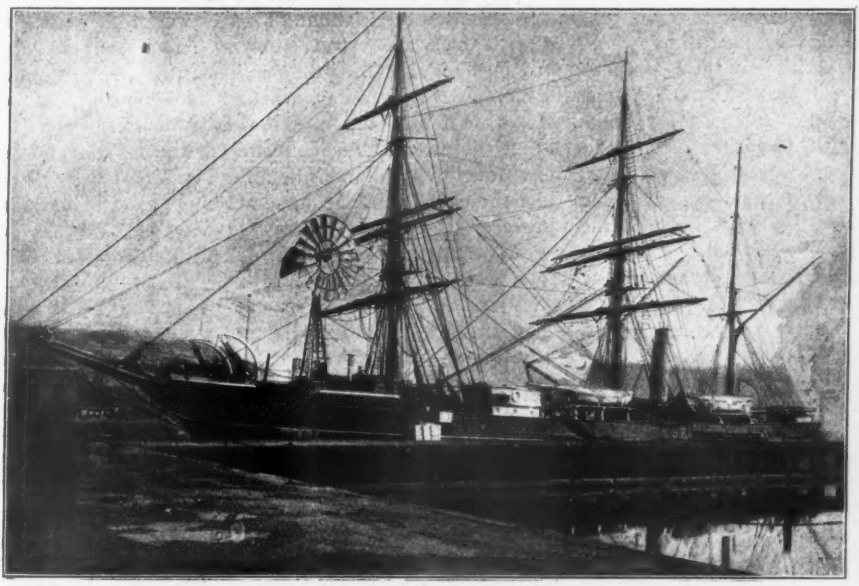
Utilising the Wind

OUR photograph on the opposite page shows the wind-power plant on the *Discovery*, the vessel in which the Atlantic Expedition has gone to try and locate the South Magnetic Pole. The *Discovery* is to be away three years, and it is, of course, important that she should use her coal supplies as sparingly as possible. In order to enable her to do this a wind-power plant has been erected by means of which the wind will be used to work a dynamo and thus generate a current for lighting the *Discovery* or for any other purposes for which it might be required. H. F. C.

Military Pay: Notes of Five Centuries

IT is a remarkable fact that the further we go back in history, and, therefore, the more nearly military service approached the normal condition of those above the rank of agri-

cultural labourer, the better seems to have been the pay of the soldier. If we take a period of five hundred years, a steady decline in his condition is to be seen. He was generally better off than the labourer, though not invariably, and he did not always get his pay. The pay of the officer, under the old feudal system, which he obtained, for instance, in the campaigns of Edward III., may seem high, but then so were his expenses. For from forty to sixty days he took the field, helps us much. The cost of board alone gives us some notion of the standard of comfort. At Agincourt, three-quarters of a century later, the pay was very much about the same. Now the agricultural labourer had during this time 4*d.* to 6*d.* a day, a carpenter, say, 6*d.* An artisan could always get work—witness the buildings that have come down to us—but the labourers had a bad time in the winter. Board we may take at 2*d.* a day. It is generally admitted that the



The "Discovery" showing wind-power plant

at his own expense, and it was a point of honour, being a tenant of the Crown, that he should bring with him as many men capable of bearing arms as he possibly could. He was bound to provide a certain number. We may be certain that he was always out of pocket, and he was very often ruined. At the date of the Crecy campaign the Prince of Wales had £1 a day, an earl 6*s.* 8*d.*, a baron 4*s.*, a knight 2*s.*, and an esquire, captain, or leader 1*s.* A mounted archer had 6*d.*, a foot archer 3*d.* Probably, if we multiply by twelve, we shall get as true an idea of the value of money reckoned in our coinage. No amount of expert evidence labouring classes were well off in the fifteenth century. The soldier had opportunities of plunder, and booty and ransom were part of the trade of war then. Many and many a man came back a great deal better off than when he started. But the system of ransoming captives was speculative in the extreme. Some men spent a large portion of their lives in captivity, waiting for an exorbitant ransom which often never arrived. For this cruel system the nobles were mainly responsible. As to the status of the private soldier, the archer, drawn from the yeomanry—the small freeholders—was undoubtedly a better man than the private of to-day. I think we

may very well compare him with the Imperial Yeomanry of the twentieth century, men not dependent on the day's work for the daily bread. Sometimes the labourer himself appeared on the field of battle with the implements of agriculture. It was well for him if his side was victorious. The Wars of the Roses were fought more by the men-at-arms than the archers; they were paid probably as the leaders and squires, &c., at Crecy and Agincourt, 1*s.* a day, say. But during this part of the fifteenth century, during the whole century, in fact, the labourers and artisans were very well off indeed, and had little temptation to change their lot for soldiers in a quarrel which had but little interest for them. It was a merciful provision of Providence that these terrible internecine combats were fought entirely by the classes who had from the era of the Conquest made it their business to fight. So that what the men-at-arms drew in the way of wages was mostly booty. Now let us take the Tudor period, or that part of it comprised by Henry VIII.'s reign, multiplying the values by six to get an approximate comparison. The archer had 6*d.* to 8*d.* a day, the mounted archer 14*d.* to 16*d.*, the skewerer or cavalry scout, about the same, and the mounted men-at-arms, or spear, about 18*d.*, the petty captain 2*s.*, and the captain 4*s.* The petty captain had fifty men to look after. Gunners had 12*d.* Henry tried the experiment of paying his troops in Ireland 4*d.* a day, but it was proved to him that they would have to take coyne and livery as well; horse-keep being very expensive. Innkeepers' charges were 2*d.* a day in England about this time. As a rule a mounted man was paid twice the wage of a foot soldier. The board of a yeoman was reckoned in Henry's reign at 3*d.* a day. At this period began the deterioration of the army; practically it did not exist from now till the Commonwealth period. As a fighting machine no one dreams of comparing it with a feudal army, though the English soldier won fame under every flag but his own. Now let us step on a hundred years and take Cromwell's army, which was of good material and well paid—on paper, if we multiply by three to bring it to our modern reckoning. A private (1644) had 8*d.*, a dragoon 1*s.* 6*d.*, and a trooper 2*s.* In the field 1*d.*, 2*d.*, and 3*d.* was added to these three classes, and the same amount again, as "billet-money." But in one of the last years of the campaign pay was nearly doubled owing to the rise in the price of wheat. But though Parliament was better off than the king, the latter, on the whole, by hook or by crook, was able to pay his soldiers better. But the reasons for this are too various to mention here. The agricultural labourer's wages were rather more than the private's pay. The officers have now assumed their modern titles. A colonel got £1 a day, a lieutenant-colonel 15*s.*, a major 13*s.*, a captain 8*s.*, a lieutenant 4*s.* (these we may compare to the captain and petty captain of the former era), and an ensign had 3*s.* The horse were paid about a third more and drew also, colonel, major, and captain 2*s.* a-piece for six horses, and subalterns at the same rate for four and two horses. Now the provision for the sick and wounded in the sixteenth century was not enough; it did not exist, in fact. The provision at home in time of peace for even the king's servants when ill was admittedly inadequate. In Cromwell's time, however, 4*s.* a week was the hospital allowance, and pensions of 4*s.* to 8*s.* a week were granted, though the soldier was generally left to the care of the parish. Formally no provision was made for him and he turned robber, though specially good service was rewarded by grants, by pensions of 2*d.* a day (in Henry VIII.'s time equivalent to a board wage). In Plantagenet times and in Tudor times grants of land or offices at Court rewarded the good knight, and the great Parliamentary leaders had grants which we may fairly compare with the £50,000 granted to a living general for an excessively arduous and successfully organised campaign. Blood money (£100) was given to a man who lost both eyes at Marston Moor. After Worcester fight (1651) a captain's widow got £200, and a private's £20. On the whole, the army of the Parliament was well paid. All that the private soldier can say to-day is that his pay if poor is punctual, and that he gets a pension.

M. C.

Ruskin's Maps

By W. G. Collingwood

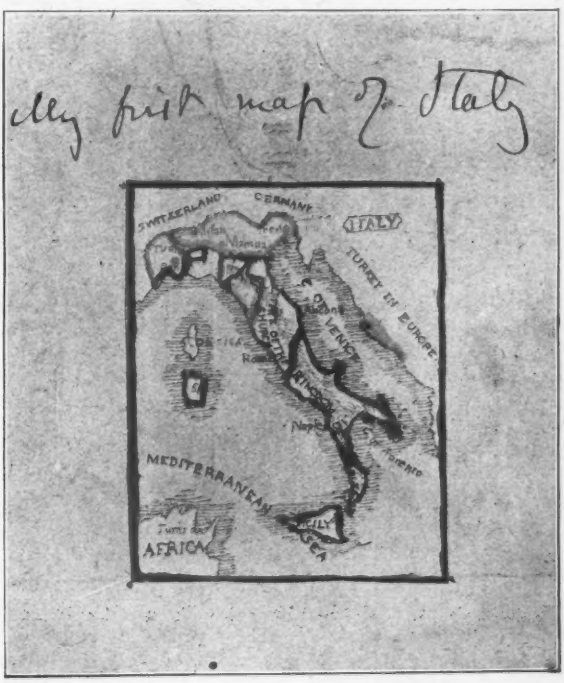
READING the map is as great a pleasure to some people as reading a story-book. You will see them pore over the atlas for an hour together, going on dream-journeys. It is a cheap way of globe-trotting, and gets rid of the discomforts; only one must have imagination to turn the wriggling hair-lines into vistas of river scenery, and the woolly-bear shading into forested crests and peaks against the sunset. It needs a good deal of imagination to get over the ugliness of most modern maps; but why should maps be ugly?

That is a question which Ruskin often asked, and he gave a great deal of trouble and time to the subject: not enough to carry out such a reformation as his energetic preaching and teaching did effect in some other things, but perhaps we have not quite come to the end of the story yet.

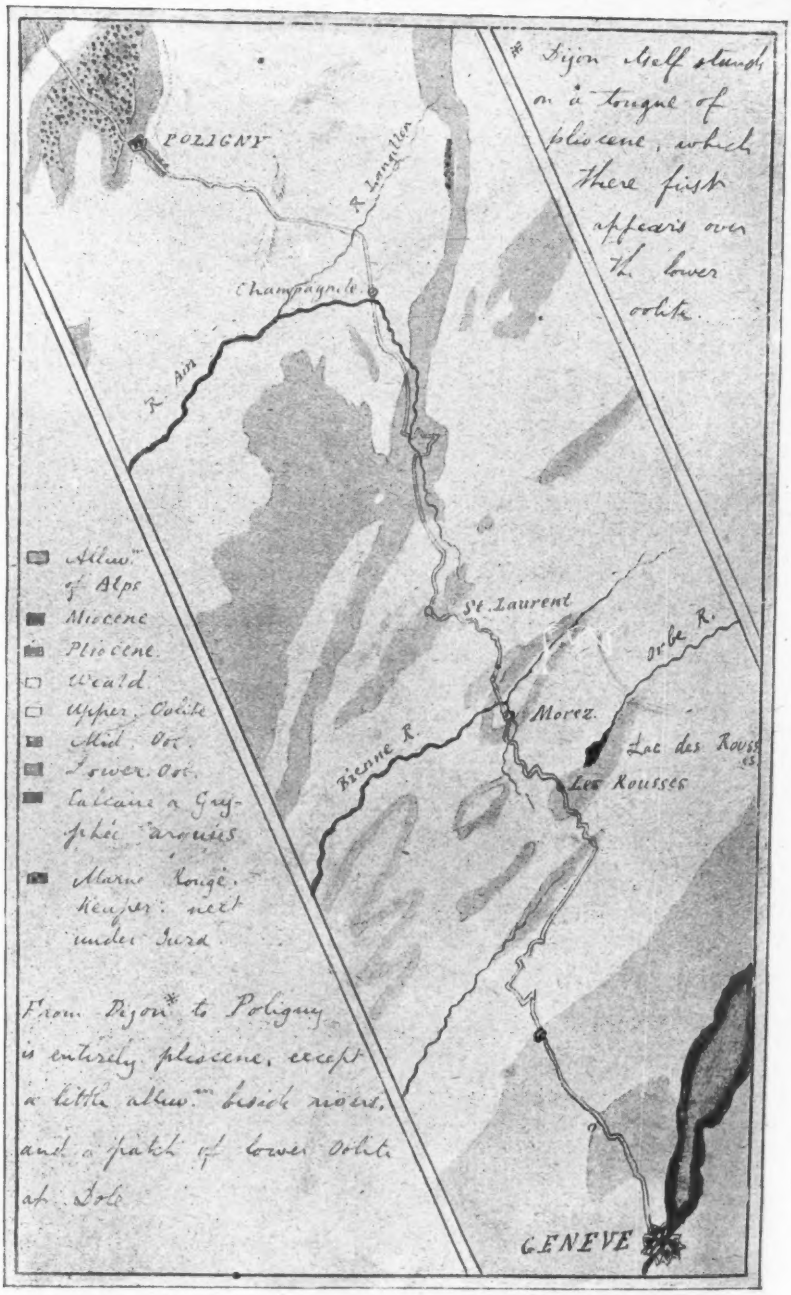
Any way, the map-readers, and all who have known the bliss of owning a Bible with a "Palestine" for solace during sermon-time in childhood, or have realised the privileges of even Bradshaw's ugly diagram on a long journey—all these will not think it strange to be told that Ruskin was a map-lover too, and that he was nearly as fond of plans as of pictures. Indeed, the old complaint against his art-criticism was that he wanted pictures to be maps, decoratively coloured diagrams of nature, in which you could find your way about, know the points of the compass, latitude, altitude, geology, botany, fauna, flora, and the universal gazetteer.

He says in the Notes on his Turner Exhibition that he began to learn drawing by copying maps, and only came to pictures later. It is a biographical fact that his first use of a paint-box was to tint seas blue—not skies; and to ornament his outline with a good full red and green and yellow. Here is his first map of Italy, facsimiled from the coloured original. You see how he tried to be neat, and how he knew, without having to amend his lettering, to put one D and two R's in "MEDITERRANEAN." About Germany he was always antagonistic or inattentive; here, you see, he thinks it is in Austria! It is hardly possible that he was really copying when he made that characteristic blunder.

Why do we refer to these childishnesses? Because he—the art-critic and art-teacher—began his art career not by sketching people or cottages or flowers, but by copying maps; and because he ended his career in bidding his hearers do likewise. Of course the value of advice entirely depends upon what you



At seven or eight: size of the original, by John Ruskin



Geology on the old road, by John Ruskin

mean to do with it. If you want to make colourable imitations of fashionable pictures, don't take Ruskin's word for anything. If you want to be a scholar in the school of the Old Masters, then you might do worse than listen to him. They "leant on a firm and determined outline"—that is Sir Joshua Reynolds; they started with painstaking draughtsmanship, and added colour touch by touch; and so he says, "I place map-making first among the elementary exercises," and so forth. He made his young pupils begin with simple facsimile—"If you can draw Italy you know something about form"—and then paint the globe with its conflicting shade and local colour. Afterwards, in setting one at Turner, he would say, "I want you to make a *map* of the subject. Get the masses outlined, and fill in the spaces with the main colours; and that will do."

The next photograph is from a coloured drawing of the same size; the pale tints are pink and yellow and green, and the Lake of Geneva, which looks rather blotchy in the print, is more pleasant in ultramarine. This is one of a set of geological maps made to illustrate the course of the usual tour through France and the Alps, perhaps, to judge by the handwriting, for the journey of 1835, when he made special preparations to study geology. He could hardly carry a bulky sheet or atlas, and so extracted just what he required, in a series of neat little pages, put together into a home-made case, ready for use at any moment. Little boys who take this kind of trouble are likely to become men of weight; at least, they get to know how interesting the world is. Ruskin on a journey was never bored, unless he was ill; he looked out of window, and poked you up: "Now, put away that book; we are just coming to the chalk," or, "Are you looking out for the great twist in the limestone?" And the changes in the face of the country, with new flowers and varying crops, were a continual entertainment.

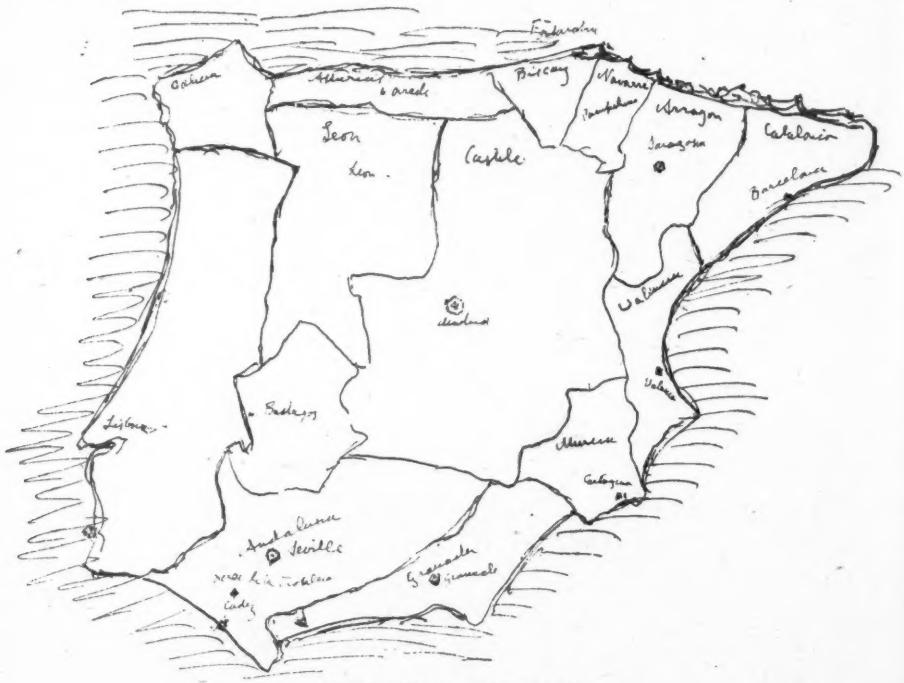
When he preached the importance of an observing eye, artists said that he wanted to have geological diagrams instead of pictures; but his preaching had its effect. English landscape art, with all its drawbacks, generally gives you some idea of nature; while the foreign art, which knows not Ruskin, often glories in preposterousness or sins in ignorance. The Lake-district shops have been flooded this summer with postcards made in Germany, and meant to represent favourite views at home. At least they are labelled with well-known names, and the general forms are evidently from photographs; but —like the posthumous portrait—"how changed!" You know Langdale Pikes by their dark slate-rocks, deeply blue in the Lakeland atmosphere, and grimly cloven with tall gullies. In the postcards they are bewitched into lumpy hummocks of whitish brown, evidently coloured and finished up by a man who knows the limestone hills of Germany, but not our district. The foliage here is nothing if not the rich, sappy green of a rainy land; but these trees are all dry and dusty, trees of a limestone country. Our grey-roofed houses are gay with red tiles; our black tarns are green, and so on; never was such bewildering transformation. There is a real value in a set of these cards as an object-lesson in the relation of geology to landscape.

Another use of maps to Ruskin was in writing the descriptive eloquence for which his readers chiefly admire him. I remember a very good judge of pictures and books once choosing the best passage of Ruskin—not that such "bests" come to much—and fixing on the bird's-eye-view passage in which he takes you with the stork and the swallow on their northward flight over the varying scenery of Europe ("Stones of Venice," II. vi., § 8; "Selections," I., § 20). Now this has all the imaginative charm of Hans Christian Andersen's "Snow Queen," or George Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind"; but it is nothing more nor less than notes on the map of Europe—of course, by a map-lover.

To help in such work he collected maps wherever he went, and kept them in a special set of drawers in his study, some mounted on spent diagram-cards from his lectures, and some dropping to pieces with wear and tear. Among these are still his first map of the Lakes, from Jonathan Otley's Guide of 1827, and his old Keller's "Switzerland"

of 1844, which he used forty years later, saying that he did not want the railways, and no new map showed the roads better. Of favourite towns, such as Venice and Amiens, there are large-scale plans, the best that could be bought; and of some Swiss districts, like Neuchatel, there is quite a library of cartology. A highly detailed map of Médoc, from a wine advertisement, was found useful; likewise Britain with the centres of Trinity College, London, which he kept for its clearness. Philip's "Authentic Map of England" is endorsed "good common use," and he even kept close at hand a set of children's dissecting maps. The Ordnance survey is fully represented, but because too much was put into these beautiful six-inch sheets, he has coloured them fancifully and vigorously, to get clear divisions of important parts. Clearness and distinctness, every one must feel, are not the strong points of modern cartography, hence the use of sketch-maps, such as this of Spain, scribbled on a sheet of ruled foolscap to keep him in mind of the graceful, swinging coastline and the proportions of the provinces.

The overloaded modern map is a work of



Sketch of Spain, by John Ruskin

reference—it is a dictionary, not a book. Ruskin felt that it was useless for educational or literary purposes, and he was continually trying to improve away the detail and to substitute graphic statistics. One line of this attempt was in the direction of models. Beck's raised map of Switzerland (1853) was often in use, but it was spoilt for him by the shining surface, which catches high lights and distracts the eye: all models ought to be painted in dead colours, except the water, which needs the shine for the sake of transparency.

So, in 1881, when he was working at the physical geology of the Coniston neighbourhood, he tried to make a model of the hills and dales, to see how the strike and dip of strata and the faults and dykes in the rock came out in relation to ups and downs, lake-

basins and crags, and so forth. He found modelling too tedious to carry out himself, and, with characteristic oddness in his employment of means to ends, he set his gardener, the late Dawson Herdson, on the job. Herdson made a very fair general sketch in clay of the Old Man, and the main features as seen from the Coniston side; but he had not pegged out his distances, and when Dow Crag was built up into emphatic gloom, and Leverswater hollowed into depth, the smaller heights had no space left for them, and the effect was altogether too willow-patterned. Then Ruskin put another of his *employés* to work, and after much labour the model now in the Coniston Museum was evolved.

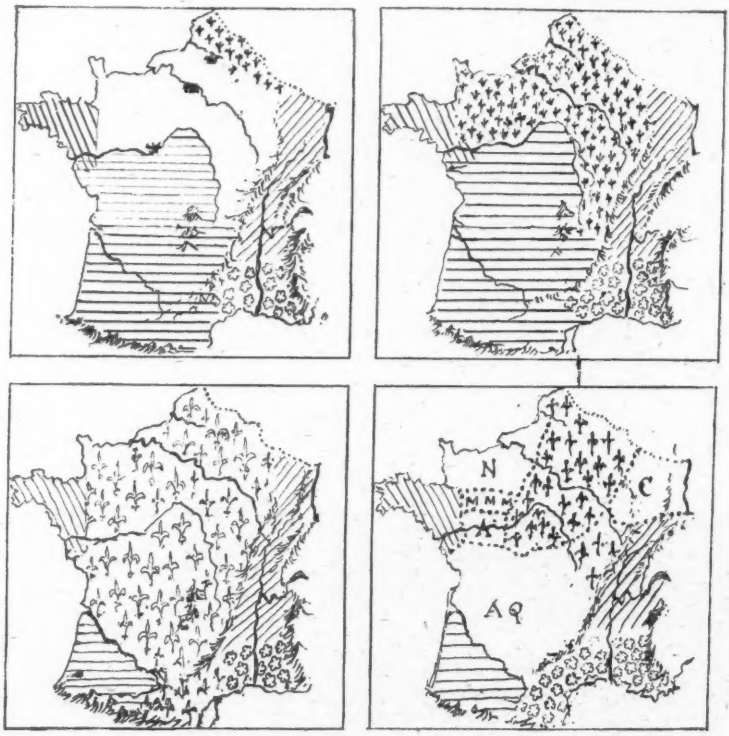
This was intended to be photographed or engraved in a side-light, as one of a series of physical maps. Another was to have been Savoy, for which Ruskin made the sketch here shown. The black Lake of Geneva is dark blue in his drawing; the valleys are green, and the mountains roughly knocked in with lamp black and Chinese white, tinted over with yellow for limestone, pink for Mont Blanc protogine, and red for gneiss. Rough as the sketch is, you see the structure of the Alps, the lie of the land, at a glance. Towns, roads, and all the rest should be shown, he said, on separate plans.

Towards this purpose he collected bird's-eye views in great variety, from Maclure and Macdonald's lithograph of the Soudan, to quaint old panoramas, of which one—the mountains seen from the Buet—is quite like a William Blake design of Heaven and Hell, and fit to serve as a background to all the mythologies. Also, for their pleasant picturesqueness, he liked the queer productions of ancient cartographers, such as Edmund Squib's funny map of China (1655), and a seventeenth-century production called "The New Map of Muscovy," and "The Course of the Great River Wolga,"

Physical sketch of Savoy, by John Ruskin

by A. Olearius; with pictures of Russian peasants along the banks, and the camels of "the Tartar who dwells on the plains of Thibet." Such maps have the charm of

His attempt at a diagrammatic history of France, sketched on a page of note-paper, was intended for "Our Fathers have Told Us," —his projected school history of the "Nice



The history of France, by John Ruskin

graphic expression; they don't pretend to be gazetteers, but they take you about the country with the entertainment of a traveller's tale.

They are decorative also; that was another appeal to Ruskin. William Morris has shown in the illustrations to the Saga Library how maps can become picturesque designs, and this was quite on the lines that Ruskin would have followed. He might not have inserted dragons of the deep, nor, as in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, nymphs and shepherds on the hills and lakes, out of all proportion and possibility; but he thought a map could be far more explanatory and ornamental than the usual School Atlas.

Things that have Happened." You see—and for lack of space I must leave it for your further insight—how he designed to show the roses of Provence and the lilies of France in this garden of Gaul, at one time feebly struggling, then blowing fully and freely spreading, then broken in upon by the wild beast of war; the lily bed trampled and ruined; Aquitaine wasted to blankness, and so forth. Worked out completely, an atlas of history on this plan might be as pretty as any picture-book. A child accustomed to such maps would have little trouble in remembering the outlines of national growth, and the whole tedious business of dates and uncouth names would be infinitely lightened. Perhaps, some day,

Ruskin's hint will be taken, and his suggestions will bear fruit.

He never cared for worship and admiration, when they did not mean the understanding of his aims, and the carrying out of his work. He knew his gift was to irrigate, as he said—to suggest and stimulate. People called him an egoist; but how wise in its humility was the close of his preface to "Love's Meinie!" — "It has been throughout my trust, that if Death should write on these, 'What this man began to build, he was not able to finish,' God may also write on them, not in anger but in aid, 'A stronger than he cometh.'" And for much that he has left us to do, no greater strength is needed, but only the glory of going on.

The Vigil of the Christmas Rose

By Florence German

WHEN Eve, our Mother, left the Garden of Paradise, she gathered a lapful of her favourite flowers to take with her, and lo! even as she passed the Gate, the flowers dropped and faded and the white petals shrivelled up and turned brown, the first withered flowers the earth had seen. And Eve's hot tears fell on the flowers and she dropped them down on the threshold of Paradise. Now a small white flower, half-hidden in leaves, grew just within the Gate and when she saw Eve weeping her heart was stirred with pity. "Will she find any flowers to comfort her out there in the thorny waste?" she asked the Angel who stood at the Gate.

"She forfeited all her flowers and garlands and fruit when she broke the commandment and ate the apple," answered the Angel.

"May none of us go with her out into the wilderness?" asked the flower.

"None," answered the Angel.

"And will the children of men never again have flowers to gladden their eyes and sweeten their toil?" asked the flower anxiously.

"Yes," said the Angel, "after many hundreds of years the Earth they have watered with their tears and laboured with their hands and trodden with wearied feet will bring forth blossoms again."

"And will she, beautiful Eve, will she be there when the new blossoms come?" asked the flower.

But the Angel shook his head. "Nay, long ere that her body will have returned to the dust whence it was made."

"And may I not go with her now?" asked the flower while a shiver passed through its leaves.

"The Law has gone forth," said the Angel sadly, "that neither flower nor beast may pass out of Paradise."

"And if I broke the Law?" said the flower.

"Then your punishment would be even as Eve's—you would be driven out of Paradise, and in that same hour you would lose your beauty and your glory and be even as the earthborn plant."

"But I should grow at her feet, her fair white feet, and remind her of Paradise and comfort her," said the flower.

"Will you not be content and patient and obedient like the other flowers, and wait till the appointed time comes?" asked the Angel.

"But meantime she will have no one to comfort her."

"But you will lose Paradise," said the Angel.

"But I love her," said the flower.

Then the Angel raised his sword, and "Pass," he said, and the little flower slipped over the threshold. And even as she passed a weight as of death fell on her heart and the white beauty faded away and her petals turned a pale green hardly perceptible among the green leaves. "Will Eve know me like this?" thought the poor little flower. And

for many a long day the hellebore grew at Eve's feet and looked wistfully up in her face; but the sad, tired eyes never fell on the blossom and no hand was stretched out to gather it. At last when her first-born, her wild, brown-eyed boy, was about a year old, crawling at her feet, he seized on the flower and the mother taking it from his hand dropped a tear on it remembering Paradise. And again, years afterwards when the awful hour had struck and man's blood shed by man had cried to Heaven for vengeance, on the day when Eve prepared her son's body for burial she gathered a garland of the only flowers she had and laid it on Abel's breast and a drop of blood fell on the wild hellebore. And when the long years were all told and our mother was laid in the earth, the hellebore covered her grave with its leaves and blossoms. This was all she had gained, the touch of tears and of blood and the neighbourhood of death. Then came days still more barren for the hellebore, men no longer had memories of Paradise and no longer looked for flowers and beauty in the earth. Going forth to hunt or to fight or to labour the stubborn earth they passed by the hellebore unheeding. "But the time will come," she thought, "foretold by the Angel, when men will grow gentler and the earth will be subdued and the flowers will leave their Paradise and bloom with men." And the time came, but it only made it worse for the hellebore for the Flowers of Paradise had forgotten that she was akin to them and shrank away from her as if she were an alien thing, a child of the wild disordered earth. And the children of men crowned themselves with the flowers of Paradise and the heart of the hellebore died within her. Then one night she woke and found the Angel gazing down at her.

"Thou didst break the Law," he said gravely, "for love of the children of men. Have they repaid thee by their love and gratitude?"

"They have cast me out and know me not."

"Thou didst give up thy beauty and glory for their sakes. Do they plant thee round their homes and place thee in their garlands?"

"They have driven me out and I dwell alone in the byways of the earth."

"Dost thou repent that thou wert not patient and obedient even as the rest?"

"Nay," said the flower, "for I have been close to sorrow, and to sin, and to death, and know that love is stronger than all."

Then the Angel turned on her the glory of his grave, gracious countenance.

"Have patience," said the Angel, "and when the love that shall conquer sorrow and sin and death is born into the world thou, of all flowers, shalt be the first to see it. And in that hour thy glory shall return to thee."

. . . . . .

A still warm night under the blue Syrian sky, every star awake in the blue heavens, every flower hushed and asleep in the green fields, only one small flower, so green, so small, so insignificant you would have taken it for a leaf, was awake, expectant as it had been every night for hundreds of years. "If it should come to-night," it thought. Then all at once from one end of the broad heavens to the other flashed a great white light, and from the heart of the light was poured in rapture that first Christmas song which, ever since, the world has been trying to learn. And as the first ray of light fell on the hellebore she said in her heart, "Behold it is come."

A rush of hurrying feet, a murmur of eager voices, it was the joyful crowd of shepherds hurrying to the city of Bethlehem. And behind them, sobbing in his haste, limping on a lame foot, in rags, came a little shepherd lad. His heart was of all most eager to welcome the new Master-Shepherd, but his feet were halt and lame, and his hands empty of an offering. What was that among the grass at his feet, fair and white and shining even as a pearl? Was not the earth herself providing the gift for an offering? The lilies of the field, the roses of Sharon were asleep under the stars, it was the white hellebore that was brought as a gift to the manger.

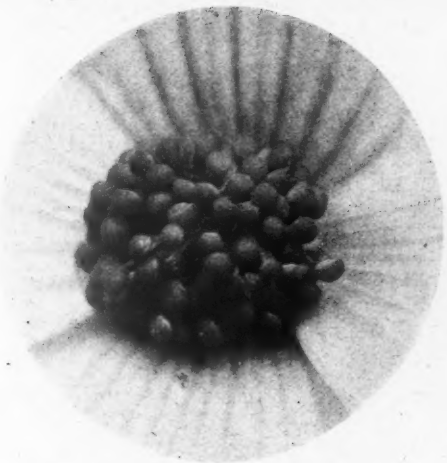


Fig. 1. The central portion of a male begonia flower (slightly magnified)

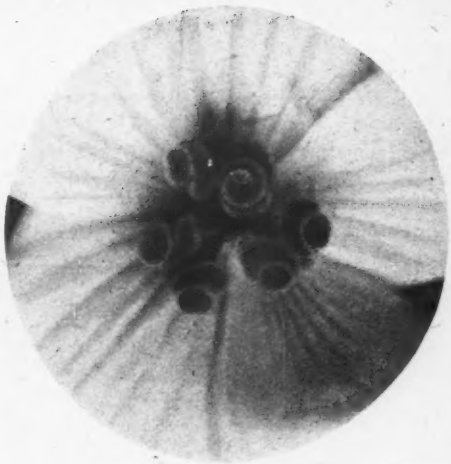


Fig. 2. The central portion of a female begonia flower (slightly magnified)

Minute Marvels of Nature

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

VII.—Pollen, or Flower-Dust

EVERY one who has smelt a large white lily is familiar with the yellow dust which he gets upon his nose; but not every one is aware that in this proceeding he has usurped and misconducted the function of the bee. If the man with the yellow nose would wander about the garden, smelling other lilies he might be almost as useful as a bee or a fly; for he would convey the male pollen dust of one flower to the female organ of the next, and so ensure that cross-fertilisation, which

Fig. 3. Stamens from various flowers showing pollen-sacs or anthers (slightly magnified)

is so essential to the welfare of plants. Man, however, has no purpose to serve by making himself ridiculous in this way; so he desists. But the bee, who gains a draught of nectar from each lily-bloom goes on and on, until he has mated all the full-blown lilies in the garden to each other.

For the first fact which we have to realise in order to understand the life of plants is that amongst flowers sex exists as much as among animals, though the male and female individuals are not necessarily separate blossoms, for the greater number of flowers consist of both male and female individuals in one bloom. Sometimes, however, the male and female flowers are separate; and our illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2, show the central and essential organs of the two sexes of flowers of a cultivated begonia, slightly magnified. Fig. 1 represents a male flower and reveals a cluster of golden-stalked objects with swollen globular heads, which the botanist terms "stamens." These swollen heads or, to be exact, "anthers," play a very important part in the flower's history, for it is in them that the fructifying pollen-grains are developed and ripened, after which the anthers burst and shed their thousands of coloured granules just at a time when the showy and coloured parts of the flower, as well as the honey, are at perfection. For the main function of the coloured portions of the flower is only advertisement to insects of good honey or nectar within. The plant has no interest in providing honey for its insect visitors other than the transference of the pollen to the female blossoms; as likewise the insect has no friendly desire to convey these male fertilising grains to their destination, but inadvertently does so, owing to the special adaptation of the flower, which dusts it

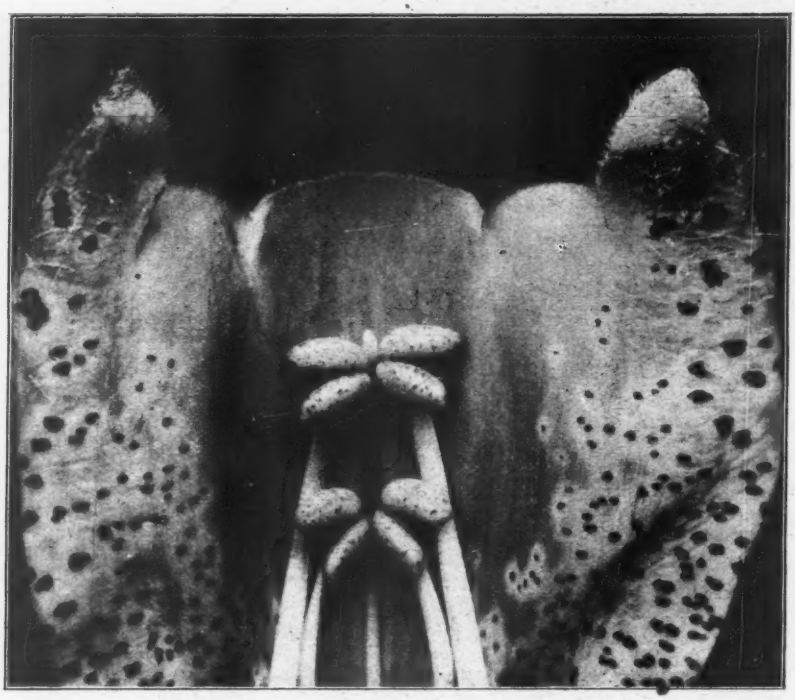


Fig. 4. The tubular corolla of the foxglove opened to show the stamens in situ (slightly magnified)

Fig. 5. Pollen-grains falling from the stamens of a cultivated mallow flower (magnified)

All flowers will not be found like our begonia example to have separate sexual flowers. If a buttercup, primrose, or fuchsia blossom be examined each will be found to contain both pollen-producing stamens and receptive stigma; hence these are male and female flowers combined. But plants like the begonia, with separate sexual blossoms, are almost certain to have all their female flowers fertilised by pollen from neighbour flowers, and so cross-fertilisation is brought about, which results in better seed than those produced by pollen from the same plant or flower.

Now that we have seen what a stamen is, we may look into a few flowers for them, and we shall notice at once that while some have no stalks, but consist of anthers or pollen-sacs only, yet the greater number are stalked and often conspicuous. A few of these are shown slightly magnified in Fig. 3, the first being that of the fuchsia, with white pollen-grains bursting from its anther; and the second, that of an African lily, with dark grey pollen. The stamens of the lily tribe are conspicuous by their movable or "versatile" anthers, and are familiar with pollen-grains while it is gathering the honey.

The second illustration exhibits a striking difference, although it represents a flower from the same plant, for this is the sister blossom. Instead of the crowded pollen-bags we see several fringed corkscrew-like objects, which collectively the botanist terms the "stigma," and these represent the receptive surface for the pollen-grains which rub from the legs and bodies of the winged insects that have previously visited male flowers. This, then, constitutes the transference of the pollen by insects, and is sometimes called fertilisation, although it is merely the means to that end, fertilisation has yet to take place, but of this more anon.

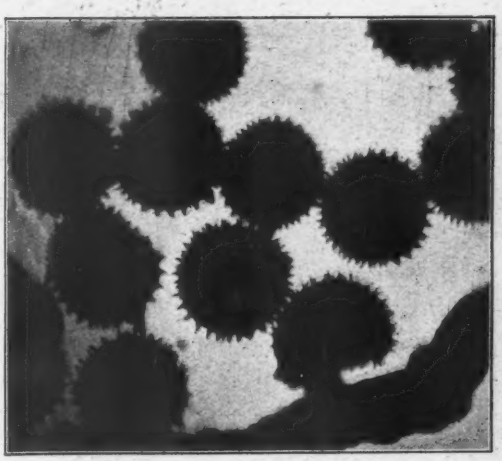


Fig. 6. Spiny pollen-grains of the hollyhock

in the large white and tiger lilies, a stamen from the former being shown as the third example in the illustration. The fourth represents the stamen of the garden nasturtium; the fifth, that of a snapdragon, with bright yellow pollen; the sixth, a begonia, with paler yellow pollen; and the seventh, an unripe stamen of the foxglove, with its pretty divided yellow anther spotted with red. After ripening this eventually bursts and scatters myriads of silvery pollen-grains. Thus it will be seen that the pollen-grains vary greatly in colour in different flowers although yellow is strongly dominant.

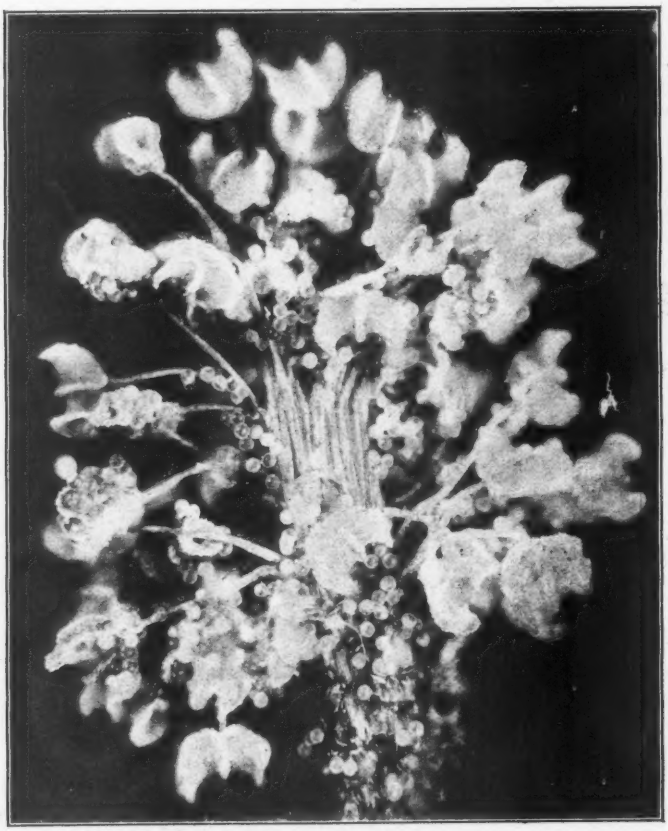


Fig. 7. A cluster of ripe stamens of a common mallow flower, showing pollen-grains (magnified)

The stamens and anthers in highly developed types of flowers are usually so arranged as to ensure fertilisation by means of the insects which visit them; but I have space for only one example to illustrate this. Fig. 4 shows the inside of a blossom of the foxglove, which has been cut open, showing its stamens and stigma *in situ*. The corolla tube of the foxglove is neatly adapted to the bulk of the large humble bee, and as it enters and backs out again, with this arrangement of ripe anthers over its back, it invariably gets dusted over with the abundant pollen, and this it carries to the next flower, where if the stigma is ripe and receptive it is almost impossible for the bee to enter and return

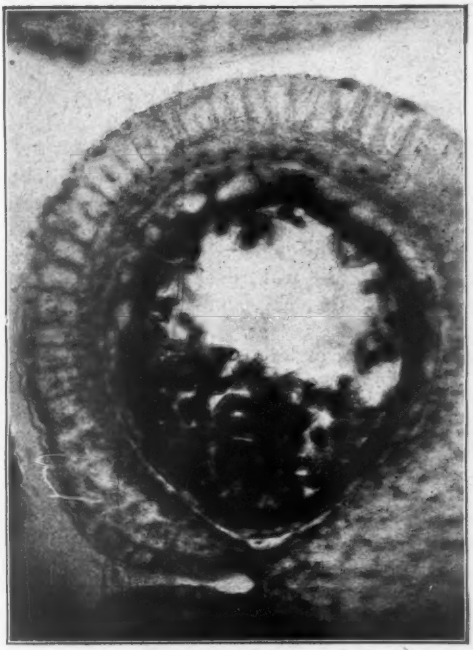


Fig. 8. Section of the anther- or pollen-sac of a lily, showing pollen-grains within

without leaving numerous fertilising pollen-grains.

But it may occur to the reader that the bee would rub or shake the pollen from the stamens on to the stigma of the same flower. This, however, is prevented by the simple arrangement of the anthers coming to maturity and scattering their pollen before the stigma becomes receptive, after which the stigma develops and ripens and so receives pollen from other flowers. The stigma in the illustration can just be seen peeping above the upper pair of anthers, and the latter are shown just when the anthers are ready to burst.

It may seem somewhat astonishing that such vast quantities of pollen should be produced, yet considering the great amounts that are washed away by heavy rains and damaged from other external causes, not to mention the quantities that are appropriated by bees to make "bee-bread" for their young, this abundance only reveals Nature's adaptability to circumstances.

To examine pollen by means of the microscope with suitable illumination invariably causes astonishment and delight, for these tiny granules then appear in their natural colours and extraordinary forms, often like clusters of jewels both wonderful and beautiful. Fig. 5 shows a few stamens from a flower of the mallow family with the pollen-grains falling from them. Each grain, it will be seen, bears an individuality, is in fact a perfect little translucent sphere; but this is not all, for, when highly magnified, each is studded over with regular spiny projections after the manner of the hollyhock pollen-grains shown in Fig. 6. As the mallow family present very fine examples of stamens and pollen, I have given a further example of a cluster of ripe stamens from a common mallow in Fig. 7.

The various external markings, spines, sculpturings, and roughened surfaces, and the geometrical forms assumed by the various kinds of pollens, not only provide beautiful objects for microscopic investiga-

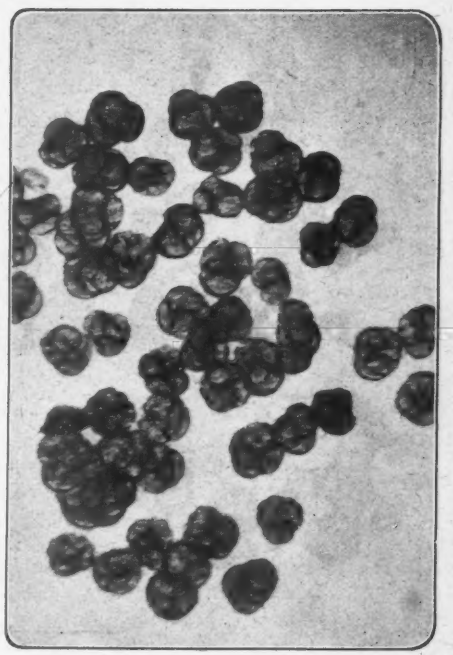


Fig. 9. The compound pollen-grains of *Catalpa*

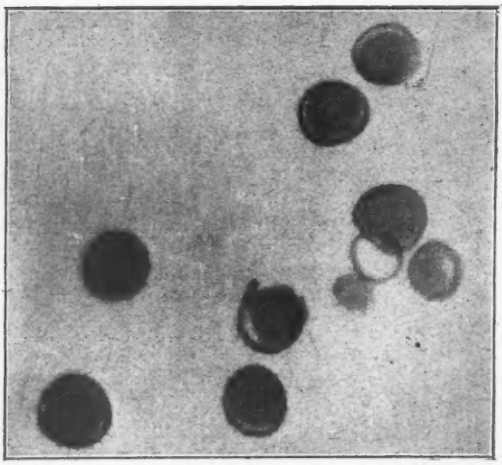


Fig. 10 Sections of pollen-grains of the mallow flower, showing that the microscopic granules possess the characteristics of vegetable cells

to the sticky stigma of the next blossom it visits.

To understand the structure of the pollen-grain we must make a section of it. This may seem an extraordinary suggestion, considering that we are dealing with a microscopic atom to commence with. However, Fig. 10 shows several sections of pollen-grains highly magnified. In these examples it will be plainly seen that each grain is surrounded by a cell-wall, the outer surface of which bears the raised points, ridges, and other markings found on pollen-grain. Even this simple looking cell-wall is found to consist of at least two different layers of vegetable tissue when seen still more highly magnified.

Inside these protective layers is a dense mass of granular life-matter, or "protoplasm," which is rich with starch

tion, but are also of service in more readily adhering to the hairy legs and bodies of insects, as well as to the sticky stigma to which they are subsequently transferred.

If we make a section through an unripe anther-sac, such as is shown in Fig. 8, we find the pollen-grains dividing up amongst themselves as the plant growth proceeds to form new grains, until the cell bursts with its store of ripe fertilising dust. And this brings us to the pollen-grain itself, for these tiny and beautiful vegetable atoms exist generally speaking as individual cells, complete in themselves after they leave the ripe anthers, although exceptions often occur. For example, Fig. 9 shows an instance of compound pollen-grains, though even these are really composed each of four individual grains externally united. Similar compound grains are found in some orchids, while in others the whole of the pollen-grains remain united into two club-shaped masses, which become attached like two horns to the head of the bee as it visits the flower, and so are carried whole

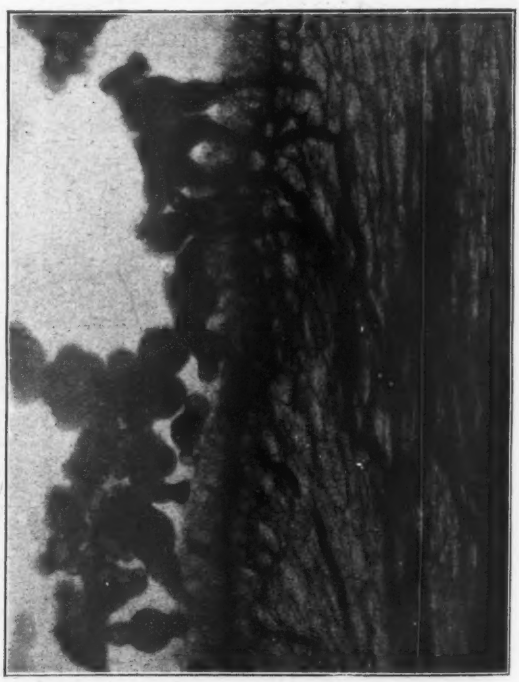


Fig. 11. A portion of the stigma of the evening primrose shown in section with the pollen-grains emitting pollen-tubes which penetrate the tissues of the stigma and ovary

grains and tiny drops of oil, and amongst which the nuclei or living centres of the grains exists. Of the layers of tissue which constitute the cell-wall of each grain, the botanist terms the outer layer the "extine," and the inner the "intine." When a pollen-grain reaches the stigma the viscid fluid which the latter secretes causes a kind of germination to take place, and through certain weak places in the extine layer the intine begins to bulge and gradually forces a way through, assuming the form of a little tube, which increases in length in a very wonderful way. It acts very much like the young root of a germinating seed as it penetrates the soil, the difference being that instead of growing down into the soil it penetrates the stigma and continues its course through the spongy tissue until it reaches the ovary or seed vessel, guided by various contrivances such as delicate hairs or papillæ. The pollen-tube, formed from the elastic tissue of the intine, reaches an extraordinary length in comparison with the size of the grain before it reaches the ovules, which after fertilisation are destined to become fruitful seeds. Here the pollen-tube opens, and the contents of the pollen-grain, including a nucleus, are passed through the tube into the embryo seed, after which the seed develops by a natural growth.

Fig. 11 shows a section of a portion of the stigma of the evening primrose, with the germinating pollen-grains in position. These pollen-grains are flattened and of triangular form, some of them being shown in Fig. 12, and it will be seen in the former example that the grains emit their tubes at the corners, and these can readily be seen insinuated amongst the cells of the stigma and its neighbouring tissues.

In Fig. 13 is shown another example of a flat triangular form of pollen-grain from a common garden *Godetia*, which plants belong to the same family group as the evening primrose, and it is, generally speaking, an easy matter for the botanist to trace the family to which a plant belongs by an examination of the pollen-dust, for the grains usually possess characteristic features, although some families develop two or three well-marked types. Fig. 14 shows a pretty pollen-grain from the flower of *Cobæa scandens*, a cultivated climbing plant, called in its native country the "violet ivy," and allied to the phloxes of our gardens.

The common vegetable marrow flower of the kitchen garden produces comparatively large spherical pollen-grains, shown in Fig. 15, with eight to twelve conspicuous pores closed with a valve. The extine is studded with tiny spines, and when the intine makes its egress in the form of a pollen-tube it pushes through one of the pores, throwing its closing valve to either side, or removing it altogether: and even this valve will often have several spines on its surface.

And here let us not fail to remember that we are considering but a microscopic grain of dust, barely visible to the keenest eye.

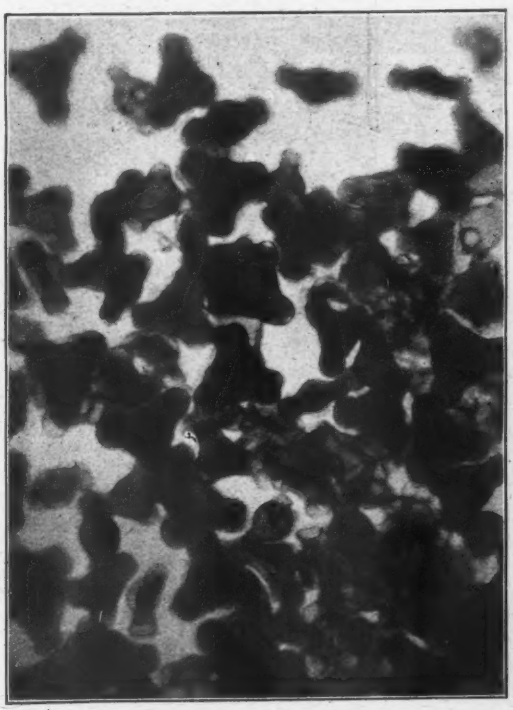


Fig. 12. Pollen-dust from the evening primrose shown in various positions

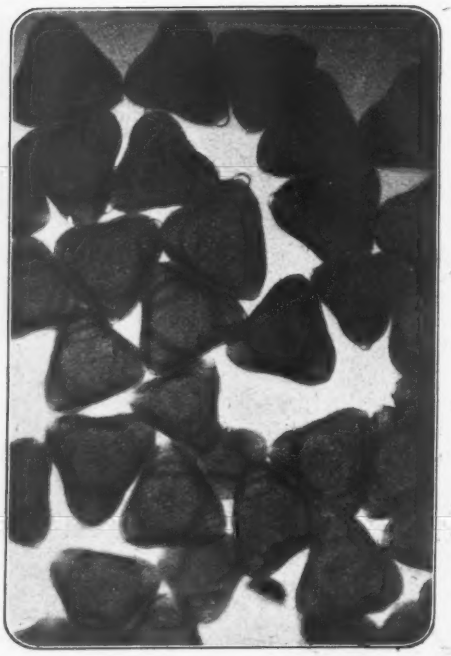


Fig. 13. The triangular pollen-grains of *Godetia*

It is so easy when engrossed in microscopic subjects to forget how infinitely small is the original before us.

Each of these wonderful and beautiful granules we find, given favourable conditions, perfect in structure and habits, and yet the abundant quantity that is produced is quite astounding. It has been estimated that a single blossom of dandelion produces on an average no less than 243,000 pollen-grains, each alike beautifully sculptured and formed. And again in the case of a pæony 3,654,000 grains have been recorded, and as an average for the blossoms of a single rhododendron bush no fewer than 72,620,000 grains have been estimated. And, since these numbers apply to flowers fertilised by insects, the enormous totals

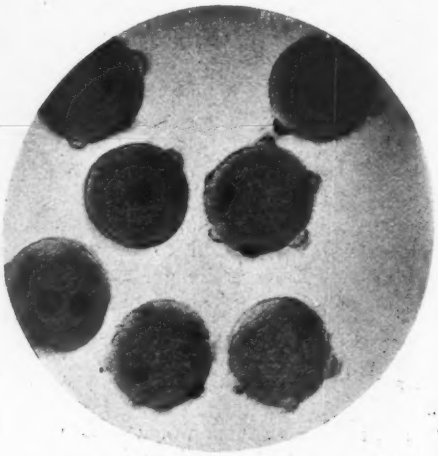


Fig. 15. Spherical pollen-grains of the vegetable marrow flower, showing pores

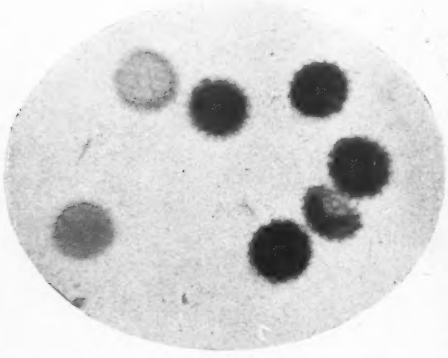


Fig. 14. Pollen-grains with their surface reticulated in a regular hexagonal manner

that would be reached by wind-fertilised plants such as pines, firs, birches, poplars, grasses, &c., are beyond our calculation or even imagination. These wind-fertilised flowers are usually developed in the spring before the leaves, so that the latter are no obstacle to the pollen which is blown in showers from tree to tree. Showers of pine-pollen are frequently recorded at considerable distances from the source of their origin. Sometimes the pollen from remote woods has fallen in the streets of towns, giving the surface of the puddles a sulphur hue, and so has caused

alarm to the inhabitants who imagined a fall of sulphur had really taken place, producing fears of worse things to follow, until the microscope plainly revealed its true nature. Fig. 16 shows some crowded grains of the pollen of the pine, which in shape are somewhat like a curved dumb-bell.

This has necessarily been a brief and cursory account of the pollen-grain and its functions, but it may at least have served some purpose, if it has brought home to some readers the fact that beauties of form exist, and marvels of function are carried on beyond the range of unaided human vision. It should teach man humility to reflect that although he sees nothing of these fascinating wonders they lose nothing—his is the loss.

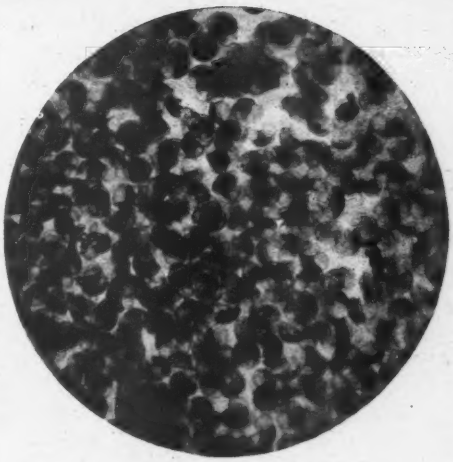


Fig. 16. A magnified view of the familiar dust or pollen of the pine-tree flower

Coo-ee!

By F. J. Davey

Illustrated from Photographs

PART I

A PICTURESQUE part of the river is where the stream, leaving the alluvial flats, suddenly widens out into what is called the Broadwater, a hill-encircled, island-dotted lake, rather more than a mile across. And by the merest accident it happened that the six of us whose farms lay around its shores were of a somewhat better class than the usual run of backwoodsman. Not only that, but we were all fairly young, two others besides myself were married, and Jim Aherne had his sister living with him, so that we were not without ladies' society, and altogether we considered ourselves the upper crust of the Wimbriatta—not that we dreamed of putting on any airs. But there was a seventh farm, the owner of which had long been our crumpled rose-leaf—and the epithet involves gross flattery—for the old man's quarrelsomeness, vulgarity, and shameless mode of life had been an evergreen scandal to all his neighbours. But at last he had been gathered to his fathers, and our rejoicing had only been tempered by pity for the fathers, and a natural anxiety to know what sort of person old Byfoot's nephew and heir might prove to be. And when Harry Coltsworth came opinions were divided. He had decent manners—that was one point in his favour; and he was young—that was another; but he had been a clerk in a bank or something like that, and consequently knew about as much of farming and the ways of the bush as a tombstone does of skylarking. Still, he seemed to be good-natured and good-tempered—had no more kick in him than a pet canary—and so we all agreed that we would take him for six months on trial as one of ourselves, and, if possible, make a man of him even yet.

Not very long after he arrived, we had one of those stifling hot summer nights when the thermometer realises its wildest dreams, and nobody else can have any dreams at all, even with every window open. I tried in

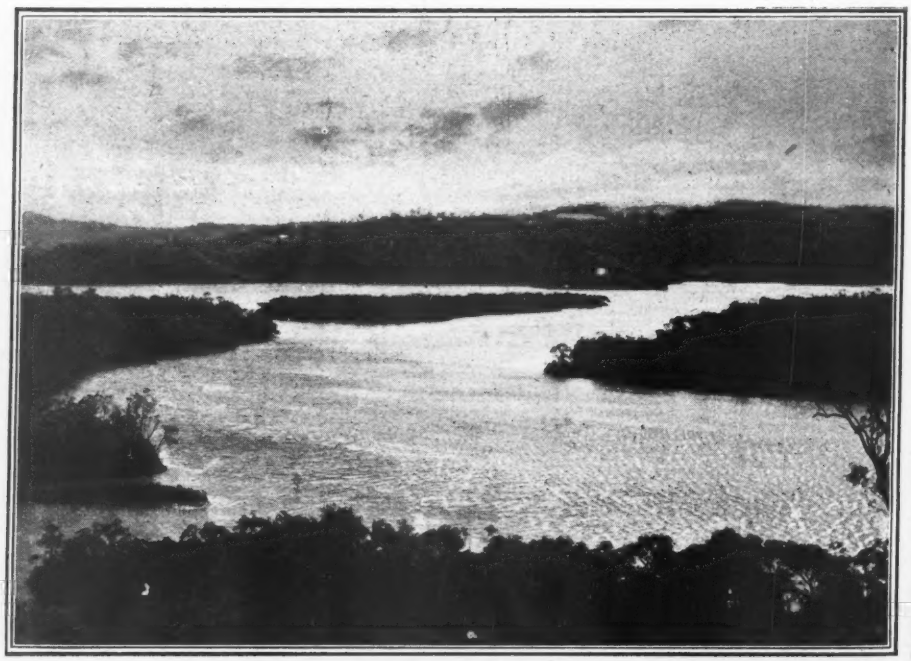
vain to go to sleep; I had counted sheep as far as my arithmetic would go, with the result of a very colourable imitation of brain-fever; other dodges had achieved equally pleasing results, but at last I was just softly slipping over the borderland, when Possie suddenly sat bolt upright in bed, put both hands trumpetwise to her mouth, and gave vent to a clarion blast which was something between a mad bull and a prima donna. Immediately—as spontaneously as if they had been drilled for the occasion—four mites shot up like clockwork in their four respective cots, opened their mouths till they had no faces left to wash, and yelled out four long wails of unutterable woe. I sat up, too. "How beautiful is night!" I mused aloud. "How soft! how sweet! how calm! See how the stream, the stars, the woodlands, hush——"

"I wish you'd hush too!" interrupted Possie. "Listen! didn't you hear somebody calling?"

"I fancy I did hear a still small voice or two," I responded; "five of 'em, in fact; five angels murmuring in my ears—and broke both drums."

"There! I heard it again, Phil. Some poor fellow must be drowning, or something, out on the Broadwater. You'll have to go and see. Make haste!"

I groaned, for I knew well enough the great unwritten law which governs the bush, that no man must neglect to respond to a coo-ee, any more than he may dare to coo-ee in the first place without good and sufficient reason, especially at night. Old Byfoot had probably run amuck of every other law, human and divine, but even he would never have dreamed of infringing that. There was no help for it, and I was out and dressed quicker than Possie would have remembered where she'd put her auxiliary hair, but she encouraged me most helpfully. "Do make haste, Phil! Never mind your hat! You couldn't lie here comfortably



An island-dotted lake

while the poor fellow's out there drowning. Oh, do be quick!"

"That's all very well," I growled; "but what right has the poor fellow to be out there drowning while I was lying here comfortably?"

"For goodness sake, don't stop here chattering!"

There was a good show of moonlight, but the sky was a little cloudy, and all I could see when I got outside was something—I could not make out what—in the middle of the Broadwater, and the coo-ees were sounding so loud and coming so quickly one after the other that it was plain there was no time to be lost. People didn't coo-ee like that for nothing! Luckily, the boat was in the water, so in I jumped (not even waiting to coo-ee in return) and pulled for all I was worth. As I drew nearer, the calls grew more agonising and insistent than ever, and then—they suddenly ceased. The shouts had been trying enough to listen to, but the imagination ran riot in the terrible silence that followed. What was happening? Was I too late after all? I could not resist the temptation—though it was wasting time when every second was of importance—but I simply could not help stopping for a moment to look round over my shoulder. A punt was lying moored out in the water, but my heart sank, for there was no sign of any one in it, nor of the drowning man, and the wavelets sparkling in the moonlight suggested horrible thoughts of what was probably lying all too still below. Oh, to have been five minutes earlier! To my no small relief there were five or six other boats pulling rapidly, all converging towards the punt as to a common centre. Out of the distance the beating of a dozen rowlocks grew to a quick, busy rattle, ceasing as with one accord as we all swooped near the punt, then the click and splash of the paddles all suddenly trained aback to stop their way, the hiss of the keels crushing the water back, and a chorus of "What's the matter?" asked each of each. And, as no one knew, we stared in silence at each other's faces, feeling in our hearts that the voice that should have answered was—where? And then the punt seemed to be attacked with violent convulsions, something was wriggling out from beneath the thwarts, and presently the head and shoulders of our new friend, Harry Coltsworth, showed above the gunwale. He looked around at us with evident bewilderment hesitated a little, and finally ventured on the remark that it was a "scand'lous hot night."

"Yes, yes! But what's up?"

"Are you ill, Har— Mr. Coltsworth?" questioned Kitty Ahcrne. I doubt if any of us had even noticed she was amongst us, until she spoke; it was no secret that she had put Coltsworth in her pocket within a week of his arrival, but he knew very well that he was only one of her team, and she had generally chaffed him unmercifully. The unaccustomed note of almost tearful anxiety in her voice seemed to increase his bewilderment. "No, Miss Kitty," he stammered. "I—I don't know that there's anything the matter with me—if—if you've no objection."

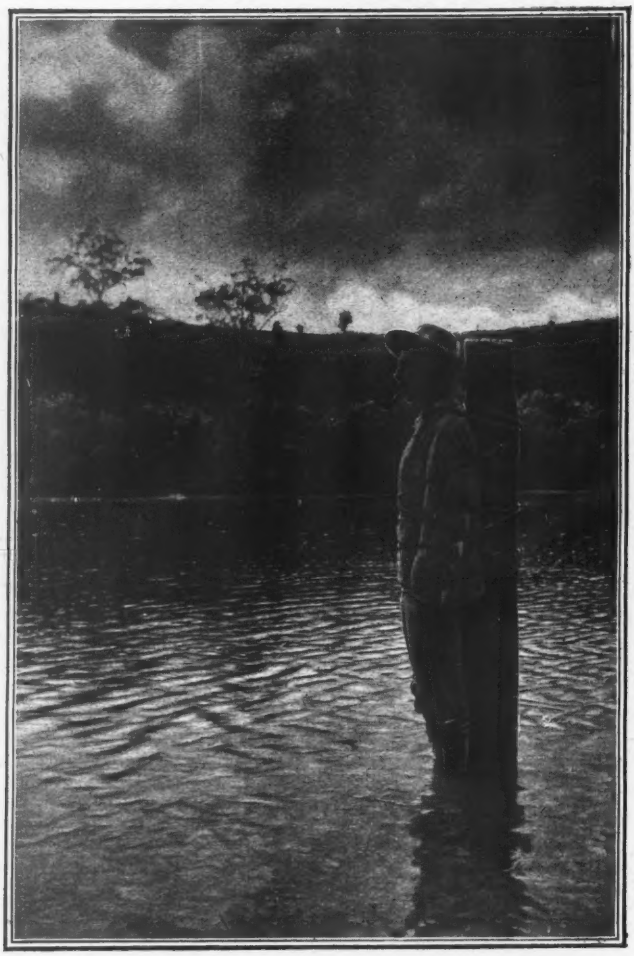
"Oh, dash it all!" three or four of us shouted at once. "What is the matter? Who coo-eed? What were you coo-eeing for? Who's drowned?"

"Me," replied Harry, with blank ineffectuality.

Jack Lidstone, apparently absorbed in trying to get a smoke out of a pipe he'd forgotten to light, had hitherto said nothing, but now, reaching across, he took Harry by the shoulders and shook him with a vigour that set all our boats rocking. "Look here, Coltsworth! we've got to know what all this means. Is there anybody drowned? Or not? Speak out now, or I'll——"

"I suppose I've—I've put my foot in it," faltered Harry. "The fact is, I—I couldn't help admiring the way you fellows can coo-ee, and I thought—I thought I'ld try and practise a bit, that's all. It was too hot to sleep, so I came out here, and—and—I didn't know there was any harm in it, and I never thought you'ld all come troopin' around like this."

We all looked at each other, speechbound; words—thoughts even—failed us in presence of such an unheard-of enormity, and no one knew what to say. All the rest of us waited for Lidstone—as the oldest and



No chance of his escaping

gravest—to speak, but he simply stared with a deeply darkening scowl at the wrongdoer, and then swept his boat round with one vicious swirl, and the steady thrust of his oars quickly took him beyond our ken. Again there was silence for awhile, and then: "I fancy you have put your foot in it, and no mistake, my knight of the ante-meridian voice!" said Joe Chanter.

"Perhaps the young ass flattered himself he would shine as a midnight tom-cat!" suggested Brown.

"Confound you, Coltsworth!" said Ted Nelson. "As if I wasn't wicked enough before, but you must go and wake me out of my innocent sleep—the only time when I'm good!"

"What riles me is," complained Greenway; "what riles me is that I was dreaming that somebody"—with a sly half-glance at Kitty—"was whispering sweet nothings in my ear, and it was only this fellow's ugly screeches, after all."

"It frightened a year's growth out o' me," put in Paddy Conneal. "I made sure the whole place was alive with dead men."

"Possie threw out a gentle hint I ought to come," I said, and they all looked at me and laughed.

"It appears to me," summed up Ted Nelson, judicially, in a voice preternaturally grave; "it appears to me we all thought it was somebody drowning. Isn't that so?" We all nodded assent.

"Well then," he continued; "if there's to be any truth or justice in this world, somebody ought to drown—in fact, somebody'll have to drown. What do you say?"

Everybody—except the delinquent—said "hear, hear," and then everybody turned and looked at Kitty with astonishment, for her assent had been the most emphatic of them all.

"The sentence of the court is," resumed Ted, "that you be taken to the nearest spit, and there tied to a stake in at least two feet six inches of water, and there abide until the breakfast bells ring out their wild alarm—

and may the crabs have mercy on your toes!"

"Oh, go to rags!" derided Coltsworth. "Think I'm going to stand that? By Jove, I'll see you all jolly well pickled first!"

"You wouldn't see me pickled, would you, Mr. Coltsworth?" asked Kitty, demurely.

"That would be a pretty pickle," murmured Greenway, but her sharp ears caught the words. "Thank you so much, Mr. Greenway. The very smallest contributions so thankfully received." And Kitty smiled. She had pretty teeth, and her smile was always effective—particularly by moonlight.

It conquered me, anyhow. I could see she was more than fond of Harry, and was simply masking her feelings of love and pity for him out of a fine spirit of *camaraderie* with the rest of us. So I came to her rescue. "Perhaps," I suggested, "Miss Kitty may think Harry's sentence too severe. After all——"

"Oh, indeed no!" she cried. "Not a bit of it! We can't possibly submit to be cooeed to death like this, you know."

"Oh well," said Coltsworth, resignedly, "if you say so, Miss Kitty, I submit, on condition I'm left with one hand free so that I can light my pipe."

"Then you must promise you won't use it to free yourself with," she argued.

"All right, I promise that."

"On your word and honour?" conditioned Kitty.

"On my word and honour."

It was just at the top of the tide, but a sandspit was soon found with only a few inches of water covering it, and a deep channel all round. A stake was driven in, and we soon had Coltsworth roped to it, not remarkably securely, but as his punt was to be taken away and he could not swim, there was no chance of his escaping before his time was up.

"Reminds me of something or other," said Ted; "though I can't think what."

"Perseus and Andromeda?" suggested Kitty.

"The very identical parties! But I never could remember those old Hebrew names. By-the-bye, which was the dragon, Perseus or Andromeda?" But none of us knew, and when we appealed to Coltsworth, he had the effrontery to say it was neither the one nor the other, so we sentenced him to a short extra imprisonment for telling fibs after hours.

"Three cheers for Miss Aherne!" cried Greenway.

"Why, what for?" she asked, innocently. The moonlight was clearer now, and she gave us another gleaming smile all round. No one cared to tell her, but we all cheered lustily, Harry Coltsworth so energetically that he broke one of the bits of rope he was fastened with. And when we had done cheering, there was no Miss Kitty amongst us, only a little dark speck down the lane of brightness where the moonbeams skipped from one tiny wave to another, and a saucy ripple of laughter coming floating, floating back.

When I arrived home again I found Possie sitting at the window, telescope in hand, and she callously insisted on my telling her everything that had happened, though I offered her wealth beyond the dreams of avarice if she'ld let me go to sleep. "The one thing that pleased me—that pleased us all—most," I concluded, "was the way Kitty Aherne tuned herself up to concert pitch with the rest of us. She's head over hairpins in love with Harry."

"Are you sure of that?" she asked.

"Why, any fool could have seen it."

"In that case," said Possie, drily; "I've no doubt you're right."

"But instead of melting into tears," I went on, ignoring the thrust, "or trying to beg him off, or any nonsense of that sort, she backed us all up, and all the while, to hide her real feelings I suppose, she kept smiling, like a regular brick."

"How touching it must have been—to make even a brick smile——"

"Oh drat it! Of course you won't believe. I only wish you had seen her, that's all."

"I rather fancy I shall, before long, said Possie, peering through the glass." That's what I'm waiting for, anyhow. Of course! Yes, here comes Kitty, and somebody, her brother I think, with her. I can't see if she's smiling, but I can see they're letting

him loose—yes—and now—now—" shutting it up with a bang—" now they're taking him home."

PART II

Of course, by the time the cows had been milked next morning, everybody knew what had taken place, and equally of course, no one was much surprised when it was reported, a few days later, that Harry and Kitty were engaged to be married. It was also said—and it may have been true—that Greenway had reproached her with basely betraying her confederates and that Kitty had laughed at him, saying that the sentence was only until "the breakfast bell rang"—and she had rung hers directly she got home! At all events, short as Harry's punishment had been, there was no more cooee-ing for nothing on the Broadwater, and—if he had only known it—the time was soon coming when he was to learn the full value and sacredness of the cooee by means of a far sharper lesson.

It happened one day that he had to go some few miles out in the bush to see some men who were splitting posts and rails for him, and Kitty had agreed to go with him. It was a beautiful day in mid-autumn, cool and pleasant after the unusually hot, dry summer, but they had not gone far along the rough bullock-track before Harry's sweetheart noticed that he seemed fagged and listless. "What's the matter, Harry?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing much," he said. "The fact is, I've been up all night, and have had a good bit of trouble. You've seen Jimmy, the black fellow handy-man I had at my place? Well, he was taken suddenly ill last evening with one of their peculiar complaints, and although I did all I could, he was for a long time in frightful agony, and died about three o'clock this morning. Except the few half-civilised natives about on the various farms, there wasn't (so far as I knew) another black fellow within a dozen miles, certainly no wild ones, but in some mysterious manner they got to know of it, and within two hours there were a dozen or more of them swarming around the house."

"Well?"

"It was touch and go for me; they seemed to think that I had somehow caused his death, and I had an awkward half-hour or so of it; if it hadn't been that I had my revolver handy—however, at last they took Jimmy away. I was going to follow them, to see what they would do with him, but they got savage at that and drove me back."

"I wonder where they put him?"

"That's what I wanted to see, because I've heard that the various tribes have different ways of burying."

He had scarcely spoken before he felt a quick clutch of the girl's hand on his arm and she suddenly stopped, trembling like a leaf. "Oh, Harry!" she almost screamed. "Look! There's where they've put him!" He saw at once that it was so. There, only a few feet in front of them, close beside the track, which was very rarely used, a leafy platform and canopy had been built into the fork of a tree, and there lay the lank body of Jimmy awaiting the spirits that should come for him at the darkest hour of night. Kitty turned her face away, horror-struck. "Oh Harry!" she gasped; "we must go round some other way. I couldn't—I couldn't pass by there."

"But Kitty dear, there is no other way, and I'm no bushman, you know. Remember, if we once leave the track, the scrub is so thick we mightn't easily find it again. It wouldn't do to get lost."

She looked at him fixedly, and he saw that she shuddered violently. "I wouldn't pass near that horrible thing—to save my life!" He waited a moment or two to think it over; his business was important, and after all, they need only take a short circuit through the timber and soon regain the track. It appeared so easy. "Come on, then. You follow me." They plunged into the scrub, but it was not possible to keep going in any one direction; they were forced to wind their way in and out wherever the undergrowth and tangle of vines was thin enough to afford them some sort of passage, and in many places there was no passage at all until Harry had borne down the obstruction through sheer weight, dragging his sweetheart after him. In a few minutes their faces and hands were scratched and bleeding, their

clothes torn, and Kitty was becoming tired. "We must surely be quite past that—It—by now," she gasped. "Hadn't we better get back to the road?"

"All right; I've kept my eyes open for where we were going. The track must be just there, a little to the left. It can't be more than a few yards."

It was, however, impossible to maintain a steady course to the left, and it soon became evident that it was considerably more than a few yards. And as they wandered on and on, threading their difficult way wherever a passage could be forced, until at last they emerged out of the scrub and found themselves in open forest country, and still no sign of the track, the conviction slowly forced itself upon them that they were lost. They turned and faced each other silently, each seeking to read in the other's eyes if the truth were known. The pale face and quivering mouth told Harry that she knew. "Never mind," he said, with assumed cheerfulness, "sit down and rest a bit, dear. You look almost exhausted. It will be easier going here, and now we can see the sun. By keeping that in front of us we must come to the main river, somewhere; and there's nearly all the afternoon before us."

A leafy platform and canopy had been built into the fork of a tree and there lay the lank body of Jimmy

For all answer, she slid her hand into his, fearing to speak, lest she should break down. A feeling of complete apathy and deadly hopelessness, alternating with fits of utter strain and stress of mind—the usual feelings of those lost in the bush—had taken entire possession of her. At one moment, a frantic, panic-stricken seeking after the lost way—at another, it is not even worth while to try. Kitty was not of the fainting sort, but she knew that her utmost endeavour of self-control must be exerted if she would avoid doing so now. Fear? No. But when you are lost in the bush, you become at once the Last Man—or Woman. There is nobody else—you have left their world.

After resting awhile they started forth once more, seeking their questionable way, loitering at times, doubting their rightness of direction, resting again and hurrying on

The flames kept following him relentlessly

afresh, and (it might be) all in vain, until after hours of tramping, they reached the crest of a hill, footsore and nearly exhausted, and a cry of joy burst from both of them at once. A long way off indeed, but through the trees could be seen a stretched band of glittering gems—the glint and sparkle of the river beneath the setting sun. After their wanderings in the wilderness, it was like the first sight of the promised land.

"We'll take a good rest here, Kitty dear. How terribly tired you must be! we can spare the time. It's only another mile or two, at the most."

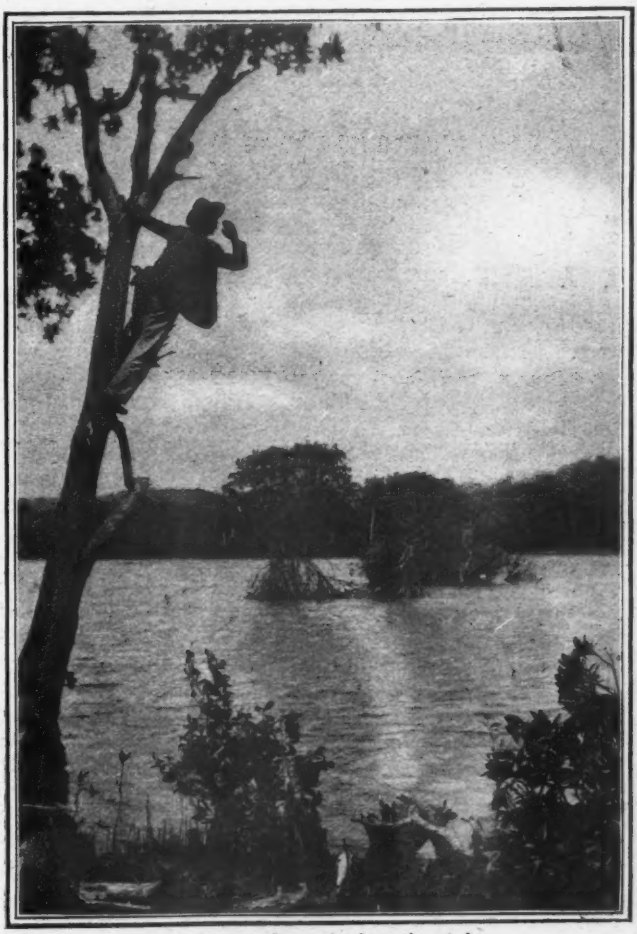
They sat and rested, with scarcely a word said; she, that she was too utterly exhausted, and there was still far to go; he, that he knew it, and had no means to aid her. And while they rested, a new terror was creeping up behind them. He did not notice that the sky had slowly become overcast with a cloud that was not a cloud, and even the subdued crackling had drawn nearer, growing ever louder and louder yet, until the noises had risen into a roar as the hot breath of the bush-fire had been swept down upon them by a gust of wind, that he suddenly realised the consciousness of their danger.

"Quick, Kitty! The bush is on fire! We must get to the swamp down there. The fire's all around us. It's our only chance!" he shouted.

She looked up at him with terror-stricken eyes and tried to rise, and then the light in them faded away and she would have fallen to the ground, had he not saved her. It had been too much for Kitty. First, the sudden confrontment with the corpse of the black fellow, then their long wanderings, the hopelessness of being lost, and now this new, terrible danger. With Kitty in his arms, down the hill he raced and reached the swamp, thinking himself secure, but the fire raced after him, and he realised with dismay

that the long droughty season had almost dried it up, save for a few pools here and there. The fire could almost keep pace with him, even here. He knew the boggy treacherousness of the pools, and took care to avoid them as much as possible, walking along the fallen barrels of the trees wherever possible, but at times there was nothing for it but to plunge right through, for do what he would, the flames kept following him relentlessly, never more than a little way behind. And once, with the weight he bore, he felt himself sinking, sinking in the deep, glutinous mud and it was only by the aid of a friendly branch and an almost superhuman effort that he managed to struggle out again. There was now no choosing the way; the fire drove him on and always on, blinded by smoke, almost choking with the heat and a consuming thirst, pausing for breath till the scorch of the flames grew more than he could bear, then on, always on, it seemed to him for hours, though for how really long he never knew. And all the while Kitty lay unconscious in his arms—and he thanked God for it! Oh, how far, how terribly far it was to the river! Happily, there had been but little wind, for well he knew that the fire, mounted on a high wind, will easily overtake the fleetest horse. For him, with his burden it would be a last desperate struggle through the deeper and most boggy outer edge of the swamp, and he stood at last on the strip of grass that fringed the river bank.

Yet even this was not the place of safety for which he had fondly hoped; the narrow strip between the swamp and the edge of the river was covered with a thick, coarse grass which would burn fiercely, and beyond, instead of a sloping beach where he might stand in the water and hold Kitty out of harm's way until the fire had passed, the bank broke steeply down and the deep channel of the river evidently ran close beside. There was no hope there. It was not one of the inhabited parts of the river, no house was in sight, nor sign of human life, and the fire, though somewhat checked at the outer edge of the swamp, was steadily



Sent cooee after cooee down the wind

trickling on. When once it should catch the grass— Laying Kitty down on the ground, he swarmed up a tree which overhung the stream, and tried to shout, but no, his voice, choked with smoke and heat and thirst, refused to make a sound. At last he found he was able to make a feeble noise, and then, his voice, growing clearer, he sent cooee after cooee down the wind as he had done that night on the Broadwater, but with what different meaning now! But there was no responding shout, and looking back, he saw that the fire was beginning to catch the grass. Another very few minutes now, and he would take Kitty and jump with her into the water, though he could not swim, but it would at least be better to die that way. A few more shouts, and he was standing at the brink of the river with Kitty in his arms, the flames scarcely two yards away, when——

The quick sweep of a pair of paddles, the sudden jolt of a boat's stem against the bank, and a voice he knew, it was Jack Lidstone's. Jack had never spoken to him since that night on the Broadwater, and what a long way off his voice seemed to be! "What you, Harry? And Kitty, too, by Jove! Give her to me! Now jump! Quick! That was a narrow squeak. I guess you won't go fooling around cooee-ing out of pure cussedness again!"

Arbor Day

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

HOLIDAYS are usually commemorative. We can trace their origin to the desire to do honour to some widely popular personage, or to perpetuate the memory of some remarkable event. In almost every case they have respect to the past, reminding us of some former blessing, or of some great benefactor who lived long ago. We cease from our ordinary work, and set apart an appointed day for rejoicing in some good that has come to us from other days, in whose reflected light our life brightens and beautifies. But there is one holiday, of which I am going to speak in this paper, that is an exception to the general rule. It is not retrospective but prospective. It bids us look not to the past but to the future. Instead of celebrating some outstanding benefit that belonged to bygone generations, it has respect to benefits that are to arise to coming generations, who shall fill our places, and take up our work when we have passed away. The founder of the holiday in question said that it is "the sole holiday of the human family which looks forward and not backward."

About thirty years ago the Honourable J. Sterling Morton, a man of very original and independent character, when Secretary of Agriculture during President Cleveland's second term, started a movement to plant trees on an extensive scale on the treeless plains of his native state of Nebraska. Previously the necessity for this seemed not to have arisen. There was such a vast superabundance of woods and forests over the American continent, that the difficulty was to dispose of the timber; and one of the greatest hardships of the settler in the newer parts of the country was the clearing of a space among the dense forests for a farm to cultivate. But Mr. Morton had a deep sense of the value of trees as essential elements in the prosperity of countries, and before his prescient mind arose the vision of a time when the axe of the farmer and the lumberman would largely denude the land of its forests, unless they were to be replaced and the harmony of nature preserved by the planting of new trees. Mr. Morton has recently died, but he lived long enough to see that what he feared had already taken place in the older states, where a famine of trees was beginning to be felt, and where regions that were formerly well wooded were becoming bare and exposed and suffering from the effects of disordered meteorological conditions.

To remedy this state of things he went about the country, endeavouring to arouse popular interest in his favourite hobby of forest preservation and forest extension. He knew that if the planting of trees were left to the caprice of individuals, the work would be intermittently and ineffectually carried out. Every one would at once agree with him that something ought to be done without further delay, but the proverb would prove true that what was every one's duty would become nobody's. The enthusiasm would soon die down, and only a few individuals here and there would persevere in the beneficent work. Accordingly he hit upon the ingenious idea of inaugurating an annual holiday, in which the community would be released from their ordinary work, and left free for the sole purpose of planting trees where they were required. This holiday he proposed to call Arbor, or Tree-planting Day. The scheme caught at once the popular fancy. It was something new, romantic, and useful. At the very beginning the interest of the young people, and especially of the children attending the public schools, was excited, and they took to it with all the eagerness of novelty. It touched the latent poetry that was in the nature of the rudest. It awoke the dormant old-world memories and associations that ran in the blood, and linked the woods and forests with the early homes of man, where he found his food and his safety, and brought back those who were tired of the conventionalities of society for one day, at least, to the simple conditions of nature.

From Nebraska the movement spread rapidly, until ultimately almost the whole of the United States were included in it, and the holiday became a national institution, looked forward to every year with the utmost pleasure. Unlike Thanksgiving Day and other public fêtes it was not universally observed on the same occasion. Each state had a different date; but the periods chosen were usually those most favourable for the rooting and transplanting and growth of trees, mostly in November and December, or in January and February. In Nebraska the holiday was observed in April, and in Dakota at the beginning of May. Washington's birthday, February 22, appealed to some patriotic states, notably Texas, as a suitable time. Sometimes the holiday extended over more than one day. In South Carolina a whole week was devoted to the picturesque task. The number of trees planted by means of this beautiful custom of Arbor Day, over the whole Union, cannot be estimated. It has added enormously to the woodland and orchard wealth of the country, imparted richness and beauty to places formerly bleak and desolate, and helped greatly to adorn the landscapes and ameliorate the climate. In the State of Nebraska, where the scheme originated, it has been calculated that nearly seven hundred million trees have been planted, the whole character of the province has been changed, and while previous to 1872 it was called the Great American Desert, it is now known to every one as the "Tree-planter's State."

From the United States the holiday was introduced with markedly good results, into Canada, which was also, notwithstanding its former plenitude of primeval forests, beginning to suffer in some parts from the wasteful and indiscriminate felling of the timber. On the other side of the world the holiday came with rapid steps, and proved a great boon to the people. Large tracts in Australia which had been exposed to periodic droughts and floods of a violent character, have been made mild and equable by the extensive planting of trees suitable to the climate. The introduction of trees where they were before unknown has the most marvellous effects upon the whole economy of the region. The roots consolidate the soil, the foliage shades the ground, attracts moisture, and tempers the winds; and in hollows on hill-sides they collect and retain the rain-water, and give it off slowly and gradually, thus forming the sources of perennial springs and streams. They purify the air by their breathing and the fragrance which they exhale, and are thus the most perfect sanitary agents in nature, converting into wood and other useful substances the noxious waste products of combustion and decay, and preserving the atmosphere always in a condition fit for human and animal breathing; and they supply man with every kind of useful article, fruits

to feed him, fuel to warm him and cook his food, raiment to clothe him, medicine to heal his diseases, and timber to construct his dwellings and build his ships, so that the sea itself is made a highway. So indispensable are trees, not only in the human but also in the natural world, that the general destruction of them would be one of the greatest calamities that could possibly happen. What the countries of antiquity have lost by the wholesale destruction of the woods and forests it would be impossible to tell. This, more than the ravages of war and the oppression of the tyrant, has been the cause of their decay. They could not carry on their own perpetuity in the absence of what constitutes the principal wealth and stability of a nation.

We read in the Bible of the great primeval forests which covered the hill-sides and valleys of the Holy Land; the oak woods of Bashan, the ancient wood of Ephraim, where Absalom met his tragic fate, and the richly varied oaks of Mount Tabor and the forests of Lebanon; but every trace of these has long passed away, and throughout the length and breadth of the land there is hardly any tree that arrests the eye by its venerable age or great size, with the exception of Abraham's oak at Hebron, the cedar grove at Lebanon, and the traditional olives of Gethsemane. We see at the present day the mountain sides seamed by deep ravines, excavated by the power of streams, implying the prevalence in former times of a large rainfall, and consequently of extensive woods; but for ages they have been white and dry as the bones of a skeleton in the desert. A sudden storm on the hills at rare intervals fills them for a brief space with raging torrents, which disappear and leave the gorges as white and dry as before. So, too, with Greece, owing to the destruction of the forests many of the old classical streams have dwindled and vanished, and the land presents everywhere a desiccated appearance. The oaks of Dodona under the shadows of the clouds no longer utter their oracles in their rustling leaves. The sanctuary of Delphi, once shaggy with dark woods, is now a tenantless wilderness of bare rocks, with hardly any vegetation upon them; and the Castalian spring rising on the heights of Parnassus, missing the sacred laurel grove that nourished its fountain heads, and whose leaves the Pythian priestess chewed before putting herself under the divine influence, dribbles down in the rift of the ravine, a scarce perceptible thread of water. So, too, on the Italian shores, the sombre pine-woods that made the hills around Lake Avernus so gloomy and forbidding, and formed a fitting avenue by which to approach the lower world of the dead in the subterranean caves that opened up in the rocks, were ruthlessly felled by the axe in the time of the Cæsars; and when I visited the place I found the site of the ancient woods occupied by beanfields, whose delicious fragrance charmed all my senses with a memory of home. Owing to the disappearance of the forests that once covered the Alban Hills the great plains around Rome were converted into the pestilential Campagna and the Pontine Marshes, which the malaria has made uninhabitable, although once amongst the most fertile districts in Italy.

Spain has suffered greatly from the cutting down of the woods that formed such picturesque features on the mountain sides of the interior, and from being one of the best-watered countries in Europe has become one of the most arid and desolate. The hollows, or deep gullies, riven in the sides of the Maritime Alps as they slope down to the margin of the Mediterranean, which are mostly dry all the year round, or through which during great rain-storms furious streams flow for a brief space, are the work of forces of denudation on a far more extensive scale in former times than now, owing to the deforestation of the country and the consequent greatly diminished water-supply. In Strabo's time the Riviera had a cool, moist climate, which favoured the growth of soft deciduous trees, where now only hard evergreens and thick-leaved plants can grow in the dry air and on the leafless lands. Even Norway and Sweden, and the regions bordering the Baltic, from whence we draw a large part of our supplies of timber, and which promised at one time to be inexhaustible, are beginning to feel the strain upon their resources, and are

making up for past carelessness by planting extensively the parts that have been denuded. In Switzerland and the Tyrol the care of the forests fortunately is committed to the commune of each region; for not only do the people depend upon these forests for their timber and fuel, but also for the preservation of their fields from the awful destruction of the avalanches. The woods on the heights are so sacred that no axe is allowed to touch them, for they stand there as the living sentinels guarding the homes of the community far below from the devastating snows of the lofty peaks.

In England, during Saxon and Norman times, there used to be extensive forests, such as Epping, Sherwood, New Forest, &c., covering miles of the country, and sheltering outlaws and freebooters in their remote recesses. Some of the traditional forests still remain, though shorn of much of their former magnificence and extent. England must have presented a rich sylvan appearance when one of its fair counties got the name of Buckinghamshire, or the home of the beeches, on account of the vast predominance of that noble tree in its landscapes, as in Denmark at the present day. Very large old trees may still be found adorning many an historic spot, and the elm and the lime-tree make majestic ancestral avenues, which are the glory of old family mansions all over the land. Scotland in primitive times had the great Caledonian forest, which covered a large part of the country north and south, and in which plants, insects, and birds, characteristic of Scandinavia, abounded, found nowhere except in that forest. But in consequence of the constant wars and feuds of the clans this vast forest dwindled down to a few patches, left here and there in the remote and more inaccessible regions; and the flowers and insects have disappeared with them, except in a few favoured spots. When Dr. Johnson made his famous tour in the Highlands he complained of the desolate aspect of most of the scenery. He said that there was hardly a tree large enough for a man to be hanged upon, and he missed very much the far better wooded landscapes of England. But since his day proprietors of great estates have become alive to the importance of restoring their old woodland aspect as much as possible. Extensive tracts of country have been enclosed, drained, and planted with beeches and pines. The Duke of Athol, on whose property at Dunkeld is still growing, as a very gigantic tree, the first larch introduced into Scotland from its native country in the Tyrol, and which was first cultivated, in ignorance of its habits, in the conservatory as a green-house tree, until it pined and withered and was thrown out, and then discovered to thrive best in the open air, gave a great impetus to the making of larch plantations all over the country. In his own domains many thousands of acres, formerly bleak heathland and desolate slopes of hills, had a rich green mantle of this picturesque tree thrown over their nakedness. In the grounds around Inveraray Castle, Taymouth Castle, Dunrobin, and the Duke of Buccleuch's policies at Drumlanrig, planting was carried out wholesale; and in these later times the magnificent pine-trees of America, and the great cedars of India, have been made to feel at home in many a park and shrubbery, and the lowland scenery has been assimilated to the rich vegetation of foreign lands. But still Great Britain, as a whole, occupies the lowest position, so far as the proportion of forest-land to its total area is concerned, of any country in Europe; Russia and Sweden, Austria, Germany, France, and Norway, all taking precedence of it by a long way. Russian and Swedish forests occupy forty-two per cent. of the area of these countries, while Great Britain and Ireland only occupy four per cent. of the area with forests.

How important therefore it is that our country should be aroused before it is too late to the wisdom of bringing itself into line with the great countries of the Continent, and setting up for this purpose the exceedingly useful institution of Arbor Day in every part of the land. Hitherto, with the exception of a single district in Kent, this institution has not been adopted in any part of Britain. If this charming custom were to become popular, it would provide a most enjoyable holiday for our hard-working population, and we have not too many

holidays as it is. We hear on every side with alarm of the fast-diminishing supply of our coal; and the cry of a positive timber-famine in the near future, when foreign supplies are restricted, is heard in our busy industries. Just as it is with our corn, by improving and fostering our agriculture in a way which we have strangely neglected of late years, so it is with our timber; we could go a long way to supply our own wants, and be independent of foreign aid if we rectified at once our previous great neglect, and realised more our duty to ourselves and to posterity to make our woods and forests a far more valuable life-estate to the commonwealth.

Arboriculture cannot safely be left to the negligence, caprice, or avarice of private enterprise. From the very nature of the case, owing to the shortness of individual life in comparison with the longevity of trees, and the long time it takes to get adequate returns for labour and expenditure in planting, it is obvious that the State should undertake to a much larger extent than at present the management of our forest-lands, so that they might be established upon permanent principles, and the wants of the present generation might be provided for without injury to those of future generations. Unfortunately the amount of Crown lands that could be forested is very limited; but by some method or other of administration, in co-operation with our large landholders, who are called upon to conserve their woods and forests by the law of entail, and even with private individuals who own a small plot of ground that might be set apart for the growth of fruit-trees, the government of our country should take care of what is so precious and essential a part of the national wealth. Our rich country might well imitate the example of Germany, which distributes young trees for planting to municipalities at cost price, and pays a handsome premium per acre for planting them. Private individuals are invited by this system to help on the good cause; and there are numerous instances where the townships of Germany require to levy no direct taxation, as the profits of growing the forests around them are more than sufficient to pay the rates. We need to revive the old interests in rural pursuits, for in these days the country is depopulated, the work-people swarming into our large towns, and crowding the slums beyond all reasonable bounds. To the attraction which man ought to find in the cultivation of the land, which yields an annual recompense for all the toil and care expended, we ought to add the further attraction that may be derived from the care of our trees, for the growth of our timber and firewood, and the beautifying of our scenery, and so pass from selfish considerations to the claims of posterity upon us. We have entered into the labours of our ancestors, and enjoy the valuable woods which they planted and left as a legacy to us. Should we not show our gratitude by doing in turn for our posterity what our forefathers have done for us, and so hand on our heritage of trees to future generations, greatly extended and enhanced in value by our labours?

Letters and Reminiscences from Last Century

THIRD PAPER

DICKENS' great contemporary Thackeray was very seldom in Edinburgh only appearing in the north to pay a brief visit or give a few lectures. Carlyle spent more than a whole winter in town after his college days, as tutor to two boys (the Bullers) living at No. 26 George Square. At this time Jane Welsh was staying with her friend Mrs. Bradfute in the same old square No. 22, and it was here in a small back room that the strange wooing of the grim, long-legged, peasant prophet took place.

In the year 1829, Carlyle writes a letter, from Craigenputtock, to Professor Wilson, full of characteristic touches:

"My dear Sir,—

"Your kind promise of a Christmas visit has not been forgotten here; and though we are not without misgivings as to its fulfilment, some hope also still lingers; at all events if we must go unserved it shall not be for want of wishing and audible asking. Come, then, if you would do us a high favour, that warm hearts may welcome in the cold New Year, and the voice of poetry and philosophy, *numeris lege solutis*, may for once be heard in these deserts, where, since Noah's deluge little but the whirring of heath-cocks and the lowing of oxen has broken the stillness. You shall have a warm fire and a warm welcome; and we will talk in all dialects, concerning all things, climb to hill tops, and see certain of the kingdoms of this world, and at night gather round a clear hearth and forget that winter and the devil are so busy in our planet. There are seasons when one seems as if emancipated from 'the prison called life,' as if its bolts were broken, and the Russian ice-palace were changed into an open sunny *Tempe*, and a man might love his brother without fraud or fear! A few such hours are scattered over our existence, otherwise it were too hard and would make us too hard.

"But now descending to prose arrangements or capabilities of arrangement, let me remind you how easy it is to be conveyed hither. There is a mail coach nightly to Dumfries, and two stage coaches every alternate day to Thornhill; from each of which places we are but fifteen miles distant, with a fair road and plenty of vehicles from both. Could we have warning we would send you down two horses; of wheel carriages (except carts and barrows) we are still unhappily destitute. Nay, in any case, the distance for a stout Scottish man, is but a morning walk, and this is the loveliest December weather I can recollect seeing. . . .

"I have not seen one *Blackwood* or even an Edinburgh newspaper since I returned hither; so what you are doing in that unparalleled city is altogether a mystery to me. Scarcely have tidings of the *Scotsman-Mercury* duel* reached me, and how the worthies failed to shoot each other, and the one has lost his editorship and the other still continues to edit.

"Sir William Hamilton's paper on Cousin's Metaphysics I read last night; but like Hogg's Fife warlock, 'my head whirled roun', and ane thing I couldna mind.' *O curas hominum!* I have some thoughts of beginning to prophesy next year if I prosper; that seems the best style, could one strike into it properly.

"Now tell me if you will come or if you absolutely refuse. At all events remember me as long as you can in good will and affection, as I will ever remember you. My wife sends you her kindest regards and still hopes against hope that she shall wear her

* To vindicate a fine art criticism, Mr. Charles Maclaren and Dr. James Browne had a hostile meeting at seven in the morning of November 12, 1829.

Mrs. Jameson, author of "Sacred and Legendary Art"

Goethe brooch this Christmas, a thing only done when there is a man of genius in the company. . . .

"Believe me always, my dear Sir,

"Yours with affectionate esteem,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

Other celebrated and fugitive figures were to be met with in Edinburgh. Mrs. Jameson, the gifted authoress of "Sacred and Legendary Art" is described by Professor Wilson as "clever, middle-aged, red-haired, agreeable."

George Eliot, visiting the Combes, writes from their house that she is in clover between the beauty of the weather, the scenery, and the kindness of the good people."

Charlotte Brontë long before she made out her visit to the northern capital expressed a great wish to see "dear old Christopher North with his crutch." (At that time he was quite a young man, but he always wrote of himself as tottering along in extreme old age.)

Mrs. Hemans, visiting Lady Wedderburn* is so enchanted by the beauty of the town that she makes up a party to walk through its streets by moonlight. Her friends are Scott, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Captain Basil

* Wife of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., and sister of the late Viscountess Hampden.

Hall, and Lord Jeffrey. She and Kirkpatrick Sharpe had an amusing passage of poetry originating in Mrs. Hemans' remark that the weather was so cold she had not even seen a butterfly. "A butterfly!" retorted Mr. Sharpe, "I have not even seen a wasp."

Next morning, however, a wasp flew into Lady Wedderburn's breakfast-room, and settled on the jam dish before Mrs. Hemans, who at once proposed that it should be enticed into a bottle and sent as a present to Mr. Sharpe.

This was accordingly done and he replied in a sonnet after the manner of Milton (but much superior as he said himself) beginning, "Poor insect! rash as rare," to which Mrs. Hemans made a charming answer from the wasp. The poem is called "The last words of the last wasp of Scotland."

Another authoress occasionally to be met with in Edinburgh was Harriet Martineau, who made her mark as a political economist, novelist, historian, biographer and journalist. Hartley Coleridge described her "as a monomaniac on all subjects." An intimate friend of hers, now an old lady, writes:

"She once came to me very much overwrought and sleepless and asked me to mesmerise her. She showed me how to set about it, and sure enough, in five minutes she was fast asleep, but talking all the time. She slept for two hours, and having asked me to notice particularly what she said, I did so, and not one of the events she had predicted ever came to pass."

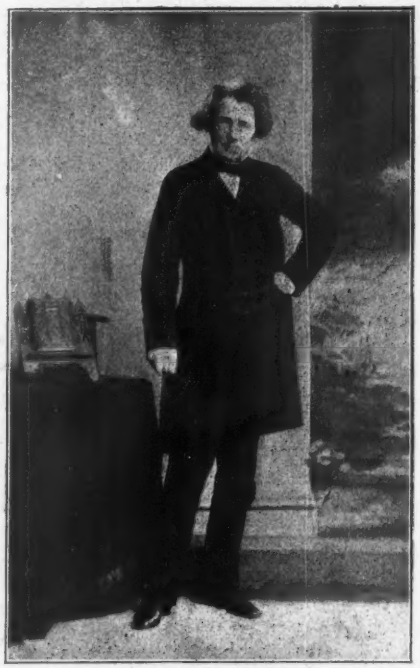
Harriet Martineau describes her first meeting with the witty Sidney Smith as having been an amusing one. They were both at a very large musical party in London, the staircase one continuous crowd of ladies fighting up to the drawing-room. Sidney Smith was at the foot of the staircase, and, writes Miss Martineau:

"He passed a message up to me that he understood we desired one another's acquaintance. He put it to my judgment whether I, being thin, could more easily get down to him, than he, being stout, could get up to me; he would wait five minutes for my answer."

They did not however succeed in meeting that night although this unceremonious introduction was the commencement of an interesting friendship. These times seem to have admitted of free and easy acquaintanceships. De Quincey, whose unique eccentricities would have endeared him to society even had he not had beautiful daughters, came once to dine with Christopher North, and stayed on for a year in perfect contentment. Few people, however, have the leisure now for such prolonged visitations, and the literary and philanthropic world must snatch its holiday as it can. Pre-eminent among those whose time was bestowed on others is Florence Nightingale who sometimes came north to rest for a brief fortnight with the McNeill's in Granton House, where many an interesting party was arranged for her benefit, that she might meet the leading men in all branches of medical science, and glean from them hints as to sanitation and ventilation which, united to her own vast experience, have made her the most practical woman of the century. It must not be supposed that guests visiting the McNeills were exposed only to assemblages of learned pundits (although there was always a risk of meeting them there), on the contrary the inmates were generally young people bent upon nothing more alarming than having a good time, and those who came to the kind mistress of the house were certain to have that in abundance.

In the year 1843 Sir John and Lady McNeill, having taken up their abode in Edinburgh (No. 53 Queen Street) after many years spent in the East, resolved to give two balls for their friends, one in fancy dress, the other masked, also in fancy dress. At this latter assembly there was a great deal of fun, owing to the successful way that guests managed to conceal their identity from each other. The whole house was arranged in Persian style for their reception; soft carpets and rich Eastern hangings met the eye at every turn, while shrouded lights were suspended from the roof, after the manner in the Shah's harem. The ample supper which refreshed the guests was different from anything that Edinburgh people had before tasted. A rare Eastern wine, Shiraz by name, in quaint bottles, sealed with an

Arabaical design, stood ready to hand round. It was supposed to have come straight from Trebizond, but it was really a concoction of Lady McNeill's nephews and nieces, brewed with much laughter in the kitchen, and bottled and sealed by them in the back green. Before the ball began the host and hostess left the house, and arrived masked among their own guests. Lady McNeill wore a Persian dress with a magnificent jewelled turban. Sir John changed his clothes three times during the night, arriving as a Circassian in a suit of chain mail, then coming in as a Persian tailor, with a board before him, on which little sham legs were crossed. Afterwards the tailor disappeared and, supper being over, it was announced to the guests that an Eastern fortune-teller awaited them in the library. This, of course, was Sir John again, primed as to the identity of most of his masked visitors by an old family maid (Mrs. Gibb), who knew not only the relations, but those in the habit of frequenting the house. She had been stationed purposely in the dressing-room, and was able to inform Sir John that



Professor Ferrier

Sheriff Gordon

Margaret Ferrier was "Beauty" in white robes with a star on her forehead; while her husband was "the Beast," recognised by her when she buttoned on his paws in the passage and put his tail straight before he ran upstairs. Sheriff Gordon and his wife went as Robin Hood and Maid Marion. Her dress was green satin with gold lace, a bow slung across the shoulders, and a quiver of arrows at her belt. Archie Swinton and Fletcher of Dunans went as Liberty and Equality. Robert Sym Wilson was Baillie Nichol Jarvie (in a claret-coloured suit), and had arrived in a noddy with Susan Rutherfurd (Lord Rutherfurd's sister), dressed as Matty, carrying a lantern. Eleanor, sister of Professor Ferrier (afterwards Mrs. Leith) was the Swiss peasant. Jane Wilson (afterwards Mrs. Aytoun) and her cousin, Anne Wilson, were the "Buy-a-Broom" girls; and Andrew Wilson was the Chinaman with the pigtail. Miss Rigby (afterwards Lady Eastlake*) went dressed as a scholar, with nine

* Lady Eastlake wrote a delightful account of this party in "Longman" 1893.

others similarly attired, under the direction of a schoolmistress. A great deal of laughter was caused by one of the brooms (unwieldy in a drawing-room) knocking off by mistake a pupil's mask. The girl thus exposed sunk down and covered her face with her hands, but she was instantly surrounded by officious masqueraders eager to discover her identity. The ever watchful schoolmistress, however, ran to the pupil's aid, struck with her switch, and snubbed with her tongue, until the girl got her mask on again. After this the scholars, summoned by a whistle, stood in a row, and sung a song to the tune of "Nix, my Dolly," a few lines will show the style.

. . . . .

We must not forget to be polite,
And say how much obliged we feel
To kind Sir John and Lady McNeill
For having made this masquerade,
And asked us little folks as well.

. . . . .

Mrs. Rigby, the mother of Lady Eastlake

We only hope they'll here remain
And never go back to Persia again, &c.

Among the females present there were a Madame Roland and a Madame de Sévigné, but the most remarkable of the women on this occasion was Professor Aytoun who went simply as "a lady." His dress was long and encircled by many frills, while a profusion of sunny ringlets fell in clustering disorder on each side of his mask, and beautiful flowers framed the inside of his white chip bonnet. His crinoline was of such generous proportions that he had to shut himself up like a telescope whenever he came to a door way. As the evening wore on it worked up getting ever crookeder and crookeder. His dancing was terrific. Men in mail fled before him, and he had frequently to retire in haste to the dressing-room to be sewn up the back or down the front according to the pressing need of the moment.

Professor Aytoun was certainly a very good actor, and he distinguished himself about this time in a most amusing charade given by four leading advocates of that date in the McNeills' house, No. 53 Queen Street. The performers were Gordon, afterwards the Sheriff, James Lord Moncreiff, Archie Swinton, of Kimergham, and Professor Aytoun. The word they acted was "Ellenborough," and in the first scene Gordon appeared as Miss Ellen Walker of Dalry, a well-known Edinburgh character of strong anti-tobacco principles, at that time living in her own house in an adjacent street. Gordon's acting of a lady (he was a tall man) was if possible even more perfect than that achieved by Professor Aytoun, and the audience was convulsed with laughter from first to last.

The second syllable "burgh" was an election, and the gifted advocates did ample justice to the occasion this afforded for brilliant political speaking. The last scene "Ellenborough" was the taking

Lady Eastlake, née Rigby

of the Indian town of Ghuznee (it will be remembered that at this time there was a proclamation about the restoration to India of the gates of the Temple of Somnauth redeemed at Lord Ellenborough's orders), and with this historical scene they concluded the charade. The success of the play was greatly due to the happy gift of extemporising possessed by many of the junior Bar of that date. There was a twelfth-night party given by the Aytouns which also brought forth this quality in a striking degree. As is well known at such a gathering a queen of the feast is elected, and the commands she chooses to lay on her subjects must be carried out on pain of dismissal. On this particular party given by the Aytouns at their house in Fettes Row, Mrs. Aytoun was chosen queen of the night, and as it is derogatory to the dignity of a queen to have a consort, Aytoun completely effaced himself by admitting his own guests dressed as a footman in a fawn coloured coat with crimson plush breeches. When all had arrived the queen notified that nobody was to speak unless in poetry, which ukase might have damped the flow of conversation in many a house, but was in this instance provocative of some admirable flights of oratory. The chief speakers were James Moncreiff, ever ready of tongue. Dr. John Brown* of precious memory, Archie Swintoun a relation of the Wilsons, Sheriff Gordon excessively witty, and Aytoun himself with, of course, a real gift for extemporary rhyme. These men all vied to surpass each other and were ably seconded by a host of lesser lights headed by their charming and witty hostess, who was gifted with such an inexhaustible flow of eloquence, that it is well she married a philosopher and poet, for certainly nothing less erudite would have been able to cope with her at close quarters.

Parties of this kind gave great scope for individual humour, and private charades and tableaux were in many places as popular as the real stage, while an informal dance—the room cleared by the guests, and blind Laurie at the piano—was often more welcome than the exacting claims of a public ball. Many families, however, were addicted to theatre going. The three Miss Grahams of Bal-

* Dr. Brown was driving one day in a shut carriage with a friend, when suddenly he seemed much excited and kept thrusting his head out of the window again and again. "What is the matter?" asked his companion, "do you see some one that you know?" "No," said the doctor, "but I think I see a dog that I don't know."

gowan made a practice of giving small dinners to attend the opera afterwards. Old Lord Stair, father of the present earl, was a frequent guest in their house, also the Wilson girls from Woodburn (as good as a play in themselves) and Mr. George Ramsay, of the Bamff family to chaperon the whole party, as old Miss Graham used to say. It was in her dining-room that there hung for so many years Gainsborough's celebrated portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, the great Lord Lynedoch's wife. Her early death, before the picture was sent home, caused him such grief that he never could bear to look at it, so the portrait remained in its packing-case for many years. This sad event imparted a romantic character to Lord Lynedoch's life, leading him to many gallant, but most rash actions when he was abroad on foreign service.

At the death of the last Miss Graham, it was found that the family had bequeathed the portrait to the National gallery in Edinburgh, where it now hangs as probably the best-known picture in the whole collection.

The characteristic features of many well-known people live in our remembrance to-day, without the aid of Gainsborough's brush. There are Galt and Delta, the courtly Dean Ramsay, Bishop Terrot conducting the service in grey kid gloves, the Cay family and their friend, Mrs. Murray Gartshore,* whose wonderful voice has never been surpassed; the witty Glassford Bell ready to tell a good story or eat a big dinner at any time of the day or night; Mrs. Ferrier, whose racy tales still go the round; the Sinclair girls who were so tall that the walk before their house in George Street was called "The Giant's Causeway"; Mr. Hill Burton, writing away at his history in old Craig House, and filling the rooms so full of books that the flooring had to be supported by wooden posts; William and Robert Chambers, the first to introduce wholesome literature at a moderate rate; the philanthropic Guthrie; Dr. Chalmers, a power in the land; Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, who radiated so infectious a charity that even those opposed to his religious opinions named him "the life-giving heretic"; Dr. Simpson, of immortal fame; and the "great" Norman McLeod, so immeasurably before his generation that he appeared a king among men, be the others who they might. A list of names truly—some of whom will command the respect of many generations.

Professor Aytoun

We are bound to them by uncountable ties; their talents, tastes, passions still being ours. Even their features many of us have inherited, and the mere sight of a name upon paper is enough to recall the memory of a thousand kindnesses, and the sense of a presence which, having passed away, nothing here can ever replace.

* Mrs. Murray Gartshore, daughter of Sir Howard and Lady Douglas, married the late John Murray, of Gartshore. She died 1857.

The Wisdom of James the Just

Sunday Readings for December

By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon

FIRST SUNDAY

Ch. iv. 1–6. Whence come wars and whence come fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members?

Ye lust and have not: ye kill and covet, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war: ye have not, because ye ask not.

Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may spend it in your pleasures.

Ye adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore, would be a friend of the world maketh himself an enemy of God. Or think ye that the Scripture speaketh in vain? Doth the spirit which He made to dwell in us long unto envying?

But he giveth more grace. Wherefore the Scripture saith, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

FIRST, let us fit this passage into the scope of the writer's argument. If we realised that character, and not enjoyment, is the true crown of life, we should hunger for God, and our desires of other things would lessen. With slackened passions, conflicts would cease. But where these passions prevail, the love of the world is stronger than the love of God. These loves cannot be reconciled. The witness of Scripture is that there is incompatibility between world-love and God-love. The worldly soul longs for things; the higher soul for qualities: he who loves God desires to resemble Him; he who loves the world desires to possess the world-sources of pleasure. Thus friendship for God, which includes the desire to resemble Him, is enmity with the world. The world spirit breeds pride, pride of possession and self-satisfaction in commanding the means of pleasure. Those who are its slaves shut out the help of God; yet God's grace is open to those who seek His help with humble earnestness.

Such is the outline of thought. Let us note some details. First the writer—who is fond of introducing at the commencement of a fresh passage the affectionate address, Brethren, or Beloved brethren—omits the greeting here. The omission is emphasised by the address in verse 4, "Ye adulteresses." Those whom he is picturing are not showing the heavenly but the worldly spirit.

The question form which he employs, "Whence come wars?" &c., is in itself an appeal to their reason. Is it not so? he seems to say. The truth he wishes them to realise is that conflicts without arise from the war within. There is a struggle of the soul—in which flesh and spirit wage war; there are desires, lusts, which war in our members (compare Gal. v. 17). This inner war gives rise to social or sectarian contests, to wars and fightings, *i.e.*, to prolonged or sudden and short conflicts. On the evil influence of ill-regulated desires we should compare Matt. xiii. 22, Tit. ii. 12, iii. 13, and 1 John ii. 16.

The uncurbed lusts are not only fertile of evil, they are followed by disappointment. Strifes, says St. James, come from lusts; and lust, he declares, leaves the outstretched hand empty. The emphatic way in which St. James expresses this barren result is clearer if we arrange his sentences thus:

> Ye lust, and have not: ye kill,
> Ye covet and cannot obtain;
> Ye fight and war: ye have not.

It is like a cry of vanity, but it suggests more; it suggests the savagery of the disappointed soul. Desire, disappointment, revenge is the order. We may compare the order in ch. i. 14, 15.

Even while enlarging on the evil results of uncurbed desire, St. James hints the remedy—"ye have not," he says—yes, in spite of desire and fierce fighting, you meet dissatisfaction; yet you might be satisfied if you sought unto God. You fight and war; ye have not—because you ask not. It is a reference, as in ch. i. 5, to Christ's promise. The spirit of prayer was lost, but the form remained. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss—your hearts are wrongly set—on pleasure and not on God. Your hearts are given to the world, which is

at enmity with God. To believe that this pleasure-loving disposition is Godlike is to disbelieve the Scripture, which sets forth the contrast between the Spirit of God and the spirit of the world, and the Scripture does not speak in vain. This seems to be the meaning of verse 5. Further, God plants a certain spirit in man. Does He give a spirit which leads to envy? Impossible! God gives better: a greater grace than the selfish and envious spirit. It is a great truth that the gate to good and to happiness is Humility: the spirit which, aware of its own weakness and poverty, seeks help from God, is the spirit which wins the power of the higher and happier life. This is the witness of Scripture: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." (Compare Prov. iii. 34 and Matt. v. 3.)

SECOND SUNDAY

Ch. iv. 7–12. Be subject therefore unto God: but resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinner, and purify your hearts, ye double minded. Be afflicted, and mourn and weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall exalt you. Speak not one against another, brethren. He that speaketh against a brother, or judgeth his brother, speaketh evil against the law, and judgeth the law; but if thou judgest the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. One only is the lawgiver and judge. Even He who is able to save and to destroy: but who art thou that judgest thy neighbour?

THE writer gives some practical precepts; but they are not disconnected. The thought uppermost is that the true remedy for the discords of which he has spoken lies in drawing near to God. Self is the source of quarrel. To know God is the true life: to know Him is to lose the weak life of self in the larger life of God. Submit yourselves, therefore, to God, or range yourselves in rank at God's command, and resist the devil. He best resists the evil who has first submitted to the good. Loyalty to the divine Good enlists a man against all wrong.

But the link with God must be real. Draw near—put away all that is hateful to Him, and insincere in self. God's love is free, but He educates us through moral laws, and He is to us as we are to Him. His perfect brightness reflects our moods. If we are not single-minded, He is nothing, and can be nothing to us.

The counsels which follow are in the strain of the old prophets when they urged times of humiliation and fasting upon Israel. Compare Joel i. 13, 14. But the Christian Apostle gives a more spiritual tone to his exhortation. It is the attitude of the spirit which concerns him: he wishes true humility, true recognition of God's will and sincere desire of conformity to it. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted" had been his Master's saying, and he enforces it here. He is near to his Master's spirit also in this, that he connects the bond between God and man with the bond between man and man. Right relationship with God brings about right relationship with man. How can he who has humbled himself before God speak evil of his brother man? We should compare our Lord's teaching in three passages (Matt. v. 23, xviii. 21–35, and xxii. 36–40). The speaking evil here is that talk which we describe as running down a person.

We thus reach the deduction, expressed in the words "He that speaketh against a brother, or judgeth his brother, speaketh evil against the law, and judgeth the law." This deduction may sound to us strained. It is not as strained, however, as it appears. To speak evil of a brother is to speak evil of the law, and this is to put ourselves in a position, as it were, above law. There are two qualities which may lead to obedience to law: the quality called dutifulness, and the quality of love; dutifulness obeys the law because it ought: love, because it appreciates the spirit or principle on which the law is built. The first is under law; the second may be said to be above law; it obeys because it realises something more than mere dutifulness can perceive; it sees the beauty, as well as the obligation of right. Now, to speak evil of a brother, *i.e.*, to keep running a brother down, is to show that we have no appreciation of the beauty of right, for we fail in love. We cannot therefore claim in the good sense to be above law. But in a bad sense we set ourselves above the law, because we violate

both letter and spirit of it—we are outlaws in the divine realm of order. He that loveth hath fulfilled the law. What is his position who disdains love as a guide to conduct?

THIRD SUNDAY

AGAINST PRESUMPTION

Ch. iv. 13–17, and ch. v. 1–7.

THE Psalmist prayed to be kept from presumptuous sin. There is a stage in sin when men become reckless, foolhardy, lacking all hesitation of conscience. Men then speak as though time, place, and the souls of their fellow men were their own. This is that state of mind which was thought to provoke retribution; it is that state which makes for a man opportunities of destruction. It is blind to obvious facts; it is dead to obvious claims. The Apostle dreads lest his hearers should fall into these snares. The faults which he has been rebuking arose from selfish love of pleasure. Trusted further this selfishness would lead to presumption. He is therefore alive to warn against this danger. This presumptuous spirit may show itself in regard to life and in regard to men. In regard to life, it shows itself in a forgetfulness of God's government of life. In regard to men, it shows itself in forgetfulness of God's care and love of all men.

1. It shows itself in forgetfulness of God's government of life (iv. 1-3). "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into this city and spend a year there and trade and get gain. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow." You make your plans without thought of God. You know not what shall be on the morrow. Illness may hinder your journey; changes may prevent your staying the year out; your trade ventures may fail and your prospects of gain disappear: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." The legend runs that the angel of death said that his office was to slay those who boasted of the things they were about to do. Who can dare so to boast when life is frail—evanescent as smoke or vapour (compare Ps. cii. 3)? St. James uses the image of vapour, as he had before used that of the fading flower (i. 11). The true mental attitude is his who recognises God, God as his life. Such a man realises that apart from God there is no true or lasting life.

The Apostle touches on the way in which such presumption may become hard and irreverent. "Ye glory in your vauntings" (v. 16). Men boast, that is bad; they rejoice in their boasting, and that is worse; it shows coarsened moral fibre. Such have lost the restraint of reverence. They may retain the knowledge that they are acting presumptuously, but they have no inward shrinking from such a course. To know, however, what is right and to fail to do it is sin. Omitted good is perhaps the most disastrous of sins. (Compare Matt. xxv. 31–46 and Rom. xiv. 23.)

2. The second instance of presumption is the presumption which disregards the eternal laws of right. In the passage (v. 1–7) in which St. James deals with this sin, he describes the oppressive conduct of certain rich men. He introduces his rebuke here, as he did his rebuke of the other presumption, with the vigorous words, "Go to now"; but in the present instance he does not stay to expostulate, he breaks into denunciation. The doom of God is against the men of cruel oppression. He puts their doom first; he describes their wrong-doings afterwards. Their wrong-doings were the keeping back of poor men's wages (v. 4), an act both fraudulent and cruel: fraudulent because the wages were due; cruel because it showed a disregard of other men's needs, and all the more cruel because shown by men who were careful of their own luxuries. They lived delicately on the earth and took their pleasure (v. 5); they were heedless, rapacious, violent (v. 5, 6). Their presumption was the blind presumption of those who shut their eyes to the working of God's laws, and who thought that as they were deaf so was God also to the cries of the oppressed. But as a matter of fact (v. 2, 3), the fiat of doom had already gone forth against them. They lived in forgetful pleasure, surrounded by wealth, clothed in splendid apparel, and accumulating riches from day to day; but sorrow stood at the door; the rust was already on their unused riches; the moth was preying upon their

magnificent clothing (v. 1–3). Like one of the old prophets St. James sees that the violated laws of God have already begun to avenge themselves. It is a lesson much needed in a wealth-worshipping age. God is not mocked—as we sow, we reap. The mills of God are slow, but sure.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE LAST WORDS OF THE LETTER

We have not space to quote the whole passage, but it should be read in the Revised Version.

Early in his letter (i. 3, 4), St. James had pleaded that patience should be allowed free play. Here as he draws to an end, he again counsels patience. "Be patient, therefore, brethren, until the coming of the Lord." The husbandman is patient, but at length the harvest comes (v. 7). We, too, are waiting for the harvest: it is as sure to come to those who have sown good, as to the farmer who has sown his seed. As sure as the harvest will the coming of the Lord be. The earth will not always be under the sway of the unrighteous: the day of the worldly will pass and the day of the Lord will come (v. 8).

There is need, therefore, of the exercise of patience and self-control. We need not murmur against one another (v. 9): we must not judge one another with querulous censoriousness. The final judgment is with Him who understands each case. The true and unerring judge stands at the door (v. 9).

Encouraging examples in patience are not wanting (v. 10, 11). The prophets who wrought against evil speaking in God's name encountered trials and persecution. Job endured affliction. We honour such men now. We deem them happy victors. Let us who can honour them imitate their patience.

Naturally strong emotions clamour for expression, but those who have established their hearts in confidence and faith (v. 8) will exercise self-control and cultivate dignified reserve in speech, weighing their words and giving them a real value. Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay (v. 12). If still your emotions demand expression, use the best vehicles of expression. Prayer in sorrow (v. 13), songs of praise in joy. Cultivate mutual sympathy and brotherly interchange of confidences (v. 14, 15), and believe that prayer does win blessing (v. 16). Recall the victories of prayer in olden days, when men like Elijah won his request (v. 17). And yet the Old Testament with its famous picture of this great prophet of fire does not yield all that the Christian heart could demand. The prophet won, but his victories were largely material ones. The Christlike spirit desires a higher victory: he desires to win men, rather than to conquer them. Such an one longs to see men changed, converted from the ways of wrong; and how great is the gain! The man is saved, but the gain is far beyond this. For every man is a centre of influence. From every man there streams forth a flood of influence for good or for evil. He who is the means of converting a man from wrongful ways turns the power of that man's influence in the right direction. The stream no longer flows towards evil; it becomes a healing stream, bringing refreshment and vitality; in St. James' words—a multitude of sins is covered, because the flood of evil, so far as that man is concerned, is checked. Character is the end of life, and regenerated characters should be the end of Christian endeavour. St. James, who counselled his hearers to rejoice in trials, as they might be powerful helps towards strong, gentle, and unselfish, *i.e.*, Christ-like character, reminds them at the close that those who are called to be good are called to do good. He who said that religion consisted in ministration to the needy (i. 27) shows how wide and varied the ministry of Christian influence should be, and how potent a factor it can be in reviving and regenerating society.

A Daughter of the Sea*

By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of "Olive Tracy," "Probable Sons," &c.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard

CHAPTER XXVI

A NOBLE VENTURE

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.
ADDISON.

CUTHBERT had a very serious talk with Mr. Carteret when he was in a fit state to be reasoned with. He told him he could not continue to remain as his guest unless he promised him he would abstain from drink. The poor old man broke down and sobbed like a child.

"I am drinking myself to death," he said, trying to control his emotion. "The young parson has been talking to me. He wants to din religion into me. I tell him no power in heaven or earth can take away the love of drink from me! I know it is killing me, but I cannot keep away from it. I had better take myself off from your respectable household. It was an attraction I could not resist—coming to see one of my own kith and kin. I was poor; she was rich. I felt I should like to give her a chance of doing her duty by me. She has not disappointed me in that respect; but it is duty, and not love, that has regulated her action towards me. I suppose I was a fool to expect anything else. I saw after I had been in the house a week that she had neither respect nor affection for me. It is a cruel thing to separate a daughter from her only surviving parent. I have to thank Endicott for that. If I had had her to live for, to work for, I might have turned out a different man. Circumstances have been against me. Give a dog a bad name—you know the rest!"

Mr. Carteret stopped, and in spite of his artificiality and misrepresentations of the truth, Cuthbert pitied him from the bottom of his heart.

"You could have lived and worked for your wife," he said, trying to speak sternly. "You broke her heart, and you would have dragged up your daughter in misery and shame. Be thankful that her youth has been a bright and happy and wholesome one; and do not rail against the one who made it so!"

"And now my daughter casts her father out of her house to want and ruin! I said to McFarlane just now, when I met him out of doors, 'Keep your religion for those that like it! It has never brought me any good, and never will! It is only words, words—empty words! Words won't save a man when he is in the gutter. You can preach at him, you can pray with him, you can weep for him, and you may work upon his feelings till he is ready to hand his soul over to you. But as for doing him any practical good, your religion is an utter failure! You go your way, and he goes his. He sinks deeper than ever in what you call sin, and you shrug your shoulders and say, "Poor devil! I tried to help him, but he is too far gone to be reformed!" That is the extent of your religion!'"

Mr. Carteret spoke excitedly. Cuthbert listened to him in uneasy wonder.

"What would you suggest?" he asked, looking at his father-in-law thoughtfully.

"Can a plague-stricken victim suggest a cure to a doctor who is longing to get rid of his presence? Bah! We will talk no more. When are you wanting me to clear out? For as to depriving myself of my only comfort in life—you know that is a moral impossibility! I dare say it is as well. I could not go through many such days as I have passed in this dull hole trying to be sober and respectable! It saps the spirit out of me in more ways than one."

Cuthbert pondered much over his father-in-law's words.

A few days after, he was riding out by himself, when he was overtaken by Donald also on horseback, who was going to visit one of his outlying parishioners.

Cuthbert was at first rather distant in his

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manner towards the young clergyman. He admired him as a preacher and respected his goodness; he even felt the fascination of his attractive personality, and perhaps this last fact had most to do with his determination to see as little of him as possible.

But Donald was too much in earnest on this day to notice Cuthbert's manner. He plunged at once into the subject that was uppermost in his heart and thoughts.

"How is Mr. Carteret this morning?"

"I cannot say there is any improvement in him."

"What do you feel about it, Gregson? Has he opened out at all to you? I tell you, he wrung my heart the last time I saw him. It is a case of a soul struggling to free itself from an inevitable bondage. I believe in the power of Christ. I have wrestled on my knees for him; but I cannot instil a gleam of hope into his mind. He will not pray for himself; he has no faith that prayer will save him; and I am almost inclined to be despondent about him myself."

"He seems to think our religion is a mere matter of words!" said Cuthbert slowly.

"And so it is," said Donald, with a sudden fire in his eye. "I asked him what I could do to show him that it was not, and do you know what he said to me?"

"No. It was yesterday you called upon him was it not? I spoke to him much the same strain a few days ago, but he scorned my words."

"Well, he said this to me: 'If you really want to help me, come and live with me; be with me night and day. Be my keeper, guard me from what has hitherto been my only companion. If I were a rich man, I would hire you as my bodyguard for a good twelvemonth or so. I would travel with you; I would get away from a place that from its dulness and isolation is driving me mad!'"

Cuthbert listened thoughtfully. Donald continued:

"I have been thinking of his words ever since. I fancy our Master would have us weigh them in our minds and act upon them. The poor wounded traveller on the way to Jericho was not just clothed, and sent on his way. He was nursed and 'taken care of' for many a long day after."

"Are you thinking of becoming his keeper?" Cuthbert asked, wheeling round his horse in astonishment, and looking straight into the fair glowing face of the young clergyman. "Do you realise what it would be to tie yourself to a man of his dissipated tastes? I know his history better than you do. My friend Endicott hoped that he and his daughter would never meet; and it has been an evil day for them both that they have done so."

"It is my parish that is my difficulty," said Donald gravely. "It is weighing a hundred souls or so against one that makes me hesitate. Yet our Master thought much of individual cases; and only one soul is worth the work of a lifetime."

They rode on in silence. Cuthbert was thinking hard. At last he said:

"Look here, McFarlane, I honestly want to help the old man in the best way possible; not only because he is my wife's father, but because as a man and a Christian I cannot ignore his claim upon me. If you will take him abroad for a year I will give you the means to do it. I will arrange for a parson to take your place. You will save him if any one can."

"No," said Donald gravely; "but my Master will. May I think over the matter and let you know? I own I have strong reasons for wishing to leave Perrancove for a time. If I could see a good substitute installed in my place, I would go cheerfully and willingly. But it is hard to leave my people just when I am becoming really intimate with them."

"Think it over. You will be a brave man if you attempt his reformation; but I believe you will succeed. Cheery bright companionship will do much towards helping him, and God will do the rest!"

They parted, but as Cuthbert rode away, he said to himself:

"That is a splendid fellow with real grit in him. I would that I could catch some of his zeal and love for others' welfare."

And the more he thought of the plan the better he liked it; the more he esteemed the young fellow, who was ready to sacrifice so

much for the sake of a confirmed and miserable drunkard.

He felt rather ashamed of a thought that kept stealing in above all others.

"He will be removed from my wife!"

And he wondered if Donald himself had her in his mind when he said he had strong reasons for wishing to leave Perrancove.

If he had been allowed to peep into Donald's room that evening, he would have seen that his surmise in this respect was a right one.

Donald was pacing his room restlessly, and from quick disjointed sentences he was uttering, one could tell that he was praying.

"It is an answer, an opening! O God, my Father, I thank Thee!—Care for the souls of my people!—It is a cross, but I gladly take it!—Better be out of sight of her sweet face, out of sound of her clear voice, than giving way to sinful thoughts. I—a chosen messenger as I humbly believe, to be continually breaking the Tenth Commandment! Oh, Father, have pity! Forgive! Purge me afresh from all that is displeasing to Thee!"

Donald was not one to rush into difficulties without foreseeing them. He knew the weary disheartening charge it would be. He knew the deadening effect it might have upon his own soul, to be tied daily and hourly to one who not only was earth-bound in all his desires and interests, but who took his pleasures in sin and degradation; who loved darkness rather than light!

"Shall I be strong enough to resist the downward influence?" he thought; and then with a glad rebound he added—"I can do all things through Christ!"

He went up to the Towers the next morning, and met Una and her husband walking in the garden together.

They turned to him expectantly, and as Una shook hands with him, she said a little shyly:

"My husband has been telling me about your plan, Mr. McFarlane. I can hardly hope that you will do it."

"I will—God helping me—gladly!" he responded gravely.

Cuthbert gripped him by the hand.

"I felt you would. Come into my study and talk it over."

For a moment Donald looked at Una. Tears were in her eyes.

"We shall never be able to repay you,' she said; and, turning away quickly, she ran into the house.

The two men were still deep in confabulation about half an hour afterwards, when Mr. Carteret shuffled into the room. He looked his very worst. His eyes were bloodshot; his hair almost on end; his steps were trembling and uncertain. Cuthbert rose and drew forward a chair for him.

"We were just wanting to see you," he said gently. "McFarlane has been talking to me about a plan of his. I will let him speak for himself."

Then wisely he left the room, and Donald, taking the old man's hand in his, said brightly:

"Will you be my patient if I turn from a parson into a doctor for a short time? Will you come a sea trip with me, and leave Perrancove for a while?"

"Eh, lad, God knows I would!" ejaculated Mr. Carteret with real feeling.

"There is nothing to hinder us from setting out very soon then."

"But who is going to pay?" demanded Mr. Carteret querulously. "I am a poor man. I can hardly afford to keep myself, much less another!"

"That will be arranged easily. Mr. Gregson will explain things to you. And now look here, let us go over our cruise together, and discover how much we can see of foreign countries in a twelvemonth."

He talked away brightly; but as he was taking his leave, Mr. Carteret gripped him by the coat sleeve.

"What are you doing this for? Not for my sake?"

"For yours, for mine, and first and foremost for the sake of my Master!"

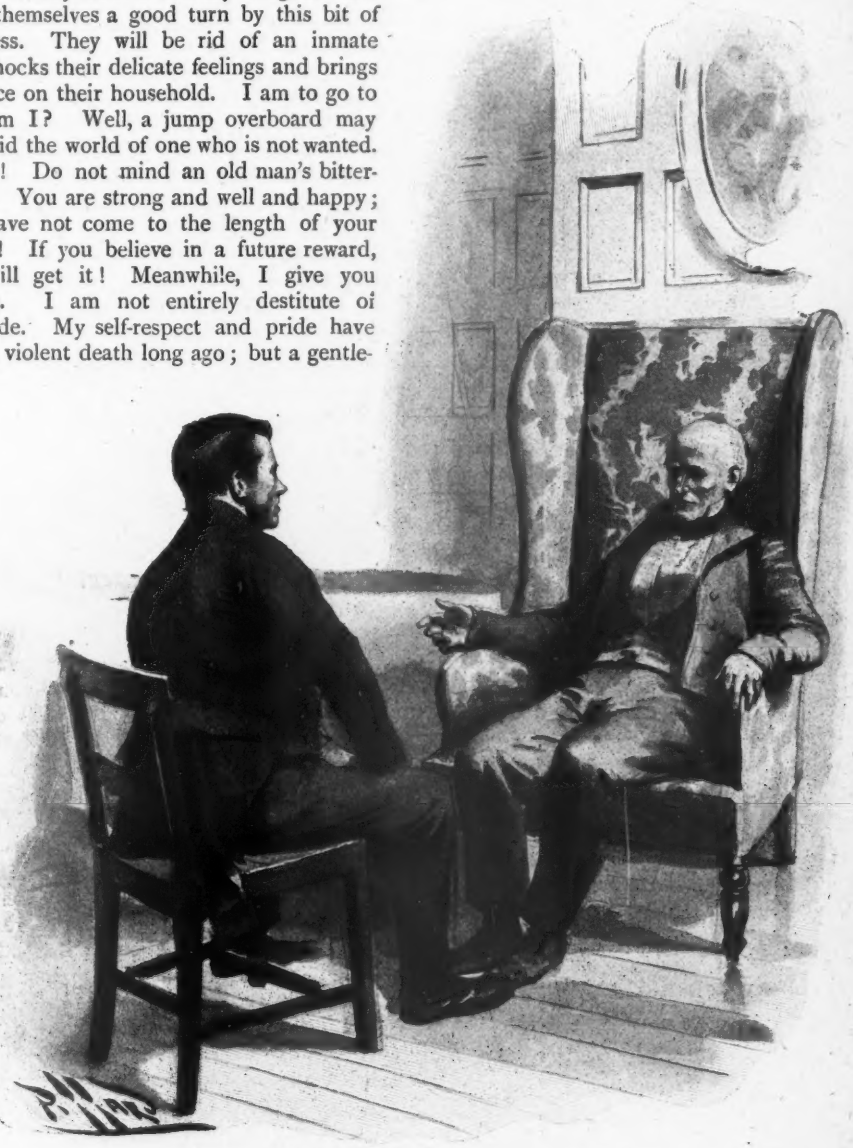
"Eh, yes. You expect to reform a drunkard and turn him from his evil ways! If I thought you were going to cram religion down my throat every hour I would not stir a step with you. You parsons can never control your tongues!"

"I am going to forsake my *rôle* as a

parson and substitute that of a private physician and friend."

Mr. Carteret shook his head feebly, then roused himself, and spoke a little excitedly:

"You mean well; Gregson may mean well. In any case he and my daughter have done themselves a good turn by this bit of business. They will be rid of an inmate who shocks their delicate feelings and brings disgrace on their household. I am to go to sea, am I? Well, a jump overboard may soon rid the world of one who is not wanted. There! Do not mind an old man's bitterness! You are strong and well and happy; you have not come to the length of your tether! If you believe in a future reward, you will get it! Meanwhile, I give you thanks. I am not entirely destitute of gratitude. My self-respect and pride have died a violent death long ago; but a gentleman requires much grace to own his fallen position, and kiss the hand which has pointed it out to him. I cannot yet knuckle down to my son-in-law, so tell him to keep out of my way for the present! Good day."



But who is going to pay? demanded Mr. Cartaret querulously

When once the matter was settled, it did not take long to arrange all necessary details. A curate was found who was willing for a small stipend to take charge of the parish. He was a delicate man, who hoped to derive much benefit from the salt sea breezes, and earnestly do his best for the fisher-folk.

There was grievous lamentation in the village when Donald's departure became known. Two of the heaviest drinkers in Perrancove arrived up at the parsonage one night, declaring they would sign the pledge and never touch a drop of beer again if their "parson 'ud keep to home an' not leave 'em!"

The young rector needed all his courage, all his strength, to keep a bright face and demeanour. Yet when Una stepped up to him to wish him good-bye, with her grey eyes full of gratitude, he felt sufficiently rewarded already.

"You will save him," she said. "Cuthbert and I will pray for you night and day. You will bring him back to us a changed man; it is what our Lord would have done Himself!"

And those were the words that rang in his ears across wave and storm, through weary months of watching and toil: words that brought a smile to his lip and a light in his eye when his task seemed almost overwhelming.

His absence from Perrancove brought Cuthbert and Una in close contact with all the fishers. Husband and wife were determined to support their present parson, and where he was unable to work, they gladly offered themselves as substitutes.

"You will soon begin to love the sea and the fishers as much as I do," said Una one day, when her husband returned from a long visit to old Martin.

"I am afraid you will not like the news I have to tell you," he said smiling. "I must leave you for a short time and go up to London."

Una looked at him with startled eyes.

"I cannot be left. I must go with you," she said.

"I think not, dear. One of us is wanted here while McFarlane is away. I wish Lester was not so diffident with the fishers. They think he is frightened of them, and are inclined to bully a little. It is about my book that I wrote. It has sold so well that a fresh edition is to be brought out. I must see my publishers about it. It may need some revision."

"Does that mean that you are going to shut yourself up into the study again, and live your life alone?"

"No; I may safely promise you that those old days will not come back. But my book has been a help to many, Una; it would be wrong of me to withhold my hand from improving it in any way. I have had many testimonies as to its usefulness."

"Oh, I know, I know; but it nearly cost you your wife!"

Cuthbert looked at her tenderly.

"I think my little wife is waking up to see that there are great realities in life; a work for each to do, and strength and guidance given as we need it. You are not content now to spend your days in shrimping and boating, as in old times are you?"

"I never was content with those occupations only," said Una, looking at him thoughtfully. "Sometimes I wonder, Cuthbert, if you will still think me a thoughtless child when I am fifty years old. Will you never give me credit for any earnestness of purpose, any object in life, save that of shrimping and fishing? Do you think I have no mind, no will of my own?"

"I think you have a very decided will of your own," responded Cuthbert, with a mixture of fun and of gravity in his tone. "I was just congratulating you on your growth. I think you are taking a real and deep interest in those who are in need; and I can quite trust my wife to manage the household, and all Perrancove too, if necessary, in my absence."

Una sighed.

"How long will you be away?"

"Not more than a fortnight or three weeks, I hope."

"I shall be miserable the whole time!" said Una; and her husband could not comfort her.

CHAPTER XXVII

UNA'S APPEAL

There is no true potency, remember, but that of help; nor true ambition, but ambition to save.

RUSKIN.

CUTHBERT went, and his wife bravely set to work to fill up her time with various occupations, hoping vainly that by so doing her thoughts might be taken from her absent husband.

"I don't know how it is," she said to Kathie; "I have a presentiment that something is going to happen before my husband returns. I am quite relieved when each day is over, and no evil has befallen me. Do you believe in presentiment, Kathie?"

"Ay," said Kathie, "you call 'em by a big name, Missy; but my feelin's told me Jim was not dead. Be that a presentiment?"

"Of course it was, and a very pleasant one. I think I am getting nervous. I met old Patty out this morning. Do you notice that she always disappears when things go on as usual, but directly anything happens amongst us she is back again like a bad penny? She said to me in her shrill, singsong voice:

'Master away once and twice!
Evil be brewin', once, twice, thrice!
Fishers and Sea
Tell summat to me,
An' the Witches' Hole do hide
What the honest folk can't bide!'

I was quite afraid she would be heard and understood. And it is no good trying to stop her, for she only runs away and gets more excited. Have you seen her?"

"Yes; I gave her some hot broth, poor creatur'! I often wonder how she do live, but she seemed very quiet like when she was here!"

Una saw Patty again several days later, and this time the lads were chasing her through the village. She was screaming, half in mischief, half in terror, the doggerel rhyme which she had sung to Una; and it had an exasperating effect on her tormentors. They repeated it to the older men, and the subject that had for a time lain dormant in their minds now came to the surface again and was discussed with much animation and interest. All were of the opinion that Patty, witchcraft, and the devil himself had helped to create that unknown boat which appeared and disappeared so mysteriously.

"Her be a right down witch!" was the opinion of all; and the oldest amongst them began relating tales that had been handed down to him of the burning of witches and suchlike.

"If us could once catch the varmint," one man said doggedly, "us could take the law into our own hands, an' clear Perrancove of such a pest; but 'tis dangersome work to meddle wi' a witch, for if her slips out o' owr hands, her will for sure ill-wish us or cast a evil eye on us!"

"Ay, but if us cotched her, us wouldn't be the fools to let her slip!"

"There be Missy," said another, "an' them sneakin' Tanners; they do be all on the witch's side!"

"In course they be, fur 'tis my belief that Patty did giv' 'em' the craft! 'Tis a bewitched craft, that it be!"

The result of all this was that one afternoon towards dusk Patty was chased once again, but this time it was not by the lads, but by strong able-bodied men, and they meant more than play; they were determined to catch her and make her suffer for all her misdeeds.

Unfortunately Una was not at hand to befriend her; the Tanners were away fishing; and the poor old creature fled through the village and up to the cliff-top, feeling that her last hour had come. She was wonderfully fleet of foot, but her pursuers saw to their delight that at length her steps were flagging. Gradually they lessened the distance between them, and then suddenly, as one man was within almost an arm's length of her, she plunged into some gorse bushes and vanished from their sight. Her pursuers paused and looked at each other in blank astonishment; then one said, as he clapped his hand on his thigh:

"Look 'ee out for a hare, lads! A hare. Her be a real praper witch, an' her be in the bushes still. Beat the bushes, lads, an' us will catch her yet!"

It was dusk. As their stout cudgels were

brought into requisition, a frightened rabbit made his escape across the short, springy turf.

'Away, lads! Her be away!"

With shouts and yells the fishers tore after the little creature, and when tired out with their hopeless chase, they returned to the village more than ever convinced that poor Patty was a "praper witch," and as such they ought to burn her.

Their amazement and consternation was great when shortly afterwards, coming across their bay from the Witches' Hole, and heading for the Towers' Creek—Una's private landing-place—was Patty in the mysterious boat.

Their wonder as to how she had got there was eclipsed by their furious longing to get hold of her.

At last it seemed to them the chance had come. The boat and Patty had fallen into their clutches. The beach was crowded in no time; women and children poured out of their cottages; lads began making a pile of brushwood and bits of old timber. Some of the men crept cautiously along the shingle to the creek; but they suddenly stopped and retraced their steps. It was high tide, and the current was very strong. To their delight they saw that old Patty was becoming exhausted with her efforts, and the tide was bringing her swiftly and surely into Perrancove. It was the same current that so often brought in salvage from wrecks; the fishers looked at each other in dumb amazement.

"'Tis a sign from above," said one. "Heaven be aidin' us to rid the coast o' such a curse!"

"Her be driftin' in sure enough, an' us will have a gran' bonfire this night!"

Some of the boys put a light to the heap of wood they had collected, a woman added a little lamp oil, and soon the beach was enveloped in a ruddy glare.

It shone on the excited fishers, and on the terror-stricken old woman in the boat. In vain she tried to turn the *Triumph* round; she seemed paralysed with fear, and at last she crouched down on the seat, clutching her oars desperately, though she never pulled a stroke. She saw the bonfire; she saw the cruel angry faces round her; and she knew there was no escape. Her will had no longer power over her limbs; the sea was gently and surely taking her to a cruel death.

The poor old woman was now past realising what she was doing. When pursued on the cliff-top, she had made for the secret entrance to the Witches' Hole. The innocent rabbit had perhaps saved that entrance from being discovered; but Patty had not the sense to act coolly. She gained the bottom of the cave, but she fancied her pursuers were following her still, and with almost superhuman strength, she dragged the *Triumph* down to the beach and launched her. She thought she would be found in the cave and murdered there, and the terror of that thought lent strength to her aged wrists. The *Triumph* danced over the water merrily. Not since her first launching had she been out in such weather as this; she seemed to respond to Patty's feeble strokes with joy and delight. The strong tide carried her rapidly along the coast; and then Patty conceived the bold idea of rowing to the Towers. That would be a sure refuge, she knew; she fancied her pursuers would be searching the cavern, and so would not notice her passing Perrancove. When she saw the lights in the cottages and on the shore she was a little alarmed; for a moment she paused. Where should she go? Not out to sea; that would be certain death. Not back to the Witches' Hole, for there were her pursuers waiting to seize her! The only thing to do was to make for the Towers' Creek. And then came the struggle with current and tide, the slow conviction that she was not going the way she meant to, but every moment was drifting nearer Perrancove beach. She saw the crowds assemble; she watched the kindling of the bonfire; and soon she was near enough to recognise the faces of her pursuers. That was the crowning moment of her despair. An icy-cold shiver ran through her limbs; her arms dropped helpless by her sides; and only her skinny fingers still gripped the oars tenaciously.

The tide washed the *Triumph* in; three or four men dashed forward to haul her up, when suddenly a slight figure sprang in front of them and jumped into the boat with Patty.

She knew that matters were serious, and standing up she confronted the angry crowd

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA, page 877

Drawn by HAROLD PIFFARD

It was Una. In a moment she had seized the oars from Patty's grasp, the boat shot out again into the water, but not before a hoarse, angry shout rose from the shore. When she was about a boat's length out she paused. She caught sight of boats being hurriedly dragged down to the water's edge. She knew that matters were serious, and, standing up, she confronted the angry crowd.

"Be quiet. I want to speak to you!" she said.

Something in her quiet authoritative tone had the instant effect she desired. There was silence; the women elbowed their way down to the edge; the men looked up sullenly. It was a scene any artist would have wished to paint; for weirdness and beauty it could have had no equal. It was a still night; only the ripple and swish of the waves against the low stone breakwater was to be heard. The ocean lay dark and silent in the background; the centre picture was the *Triumph*. Una stood up, the ruddy light shining full on her slight young supple figure. Her face was glowing and sparkling with eager earnestness and enthusiasm; her curly hair, escaping from under the woollen cap she wore, clustered round her brow in soft wavy tendrils; one hand was lifted to demand attention, the other was backing with an oar to keep the boat from drifting forward.

Crouched down by her side was Patty. Her grey hair was hanging loose and untidy round her withered face. A scarlet handkerchief knotted round her throat and a ragged blue apron gave a touch of colour to her figure. Her restless black eyes were peering into the crowd in front of her. The firelight of the bonfire destined for her destruction played across her terror-stricken face. A black background; a ruddy foreground; youth and age, beauty and decay in close proximity. It was a scene long remembered by one who was even now hurrying towards it.

"Listen to me!"

Una's voice rang out as clear and sweet as a bell.

"You have thoughts of murder in your hearts to-night. I come to save you from such a crime. I have grown up amongst you. I love you all. I would save you, if I could, from the consequences of such a crime. I know the cause of your anger. It is not poor old Patty here, who, if her son had lived, would have been lovingly housed and cared for, instead of being hooted from place to place by men and boys, who ought to know better. A poor old defenceless, grey-haired woman, daily growing feebler in mind and body, is your object of hate and spite. And why? Because you ignorantly think that the boat I stand in belongs to her! Take a good look at us, tell me if you have seen such a craft before? Does she look the work of witchcraft? Would you like to know her owner? I am she! Yes, you are astonished! I will take you into my confidence; I will talk to you like reasonable men and women. Long, long ago, when I was quite a little girl, I used to sob myself to sleep when the wind howled round the Towers, thinking of the poor wrecked sailors. I often used to talk to some of you about them, and you used to laugh and turn the subject, as if the deaths of so many human beings mattered nothing to you. I listened one day to the talk of some visitors at the Towers. I heard the history of the destruction of a valuable lifeboat; and I made a vow to myself, then and there, that when I grew big I would build a lifeboat myself—a boat that would never be destroyed. That was when I was about ten years old. Ten years later I remembered my vow, and I set to work. I saved all the money I could, and invested in materials, and then I wondered where I could secrete them. I thought of the Witches' Hole, and I had them taken there. Little by little this boat that you see began to grow. It was slow work. It was only after I married that it proceeded more quickly. I was able to spend more on it, and I tell you, men, that it was my greatest joy in life when she was christened and launched. There isn't a foot in her that I have not helped to make. Every screw and bolt is known to me. She is dearer to me than anything else in the world. And this is what you call witchcraft!"

Una paused with a little catch in her breath.

The fishermen and women were gazing at

her with open eyes and mouths. Their anger was dying away in the keen interest they felt in "Missy's" revelations.

"Now," went on Una, with a little enthusiasm in her tone, "my boat was made, but she wanted a crew. Who would come forward? I thought of you all one by one. Martin, who gave me my first lesson in rowing; Luke, who helped me to catch my first fish; others who had delighted me when a child by their sea-yarns—perhaps you wonder I did not come to you! Well—what reply would you have made me? Do you think my proposal would have been welcomed by you? Would you have all come forward bravely as a volunteer crew, and breasted the waves, and fought the storms, in order to save poor drowning men?"

A dead silence.

"I tell you—all of you—that I was ashamed to feel that I could not rely on your help. I was not sure of you, and so I fell back on the three that I knew I could trust."

There was a low sullen murmur through the crowd.

"Yes, I know you hate them; you tried to drown one and murder two; you also tried to drown my husband, but God above has saved you from such crimes. I know all. I have seen ghastly sights on this shore—sights that have made my blood boil—only I was a helpless woman, and could see no way to remedy matters. A half-drowned man is better left to die if the spoils from off him enrich your pockets! Oh, men and lads! do you ever think of your hidden stores of riches, your secret piles of ill-gotten wealth, and tremble when you remember that a day of judgment is coming? Do you think that God looks down upon you, and knows all, and yet will pass it by? Has the love of money so taken possession of your souls, that you are utterly deadened to all thoughts of the life beyond and to where you will spend eternity? But I am not here to preach. I am telling you the history of my lifeboat. You have seen her go out from the Witches' Hole and save lives; I have been proud and glad to be one of her crew on those occasions. If you had not wilfully maimed all her crew on one sad night, three of your own neighbours and kinsmen would be standing alive and strong with you to-night. We should have saved them, as well as the crew that picked them up. It is you Perrancove fishers who made three desolate widows then!"

The women alluded to gave a wailing kind of cry. Una continued:

"Yes, that seems terrible to you, I do believe! I have seen you risk your own lives for each other; I believe you would be honestly glad to see those poor men back amongst us again; but have you ever thought of the wives and sweethearts left sorrowing for those you have helped to kill? Have you ever thought of the broken hearts of the mothers whose only sons have been drowned for the want of a friendly hand? Just think for a moment! Take the last ten years—only ten years—I dare not think of a longer time. Imagine every drowned soul wrecked on these rocks close to us rising up from their watery grave and confronting you now. Can you fancy you see them? I can. Tall bonny lads, sons of loving mothers and proud fathers, weather-beaten sailors like yourselves, heads of families, leaving poverty-stricken wives and children without a protector; delicate women; helpless baby children. Oh! can you see them rising now and saying, 'Why did you let us drown? Why did you not lift a hand to help us?' Can you see them by tens and twenties and hundreds rising up to condemn you? Do you know the name our bay deserves? 'Slaughter Bay.' Think it over, for it has been downright slaughter for the last hundred years or more. You know how many you could have saved, if you had wished to do so! You know how many you have seen drown. You have watched their death struggles with delight; you have stripped their poor bodies of everything that you think will bring you money. And what are you the better for it? Tell me, do you enjoy your riches? Is your secret hoard a delight to you? Or is it an anxious care? Now, what I have to ask you to-night is this. Will you alter the history of Slaughter Bay? Shall it be Rescue Bay in the future? You have hearts! You love your wives and little

ones. Will you begin to think of the wives and little ones of others henceforth? Will you start afresh, and try to blot out the black past of Perrancove Bay? And oh, dear men, and women too, for you know how you can help your husbands in this matter—if it means a ribbon or a trinket less, it will mean a life more—will you all remember that we are brothers and sisters, that we have a Father above—a Father who has made the sea and rules the waves, and loves every creature on and in it? We have a Saviour who lived amongst fishers, who chose them as His dearest friends, who wants to be their Friend still, day by day, hour by hour. I wish I could talk to you as Mr. McFarlane does. I know what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for me. This little boat I am standing in is a very poor type of what He is able to do for you. You are making shipwrecks of your souls, and He is the Lifeboat of the world. I found no real joy or peace till I stepped in. How many of you will step in too?"

Another silence, broken by the sobbing of some women. Una had reached the hearts of her audience, and she knew it.

Then she changed her tone.

"I will say no more. I have told you how this little boat has been built, with much hard work, with much prayer. I am going to leave her fate in your hands. I have shown you that poor old Patty has had nothing to do with her. She discovered what we were doing in the Witches' Hole; she knew an entrance to it from the cliffs above; and I suppose must have got down there when you were pursuing her, and rowed out to escape from you. I feel sure now you know the facts you will leave the poor old woman alone; but what are you going to do with my lifeboat? I am not going to hide her existence any longer. Shall she belong to every one of us? Shall she try to wipe out the stain upon us as a fishing population, and seek to rescue as many as have already perished through the lack of her? If you are willing, I will build a house for her on the beach here. My husband will help me. We will ask for a volunteer crew. Will you take the same pride in her that we do? If you still wish her to be destroyed; if you want to see drowning men and women die before your eyes, and have not the humanity or pluck to rescue them, then say the word. I will cast her adrift now, and let the sea take her where it will; or I will bring her in and let you burn her in your bonfire. Which is it to be? Decide her fate. What is to become of the *Triumph?*"

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FISHERS' RESPONSE

> By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
> And make persuasion do the work of fear.
>
> MILTON.

THE fishers were not long in making their decision. Old Martin had the honour of being first spokesman. He raised his cap and waved it wildly in the air.

"Three cheers for the Missy's boat! Three cheers for the *Triumph!*"

The cheers were given with right good will. The Perrancove fishers were always moved by eloquence; they were carried away in this instance beyond Una's wildest hopes. There was not a dissentient voice amongst them; the boat that had been the cause of so much anger and strife was now an object of reverence in their eyes. As with a few quick strokes Una came to shore, a crowd of them hauled the *Triumph* up on the beach, and she was besieged by the curious and interested onlookers.

But as Una stepped out, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and she turned to see her husband.

"Oh, Cuthbert, you are back. Thank God. If only you had been here sooner!"

He was silent, and stepped back, as one by one some of the elder fishers came up to his wife.

She took each by the hand.

"You will stand by the *Triumph?* You will be her friends? God bless you! Martin, I leave her in your charge to-night. Fasten her to the breakwater. I trust her to you all."

She passed through them rapidly, holding poor old Patty by the hand. The men were some of them wiping their eyes with their coatcuffs; the women sobbing audibly. They were an impressionable lot, but never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had

there been such a scene. Kathie came forward with her eyes full of fervour. She volunteered to house old Patty for the night, for the poor old woman seemed to be fast collapsing.

"Oh, Missy, to think my Jim has not heard you!" she exclaimed.

Una smiled, but could say nothing. She took her husband's arm, and he felt her lean heavily on him, but not a word did either of them say till they had reached the Towers.

Cuthbert was dumbfounded by it all. He had arrived home to be told by Baldwin hurriedly:

"Oh, master, there be terrible doin's on the beach! Jim Tanner's wife have been up to fetch the mistress down. They'm goin' to burn old Patty Jessop for a witch. Their bloods be up, and they'm terrible savage!"

He had dashed down in time for the opening of Una's speech, and had listened to every word of it; bewilderment, astonishment, and admiration succeeding rapidly in his mind. Was this his thoughtless child-wife? He stood in the background listening spellbound. And as he now walked home with her he dared not trust himself to speak.

He took her into the dining-room, where there was a blazing fire, and then he faced her.

"Una!"

She looked up. Already she was feeling the reaction from the intense strain she had passed through. The colour was ebbing from her cheeks and lips, but she laid her hands on her husband's arm imploringly.

"Do not be angry with me, Cuthbert. I wanted to tell you. I meant to do so."

"Angry!" repeated Cuthbert mechanically.

She misunderstood his silence, and burst into a passion of tears. He took her into his arms at once.

There was no small-mindedness in Cuthbert's nature. If for an instant he regretted his wife's want of confidence in him, the real facts filled him with gladness and delight.

"Angry with you!" he exclaimed passionately. "My darling, I feel it is an honour to belong to you, to be your husband! I would not have missed what I have seen and heard to-night for worlds!"

Then in quieter tones he tried to soothe her. He brought her a cup of hot coffee, which he insisted that she should take.

"You must not talk. The best thing for you is sleep. You will feel better to-morrow."

Una struggled for self-control; but she felt unstrung and exhausted, and wisely took his advice. Just as she was dropping off to sleep she turned to Mrs. Craven, who had been waiting upon her.

"Just ask your master to come to me."

Cuthbert obeyed the summons at once.

"Tell me, Cuthbert, will the temptation be too much for them? I have left the *Triumph* in their hands entirely."

"You could not have ensured her safety better."

She smiled, and was asleep almost directly.

Perrancove meanwhile was almost beside itself with excitement. Perhaps Una's success would not have been so complete had not Donald McFarlane's teaching found its way into many a heart. For some time past many of the fishers had been uncomfortable and ill at ease; but the habits of a lifetime are not easily broken, and wrecks with their salvage were their delight and joy. Martin was the one that was conquered first, and now he was loud in Una's praise.

"I never seed a maid nor a wife her ekal yet! Ay, boys! Were her not gran' wi' such a tongue, standin' there like a beast at bay!"

"Nay, there were not much of the beast in she!" laughed a younger man; "'tis an angel 'ee be meanin'! Her be a wiman wi' a wunnerfu' head and han' an understandin'! To think that her did build yon life-boat be remarkable!"

"Ay, 'tis such a tidy little craft! But they Tanners be clever wi' they han's, though I never giveth 'un credit for a work like to she!"

"Well-a-day! The times be goin' to change, surely! 'Tis the lasses now be heads, well over the men! Such a feat I hath never heard tell on! An' her have gone out an' weathered the storms whilst us have stayed to home. I allays did say Missy were a rare 'un."

Some of the old ones went into the Blue Lobster to drink the health of the *Triumph*, and there was a little bemoaning over the good old times that were gone.

"But there!" exclaimed one, "I did see they drownin' sperrits from the deep as Missy did talk! An' I be fair scared and wisht! Her did speak right at we, an' there be no wi'standin' she! I mind her as a tiny maid, her were allays that way! An' I standeth by she now, an' will take an oar so soon as her asketh of me, for I knoweth a well-built craft when I seeth one!"

Early the next morning Una was summoned to Kathie's cottage. Poor old Patty lay on the bed breathing her last The fright had been too much for her; she raised her eyes feebly when Una bent over her.

"I be a-carried in to shore wunnerful easy," she murmured; and as she closed her eyes for the last time Una prayed that the poor clouded soul might truly be landed safely on the shore that knows no storms, where the understanding is never darkened, and the fools are wise indeed.

She returned to the Towers saddened yet comforted by such thoughts.

"And now, my little wife," said Cuthbert to her that morning, "may I ask why I was kept in the dark about this work of yours!"

Una looked into his eyes frankly.

"I will tell you all. At first you were not interested in the sea and in the fishers. You were too busy with your book, and then I got accustomed to keeping it from you. Afterwards—especially since your return to me—I longed to tell you. I nearly did so often; but I was afraid you would not let me go out on stormy nights. I loved that too much to give it up, so I put off confession. This is my secret, Cuthbert; I told you I had one."

"I am dimly beginning to understand so much," said Cuthbert. "Tell me more; tell me every detail."

And so, sitting down by her husband's side, Una told him all, with no reservations. He heard of that dreadful night when he was absent and when his wife herself had not been left unmolested; he listened to the account of the different rescues the *Triumph* had effected, to Donald McFarlane's determination to discover the mystery surrounding the Witches' Hole, and of his consequent enlightenment; and his heart swelled with love and pride as he thought of his wife.

"I thought you were playing with life," he acknowledged; "I imagined myself the benefiter of mankind when I ushered my ancient discoveries into the literary world. I was working to supply the needs of a few savants' brains; you were working to save perishing souls."

Una grew uneasy under such praise.

"Do you know, I cannot bear the thought that I am to be one of the *Triumph's* crew no longer? Must I give up all part and lot in her?"

Then Cuthbert did the best thing he could have done.

"Let us come down to the shore and organise her captain and crew. We must strike while the iron is hot. We can settle the spot where the *Triumph* is to be kept and set the men to work at once to build a house for her."

They went down and spent two or three hours in plans and discussions about the Perrancove lifeboat, plans which were formulated and carried out with wonderful promptness and success.

. . . . .

It is a year later. Two young mothers are looking down with joy and pride upon two bonny boys playing together. They are Una and Kathie. As girls they shared each other's joys and sorrows; as wives and mothers they do so still.

Una is developing into a sweet and gracious woman. Her old impetuosity breaks out occasionally, but it is tempered with a thoughtful gentleness that the birth of her boy has created. A shadow rests on her face now as she draws out a letter from her pocket.

"You knew him and loved him, Kathie. I will read it to you. It is from the captain of the ship they were returning in. My father is too unnerved by the shock to tell us the details, so I am thankful to have the letter. It is to my husband.

"DEAR SIR,—I regret extremely to have to tell you of the sad event that has just occurred on my ship, viz., the sudden death

Tell me about mother's lifeboat, dad, and that night when the old woman was nearly burnt to death

of the Rev. Donald McFarlane. Mr. Carteret does not seem to know about his friends, so I am writing to ask if you will kindly break the tidings to them. We encountered a stiff gale last Thursday night, and it took some of our passengers by surprise. Mr. Carteret was sitting on deck, and endeavoured to make his way back to his cabin. In doing so, in some way that we cannot account for, he missed his footing and a sudden lurch of the vessel sent him overboard. McFarlane instantly plunged over after him. I lowered a boat, and Mr. Carteret was handed in, but owing to the heavy swell McFarlane was carried out beyond our reach. His body was finally recovered, but life was extinct when he was rescued. We all mourn our loss in him. He was the life of the ship, and brought sunshine wherever he went—a true, noble Christian man, and one whose example we may well seek to follow.

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN WELLS,

"Capt. ss. *Majestic*."

There was silence after she had read it. After a few moments she said:

"He lived for others and he died for them. I cannot tell you what I feel about him, Kathie. I can never thank him enough through all eternity for the change in my father. He is a different man. I have no fears for him now. Mr. McFarlane stuck to him till he saw him safely landed in the Lifeboat. He will be taken gently home in it, for his health is fast breaking up. I have wondered why God took the young strong life and left the old decrepit one, but I fancy it was to show us that when his earthly keeper was taken from him my father would still be held up by his heavenly One. He has learnt that he has a Saviour that keeps as well as saves. That is the greatest truth of all, Kathie, is it not? And Mr. McFarlane has not stopped his work; he is doing the will of God above in His presence instead of down here below, that is all."

"I do not wonder," said Kathie thoughtfully, as she looked at the bonny boy clutching hold of his mother's dress, "that you have called your baby 'Donald McFarlane.'"

Una had tears in her eyes as she lifted her little one into her arms.

"I meant him to be a sailor," she said, pressing her lips against the golden curls, "but my husband chose his name, and being the namesake of such a man, I shall pray that he may follow in his steps and be one of God's chosen messengers."

The boy grew up to fulfil his mother's desire, but from his infancy the sea and its surroundings filled his heart and soul, and there was one story that he never tired of hearing from his father's lips.

"Tell me about mother's lifeboat, dad, and that night when the old woman was nearly burnt to death."

So Cuthbert would tell the tale, and would picture the scene on that still night in October, when a young girl fearlessly stood up to quell the rage and wrath of the whole population of Perrancove, and with straight and simple eloquence turned the minds and purposes of the superstitious fishers from violence and robbery, to the noble work of rescuing their fellow creatures from the perils of the coast.

THE END.

Laying the Boundary Line from the Orange to Vaal Rivers

By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G.

CONCLUDING PAPER

Thursday, March 15.— Magersfontein. We are feasting on fruit and vegetables from the garden, green figs, marrows and water melons, plenty of milk, a very agreeable change; the thermometer now only rises to 86° in the waggon, and 90° in my tent, so it is much cooler than it was. The sun is shining brightly, and there are a few flowers to be seen. The Boers, although they seem so poor, use up the value of a good deal of money. One of them said to me, "How is it you go about on horseback or in a cart, we thought that a great gentleman like you would have a carriage and four horses;" he did not seem able to realise that I had to keep within my allowance if I can, and that if I acted in the reckless way some of them do I should soon be poverty-stricken. I sent to Hopetown a few days ago to get some "boys" (Kafirs) to work on the beacons: they asked, "Is he lately from England?" "Yes." "Ah!" said they, "then he too much spring-buck!"—*i.e.*, an Englishman could not accommodate himself to their lazy ways.

We hear that the Transvaal has been taken over by Sir T. Shepstone, that like Oliver Cromwell he walked into the Volksraad and told the Volks that as they would not govern themselves he would do it for them; this is only a telegraphic shave. [The annexation was not proclaimed until April 12.]

I am really disappointed in this country, there is so little to be seen; people have so little information on any subject; they live only in speculation; but I have no doubt that when I get home I shall have plenty to say about the country. I wish, however, that there were any real natives here; the Kafirs are all imported, so that I have not seen a single native dance, or even a spear or a shield. I showed a very old Kafir my father's sketches of the Bechuanas and Griquas when he was here in 1825, but he said there have never been such people here in his time; in fact, though looking old I don't think he is more than 55 to 60 years.

Sunday, March 18.—Alexandersfontein (five miles from Kimberley). You see we are gradually creeping up the line; we shall round Kimberley on its eastern side and then go to Platberg. I hope to be at church on Easter Sunday. I have only been to service three times since I arrived in South

Africa: Port Elizabeth, Bloemfontein, and Kimberley.

We hear that the Transvaal has been taken over and that it is now British territory. I suppose the Orange Free State will soon follow and then this line will be pretty well useless.

There are such impediments in the way of letter-writing. This evening, for instance, thousands of moths have invaded my tent and stormed my candle. They lie dying by dozens on the table and the candle is so full of them that it will not give proper light.

Monday, March 26.—Macfarlane's farm, north of Kimberley. Returned from Bloemfontein with de Villiers by Boshof: he sent me on in the same cart with two mules, with Booy as driver. I started after breakfast, taking only a piece of bread and butter with me. Somehow the mules did not go well, and at sunset we seemed to be miles away from our destination; I could tell by the hill-tops. Luckily the moon was nearly full, and we wandered over the veldt getting our direction now and then, but eventually lost our way. Some Kafirs assured us that they had seen our waggons going north, but they proved not to be ours.

Soon I heard in the distance some of Moody and Sankey's hymns being sung very nicely, and thinking there must be an English farm near, I made for the sound, and shortly came upon a Kafir kraal in the hill, the people were having prayers without any white man near. After prayers they came and talked, and gave us the direction of our camp, where we arrived at 11 P.M. and got some food; we had had only one cucumber and some milk since breakfast. I think better of Kafirs now I have seen them at prayers all by themselves, there could be no humbug about that.

De Villiers was to go on to Platberg from Boshof and try to signal to me by means of a big flag, and I have got a piece of looking-glass, and have arranged to send him sun-flashes by a code we have made out; the distance is over thirty miles.

It is so difficult to realise that this was once a well-watered country, and that there were large game all around. The hippopotamus used to abound in the Vaal river, and there are some still there it is said. It is wonderful how in twenty to thirty years this country has been cleared of its game and wild beasts. The Boers have a saying that sheep drive lions away. That is to say, it is impossible to keep sheep where there are lions, so that one or other must go; and sheep have the help of man on their side. I saw a jackal last night prowling near a farm, the first I have seen. The wild animals here are much more shy than they were in Palestine; they seem to know the range of a rifle. All the Boers have rifles and shoot well. They are the best pioneers to civilisation in the world, and the worst civilisers.

Sunday, April 8.—North of Platberg, near the Vaal river. The Dutchman living here has told me that he finds water at the intersection of two vertical walls of trap. He only finds it at one of the four corners and could not understand why. I showed him how the strata run here, and how these vertical walls dammed up the water on one side; he was delighted, as in future he will only have to dig at one angle. He is a very practical man and has made a nice garden, stocked it and walled it round. Near his house is a sluit of water running to waste to the Vaal river. He might fill a series of excellent dams with it.

There are plenty of snakes about, and I must tell you what happened to me the other night. I was asleep in my bed in my tent and woke up feeling something cold fall on to my neck. I put my hand up quickly to pull it off, thinking it was a centipede, or scorpion, or snake, but the thing only fell further down my neck at my back. I jumped out of bed, threw off all my clothes, and gave myself a good shake, but still the thing kept close to me, on my back, wriggling about. It felt very disagreeable, and I wondered I was not stung. I could not reach it with my hand, it seemed to elude my grasp. At last I got hold of it, and found it was—my eyeglass. I must have gone to sleep with it in my eye, and it fell down my back, and then the string made it feel as if it were something long sticking to my neck.

Now I will tell you of something that

happened to me to-day. I had just come down from a hill, and had got into the bullock cart with the instrument, and as it was starting off I began to drink some tea out of a bottle. Just then the driver shouted "look out!" and we drove through a thorn bush, which caught my head and seemed to tear my hair off; it was very painful, as the great thorns of the mimosa stuck into my skull and were dragged out again by the motion of the cart. I felt also streams of hot blood falling down over my head and hands, and thought that I had torn open an artery. I did not say anything, but when we had got out of the bush, and I could open my eyes, I looked down to see how much blood had flowed down, and found that it was tea colour, and then I recollected that I had been holding the tea-bottle of hot tea in my hands when we got into the bush, and without knowing it, and with my eyes shut, had tilted the bottle up and poured the hot tea over my head, which I naturally mistook for blood. My head, however, has been a good deal torn by the thorns: there is no mistake about them, and I shall have a sore head for some days.

Do you know how a monkey eats a scorpion? He quickly picks up the venomous creature with the one hand, while he nimbly picks off the tail with the other, and then eats the body at his leisure! We humans have lost all that quickness and rapidity of action that belong to wild animals.

Sunday, April 15.—Farm of Adolf Erasmus, near Platberg. We have now made great progress, and have nearly completed our work in the field, though we have a month's work indoors. We have fixed on a point at Platberg, and have done a good deal of signalling at distances over thirty miles, with a large flag, and with sun flashes (the heliostat). The latter is a very simple instrument. It is a round shaving-glass bought in the market, with a little hole scratched in the centre of the glass through which you can see; and the sun's rays are flashed upon the end of a stick which is placed in line with the station you want to signal to. It is far better than the flag, but as we are south of Platberg it is not always practicable to use the sun's rays in our direction.

Sunday, April 15.—There was a digger here yesterday who was full of the glories of the bygone days when the diamond fields were under the Orange Free State. "Three and a half years ago there were 100,000 diggers, of whom 25,000 were whites, these have gone home, now there are only 5000 whites. Made money? Yes! We had the dry sortings, there were then only buckets not tubs. Life was no object—road went through the mine, waggon would go down, oxen followed—down some seventy feet—Hurrah! another man broken his neck! A tin bucket would come down on a man's head. Hurrah! another man dead.—A fifty carat diamond found! Hurrah! Hurrah! those were jolly days under the Free State. I would sit in the morning looking on and find some big diamonds, and say to my friends, 'Come and have champagne,' we would go and drink (we worked fifteen hours a day)—another bottle!—get drunk and leave the sortings to the niggers—some of them were honest, and would bring in the evening several diamonds—say to him—'Boy, go and have a spree, and here is £5 for you!' We had no gold in those days—pockets full of notes—champagne 5*s.* a bottle—we cared not for money—A poor fellow would come with nothing—Go into my claim, old fellow, for the afternoon, and take what you can get, and give me a share! It will set you up.—We would then clear for certain £3000 a week in a claim; one week I did not drink, and at the end I had a cap-box full of diamonds—in dry sortings we did not see the splints and small prisms; they are now in the great heaps, and belong to government." Talking of native labour, Erasmus says that labour is so scarce because of the diamond fields, there they get huge wages and also the prospect of securing diamonds. He pays only £3 15*s.* a month to his boys, so that I pay twice as much as he does, but even what he pays seems to me enormous.

The Bushmen are hardly yet gone from here, but they do not do any harm now. They formerly occupied all this land, but

now have migrated west, though many of them have been killed. There used to be numbers about, and there were severe fights between them and the farmers. When the old ones were killed the farmers took the young ones and brought them up as servants. If their heads were flat at the top with a protuberance at each side they turned out badly. They seem to be a very plucky little race, and will rather die than submit. Adolf says that in his early days there was constant war with the Bushmen. Whenever he went out as a boy he was armed with bow and arrow to defend himself against the Bushmen, and had to be constantly on the watch against being taken by surprise.

He gave me terrible accounts of the slaughter of Bushmen, and said he would show me a plain near Oliphantsfontein, where they were all driven together in a great drive into a valley, and there shot down, and the children that survived were distributed as servants. The Bushmen believe that the moon is an ox, which grows fat and is killed at full moon, and is gradually eaten up; then out of its sinews grows a new moon.

They kill lions by putting up ostrich feathers in the lion's path—he advances to attack, and they shoot him with poisoned arrows, and run away until the poison has taken effect. The poison that they use is derived from three different sources and all mixed together.

(1) From a root like an onion: this is to kill. The skin of this root is very fine, like goldbeater's skin, and is good to put on wounds and bruises.

(2) The second is the poison of the cobra, to kill quickly.

(3) The third is the juice of the euphorbia; and this is supposed to bring the poison back again to the spot where the wound was made, so that the rest of the animal is fit for food.

The Bushmen make a whistle out of the leg of a bird, and this one or other of them plays upon all night, and the shrill noise keeps the lion away. When they sleep they do not lie down as we do, but they kneel and put their arms on the ground, and rest their heads on their arms so that they can get up at once if there is danger. Strange to say, they are good grooms and fond of horses, though there were no horses in the country that the Bushmen inhabited before the Boers came.

At Doornblicht, twelve miles from Alexandersfontein on the Bloemfontein road, is a collection of Bushmen's drawings on the rocks, giving pictures of animals, one of which is said to depict the unicorn. My father, in his journal of 1825, says, "Dick had seen on some rocks near the head of the Vaal river drawings of all the animals, and one unicorn—the head like a horse or mare, but, like a buck, horn from the forehead. Other accounts agree with this, that he is very fierce, but that with muskets he may be killed."

It is curious how general throughout South Africa is the story of the Bushmen's picture of the unicorn, with the horn growing out of the forehead, thus materially differing in appearance from a straight-horned buck.

Saturday, May 5.—I went on an excursion with Mr. Alexander Bailie to visit a Kafir head man and landowner in the Barkly district, a Fingo named Piet Manzana, as I wanted to see what a real Kafir was like. I look upon all the Kafirs and Griquas I have met with as mostly scum, and unfit to be classed with the people of any tribe. Piet Manzana is a go-ahead fellow, and possesses a nice farm which he has stocked, and he has made a good dam. His farm arrangements seem quite equal to those of the Boers. We drove up to his Kafir establishment consisting of several round huts, in a compound surrounded by a stockade. The ground within this area was scrupulously clean and would have put the yard of any white farmer to shame; but then a white farmer does not have the assistance of several wives. Each wife occupies a hut with her family. We had our food with these Kafirs, and everything was most clean and comfortable and well cooked. The huts are divided into rooms or compartments, and one of these was allotted to us to sleep in. I was particularly warned that the *hearth* was sacred and that I must not spit on it. Our supper was a roast chicken and sour milk,

no bread or other farinaceous food and no vegetables.

There were several dolls in the the establishment, one of which Manzana presented to me. The following is the account obtained for me by Mr. Bailie: When a girl arrives at the age of puberty she takes a piece of wood conical shaped with the point cut off. This she decorates with different coloured beads, and a face is made by fastening a small disc of metal about the size of a shilling on to the wood. Hair is made out of coarse black and dark grey thread. This doll she calls by the name she intends for her first-born.

There is a tradition that if anything untoward happens to the doll her child will die young. If the doll is handled by an alien without payment being given its head will fall off, or the beads all loosen and come away. This is an omen of ill to a child whose prototype, so to speak, it is.

Tuesday, May 15.—We both proceeded to Bloemfontein to hand over our plans, and were asked by the President to meet the Volksraad at the annual official dinner. At this time there was a very strong anti-English feeling amongst the Volksraad in consequence of the annexation of Griqualand West to the Crown, and in consequence of the recent proclamation annexing the Transvaal; and there was some hesitation about proposing her Majesty's health at the dinner coupled with the toast of Great Britain and Ireland, for fear that the person who responded would be unfavourably received; hearing of this I begged that matters should proceed as in former years, and engaged that if I had to respond the members of the Volksraad would not receive me unfavourably. By this time I had a number of very firm friends in the Volksraad, and a great number also knew of me in one way or another, and I felt sure that there would be a favourable reception of the responder to the toast. As a result the toast was received with acclamation, and I was greeted most pleasantly when I responded, and there was great cordiality for the time.

Saturday, May 19.—We finally handed over to President Brand for his signature our plans of the boundary line, and they were forwarded to England, and so our task was concluded in five months' incessant work.

The Legislative Assembly of Griqualand West sent me a vote of thanks for the speedy laying down of the boundary line, which was presented to me by the Administrator, engrossed on beautifully illuminated vellum. I also received in conjunction with de Villiers a unanimous vote of thanks, at the suggestion of President Brand of the Orange Free State Volksraad, for the able manner in which the work had been done.

It was a great satisfaction to me to be able to report in conclusion of my work that not only was there a great access of cordiality with the Boers of the Orange Free State, but that also I had received the greatest assistance for the British side of the line from Mr. Orpen, our Surveyor-General, and from all our Government officials, and I expressed the cordial assistance I have received from Major Lanyon and the officers of his Government, which had greatly facilitated the work I had in hand. I had to thank his honour President Brand for his kindness and assistance on all occasions, and I could not omit to mention the most friendly attitude of my colleague, Jos. de Villiers, with whom I have never had the slightest difficulty or disagreement. Of the non-commissioned officers, my subordinates, Sergeant K. and Corporal R., I was enabled to speak in the highest terms. Major Lanyon on receiving my memorandum, wrote to the High Commissioner:

"I think it due to Captain Warren to record that in all our transactions together he has ever shown great cordiality, and has readily co-operated in matters which were connected with the Province.

"Captain Warren has been singularly happy in his relations with the Dutch farmers, and has, by his kindly manner, done much to conciliate those who live along the boundary line. It is not in my province to report on Captain Warren's performance of his duties, but I think it would be wrong if I were not to express my thanks to him for the very able and energetic way in which he has carried out his work, and for the moral assistance he has rendered to the Griqualand West Government."

Things and other Things

An Ancient Cornish Burial-ground

THE accidental discovery, which took place a couple of years ago, of a burial-ground in Cornwall dating from a period before the dawn of history, suggests many questions of absorbing interest which cannot be answered with certainty. It is situated at Harlyn Bay on the beauteous but iron-bound coast of North Cornwall, where once the wreckers plied their ghastly trade, and now the neighbouring lighthouse of Trevose warns and welcomes the travellers from America to Old England. A new museum has lately been erected on the site, and this summer the cemetery has been visited by large numbers of tourists.

(Alex. Old, photographer, Padstow)

Stone cist with skeleton in the prehistoric burial-ground at Harlyn Bay

The district itself is evidently rich in antiquities, for many years ago a valuable gold ornament of crescent form was found at Harlyn, the intrinsic worth of the gold being £50, and it was purchased by the King, he then being Duke of Cornwall as well as Prince of Wales, and presented to the Truro Museum.

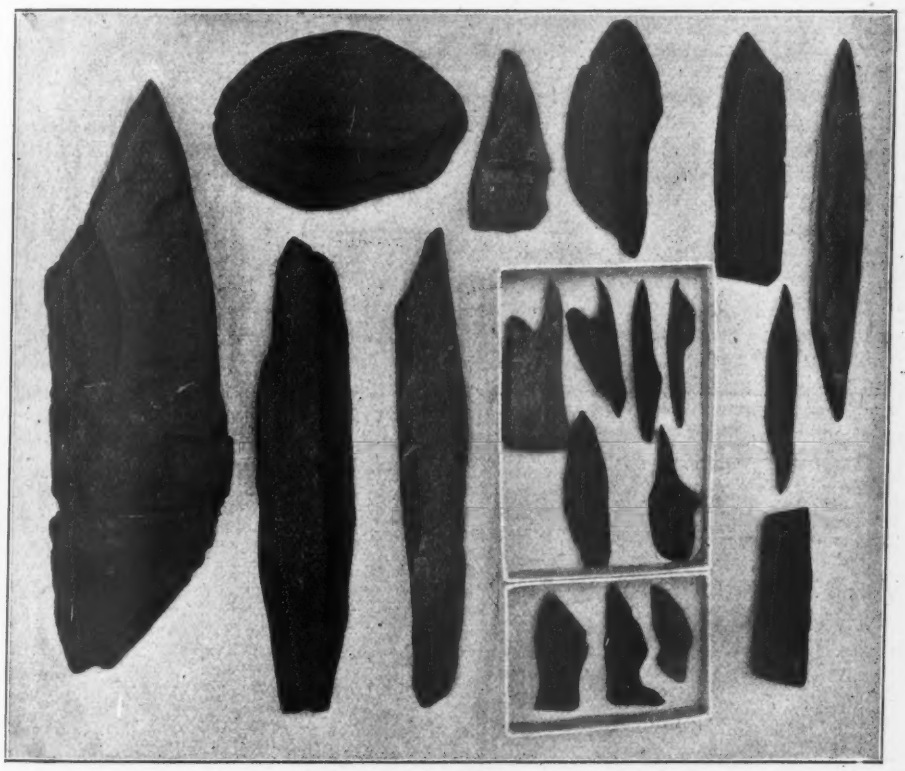
When the presence of skeletons was revealed in the sand at Harlyn, the owner of the ground brought the matter before the notice of experts, and a systematic exploration was undertaken by a committee representing the Society of Antiquaries, and the Antiquarian Societies in Devon and Cornwall. The Rev. W. Iago, one of the most eminent authorities on these subjects in the West of England, brought his deep store of experience to bear upon this spot. Lovers of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's novels might have seen him actively employed in the work of investigation.

The preliminary task proved, indeed, no child's play, for two thousand tons of earth were removed from one part of the ground alone, before the actual exploration began, as the fine sand which blows up from the sea when the storms rage and toss part of one man's farm on to another's land, had completely covered the cemetery to a depth of 12 to 15 feet, a brown hill being displayed beneath. Here a number of cists, or coffins, formed of slabs of slate were found, containing skeletons in a marvellous state of preservation, and in two months as many as one hundred had been examined. The future may have further secrets to unfold, but already the burial-ground has yielded the largest number of stone cists, skeletons and their accompaniments, yet

discovered in any one spot in Britain. The skeleton shown in the photograph was lying in a large oval-built cist at the north end of the cemetery, numerous pieces of spar helping to form the sides, and had been remarkably preserved from time immemorial.

None of the graves were long enough to allow the skeletons to be extended at full length. The bodies were always in a crouching position, after the fashion of the Neolithic, or later Stone Age (probably 1500 to 1000 B.C.), lying usually on their left side with their heads turned to the north. The knees almost touched the chin, the hands were sometimes crossed, and the skull often resting on a round stone. They were evidently a strong though not very tall race, since none measured more than 5 feet 9 inches in height. There were several lines of graves side by side, running north and south, the slate slabs composing them being of large size.

Even the little children were laid in the same position as the adults, the cists of tiny infants being discovered, one measuring only eight inches square, containing the bones of a newly born child, curled up as a kitten might go to sleep, every bone in position, but the skull no larger than a small-sized apple. Some cists were divided into partitions, the mother possibly occupying the larger and the child the smaller division.



(Alex. Old, photographer, Padstow)

Some of the slate implements found in the prehistoric burial-ground

The discovery in the sand of a number of flakes of slate, two or three inches in length and upwards, attracted considerable atten-

tion. The edges and points of many are very sharp, and the opinion is maintained that they are undoubtedly slate implements used as knives, scrapers, and needles for cutting up animals and sewing skins. These would be of real service, for a man recently told me how he had shaved himself with a flint razor made by the Indians, and declared that only twice did he cut himself. Slate implements were previously unknown, so that in this respect the cemetery at Harlyn would be unique. The fact that the flakes are said to be of a much harder kind of slate than that found in the district, if conclusively proved, would be greatly in favour of this theory. Certainly many of the flakes which I saw were very sharp and tapering. Other experts, however, are unable to convince themselves that they are anything more than fragments of slate, sharpened by the action of the sea and sand rather than by human workmanship, similar to countless pieces which might be collected on the beach. Tourist and visitor may form their own conclusions, for hundreds of these flakes are carefully preserved on trays in the new museum, where the owner, Mr. Reddie Mallett, zealously guards his antiquarian treasures.

ARTHUR KELLY.

Tame Moor-hens

EVERY winter, for several years, with curious punctuality, at the first frost, there has appeared upon the lawn before the house a moor-hen. This year another has come with it, with brighter plumage, a red beak and yellower legs. It is a cock-bird, and our solitary visitor of the years before must, from her dingier wardrobe, have been a hen. We call them all moor-hens or water-hens, though the males should surely be called moor-cocks or water-cocks. But "moor-cock" is already the name of a grouse, and water-cock sounds so much like water-taps or turn-cock, or something to do with a cistern or pump that it would be absurd. So there is nothing for it but to say cock-moor-hen. But how folk would laugh if we called a she-grouse a hen-moor-cock! Yet there would be no difference between the two—except that one is right and the other is not.

One of these moor-hens we know to be the same visitor year after year, for there is one particular bush in the shrubbery from which it always comes walking out and to which, when alarmed, it always goes running back. It knows its way everywhere; sits on the wall when the dogs are being fed and, when they have done and are gone, comes down to look for the scraps which are always thrown out specially for it; hides behind the wych-elm in the poultry-yard when the chickens are being given their corn, but always comes out when its own piece of bread is thrown to it; forages in the "potato-house," where the sprouting potatoes, beetroots, and other vegetables have always a treat for it, and pretends not to know that the gardener sees it when he comes in, but sits in the very corner of the wall with its tail stuck up hard against the wall, and its head on the ground, so that it does not look like a bird at all. So it must be the same bird every year. Besides, there is one thing it does that makes it quite certain that it is, and that is this. Whenever it gets a large piece of bread on the lawn—it will take it away from anything, from a crowd of sparrows, or from a cock pheasant—it runs off, *not* into the shrubbery which is only a few feet off, but right across the open lawn at its very widest part to the shrubbery on the other side. And it always runs to exactly the same spot every time. Now this is very odd, for except when there is a hard frost we never see or hear a moor-hen anywhere. As soon as the ice melts it is off back to its pond or stream or ditch, but where it goes to we never know, yet it appears every year upon the lawn.

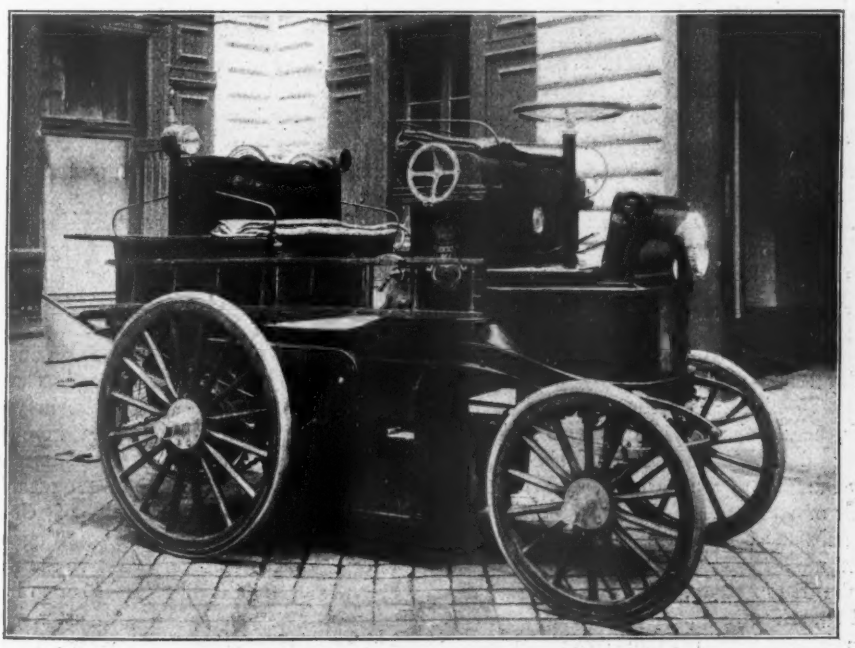
A moor-hen is a very clever bird at hiding. In the water, it will sit among weeds or in a shady place, or under a single dead leaf that happens to be on the water, with only its beak and nostrils out, and there it will stay as long as you stop to watch it. On land, it disappears in a most wonderful way, but the explanation is quite simple, though most people do not seem to be aware of it—and certainly no dogs know it. The moor-hen, as soon as it gets a chance, hops up into a bush or a hedge or, if there is one handy, a tree. Those who are looking for it hunt about

among the reeds by the water's edge and poke about in the holes in the banks and search the water for it, while all the time the moor-hen has slipped off to a perch it knows of, and is perhaps watching its persecutors from the top of a tall fir-tree. The moor-hen I am speaking of always gets up into a yew, and walks along one of the boughs and stands at the end quite hidden from the view of those who do not know its trick, and watches what is going on when the food for the birds is being scattered about. As soon as the house-door is shut, it walks along the bough again, hops down from one bough to the other to the ground and comes out on to the lawn to feed.

Of course I know its trick, and on purpose I walk under the bough it is hiding on, but though my head cannot be more than two feet from the moor-hen as I pass, it does not fly. When it is in the water it escapes, or finds safety, in being perfectly motionless, keeping perfectly quiet. In a tree it does just the same, and it knows it. But this, of course, requires a good deal of courage—or stupidity—on the part of the moor-hen. Which it is I have never been able to decide. Nothing would be easier to kill than a moor-hen, when you have once seen it, either in the water or in a tree. For it will not move. Is this bravery or is it want of sense? They are timid birds, we know, for when they are walking they are nearly always flicking their tails. This means that they are nervous. A tame moor-hen, like the one I am writing of, never flicks its tail so long as it is sure that there is no danger. But if it hears any strange sound its tail begins to "flick" at once. It will go about picking up crumbs on the lawn as if it knew that we were all friends, but a tap at the window will make its tail flick up at once. So, knowing this, I am inclined to think that the moor-hen is not a sensible bird—but the way that it will snatch a crust out of a cock-pheasant's beak ought to get it the Victoria Cross.

The Only Motor Fire-Engine

THE London County Council Fire Brigade possesses no motor fire-engine, although



Automobile fire-engine used by the Paris Fire Brigade

we believe it is considering the advisability of purchasing one. The Paris Fire Brigade has a motor fire-engine which is used on the regular service, and has given good results. Motors, however, are apt to break down, and for the present at all events, we imagine the horse-drawn fire-engine will serve better than the mechanically propelled one. H. F. C.

Such a Harvest!

At half-past three on a sunny September afternoon I turned my steps towards the field of the village baker to see how "our harvest" was proceeding, For there are harvests and harvests; and few picturesque aspects are left in farming upon an up-to-date, commercial scale, whereas our baker's harvest smacks of the sweet simplicity of olden times.

But, as I approached the field, I perceived the baker in his shirt-sleeves, carrying his coat over one arm and the gleaning-fork over the other shoulder, half-way down the winding road to the village, and I concluded that work had ceased for a while. So it had; for when I came to the gate I saw only the solitary pitch-fork sticking upright in the ground, the one hand-rake lying teeth upwards in the clovered stubble, while a full row and a half of the ungathered barley lay neglected in the sunlight. Thus was "our harvest" interrupted because the baker had gone home to tea.

Leaning upon the gate of this upland field I could see many wide waves of the landscape, rising one behind the other like the folds of a double chin, all creased and dimpled with the fatness of harvest, and pimpled with rising corn-stacks. In every direction the clatter of agricultural machinery —elevators, grain waggons, and horse gleaners—with the varied shouts of harvest work, made the distance seem to shimmer with sound. For, wherever I looked, I saw only the land of the Earl, whose many thousands of acres are let as large farms to men of substance, and are cultivated on the most modern lines. And beyond the end of the Earl's estate, fringed with windmills and church-towers, peeping through rounded hills crowned with game coverts, I could see the beginning of the estate of his neighbour, a marquis, similarly leased and similarly cultivated. Only just before me lay the single, narrow field, with one pitch-fork and one hand-rake and a row and a half of barley still waiting to be gathered, because the baker in his shirt-sleeves had gone home to tea.

For the fact is that "spatch-cocked" (as General Buller would observe) between two large farms on the Earl's estate, there is this field of the baker's. It is not a large field as Norfolk fields go; nor a very enviable field, since it is exposed to every wind that blows on our bleak East coast. Still, it is a field, and we can only presume that the Earl's father, who bought all the country round, did not buy this field because the baker's father would not sell it. So there it is to-day, one of the most interesting harvest-fields in the county.

The baker and the postmaster, who is also the proprietor of the general stores of the village, cultivate it between them, with the aid of their families; and it was pleasant in the earlier year to look over the fence and watch the postmaster sturdily hoeing the barley. He owns a pony-cart, too, while a neighbour lends her barn for the storage of the crop; so, a day or two ago, it was equally pleasant to see the postmaster in his pony-cart grasping with his white-shirted arms the sheaves which the baker hoisted up to him on the fork. It was a great occasion.

But the reason why I went to the harvest-field this afternoon was that this morning it had been the scene of even greater achievement. The baker was probably busy with his dough, and the postmaster engrossed with his official duties; so the harvest-field was occupied by their assistants, five persons, of whom the eldest was probably aged eleven, and the others seemed to range in years between eight and five. They were the children of the baker and the postmaster; but they had a shrewd idea of the meaning of harvest-work. The veteran of eleven went ahead with the pitch-fork, turning one line of the scythe-cut barley on to the next, with the view of enabling the baker to hoist full armfuls at once to the postmaster, when they should arrive with the pony-cart. Behind the chief harvester followed the four toddlers,

dragging the large hand-rake with their united strength to glean the straws which the fork had missed.

Everything would have gone smoothly but for the conduct of a volunteer member of the harvest-party, a black-spotted, white dog, which might have passed for a very large terrier but for his wavy tail. He was an amazingly happy dog, and entered thoroughly into the spirit of the proceedings. I had seen him on the previous evening having an immense game of romps with some two-score of Farmer Somebody's bullocks, which chased him with great earnestness all over a forty-acre pasture; but now he was so full of guileless enthusiasm for the harvest, that he could not help sitting down to scratch himself, from sheer overflowing energy, in front of the serried line of infants who were dragging the hand-rake. When he did this, harvest operations came to a standstill. The infants did not see their way to raking the dog with the barley; so the man of eleven who was labouring ahead had to put down his fork and carry the dog, who vehemently licked his face the while, to the heaped barley alongside. Here the happy animal would consent to lie for a few minutes, before his enthusiasm compelled him to interrupt work again.

It was in the hope of witnessing a renewal of such agricultural activity that I visited the field this afternoon, but arrived, as I have said, only in time to observe the back-view of the baker as he went home to tea; and before I could go thither again that last row and a half of barley had been harvested.

E. K.

The Simms Motor War-car

THE newest thing in military science is the motor war-car that has been invented by Mr. Frederick R. Simms, and built by him to the order of Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim, Limited. The principal object of the war-car is to act on the defensive on the splendid coast roads that England possesses, but, with certain modifications, the type of car may likewise be effectively employed over smooth or rough roads or even rough country; further for keeping open lines of communication, hauling guns into position or for carrying and hauling stores and men. It may also be effectively employed, being impervious to bullets of small calibre, to damper street riots, and for search-light operations, &c. The main object of the car is that of coast defence and its great mobility and great range of action will make it valuable for the purpose. The armour is so designed and constructed as to completely encircle or clothe the entire car frame; the armour is 76 mm. Vickers steel and impervious to small arms, it is attached to the car frame by means of semi-elliptical springs on to which it is hung by means of stout brackets. The armament consists of two pom-poms and two automatic quick-firing Maxim guns.

H. F. C.

Forgotten Trains

IT sometimes happens that the public, under stress of intense excitement, forgets to travel by usually popular trains. For instance, on the night (May 4, 1897) of the terrible disaster in the Rue Jean Goujon in Paris, when over a hundred of the greatest ladies and gentlemen in the French metropolis were burned to death on the occasion of a grand charity bazaar, the express from Paris to Lyons did not carry a single passenger; but it does not often happen that the public is forgotten by the trains. A case in point, however, occurred just about eighteen months ago at Victoria, that occasioned, when the first feeling of surprise and annoyance had been overcome, no little hilarity amongst the forgotten passengers. The train in question purported to be the 4.35 P.M. to Brixton, and was highly respected on account of its sedate gait by those travellers who frequented it of a Sunday afternoon, and who, from the other side of the barrier, where they were waiting to be admitted to the platform, were deeply shocked to see it depart in a fit of—let us hope—mental aberration, without a single passenger on board.

On the day of the Diamond Jubilee celebration in 1897 it was said that not a single passenger was booked from Manchester to London by the London and North Western system, a circumstance that has never occurred since the line was open. Such

apathy on the part of the public can with difficulty be paralleled by a like indifference on the part of the train, though an incident on the branch line between Watlington, his steed of metal with a full head of steam, he was altogether disappointed, for the fire had only just been lit, and the water in the boiler exhibited not the slightest sign of ebullition.

The Simms Motor War-car, showing the armoured rams and poms-pons and maxims

Oxon, and Princes Risborough, may perhaps be worthy of mention in the same paragraph. About two years ago the Great Western officials at the latter town, who were expecting the arrival of the train from Watlington, which train had to connect with the early morning express from Aylesbury, were pained beyond measure to learn on inquiry that there was no prospect of the said train keeping its engagement. It was doubtless with the deepest regret that the officials who had charge of the recreant train forwarded their explanation of the occurrence, for they could urge neither a breakdown nor a landslip in extenuation. As a matter of fact, the elucidation of the mystery was simple, a stoker had overslept himself, with the result that when the driver of the locomotive came on duty, expecting to find

Trains do not often lose their way, but it occasionally happens that they have some lapse of memory which ends in their finding themselves, figuratively speaking, at sea. A case in point happened rather more than four years ago near Dorchester, when a London and South Western up mail, perhaps under the impression that it was making a short cut, crossed the junction points near the town mentioned and ran on to the Great Western main line. Its trespass, however, was of the shortest, for it was pulled up in its wild career in the Great Western station, and after some delay the officials got it back to its own lines again.

This incident recalls that of an essentially misguided Great Eastern train from Lowestoft to Yarmouth, that one Sunday evening, about two years ago, was switched on to

the line for Carlton Colville, instead of that for Oulton, owing to some idiosyncrasy on the part of the points. As these two lines run parallel for some distance, it was not until Carlton hove in sight that the driver recognised that he was making for the wrong port.

Two years ago last June another amusing incident occurred on one of the branch lines of the Great Eastern Railway, when, on the departure bell being rung and the signal for starting being given, the engine with a shrill whistle set off on its journey, leaving the train with the dumbfoundered passengers behind. It is related that the engine had almost reached its journey's end before the driver discovered that the locomotive had never been coupled up with the carriages, and that he had left his charge behind.

One of the most remarkable instances of a forgotten train occurred in the case of the 8.15 A.M. Sunday train from Charing Cross some time ago, which was mysteriously stopped for nearly half an hour near Eden Bridge. Having regarded the signal which was at "stop" for some time, the engine driver at length came to the conclusion that the study was lacking in interest, descended from his cab, forced his way into the signal-box, which he found tenantless, and telephoned to Eden Bridge, for permission to proceed. The explanation of this strange occurrence is simple in the extreme, the train, contrary to custom, had been dispatched by the Oxted branch line, and as trains are not due as a rule until 10 A.M. on that portion of the system, and as the signalman had not been apprised of any change in the arrangements, he had not gone on duty.

H. M.

The Author in Blunderland

No more positive proof of the fallibility of mankind can be produced than that which the assiduous explorer of literary curiosities is able to find on the shelves of a library. The republic of letters, in its endeavours to create material for our amusement or edification, often overruns the bounds of accuracy, and passes into the land of unconscious mistakes and blunders. Novelists frequently credit their characters with the performance of deeds which it would be physically impossible for an ordinary individual to accomplish.

Robinson Crusoe's adventures have been wisely entitled "strange surprising," but the credulity of the reader must be of gigantic size to enable him to swallow the following incident. It will be remembered how the shipwrecked mariner carefully divested himself of his clothes before swimming out to the deserted vessel. Climbing on board, Defoe tells us, the famished hero immediately went to the bread-room and proceeded to fill his pockets with biscuits. Certainly a remarkable accomplishment! And we can only suggest that a far-seeing Nature had provided the gentleman's body with pouched appendages, after the manner of a marsupial.

Even in these days of professional *siffleurs* we doubt if any one of them could be found so accomplished as Andy Scot, a character of Anthony Trollope's creation. The novelist introduces him as "coming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth." A performance which must certainly have caused considerable astonishment to those who saw him, and one which, if attempted in these days of unregenerate small boys, would be sure to attract them in crowds.

An amusing slip occurs in Miss Rhoda Broughton's novel, "Not Wisely but Too Well." On one occasion the heroine says desperately:

"I don't care if I'm burnt as black as coal."

"What a dear little negro you would make!" retorts her lover. Yet we fear, however black her skin became, other considerations would arise to prevent her metamorphosis into a negro.

But perhaps the most marvellous achievement chronicled by a modern novelist is that of M. Zola in "Lourdes." After detailing the sights and sounds at this great healing place, we come suddenly upon these words, "Ce furent d'abord les sourds et les muets qui entendaient et qui voyaient."

Ships and their management have proved a stumbling-block to many authors of note. A vessel created by Madox Browne in the "Black Swan" carried, so far as can be discovered, neither cargo nor ballast in her.

It would be difficult to analyse the mind of a sailor reading the following passage in "Treasure Island": "Luff," said he, "and I put the helm up."

The moon has been guilty of numerous freaks at the hand of the novelist. One author makes it rise in the west; another places a star between the horns of the crescent; whilst a Frenchman, translating a book of travels into the language of his country, speaks of the twenty-sixth day of the new moon! Who among us has not been thrilled by the dramatic episode of the lunar eclipse in "King Solomon's Mines." Yet the author has surpassed Nature herself in contriving an eclipse of the new moon.

Leaving the novelist to create new fantasies, let us now take a glance at the more serious writers. Macaulay sneered at Goldsmith's error in placing Naseby in Yorkshire. But he had small cause to do so. He himself committed a far more serious mistake when taking Spenser to task for the tediousness of the "Faery Queen." "Very few and very weary," he says, "are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast." Unfortunately for the soundness of Macaulay's criticism the Blatant Beast does not die. A proof that on this occasion his marvellous memory served him treacherously, or that, indefatigable reader though he was, this poem vanquished him before he could reach the end.

Mr. Gladstone, too, occasionally fell a victim to inaccuracy. In his "Gleanings of Past Years" he confuses Daniel with the three children. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne," he writes, "is sometimes like the heat of that furnace in which only Daniel could walk unscathed, too fierce for those whose place it is to stand in its vicinity."

Humour will hardly be sought for in the musty leaves of the Statute-book, but it contains many examples of unconscious blunders. On one occasion it was enacted by his Majesty, with the advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, now assembled in Parliament at Westminster, that a certain new gaol was to be built from the materials of the old one, and that the prisoners were to remain in the latter until the former was ready! This problem, which now seemed impossible of solution, apparently presented no difficulty to the eighteenth-century prison authorities, for, some months after the passing of the Act we are informed of the completion of the new gaol. History, however, is silent as to how many of the incarcerated effected their escape during the progress of building operations. The Irish Statutes have also strayed from the paths of legal solemnity. During the Plantagenet dynasty, the Dublin Parliament seemed to anticipate an almost universal inundation of the "distressful country." We find them approving a bill "that the King's officers may travel by sea from one place to another within the land of Ireland."

As might be expected, the vagaries of translators have brought much tribulation to the unhappy author. How a famous "Kailyard" novelist must have groaned when he found his beloved "stickit minister" turned into "le ministre assassiné." Whilst that delectable dish, "Welsh rabbit," was only overcome by "un lapin du pays de Galles." In a French version of the "Deserted Village," Goldsmith's poetical imagery took to itself another meaning, and the merciless sea was made the destroyer of a humble creature's toil.

"As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away" he wrote, and the translator considered "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe" a correct rendering.

Shakespeare was a great sinner in this respect. He ignored geographical convention and placed Bohemia on the sea-coast. In Othello he gives Desdemona the power of speech whilst she is being smothered. But it was in anachronism that Shakespeare chiefly erred. In his plays we have the printing-press long before the rivalries of Gutenburg and Coster; billiard-tables in Cleopatra's palace, though he omits to say whether or no the green shades bore aërated water advertisements; clocks striking in the Rome of the Cæsars; and King John conversant with cannon.

But examples of inaccuracy are not confined to the *élite* of the literary world. A modest booklet recently issued bore the startling title, "Every Man His Own *Washerwoman*."

P. G. CAMBRAY.

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